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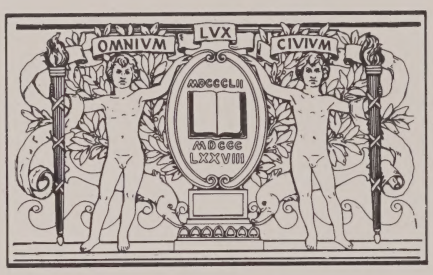

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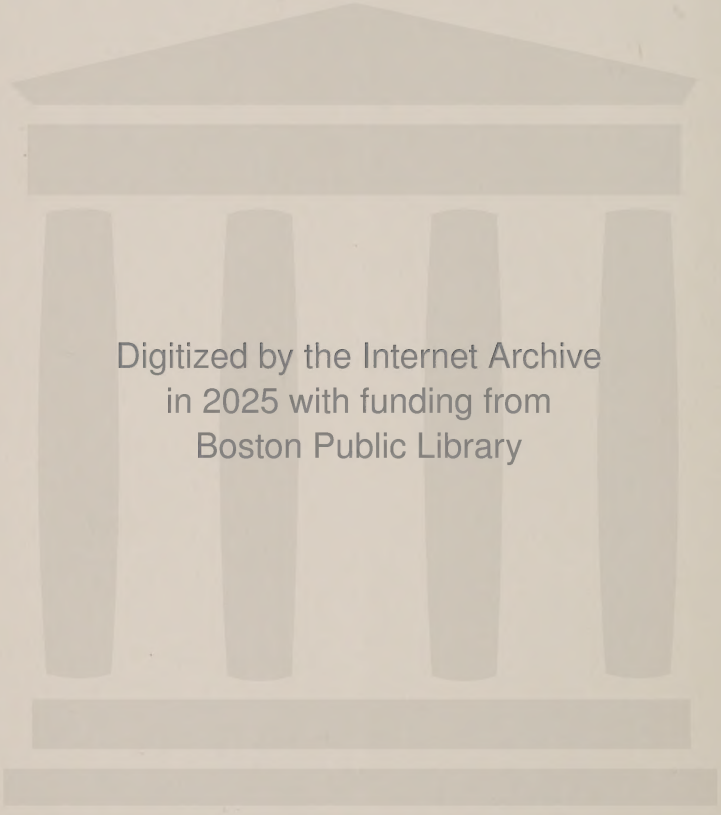
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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

VOL. CCV

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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1917

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TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTH VOLUME

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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Edited by
GEORGE HARVEY

JANUARY

THE YEAR AND THE WORLD
THE TERMS OF PEACE
IS THERE INTERNATIONAL LAW?
"A BUNCH OF AMATEURS"

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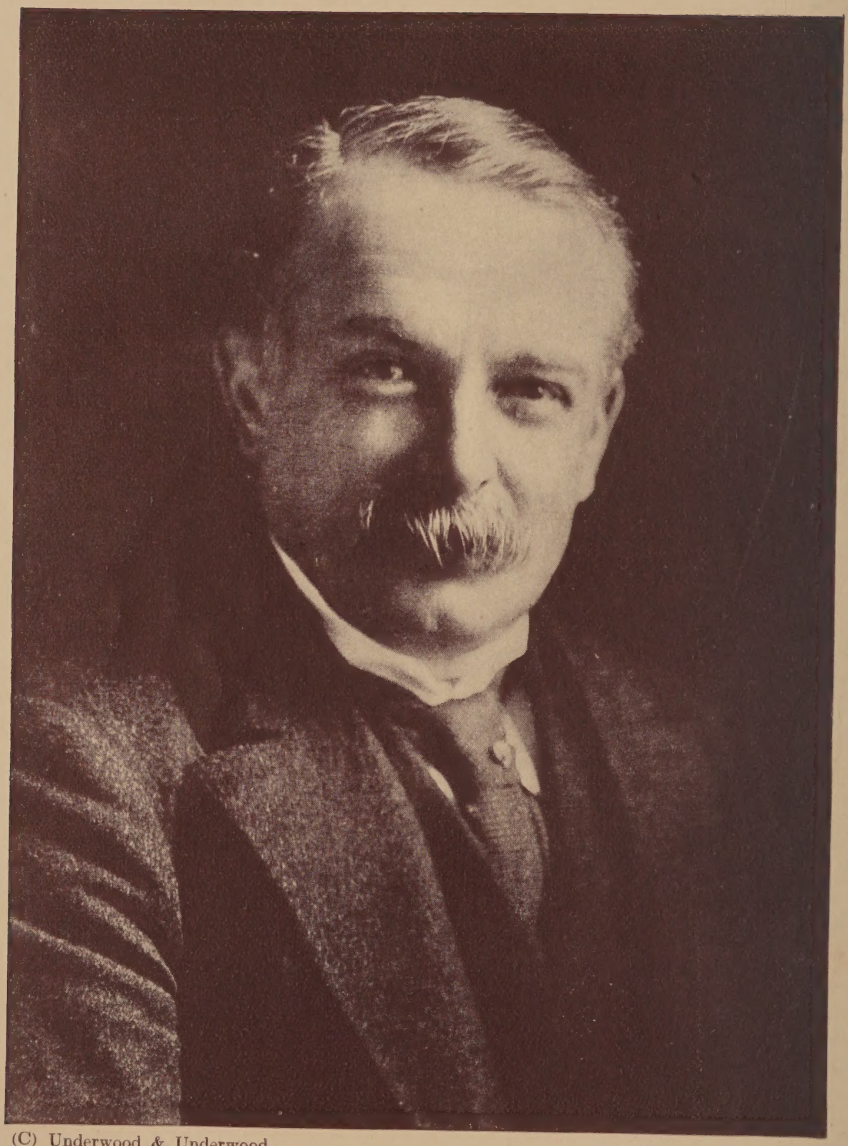

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DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

THE NEW PREMIER OF GREAT BRITAIN

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

JANUARY, 1917

THE YEAR AND THE WORLD

It would be difficult to characterize 1916 in a word or in a phrase. There have been years which could thus be characterized. This one was prosperous, and this one was unfortunate. This was marked with great achievements, and this with great disasters. So historians and philosophers have affected to designate centuries and eras; and for the practice there has been much plausible basis. But what could we say of the year which has just closed? It was a year of monstrosities in peace and in war; of good and of bad; of comedy and tragedy; of humanity ennobled almost to god-like stature, and of humanity debased to the level of the fiends. Seldom in our time, if ever, has there been such cause for reckoning the world well rid of the year—if only we were assured that the New Year would not be a continuation of the Old.

The year was dominated by the War, and the war was dominated by the vibrations of the Pendulum above the Pit. Never before were there such alternations of fortune, and never did the pit so hideously yawn at the feet of the affrighted world. There were at the beginning a great Russian drive in Galicia and Bukowina, and a Teutonic drive in Serbia and Montenegro. Later came a still greater Russian drive all along the eastern battle front, supplemented by a

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Roumanian drive at Transylvania, followed by a gigantic Teuton drive which overwhelmed Roumania and threatened South Russia itself with invasion. The Russians swept from the Caucasus triumphantly to Erzerum, to Bitlis, to Erzingan and Trebizond, to Kermanshah and Ispahan; and the British surrendered to the Turks on the Tigris, and the Allies withdrew from their ghastly failure at Gallipoli. The Serbs gallantly rallied and with Allied aid recaptured Monastir, while the Roumanians surrendered without a blow Bucharest, which had been vaunted as one of the most impregnable fortresses in Europe.

At the west the vibrations of the pendulum were mightier still. The whole strength of Germany, led by the Crown Prince in person, was launched against Verdun, where a stubborn Frenchman said, "They shall not pass!" It was perhaps the most colossal and the most costly assault ever made upon any place in all the history of the world; but though prolonged for weeks and months, with losses reckoned by hundreds of thousands, "they did not pass." In return the French made counter drives which forced the Germans back, and one of which in mid-December struck its foe with panic and demoralization. In the autumn the Allies made upon the Somme their greatest drive of all the war, and promised at one moment to break clear through the last German line to the untrenched lands beyond. But though they drove far, their drive was checked, and the year closed with the armies facing each other again in sullen deadlock. Italy took Gorizia, but left Trieste still untouched; the Arabs revolted against the Turks and raised the standard of independence at Mecca itself; and only a part of East Africa was left of all the German colonial empire. Yet German air craft again and again raided England and bombarded London itself, while German submarines claimed their prey almost daily, even in the British Channel and on this side of the Atlantic. A British battle fleet vanquished a German fleet off Jutland, but a German mercantile submarine eluded the British blockade and made two successful voyages to America.

The year began with Great Britain's adoption of conscription, and there followed changes in the British Cabinet, and in the French, Russian and German Governments, the redoubtable Von Tirpitz retiring from the head of the German Admiralty. But these changes led to no more effective

prosecution of the war, and at the close of the year there were actual revolution in the British and French Governments. Mr. Asquith was forced to retire from the Prime Ministership and was succeeded by Mr. Lloyd George, with a coalition cabinet, a war council, and a distinctively "fighting" programme. Italian troops were landed in Albania, and Russian troops were landed at Marseilles to join the French forces on the western front. Greece, halting between two opinions, became the victim of both sides and lost her opportunity of allying herself effectively with either.

One of the most pitifully tragic events of the year was in Ireland. There a conspiracy of enthusiasts, at German incitement and with German backing, sought to make England's extremity their opportunity. The banner of revolt was raised, and much blood was shed at Dublin. The uprising was quickly suppressed, with much severity, and the leaders of the movement, captured, were put to death as traitors. It was a movement which the leaders of the Irish people strongly condemned, but it roused widespread passions and left behind it an increased bitterness of feeling which time will not soon abate.

The greatest war council of the Allies was held at Paris in March, and in June England lost her greatest soldier and the creator of her army when Kitchener of Khartoum was drowned in the sinking of a naval vessel in the Scottish seas. Eleutherios Venizelos rebelled against the King of Greece, and received recognition from the Allies, who occupied Athens, compelled the demobilization of the Greek army, seized the Greek fleet, and expelled from that country the ministers of hostile Powers. The Teutonic empires retorted by proclaiming the erection of new Polish and Lithuanian kingdoms, under German protection, out of territory belonging to Russia and temporarily occupied by Teutonic armies. Portugal formally entered the war, with hostile declarations between herself and Germany, the Portuguese operations being confined chiefly to the confiscation of all German ships in harbor, while the Germans retaliated with a submarine raid upon the Madeira Islands.

Germany more and more ravaged and destroyed neutral commerce with her submarines, provoking bitter remonstrances from Holland and Norway. Great Britain and France, on the other hand, made more severe their blockade policy. Neutral firms, in America and elsewhere, which were sus-

pected of German connections, were "blacklisted" and shut off from all British or other Allied trade, and censorship of merchandise and of the mails was made more rigorous than ever. These things attracted much attention and aroused much resentment of feeling in the United States, but provoked no action. The President denounced the German submarine campaign as inevitably and necessarily a violation of the most sacred principles of justice and humanity, of the undisputed rights of neutrals and of the immunities of non-combatants, and declared that if it was not abandoned the United States would have no recourse but to sever all diplomatic relations with Germany. But Germany defiantly persisted in the campaign, even extending it to the coastal waters of America, just outside our territorial limits, destroying merchant ships in the immediate presence and under the direct observation of American naval vessels, without incurring the penalty which the President had declared to be inevitable. The President also protested against the commercial blockade policy of the Allies, but with no more effect.

Perhaps the most noteworthy vibration of the war pendulum, however, was that effected by the German Government in its attitude toward peace proposals. At the beginning of the year, and through it until near its close, the German attitude, frequently and aggressively expressed, was that of entire unwillingness to make the slightest overtures. The pretence was maintained that the Allies had been responsible for the war, and it was for them to sue for peace. Germany was quite content to keep on fighting, assured of complete victory. Then, in the first part of December, with the suddenness of the proverbial "bolt from the blue," came a complete reversal. The German Chancellor summoned the Reichstag to what he described in advance as one of the most momentous and historic meetings that body had ever known, and announced to it that he had sent to the United States and other neutral Governments explicit overtures for peace, to be transmitted by them to the Allied Powers. The terms contemplated by Germany were not definitely disclosed, but semi-official intimations indicated them as practically a recognition of Germany's victory in the war. It was assumed that Germany was, indeed, to retire from Belgium and northern France. But at every other point she was to be the conqueror. All of Poland and Lithuania were to be taken

from Russia and placed under German protection; Serbia was to be made practically an Austrian province; Bulgaria was to be aggrandized at the expense of Serbia and Greece; Turkey was to be confirmed in her retention of Constantinople, and all the German colonies in Africa and elsewhere were to be restored. Such were the confident impressions of Germany's scheme of peace. Yet it seemed impossible that the German Government expected these terms to be accepted, or even seriously considered as a basis for negotiations; and the significance of its offering of them had to be sought in a widely different direction. The German note was transmitted to the Allied Powers by President Wilson without comment or recommendation, and was regarded by them as unworthy of serious consideration.

At the very time that this amazing proposal for peace was made, Germany was engaged in what was in some respects the most nefarious operation of the war. This was nothing less than the forcible deportation of the manhood of Belgium into practical slavery in alien lands. Cynically pretending that he was doing it for their own good, the German Military Governor of Belgium first prevented Belgians from engaging in industries in their own land, and then, declaring that their idleness was an intolerable vice, forcibly deported them by scores of thousands. Some were taken to Germany, to work in munitions factories in place of Germans who would thus be released to enter the army, and some to the battle front, to be employed in digging trenches for the German army. The obvious purpose was thus to exile practically every able-bodied man in Belgium. This, said the German Governor, who had been the murderer of the English hospital nurse, Edith Cavell, would make it possible to keep Belgium in order with the smallest possible German garrison. It was impossible not to interpret these doings as indications of weakness and of a desperate effort to maintain the German lines intact.

The most notable personal episode in European history during the year was the not unexpected death of the aged Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, after the longest reign in modern history. It had for years been prophesied that this event would be the signal for the dissolution of his conglomerate realm, and it is not improbable that such would have been the case had he died in time of peace. But under the stress of the great war, and with the Dual Realm prac-

tically under the military rule of Germany, the old sovereign passed away and his successor assumed his place without the slightest hitch in the progress of domestic affairs.

The year in America was marked with monstrosities and anomalies scarcely comparable, it is true, with those of Europe, yet differing from them not as much in kind as we might have wished. Our relations with Mexico, which for two years had been an international scandal, showed little symptoms of improvement. Victoriano Huerta, whose deposition from the Presidency we had insisted upon in the preceding year, died; but his death did not diminish the hostility between the two countries. The war, waged without being formally declared, continued. Francisco Villa, the most masterful and resourceful of all the brigand chiefs who are partitioning the unhappy land among them made a considerable raid into the United States, committing many murders, robberies, rapes and other atrocities; and then, because of our unpreparedness after years of warning, made good his return to his Mexican fastnesses. A " punitive expedition " was sent after him, far into Mexico, with orders which were popularly epitomized as " Get Villa! " Owing to a pitiable and grotesque lack of equipment, its progress was slow and its action ineffective. It did not " get Villa " nor stop his pernicious activities, and it was in no real sense " punitive "; its chief results being heavy expense, the loss of more lives, and further exacerbation of the ill-feeling between the two countries. Prolonged and tedious conferences between American and Mexican commissioners, in this country, for a settlement of issues, proved of little profit.

The need of massing all possible troops upon the Mexican border, together with the pungent example of Europe, spurred the Government to action for preparedness. The leaders of both parties in Congress agreed that something must be done for a prompt increase of military strength, though they did not agree as to what that something should be. After much discussion and many conferences it was agreed to authorize an increase of the standing army, but the chief reliance was apparently placed in " Federalizing " the National Guard. This latter scheme involved the swearing in of the various State militia organizations, into the Federal service, and the sending of them to the Mexican

frontier. Transportation arrangements proved inadequate, and supplies of clothing and arms were sadly lacking, so that much dissatisfaction and actual suffering resulted. The net outcome was a deplorable demoralization of the National Guard, and a widespread conviction, shared by many of the most competent military authorities, that the scheme of a "Federalized National Guard" was a gross failure.

Congress had a long session, lasting until Autumn; occupied with many important measures, some of which were enacted while others were postponed to the next session. Prominent among them were the increase of the army, already mentioned; a very great increase of the navy, including the construction of battle cruisers and of battleships more powerful than any now existing in the world; prohibition of interstate commerce in the products of child labor; the Philippine independence bill; a rural credits system; a shipping bill; and a bill enacted under the dictation of organized labor, purporting to establish an eight-hour day in railroad employment, but, in fact, intended to increase by twenty-five per cent the wages of certain classes of employes.

The most striking feature of domestic politics was the Presidential campaign and election; President Wilson and ex-Justice Hughes being the rival candidates. The campaign was unique in American political history in the number and magnitude of issues or factors which were quite novel and the effects of which could not be discounted or estimated in advance. One was, the return or non-return of the Progressives to the Republican ranks, which proved to vary greatly in different States. A second was the factional issue aroused by sympathies pro and contra in the European war; which probably had after all a negligible effect. A third was the voting of some millions of women for the first time in a Presidential election; which is widely believed to have decided the results in several Western States. The cry that the President had kept us out of war had, too, much influence; coupled with the realization that inflated trade in war supplies had brought temporary prosperity to many communities. The outcome was the re-election of President Wilson by a popular majority of 464,797 in a total vote of 17,738,773, and by an electoral majority so small that a change of less than 2,000 of the 900,000 votes in California would have elected Mr. Hughes.

THE TERMS OF PEACE

GERMANY proposes peace. That is the paramount feature of the European situation. A German authority insists that the Empire does not ask peace, but offers it. We need not haggle over that distinction; though it is of unmistakable significance that the first overture comes from the very Power which hitherto has resolutely and unvaryingly declared that it was not its place to make it and that it would not make it. Let that pass. The fact is that the proposal has been made.

We shall not question its sincerity. It may indeed partake of the nature of a shrewd diplomatic device, calculated either to arouse dissension among the Entente Allies or to bring upon them the odium of the world; though we should doubt it, because for either of those purposes it would be foredoomed to failure But if that were so, we should still believe in its essential sincerity. Reason declares it to be axiomatic that Germany desires peace. So do her allies. So do all the Entente Allies. So do all the other nations of the world; not excepting those which are pecuniarily most greatly profiting from the war. The wish for peace is universal.

The question concerning the reception and disposition of Germany's proposal by the Entente Allies is not, therefore, whether they want peace, but whether a satisfactory basis for peace can yet be found. In making the overture Germany named no specific terms. Yet upon the terms everything depends. All want peace, but none save the small minority of maudlin pacifists want peace at any price. Strongly as peace is desired, it would be just as strongly rejected if it were offered at too high a price. For peace, after all, is not the supreme desideratum. There are other things to be preferred before it.

One is Good Faith. We mean specifically good faith among the belligerent Powers. Precisely what compacts there are among the Central Allies the world has not been informed; but whatever there are, they should be faithfully maintained. The world does know that the Entente Allies are pledged to stand together until the end of the war, and to agree individually to no peace that is not acceptable to all. Thus far they have kept that pledge with splendid loyalty, and it is to be assumed that they will do so to the end,

whether that end be near or far. That they should do so is more important than that peace should be made; not because we want to see them thus hold out for extreme measures against Germany, but because we want to see faith vindicated and pledges proved to be more than mere words or scraps of paper. The world could endure the prolongation of the war for years better than it could endure the destruction of good faith and confidence among the nations.

Another thing superior to peace is Justice. Here we mean not alone general justice, in the abstract, but specifically and concretely justice for Belgium. The world cannot afford to have peace made on any terms which do not provide for the fullest possible righting of the wrongs of that country. They can never be fully atoned. No power can restore murdered lives or ravished virtue, or rebuild Louvain and Ypres as they were. But it is possible for every rood of Belgian soil to be returned to Belgian sovereignty, and for a cash indemnity to be paid which will restore every cent of tribute which has been exacted and will replace the cities which have been razed and the industries which have been destroyed. We may say unhesitatingly that nothing short of this would be creditable to the Entente Allies or satisfactory to the neutral world. And that again is not because we simply want to see Germany compelled to pay roundly for her ravages, nor even because of sympathy with the Belgians in their unutterable woe. It is because it would be an insufferable blow to the moral fiber of the world to let so great an injustice go unavenged. The world could afford unnumbered years of war far better than it could afford to have established the monstrous principle that small nations have no rights which great nations are bound to respect. There is no truer word in international affairs than that of Wordsworth, that "every independent nation is interested in the maintenance of the national independence of every other country." A peace in which the rights of Belgium were ignored would be an affront and a menace to every other nation on the surface of the globe.

A third thing which must be held superior to peace is Law. We mean the vindication of international law, in its written letter, apart from the great principles of justice such as that which we have just been discussing. There is such a thing as international law, just as definite in text as national or municipal law. In this war it has been violated as

never before. On land and on sea it has been violated, in the conduct of the war, in the treatment of the conquered, and in the treatment of non-combatants and neutrals. There can be no peace made that will be satisfactory to the neutral world which does not take those outrages into account and which does not impose a suitable penalty for them, so that law will be vindicated and will emerge from the crash of conflict not shattered and demoralized, but honored and confirmed.

There is still another thing which deserves to be considered above peace, though to some it may not altogether correctly seem to be a matter of expediency rather than of morals. That is Security. We mean security against the recurrence of such a war as this. That is surely demanded by expediency, and by common sense. It would be supremely foolish for the Powers to go through years of this unspeakably costly war, and then to make peace on terms which gave them no guarantee that the next year or the next generation would not see another such war begun. But it would be more than foolish. It would be immoral and criminal to fail to require the utmost measures of security which ingenuity could devise and which resolution could impose and enforce. Any terms of peace which did not give the world such guarantees would be not merely unsatisfactory. They would be offensive and revolting.

We have mentioned these four principles as fundamentally essential to satisfactory peace, because they are things which concern us as much as they do the belligerents themselves. There are many terms of peace to be settled which do not directly concern us. We are not entitled to dictate or to advise concerning the indemnities which are to be paid, save in such a case as that of Belgium. It is not for us to say whether France shall regain Alsace and Lorraine, and Italy Italia Irredenta; or what shall become of Albania; or who shall possess Constantinople. The disposition of the former German colonies in Africa is of no concern to us. The belligerents may settle these matters among themselves as it pleases them to do; excepting in so far as their settlement of them may affect the general international principles which we have enumerated.

But in Faith, and Justice, and Law, and Security, we are directly and vitally concerned, and we have a right—indeed, the duty—to insist that those questions shall be disposed of

with due regard for our interests and for the interests of the whole world. No other war that ever was fought touched world-wide humanity at so many points as this, and in no other peacemaking was the whole world so imperatively entitled to be heard and to be considered as in that which will come at the end of this war.

It will be obvious, moreover, that this fact has a very direct, practical and important application to the policy of this nation at the present time, and during all the period which shall elapse between the first proposal and the final complete conclusion of peace. That is, that the United States, as a neutral Power, cannot exercise any mediatorial functions nor countenance any negotiations which contemplate the making of peace on any other terms than those which alone would be satisfactory to our interests. The general and indefinite proposal for peace negotiations which was entrusted to us by the German Government last month could of course very fittingly be received and transmitted by us to the Powers for which it was intended. So could a correspondingly general reply from the Entente Allies. If the rejoinder were the suggestion of specific terms of peace of a character satisfactory to our interests as a neutral, it would be appropriate and agreeable for us to exercise to the utmost our good offices for the favorable expedition of negotiations on such a basis. But it would be self-stultifying and worse for this country to lend itself in any way to the negotiation of a peace which would condone bad faith, injustice, lawlessness or neglect of guarantees of continued peace. If it were possible—we do not believe it is—for the now warring Powers to come together upon so evil a platform, America should be not even an indirect and remote participant in the infamy, nor give it even the slightest suspicion of moral or diplomatic countenance. On the contrary, it would be our duty to ourselves and to the world to protest against it in the strongest possible manner.

Happily there is, we believe, no danger of such a situation. We do not know what either side will claim as a maximum, or will be content to accept as a minimum in order that the much-desired peace may be made. But we have an abiding and serene confidence that there will be somewhere in the proceedings a resolute, persistent and triumphant insistence upon terms of peace which will be satisfactory to the world's sense of good faith, of justice, of law, and of rational

security against a recurrence of the present unexampled catastrophe. Let us have peace, but let us have it at a price that will make it worth the having.

IS THERE INTERNATIONAL LAW?

The question may seriously be asked: Does international law still effectively exist? We trust that we shall be able to demonstrate an affirmative reply. To do otherwise would be to deny hope for the world. Yet the question must be asked, and there must frankly be recognized an appalling array of active and aggressive denials of law's existence. For if some of the most definite and valid parts of the law are destroyed, what shall become of the lesser parts? If the written letter is disregarded, how shall nations be held to the unwritten principle?

We must have respect for Grotius and Puffendorf, for Wolff and Vattel, and for all those who have spun fine theories and made benevolent pronouncements of what, in their opinion, nations should and should not do. Yet they do not all agree among themselves, and the nations have never accepted all their formulas and propositions as infallibly binding upon them. Their codes, if indeed codes they can be called, are thus certainly not as binding and as potent as are the explicit pledges which nations have made in signed and sealed treaties. It is one thing, and morally perhaps a pretty serious thing, for a government to do something which Vattel declared, generations ago, it ought not to do. It is another thing, and a very different and immeasurably more serious thing, for it to do something which in a formal treaty it only a few years ago pledged itself not to do.

This latter, however, is precisely what has been done, and is still being done, to an extent and with a flagrancy never before approximated in our history. Let us consider, as a single example, what has been done with the second Treaty of the Hague, or group of treaties, negotiated as recently as 1907. The first of those treaties, in its first two articles, declares that—

> With a view to obviating as far as possible recourse to force in the relations between states, the Contracting Powers agree *to use their best efforts* to ensure the pacific settlement of international differences. In case of serious disagreement or dispute, before an

appeal to arms, the Contracting Powers agree to have recourse, as far as circumstances allow, to the good offices or mediation of one or more friendly Powers.

Now, every intelligent man knows perfectly well that that pledge was not fulfilled in 1914. No serious effort was made to fulfill it. It would be impudent to pretend that the Powers used "their best efforts" to effect a pacific settlement; or that they had, or tried to have, recourse to the good offices or mediation of any friendly Powers. The blistering, damning truth is that they made of this Hague treaty a mere "scrap of paper" and went to war as precipitately as they would or could have done had such a treaty never been made.

In the fifth of the treaties, Chapter I, Articles I, II and X, we read:

The territory of neutral Powers is inviolable. Belligerents are forbidden to move troops or convoys of either munitions of war or supplies across the territory of a neutral Power. The fact of a neutral Power resisting, even by force, attempts to violate its neutrality, cannot be regarded as a hostile act.

In the very first operations of the war those provisions were flagrantly nullified, and in that nullification of them there has been persistence down to the present moment. The territory of a neutral Power has been violated, and has been used for belligerent purposes, and the neutral Power because of its resistance has been and is treated as an enemy, just as though the treaty of The Hague had never been made.

The fourth of the treaties has a voluminous Annex, containing "Regulations Respecting the Laws and Customs of War on Land," in which we read, in Section I. Articles IV and VI:

Prisoners of war must be humanely treated. All their personal belongings, except arms, horses, and military papers, remain their property. The State may utilize the labor of prisoners of war. The tasks shall have no connection with the operations of the war.

It is notorious that prisoners of war have been inhumanly treated, and have been robbed of their personal property. But still more notorious is the treatment which has been and is being accorded to the non-combatant inhabitants of an occupied neutral country. It may well be claimed that the

conquering Power has no right to utilize by force the labor of such non-combatants, who are certainly in a more favorable position than prisoners of war. But it is indisputable that if it does utilize it, it must at least do so under the restrictions provided in the case of prisoners of war, namely, that "the tasks shall have no connection with the operations of the war." That restriction is disregarded. There is convincing reason for believing that non-combatants are forced to perform tasks directly connected with military operations, such as the digging of trenches at the battle front. It is admitted, with cynical frankness, that those who are not thus employed at the actual scene of war are compelled to take the places of belligerent nationals who are thus freed to go to the front. It would be trifling with the truth to pretend that such tasks "have no connection with the operations of the war." The simple fact is that non-combatants are forced to assist in military operations against their own country.

In Section III, Articles XLVI, XLVII, XLIX, L, and LII, of this same fourth treaty, or its annex, we read:

> Family honor and rights, the lives of persons, and private property must be respected. Private property cannot be confiscated. Pillage is formally forbidden. If the occupant levies money contributions in the occupied territory (additional to the ordinary taxes for the benefit of the State), this shall only be for the needs of the army or of the administration of the territory in question. No general penalty, pecuniary or otherwise, shall be inflicted upon the population on account of the acts of individuals for which they cannot be regarded as jointly and severally responsible. Requisitions in kind and services shall not be demanded from municipalities or inhabitants except for the needs of the army of occupation. They shall be in proportion to the resources of the country, and of such a nature as not to involve the inhabitants in the obligation of taking part in military operations against their own country.

There is not a single item in all these pledges that has not been repeatedly and openly violated, and the violation of which has not been cynically defended. Family honor, lives of persons, and private property have notoriously not been respected. There has been wholesale pillage. Vast fines have been levied upon the population for the alleged acts of individuals for which nobody but those individuals was responsible. Money contributions have been exacted for other purposes than those named as permissible. Requisi-

tions in services have been demanded for other purposes than the needs of the army of occupation. And again, as we have already pointed out, the inhabitants of the occupied country are being compelled to take part, directly or indirectly, in operations against their own country. This last wrong, one of the greatest of all, is thus committed from a double standpoint.

Once more, in this same annex to the fourth treaty, Section II, Articles XXIII, XXV, XXVII, and XXVIII, we read:

> It is especially forbidden to employ poison or poisoned weapons; to declare that no quarter will be given; to employ arms, projectiles or material calculated to cause unnecessary suffering; to destroy or seize the enemy's property, unless such destruction or seizure be imperatively demanded by the necessities of war. The attack or bombardment, by whatever means, of towns, villages, dwellings or buildings which are undefended, is prohibited. In sieges and bombardments all necessary steps must be taken to spare, as far as possible, buildings dedicated to religion, art, science, or charitable purposes, historic monuments, hospitals, and places where the sick and wounded are collected, provided that they are not being used at the time for military purposes.

Yet the use of poisonous gases, and gases calculated to cause extreme and unnecessary suffering, has been one of the chief features of the war. It is officially admitted that in Southwest Africa wells of drinking water were poisoned. It is established that on several occasions an order of "no quarter" has been given. There have been immense seizures and destructions of property entirely apart from the necessities of war—unless to impress the enemy with "frightfulness" is a "necessity of war." Undefended places, which never were defended, have repeatedly been attacked, without warning, and special efforts seem to have been made not to spare but to destroy buildings dedicated to religion, art and science, and priceless historical monuments—such as the Library at Louvain, the Cloth Hall at Ypres, and the Cathedral of Rheims.

Many other examples of treaty violation, as flagrant as these, might be pointed out. As for the violation of treaties and of the general principles of international law, in the destruction of merchant vessels without visit or search, it cries to Heaven in its flagrancy, and is not denied by those who commit it; they cynically saying that it is not conven-

ient for them to observe the law, and therefore they ignore it. Of course, it cannot for a moment be pleaded that "war abrogates all treaties" and therefore these treaties of The Hague have automatically lapsed. As a matter of fact, war does not necessarily abrogate any treaties at all, unless it be those of peace between the belligerents. It would be impudently stultifying to say that it annulled these treaties of The Hague, because they were made specifically and solely for operation and application and enforcement in time of war and between belligerents. It is only in time of war that "Rules for the Conduct of War" are actively valid. In time of peace they are in desuetude.

So we ask again the question: In view of these numerous, persistent and defiant violations of them, do the treaties of The Hague and the general principles and provisions of international law still exist? We must answer, Yes. We insist upon answering, Yes. All the thievery in the world has not abrogated the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal." All the murders since the time of Cain have not by one iota lessened the validity of the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill." So all these monstrous and utterly inexcusable violations of international law have not destroyed nor diminished the majesty or the authority of that law. What they have done is to place upon neutrals, and above all upon America as the chief neutral Power, the vastly increased duty of vindicating that law; and not of waiting until the return of peace to do so, but of doing so to the extent of our ability immediately upon each violation coming to our knowledge.

The world has outgrown the savage principle that "Inter arma, leges silent." If we cannot always enforce the opposite, that in the presence of law arms are stilled, at least we can insist that in the use of arms the fighters shall obey the laws which they themselves have created and agreed upon for that purpose. We are not willing to concede that even so monstrous a war as this has plunged the world back into the abyss of international anarchy. We are not convinced that the resources of diplomacy have been exhausted in the attempt to prevent the violation of treaties and of international law. We have said at the beginning of these remarks that the Powers which are now fighting did not "use their best efforts" to avoid the war. We now add, at their close, that we do not believe that the neutral

Powers have used their best efforts, if not to prevent or to stop the war, at least to restrain it within the boundaries fixed by the consensus of civilization.

"A BUNCH OF AMATEURS"

THERE are two views about what will happen after the war in the world of commerce and finance. One is the view that for a long time to come we shall have nothing to fear from Europe. The other is the view that we shall have everything to fear from Europe. The former is the view entertained by, or at least attributed to, President Wilson, and undoubtedly shared by many members of his Administration. It was expounded in a dispatch from Washington that appeared in the New York *Times* of December 4. The *Times* correspondent declared that the President was free of all apprehensions on the score of "the war after the war." He holds, it seems, that when peace comes, "the United States will be in a better position than any other country to compete in the world's markets." "In his (the President's) opinion a Europe burdened by debt, with taxes on the people heavily increased, industries paralyzed, and unable to be restored for a long time on account of lack of money and inability to get structural material, and with the skilled working population shockingly reduced by the casualties of the war, will be unable to compete with America on the same terms as formerly." This opinion was reinforced by "a member of high rank in the Administration" who stated outright that "when the war ends Europe will be in no condition to cope with the United States industrially."

That is one view. Its exact opposite, however, has been expressed by those Americans who have seen at first hand the industrial changes—the word is too mild: it should be the industrial revolution—wrought by the war in the principal countries of Europe, and foremost of all in Great Britain. Thus Mr. James Keeley, the editor of the Chicago *Herald,* recently returned from Europe so affected by what he had observed that on December 12 he addressed an open letter on the subject to the President, the Congress and the people of the United States. So far from anticipating an exhausted Europe, he warns American business that it will be plunged, when peace returns, into a "battle for existence." England, he points out, may have slumbered

somewhat in her conduct of the war. But she is "not asleep in the marts of trade." On the contrary, "it is a new commercial and manufacturing England, alive, alert, efficient, and bent on conquest. . . . And England will not have to erect factories and build or import machinery. She has them now, thoroughly equipped, skillfully and efficiently operated." Mr. Keeley foresees the British Government lending its all-powerful aid to British manufacturers and merchants, pushing British trade in all quarters of the world, planting new industries under the shelter of Protection, driving the whole machinery of commerce with unexampled vigor; and he warns America to look to its bulwarks, to get ready, and to establish at once "a high-grade, competent, and confidence-inspiring Tariff Commission" fit to grapple with the "tremendous and difficult task ahead of it."

Which of these two views is correct? Unquestionably the latter. All the belligerent nations have been made over by the war. All have learned the nobility of sacrifice and of work. All have scrapped under the compulsion of necessity whatever prejudices they had against State assistance to trade. All have realized that to be strong and secure they must as far as possible be economically self-sufficient; and all will put forth unparalleled efforts to fill the gaps disclosed by the war in their industrial equipment. All will be poor and their national life will be the hardier and the more wholesome for it. All will be heavily taxed, and compelled therefore to double and redouble their earning power. All have mastered the unexpected lesson, the truth of which we are far from even suspecting, that war is not all waste. War in many of its aspects is economy. It is the art of making one woman do the work of two men, of two men do the work of five, of a dollar serve the purposes of three. It is the welding into a single thunderbolt of whatever there is of skill and initiative and learning and experience along a thousand variegated lines of activity and research. It is the shaking-up on an enormous scale of all the old ways of doing things. It is the tearing down of the careless, slouchy standards of peace and the substitution therefor of the infinitely more exacting standards of a great crisis that cannot be met except by methods as near perfection as human ingenuity can devise. It is the stimulus as of millions of electric batteries to the minds and physical energies and the moral nature of all who come within its radius.

Do not let us be under any illusion. We have made since the war and because of the war a great commercial and financial advance. Can we maintain it? It has come about by no effort on our part, through no superior virtue of efficiency, simply as the result of the play of chance. But to keep what has thus been thrown into our laps will call for an effort almost as searching as that which the war has imposed upon the belligerents. Englishmen, it is very obvious, are not a bit disturbed by the gains we have registered in international finance, in foreign trade, in the sea-carrying business. They are confident they will get it all back from us in the first ten years of peace, that London will remain the financial center and clearing-house of the world, that we shall have to relinquish the markets we have captured during the war, and that our new merchant marine will quickly lapse into inferiority or be transferred to their own more competent or less trammeled hands.

On what is their confidence based? It is based, first, on the consciousness of the fresh power which Great Britain has derived from her present ordeal. Nothing since the introduction of the steam engine has so revolutionized, so renovated, sent such an invigorating stir through the whole of British industry as this war. For the past two-and-a-half years the most inventive and most highly trained brains in the kingdom have been placed freely at the disposal of the Government and have applied themselves as never before to the problems of manufacture. Great Britain will emerge from the war incomparably better equipped and more efficient for all industrial purposes than she was when it began. Science and business were never so closely allied, the mechanism of production was never so well organized, the relations between Capital and Labor were never so sympathetic as at this moment in Great Britain; and the same brains that have solved the commercial and scientific problems of the war with conspicuous success will be at the service of British manufacturers when it is over, and will make them rivals in every way worthy of our best attention. Those who know anything whatever of the spirit of enterprise that permeates Great Britain today, of the extent to which whole trades have been reorganized by the Government, of the miracle of industrial improvisation which has been wrought for the purpose of turning out munitions, and of the huge factories equipped with the latest machinery that

have been erected, must be perfectly aware that the British industrial future is assured beyond challenge or dispute. The mere fact that in the middle of the greatest war of all history, with 6,000,000 of her men in the Army, and with another 3,000,000 engaged solely on war work, Great Britain has been able to raise her ordinary foreign trade to a point never exceeded in the most prosperous years of peace, gives the measure of her new-found capabilities.

This, then, is the first ground of the tranquillity, with which Englishmen regard our invasion of markets and spheres to which before the war we were comparative strangers. They believe they can more than hold their own by virtue of their greatly increased efficiency. But they have another ground of confidence that touches us more nearly. They believe, and all Europe believes, that the quality of American statesmanship is not level with the demands of these exacting times. They rely upon the poverty of constructive thought at Washington to harass and impede the enterprise of the rest of the country. They trust to American legislators to trip up American industry wherever it can be done. They are well aware of the almost automatic regularity with which Congress falls down before any large problem of fiscal, financial or industrial policy. They know its record in currency and banking matters during the past two generations. They see the present plight of the American railways. They have followed the campaign against the trusts. The fetters of sheer disorganization that manacle American business at almost every turn are no secret from them. They are not ignorant of the persistence with which for fifty years Congress has striven to prevent the upbuilding of an American merchant marine, and they feel every assurance that when the abnormal conditions created by the war have passed away, the effectiveness of its handiwork will become manifest and operative once more. If the American merchant or banker or manufacturer or shipowner were given a free field, under national and rational laws, he would be, they admit, a most formidable competitor. But he is not given a fair field or anything like it; and therein, according to Englishmen, lies the salvation of British industry. So long as we continue to send to Congress an overwhelming majority of meddling lawyers and an insignificant minority of men of affairs, so long as the best business brains of the country do not find their way to

Washington, Englishmen feel that they can sleep easy in their beds. For they possess what is little less than a permanent guarantee that one by one the opportunities opened to American citizens by the war will be taken from them, and that stupidity at the Capitol will always thwart, and frequently nullify, our best efforts to make ourselves felt in international commerce and finance.

The warning issued recently by the Federal Reserve Board against American participation in the unsecured loans of the British Government—for that was what in effect the warning came to—was a case in point. Our people admittedly are only just beginning to take a hand in world-finance. It is to them a novel experience. They need educating in its possibilities. They need especially to be informed as to the intimate connection between foreign trade and foreign loans. Comparatively speaking, they are still without standards by which to weigh and facilities with which to prosecute their new venture. Their investment horizon hitherto has been pretty well bounded by their own country and they have barely as yet even initiated themselves in the mysteries of international credit. Yet this is the moment that the Federal Reserve Board chooses for the issue of a general warning which could only have the effect of nipping America's budding interest in larger fields of finance and inducing her to turn her back upon them. Nothing could have suited the British book better. Here was the highest financial authority in the United States deliberately restricting American activities in international finance, doing what it could to remove all doubt that the financial ascendency of London would remain undisturbed, and notifying the world that America was nearing the limit of her loaning capacity and must walk warily before undertaking fresh obligations. Whether the Federal Reserve Board understands the bankers' business better than they understand it themselves, or whether these ex-cathedra deliveries on current financial questions were expected to be one of the functions of the Board when it was constituted, or whether they are calculated to add anything to the smooth working of the highly delicate machine of international credit, we will not attempt to determine. But certainly it was not by such grandmotherly methods that London built up and still retains its financial supremacy.

The Board's statement has done more than all the preachings of her own economists to force Great Britain to

prohibit all imports from America that are not absolutely necessaries, and to develop with the utmost speed other sources of supply in the Empire and South America. That was the natural and foreseen result of refusing to a good customer the sort of credit facilities he desired. But its real significance lay in its revelation of the incapacity of American officialdom. To indicate, as the Board did, a decided preference for loans secured by the deposit of American securities, was not to cast doubts on British financial strength, but to betray American inexperience. It was to stipulate for a condition which our people will insensibly come to regard as the concomitant of all foreign loans. Yet it is a condition which most certainly will not be asked, or if asked, will not be granted, when peace returns. The action of the Board, therefore, did nothing to help on, but a good deal to hinder the education of the American people in international finance. It closed avenues of profitable enterprise that American bankers by their own skill and foresight had just begun to explore. It went far toward restricting the scope of American finance to the boundaries of the United States, and in doing so it facilitated the return of London to the full financial primacy that she held before the war. And it convinced the world—what is indeed the truth—that so long as we remain as we are today, the least organized and least efficient nation on earth, so long as our legislatures and our administrative authorities are on a par with the Federal Reserve Board, the Europe that will emerge from the war, geared up to the highest pitch of ordered energy, can well afford not to take American competition too seriously.

AFFAIRS OF THE STATES

The recent annual meeting of the "House of Governors," as it was originally called, attracted less attention and commanded less interest than it deserved. This year's meeting of the Governor's Conference was the ninth. In the nine years many interesting addresses have been delivered and many interesting topics have been discussed; but we are afraid that it would be difficult to name many concrete results of public beneficence which have been achieved. Yet some of the stated objects of the conference are practical and beneficent in a high degree—"the promo-

tion of greater uniformity in State legislation, and the attainment of greater efficiency in State administration."

Greater uniformity in legislation is obviously desirable. While the States are independent of each other, they are all members of a common Union and their relations with it are required to be uniform. Their commercial and social relations with each other are intensely and increasingly intimate. Moreover, they are required by the Constitution to give full faith and credit to each other's public acts, records and judicial proceedings. Radical differences in legislation and in jurisprudence make some of these conditions difficult to fulfill. We are not sure that they are entirely fulfilled. If, for example, a marriage or a divorce which is made in one State and is recognized there as perfectly valid, is regarded in another State as invalid, null and void, how can we successfully contend that each State gives full faith and credit to all the public acts and judicial proceedings of the other?

To continue the same example: There are no fewer than thirty-five different causes for absolute divorce recognized by the various States. But not one of them is recognized by all the States, since one State grants no divorce for any cause; and we are not sure that any two States agree exactly in their selections of the causes which in them are valid. It would surely promote the social and moral welfare of the States, if there could be a much greater degree of uniformity in such matters.

Equally noteworthy are the differences among the States in matters of legislation and administration which have no direct relation to morals. One of the most striking and perhaps most important is that in taxation. The per capita revenue varies enormously. The average in the United States is $4.66, and in the separate States it ranges from $9.47 in Nevada down to $1.72 in South Carolina. Nor are the contrasts by any means merely between States widely separated and widely different in character. Thus Maine and Vermont receive respectively $7.60 and $7.27, while New Hampshire, lying between them, has only $5.52. The figures for Minnesota are $8.85, and for adjacent Iowa $4.27, or less than half so much. Why should Louisiana have a per capita revenue of $4.92 and Missouri one of only $2.96? Or Arizona $9.24 and New Mexico $5.09? Why does Washington collect $8.16 and Oregon only $5.85?

The sources of revenue show similar differences. The

chief source is, of course, taxation; generally speaking. But in some States it is a minor source. Thus in the two Dakotas considerably less than half of the revenue comes from taxes, the major part coming from earnings of departments and from highway privileges, rents and interest. Generally taxes on property are the chief item of revenue, but not invariably. In just one-fourth of the States property taxes provide less than fifty per cent. of the revenue, these States being diverse in location and character—Rhode Island, Ohio, Minnesota, Missouri, North Dakota, South Dakota, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Montana, Wyoming, and California. The next most important item in most States is the tax derived from business and non-business licenses, and in the four widely scattered and contrasting States of Rhode Island, Missouri, Delaware and California it exceeds the property tax. Some striking contrasts are presented by adjacent and similar States. Thus North Carolina gets 14.7 per cent. of her revenue from license taxes, and South Carolina only 4.8 per cent.; Missouri 35.6 per cent. and Arkansas 6.2 per cent.; Rhode Island 46.2 per cent. and Connecticut 10.9 per cent.; Ohio 39.4 per cent., Illinois 13.2 per cent., and Michigan 6.9 per cent.; California 44.1 per cent. and Oregon 7.4 per cent.

The taxes on property show no less striking contrasts; whether we take their percentages of the whole revenue, or their actual amounts per capita in dollars and cents. In the whole United States property taxes average $2.73. In New England as a whole they average $4.19, ranging from $4.95 in Vermont to $2.11 in Rhode Island. In New Jersey they are $4.98, in New York $3.18, and in Pennsylvania $2.52. In Wisconsin they are $4.62, and in Ohio only $1.83. In Nebraska they are $2.78, and in Missouri only $0.91—the lowest in any State in the Union. In Florida they are $2.08 and in South Carolina $1.11. In Arizona they are $7.28 and in New Mexico $2.80. In Washington they are $5.88 and in California $2.72.

The great contrasts in moral and penal legislation, and in amounts and methods of taxation are of real and great importance, and it would be well to have the House of Governors see if it cannot lead the way to a uniform adoption of the best systems.

THE LEAGUE TO ENFORCE PEACE

A. LAWRENCE LOWELL

EVERY proposal for a new departure in public affairs, and especially in foreign relations, awakens exaggerated hopes and stirs unneeded fears. Often the hopes and fears are due to a misunderstanding of the object sought. This ought not to be true of the League to Enforce Peace, because, although the details and methods of operation are left to the future, the principles involved are clearly stated and the limitations of the objects sought are carefully defined. An impression, however, has gone abroad that the organization may be intended, or used, to help in bringing the European War to a close. There are people, no doubt, who would like to see it directed to that purpose; but the statement of the object was deliberately framed to prevent this very thing, namely, to "establish and maintain peace after the close of the present war"; and the Executive Committee can safely be trusted not to permit it to be diverted from this aim. To seek to maintain peace before war breaks out is a very different thing from interposing between belligerents; offering, unsought, an opinion upon the terms they ought to accept; and bringing pressure to bear on the weaker or more vulnerable side. It is essentially the difference between seeking to prevent a quarrel and buying into a quarrel. An attempt to separate combatants may be under proper conditions highly praiseworthy, but it is certainly no part of the object of the League in the present war.

The programme of the League is so short that in spite of the frequency with which it has been published it may be repeated here.

We believe it to be desirable for the United States to join a league of nations binding the signatories to the following:

First: All justiciable questions arising between the signatory Powers, not settled by negotiation, shall, subject to the limitations

of treaties, be submitted to a judicial tribunal for hearing and judgment, both upon the merits and upon any issue as to its jurisdiction of the question.

Second: All other questions arising between the signatories and not settled by negotiation, shall be submitted to a council of conciliation for hearing, consideration and recommendation.

Third: The signatory Powers shall jointly use forthwith both their economic and military forces against any one of their number that goes to war, or commits acts of hostility, against another of the signatories before any question arising shall be submitted as provided in the foregoing.*

Fourth: Conferences between the signatory Powers shall be held from time to time to formulate and codify rules of international law, which, unless some signatory shall signify its dissent within a stated period, shall thereafter govern in the decisions of the Judicial Tribunal mentioned in Article One.

The plan has been received with a surprising amount of favor in many different quarters, but it has met with opposition from ultra pacifists on one side, and extreme advocates of preparedness on the other, and yet it offers to the former a means of attaining the end they seek, and to the latter a clear presentation of the true object of the measures they advocate. No one in this country can dissent from the object sought by the League, for everyone desires the maintenance of peace for ourselves and among all nations; and when this war is over that will be the earnest wish of all peoples and all governments. So far as this end is sought by arbitration and conciliation, and by a better codification and more general acceptance of the principles of international law no one in America will disagree. Serious criticism arises only over the provision for the use of force as a means to the end, and on that vital point a difference of opinion is reasonable and natural.

At the outset it will be observed that the use of force is limited to restraining war until the countries involved have submitted their claims to a judicial tribunal or council of conciliation; and that no attempt is made to enforce the

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* (Explanatory Note) The signatory Powers shall jointly employ diplomatic and economic pressure against any one of their number that threatens war against a fellow signatory without having first submitted its dispute for international inquiry, conciliation, arbitration, or judicial hearing, and awaiting a conclusion; or without having in good faith offered so to submit it. They shall follow this forthwith by the joint use of their military forces against that nation if it actually goes to war, or commits acts of hostility against another of the signatories before any question arising shall be dealt with as provided in the foregoing.

award. Some men have urged the need of going farther, and compelling acceptance of the decision; but the framers of the programme have thought this premature. They believe that what they suggest is as much as the great countries of the world will accept today, and that if adopted it will suffice to prevent almost all wars. A cord strained too hard will snap. There are questions, like the Monroe Doctrine and Asiatic immigration, on which the American people would hardly agree to accept as final the judgment of an international tribunal or council, and yet in which we should not hesitate to agree to present our case to such a body before resorting to arms.

The critics of the use of force to prevent war belong to two classes; first those who feel that force is never justified, that the principle of non-resistance will ultimately triumph over all violence, and that the sufferings involved in the process are not to be compared with the value of the principle. With these men there is little use in argument. The difference lies in an assumption which can neither be proved nor disproved. The error, if it be one, is in the fourth dimension.

"*Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa.*"

The second class of critics are those who, without denying that the use of force may be proper, believe that it will not be necessary or effective. They assert that the public opinion of mankind will be enough to compel any nation to submit its grievances to some international body and abide by the result. But men who know the story of the last sixty years, when the opinions of mankind have been more distinctly averse to bloodshed than ever before, and yet when probably more men have been killed in battle than in the same length of time in any period of the world's history, may be excused for being skeptical about the efficacy of pacifist opinions in preventing war. The history of civilization within organized communities has been that of placing an effective ultimate sanction of force behind law; and the more irresistible the force, the less has been the need of it, the less apparent it has become, until we somtimes forget its existence and its necessity.

To this class of criticism belongs the argument that the Supreme Court of the United States has no power to enforce its decisions, and hence an international tribunal requires none. Surely this is based upon a confusion regarding the nature of governmental functions. In one sense, there is a

profound truth in the statement of Hume in his Essay on the Origin of Government. "We are, therefore," he says, "to look upon all the vast apparatus of our government as having ultimately no other object or purpose but the distribution of justice, or, in other words, the support of the twelve judges. Kings and parliaments, fleets and armies, officers of the court and revenue, ambassadors, ministers, and privy counsellors are all subordinate in their end to this part of administration." The twelve judges would, in fact, have been utterly helpless without the other powers in the State. No court has any real force of its own to execute its judgments; for even if it has a sheriff who can summon a posse, this would avail nothing against resistance, without the aid of the police and ultimately of the whole executive government. Does anyone seriously suppose that the decisions of the Supreme Court in cases involving a powerful corporation or a great organized body of men would be carried out if it were well understood that the civil government would pay no heed to them, but inform the court that if the parties did not choose to comply with them the matter might rest there? When President Lincoln forbade the civil and military officers to obey the summons of Chief Justice Taney the court was powerless and its action fruitless. Decisions of the Supreme Court are in effect carried out by the ordinary machinery of government which supports those in whose favor the decisions are made, and prevents forcible resistance by those against whom they are rendered. This machinery has all the force of the country at its back, and the function of public opinion is to support that condition as the guarantee for the maintenance of order, not to lend its approval to the particular decision involved. Moreover, the programme of the League does not propose to entrust any physical force to the international tribunal. As in the case of the Supreme Court of the United States the application of force is left to other public authorities charged with the use of force,—the executives and the legislatures of the nations. The plan, indeed, gives no semblance of force to the tribunal, for its decisions are not enforced at all. As in the case of a dispute between the States of our Union, the judges do not even summon parties before them, and force is to be used only to prevent any country from going to war without voluntarily submitting, or offering to submit, its claim to the court. The authority of the international tribunal or council

of conciliation is in itself purely moral. The force to be employed is executive. It is to be employed by the political authorities to prevent a resort by the parties to violence, to deter them from taking the law into their own hands instead of going to law; and this is true in the case of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Then there is the objection that the League would prove ineffective. It might, of course, be so, because when it came to the point the members might decline to carry out their obligations; but recent experience seems to show that self-respecting nations are apt to fulfill their agreements to take up arms. France in 1914 had no hesitation in taking part with Russia, although she knew well the suffering and danger of national disaster it would entail. Few careful observers doubt that the English people would hardly have thrown in their lot with the Allies had it not been for their treaty to safeguard the integrity of Belgium. Certainly if a sufficient number of nations should join such a League and if there were a reasonable prospect that they might jointly fall upon a country that committed hostilities against another without first offering to submit to arbitration, no government would be likely to run the risk of war with so many enemies. The mere existence of such a League on these terms, the potential force it would exert would be a strong deterrent, strong enough almost inevitably to prevent any government from incurring the danger of the penalty.

In this connection, the history of the Monroe Doctrine is suggestive. The United States declared that any attempt by a foreign nation to acquire territory on these continents would be considered dangerous to our peace and safety and would not be looked upon by us with indifference, meaning that it might result in war. There is no doubt that several foreign countries have desired to acquire possessions in this hemisphere, and in one case a great and gallant nation attempted to establish an empire in Mexico. Yet no nation has cared to run the risk of war with the United States, and even France, at our request, withdrew from Mexico as soon as our hands were free after the Civil War. In short, the Monroe Doctrine has prevented foreign nations from acquiring possessions on this continent for nearly a century, and in doing so has never caused the shedding of a drop of blood. This has been the result of a consistent policy, with the sanction of ultimate force, addressed by one nation to

the whole world. How much more effective would be a policy, sanctioned by a threat of force, addressed by the whole world to one nation! That force, in the form of an ultimate resort to arms, would ever have to be used by the League is extremely improbable. Potential force consistently directed to a definite object, the maintenance of peace by a league of honorable states, would have an enormously powerful effect.

Many Americans complain that the League would involve our country in entangling alliances with foreign nations contrary to our traditions. It would certainly involve obligations, and those of a very grave character—obligations that might possibly result in war—and so does the Monroe Doctrine. On the other hand, the obligations might, and probably would, save us from being entangled in war. There are different kinds of obligations and alliances. Some people think of the proposed League as an alliance of a few nations to counterbalance another League of about equal strength, and this might well become a provocation, rather than a prevention, of war. A vendetta, where men are bound together to fight others and revenge injuries, is an entangling alliance; a police force is not. It is to the latter class that the League belongs. It is primarily directed to prevent war amongst its own members, and will, it is hoped, become so strong as to maintain peace at last throughout the world. In fact, if enough nations, and enough great nations, join it the others will feel the need of coming in.

There is no use in seeking to minimize the obligations that our nation would undertake; but no nation, and especially no rich and powerful nation, can be wholly isolated in the world today. If it stands alone, it must run a risk of collision, of a struggle with a dangerous antagonist, perhaps more than one enemy, and perhaps alone. Our people must seriously consider whether the security against war is not worth the cost of the insurance, and whether we should not be wise, whether we have not some duty, to take part in the policing of the world. Such an opportunity as will be presented at the close of this war is not likely to come again.

A. Lawrence Lowell.

THE MEANING OF THE LLOYD GEORGE MINISTRY

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

AMERICANS will fail altogether to understand the significance of the recent Cabinet upheaval in Great Britain unless they understand first of all the spirit in which and the purposes for which the British people are fighting this war. That spirit is the spirit of freedom; those purposes are the purposes of peace. We seek no selfish goal, unless it be selfishness to maintain our liberties and possessions intact, to preserve the independence of France and of the small northern kingdoms, and to ward off the intolerable menace of a Germany entrenched upon their shores and plotting and preparing for our destruction. Those are issues that might well move a nation whose privilege it has often been to turn the scale against a would-be assassin of European freedom. But they are not the supreme issues. Deep in the British consciousness is the conviction that there is more, far more, at hazard still, and that the struggle which is now half way through its third year will decide for decades and perhaps for generations to come the form and fiber of civilization itself throughout Western Europe. The popular instinct of the British people has fastened firmly on the point that this is a conflict not merely of nations but of irreconcilable ideals.

What is the German ideal we know. It is not the ideal of democracy or of peace. It is the ideal of force. It is the conception that nothing counts in this world except the sheer brute power of organized strength. It is the belief that soldiers and sailors belong to a higher caste of human beings than civilians. It is a disbelief in the People in any and every capacity, except as to the raw material for the drill sergeant. It is faith in absolutism and government from above and a profound contempt for Parliaments, a free

Press, and the appeal to reason. Domination and aggressiveness are its soul, its purpose, its mainstay; popular liberty is its instinctive and inevitable foe. It exalts discipline, repression and order into a religion. It mocks at the very notion that the common run of men have either a self-respect that is worth considering, or a power of initiative and of moral growth worth cultivating. Let Germany win and this gospel of despotism receives a new and indefinite lease; every guarantee on which civilization has been built up will be swept away; and from a welter of violated treaties and broken pledges there will emerge as the sole arbiter of human affairs the jack-booted God of Force.

We in Great Britain do most fervently believe that we are championing democracy against militarism and absolutism, and public faith against panoplied might; and that only if the Allies win can the map of Europe be redrawn along the lasting lines of race and nationality and justice, or the foundation of an enduring and endurable peace be truly laid. That is the faith in which we fight. A noble cause, a tranquil conscience, and a resolution steeled by German atrocities to the point of inflexibility—these are the spiritual powers that nerve us as a people and as individuals, that animate all our endeavors, and support us in all our sacrifices. That national stubbornness which carried the country victoriously through the Napoleonic wars, and which has never yet failed it in any European struggle, is now solidified into a block of granite. That there has been much to exasperate one, much to criticize and deplore, and not a little that one would willingly forget in our conduct of the war, may and must be freely granted. But there has been vastly more to admire; and I, for one, do not hesitate to assert that we are turning at this moment the most splendid page in British annals. I am not thinking solely or even mainly of naval or military successes, though these are on their way, in the half-dozen widely separated theatres of war in which Great Britain is engaged. I am thinking of a nation roused to the noble pitch, wholly united in a cause that holds out no prizes but those of duty done, honor upheld, and security achieved by valor and sacrifice, absorbing discipline and steadied by it without losing their characteristic adaptability and self-reliance, and pitting against a monstrous mechanism of tyranny the full, spontaneous and orderly strength of millions of free men.

Of free men. That is the heart and the gist of it. When Americans proclaim, as many of them have proclaimed, that the Allies are fighting the battles of the United States, what do they mean? I do not believe they can be thinking merely of the menace to all America's material and political interests that would be instantly uncovered by a German victory. I do not believe they are merely picturing to themselves the relative power and efficiency on the one hand of a triumphant Germany and on the other of the United States as she is today—plethoric, unarmed, bemused by sentiment, wandering in a cloud-land of unrealities. I do not believe they have set their eyes solely on the Monroe Doctrine and are wondering, though they might well wonder, what it would be worth, what would be its resisting power, in the face of such a Teutonic assault as was launched two and a half years ago against Belgium and France. I do not believe they are merely recognizing the obvious fact that if Germany conquers Europe she will also conquer or attempt to conquer South America and that the paean of a German victory will be a trumpet call to the United States to arm in defense of her historic guardianship over the Republics of this Continent. No; when Americans feel and declare that the Allies are fighting America's battles, they mean, I conceive, something deeper than all that. They mean that democracy itself is imperiled. They mean that popular freedom and popular self-government cannot be murdered in Europe and still survive in the United States. They mean that the whole American ideal is at stake and that the Allies in beating off and beating down German aggression are fighting to preserve that living faith in the people which lies at the root of all American greatness. Few perhaps are the Americans who view what is happening on the other side of the Atlantic in such realistic terms as these. Yet they are right, a thousand times over, in their judgment. Everything that democracy connotes, the scheme of life and society and government that it at once suggests to every British and American mind, the free expansion of the individual that it insures and by which it thrives, the sanctions of popular sovereignty that are part of its very texture, the tolerant, hardy, upthrusting spirit of equality and initiative that it engenders—these are in very truth the treasures of great price that the Allies are struggling to safeguard. Some Americans see it, and see also how deeply their own national life

and fortunes are implicated in the issue; most do not; but it is the piercing and passionate conviction of all Britons. That democracy stands or falls by the upshot of this war, and that it cannot fall in Europe without ultimately falling everywhere,—there is at once the fear that clutches, the motive that energizes, and the faith that sustains every man and woman in the British Isles.

To get the measure, therefore, of Mr. Lloyd George's accession to the Premiership it must be thought of as something more than a change of ministers, a mere shuffling of the political cards. Mr. Lloyd George is not now installed in No. 10 Downing Street simply because he is a more taking orator, or a more vivid personality, or radiates a more compelling force than his predecessor. He is there, above and beyond everything else, because he incarnates the spirit of democracy. He is there because the masses of the British nation, feeling that he represents them better than any other man, that he is one with them, and that he embodies in his life, and in his outlook on life, all that they are fighting for, have put him there. It is as though the British people—not the classes, not the men who used to look upon high office as a birthright, but the plain every day folk who make up the bulk of any English-speaking community—had deliberately said to themselves: "We want at the head of affairs a man who is one of ourselves, who talks our language, and knows our minds and conditions. We want a man who will stand out before the world in the completest possible contrast to the leaders of Germany, a man whose influence and temperament and career typify the workings of democracy and who, had he been a German, could never have entered the service of the State, could never have held office, and would have been compelled to pass a life of fuming and futile protest against his entire surroundings. We want a man on the Lincoln model, one of the common people, who was born in poverty, educated himself, and has made his own way without any assistance except that of his own native talents and character. Let him be our Prime Minister. Let him be our sign and testimony that in Britain a man may rise unaided from the lowliest circumstances to the supreme direction of a world-wide Empire and may develop in the process a quality and an influence and a power of leadership that will make him more than a match for the whole Potsdam crew of privileged junkers, buckrammed officials and civilian-stabbing Army

chiefs. Let the War for the salvation of democracy be waged on our side by the man who most fully sums up in himself and his career the soul and possibilities of democracy. Let the enemies and the would-be murderers of democracy be confronted by the man of all others in whom the unconquerable spirit of democracy and the strength that comes from the freely tendered services and sacrifices of a free people work like a living flame towards one great purifying end."

There is none in Great Britain who can stand forth in this role with anything like the completeness of Mr. Lloyd George. The instinct of the British people has long been aware of that fact, has long felt that both the nature of the struggle and his own unique qualifications marked him out for the supreme leadership. Take him from whatever angle you will, he is the most fully rounded representative of democracy that either Great Britain or the United States has produced in the past fifty years. The mere record of his rise from an insignificant lawyer's office in Wales to the Premiership of the United Kingdom is an epitome of all that both countries understand by a dispensation which throws the career freely open to talent. Though of yeoman stock, Mr. Lloyd George's father was for most of his life a schoolmaster, and only reverted to the soil when his health demanded an out-of-door existence. Dying while still a young man, he left his widow and two children almost wholly unprovided for; and Mr. Lloyd George's earliest recollection is of his home and furniture being sold up. "I was brought up," he told the Trade Union Congress some fifteen months ago, "in a workman's home. There is nothing you could tell me about the anxieties and worries of Labor that I did not know for the first twenty years of my life." An uncle who was the shoemaker and unsalaried Baptist preacher in a village of North Wales, took charge of the family, and it was there, in a district saturated with the history and romance of the country, that Lloyd George grew up, a quick-witted, high-spirited lad, disciplined by severely straitened circumstances, speaking both the Welsh and the English languages, and an eager listener at the informal parliament of neighbors and peasants that foregathered in the cobbler's workshop, there to discuss theology and politics—they go together in Wales—the iniquities of landlordism, and the oppressiveness of a social system that seemed to care so little

for human life and happiness and so much for property and game.

Those early years have left an ineffaceable mark on Mr. Lloyd George. It was then that he imbibed a spirit of passionate and poetic patriotism for Wales. It was then there was implanted in him a fiery and abiding sense of compassion for the poor, the disinherited, the under dog, the millions who toil and ineffectively murmur. The iron of poverty entered into his soul, not to corrode it with unavailing bitterness, but to sting it to indignation and revolt. He was born a rebel. He is a rebel still. There is perhaps no man in the British Isles to whom the smugness and conventions, the appalling contrasts and inequalities, the buttressed arrangements and plausibilities of life in Great Britain—as life was in that other state of existence before the War—were more absolutely repugnant. There is assuredly no man in whom the religion of humanity, which is, or ought to be, the religion of democracy, is more incarnate. It is not often one comes across genuine democrats, men whose lives and instincts are governed by a sense of unaffected brotherhood, and on whom rank and wealth and all the divisions and distinctions that have crept into the fabric of society, have no hold whatever. But I can name two. The American Ambassador in London, Mr. Walter H. Page, is one; Mr. Lloyd George is the other. Both are men whose relations with those around them are shaped by the essentials and not by the accessories of human intercourse.

It is a sound instinct, a sort of anticipatory fellow-feeling, which makes all Americans who come to London anxious to meet Mr. Lloyd George. I have piloted many of them to his breakfast table, and not one but has fallen under his spell. Frankness and a captivating camaraderie flame from him. He is one of the cheeriest and most approachable of men. Merely to catch a glimpse of him as he enters a room or walks rapidly through the lobbies, with life and vivacity speaking in every movement—a small, well-knit man, with gray-white hair brushed back in waves from a broad and powerful forehead; features in which strength and sensitiveness, good humor and resolution are blended in an almost poetic pallor; large, flashing eyes that talk even when the lips move not, and an every-ready smile of extraordinary sweetness—is to know him for the hearty, human fellow he is. People take to him at once. There are no prelimi-

naries to be observed, no fencing or finesse to be indulged in, before you are measuring your mind with his and feel yourself really in touch with him. He is the same in all companies, his own natural, sparkling, unaffected self with women as with men. I have always had an idea that the society of Americans was particularly congenial to him, more so, indeed, than the society of Englishmen. Their directness and sociability are of a kind with his own; and his knowledge of American life and affairs—though he has never been in the United States—is intuitive. There are not many men of prominence in British public life whom one can imagine as equally prominent in American public life. But Lloyd George is decidedly one of them. He happens to be the Prime Minister of Great Britain. If he had been born in the United States, he would assuredly have risen to the Presidency; and Mr. Roosevelt would have found in him his only competitor for the affections of the American people. There is, indeed, no English-speaking community in any part of the world in which his gifts and temperament would not have made him a foremost leader.

I am not going to survey his career in any detail. How that admirable guardian, the shoemaker uncle, set aside the scanty savings of a life-time to prepare his nephew for the law; how together they quarried out of old dictionaries and grammars and text-books the knowledge that enabled him to pass the necessary examinations; how he set up as a solicitor, plunged into local politics, and was instrumental in working in Wales much the same sort of revolution as Tillman worked in South Carolina; how in 1890 he was elected to the House of Commons as a fervid champion of Welsh patriotism and the common Welsh people; how from the tributary of Welsh nationalism he gradually passed over to the broader stream of British Radicalism; how he broke into national notoriety as an utterly uncompromising opponent of the Boer War; how he organized all dissenting Wales into a movement of passive resistance against an Education Bill that favored, as he thought, the Established Church too much; how he took up with joyous celerity Mr. Chamberlain's challenge to the principles of Free Trade; how Wales at the election of 1906, thanks above all to him, returned to the House of Commons not a single member who was not a Free Trader and a Liberal; how Mr. Lloyd George on his appointment to the Presidency of the Board of

Trade proceeded at once to show that a Welshman and a fiery swashbuckler of debate could yet be a very efficient and original custodian of the national business interest; how on the death of Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman he became Chancellor of the Exchequer and wrote his name deep on British social and financial history by his Old Age Pensions Bill, his National Insurance scheme, and above all by the famous Budget of 1909 that precipitated the constitutional crisis with the House of Lords; and how throughout that crisis he was incomparably the most effective advocate of the popular cause—all this I take to be familiar to anyone with the merest smattering of recent British politics.

On what has his success been built? First, I should say, on that moral courage which is perhaps the rarest of political virtues. When he fought, tooth and nail, the policy that brought on the Boer War and the methods of its conduct he showed himself capable of staking his career on his conscience. And he had, as he deserved to have, his reward. The public soon came to forget how wrong-headed and mischievous was the part he had played and to remember only that he had played it boldly, sincerely and without a thought of self. Secondly, Mr. Lloyd George possessed from his early days in Parliament the incommunicable gift of seizing the occasion and attracting notice. Thirdly, he was and is a vividly natural and effective orator. His language is not always measured; he hits hard always, bitterly often, recklessly sometimes; his quick-moving mind flashes out in pungent, unforgettable phrases, few of which are without a sting; at covering an opponent with ridicule, pillorying him with the damning epithet, and goading him with pin-pricks of sarcasm and invective, he has no equal in British public life—but for the War the House of Lords was doomed from the moment Mr. Lloyd George described a ducal breakfast with two footmen bearing his Grace's egg; and on a popular platform where there is passion to be stirred, sentiment and broad humor to be appealed to, and a large mass of emotionalism to work upon, I count him one of the most refreshing, dramatic and successful speakers I have listened to on either side of the Atlantic. He is in natural sympathy with the mind and outlook and sentiments of a crowd, and knows by instinct just how to take them, what points they will relish, and what effects will stay in their memories; and to produce those effects he would often, in the pinchbeck days

before the War, descend to their intellectual level and froth and rant with the gusto of another Cleon. Put him in a different atmosphere and he is a different man. Even in the House of Commons, where feeling and rhetoric used to be voted out of place and rather bad form, Mr. Lloyd George has never hesitated to sweep the chord of the deeper emotions, and I have known him hold that somewhat worldly and cynical assembly spellbound by a powerful and pathetic sketch of social misery. Few men are more keenly sensitive to the poverty and wretchedness and gloom in which the masses of the people dwell, and few were more apt or more skilled to make the House uncomfortable by reminding it of their existence. One of his speeches used often in this respect to be as salutary and disturbing as one of Mr. Galsworthy's plays. He has the first of all oratorical merits in being true to himself. The Celtic touch of idealism and imagination, the Celtic lack of shamefacedness in the presence of the emotions that Englishmen seek to smuggle away, a pouncing eye for a weak argument and a natural gift for luminous and pointed exposition, combine to make him one of the most vital and persuasive of orators. When you listen to him you listen not to a speech but to a man.

People used to say of John Bright that if he had not been a Quaker he would have been a pugilist. If Mr. Lloyd George had not been a politician he would have been a revivalist. There is more than a little of the poet, the dreamer and the evangelist in his temperament. Hear him talk about Wales on his own hearth-rug in the freedom of private conversation and you will know from the irrepressible light that leaps out of his eyes, from the softer inflection of tenderness that modulates the voice, from the glow and impetuosity of his language, that here is a man who is no stranger to the deeper sources of emotional inspiration. Indeed, he used often to devote the methods of the camp-meeting to the service of politics and never more often than when speaking from a Welsh platform to a Welsh audience. To many a stolid Englishman the Lloyd George who blew off Celtic steam among his beloved native hills and the Lloyd George who donned the official toga at Westminster seemed wholly different persons. They found it difficult to reconcile the extravagance of his rhetoric in Wales with the suave and practical sagacity he would display as Cabinet Minister. Mr. Lloyd George, however, has always gone his own way,

responding from the depths of a full nature to the needs and atmosphere of the moment, and with never a thought in his mind of striking an attitude or working up a manner. He revels with a Rooseveltian relish in every fighting minute of the hour. An exhilarating and infectious unaffectedness drives him merrily into the fray. His only pose, perhaps, is to have no pose at all, to be modern and emancipated to the finger tips, to let nothing stand in the way of the prompt and efficient discharge of business. Like all good fighters there is nothing petty or malicious about him. I have often heard him review a debate in the House with an almost uncanny detachment, praising opponents with a large and generous appreciation and estimating the efforts of those on his own side with a wholly impersonal recognition of their value or their defects. He is a "live wire" if ever there was one, a man of quick and keen perceptions and sympathies, of unflagging emotional intensity against a background of the shrewdest level-headedness. A touch of electioneering genius enters into pretty nearly everything he does and says. He sees an idea, catches at it, appraises its political value by instinct, and stimulates others to work it out for him. Mr. Lloyd George's own appetite for drudgery and minutiæ is easily satisfied. He is much better at getting up a subject than at getting into it. I doubt whether he ever spent a year's hard thinking on anything in his life. Like many other men of nimble and acquisitive minds but without much general basis of culture, men of sharp and unusual intelligence but not much intellect, he relies for his effect upon his insight into, and his hold over, the feelings of the average run of men whose tongue he speaks. He himself feels far more intensely than he thinks. His creed is his temperament and destiny might easily have made him a Welsh version of Billy Sunday. Captivated by large schemes and grandiose ideas, he is apt to launch into them with splendid dash and energy long before he has clearly grasped their essence and consequences or reduced them to the repellent elements of cost, machinery and methods of operations. Then there is sure to be trouble. But Mr. Lloyd George, like the late Emperor of Austria, has a positive genius for composing the difficulties that his precipitancy provokes. His happy knack of radiating good humor and sympathy, his open-mindedness and almost instantaneous perception of what is essential as well as of what is

possible, the reflex action of his candid and winning personality upon the men with whom he is dealing, make him an ideal man to negotiate a dispute or pilot a contentious measure through the shoals of Parliament.

Mr. Lloyd George, like Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Gladstone, has the merit of making neutrality impossible. In the days of peace when party passion was permissible you either loved or hated him. Whatever else you were, you were not, and could not be, indifferent to him. To the dukes and the country gentlemen and the town landlords and the brewers and to most men of means and property Mr. Lloyd George was the most pestilential demagogue, the most vicious stirrer-up of class strife, that had ever outraged the plump securities and measured decorum of British life; and Mr. Lloyd George repaid their animosity with all his usual downrightness. But it so happened that the eighteen months preceding the War were for him a time of unwonted calm. During the Home Rule controversies of 1913 and the first half of 1914 he played behind the scenes the part of moderator and conciliator. Much of the prejudice he had excited by flamboyant harangues against rich men and lords and game-preservers, and by the unhappy heedlessness that involved him in the Marconi affair, had died away when the national thoughts were absorbed by the incidents of the Irish struggle. But there were still many who regarded him as an agitator only half-reclaimed; who found him unstable, restless, and in an office beyond his deserts; who were irked by his manifold lapses of taste; who distrusted his sense of political proportion, and who thought him lacking in that Imperial consciousness which a Chancellor of the Exchequer should have and a Prime Minister must have.

No one would repeat such criticisms today. The War has revealed a Lloyd George to whom every British subject and all who care for the well-being of democracy feel unreservedly grateful. The pro-Boer of sixteen years ago is today the greatest fighting asset that the Empire possesses. The Bryan of the minor and earlier struggle is the Roosevelt of the present and major one. "In entering on a great war," wrote Mr. Lecky, "the management and guidance of popular passions and prejudices is one of the supreme arts of statesmanship." It was an art at which British statesmen in the early days of the War proved ludicrously unapt. Mr. Lloyd George alone seemed able to catch and reflect and appeal to

the temper of the country. Almost from the start he stamped himself as the man of all men to lead and inspire the British democracy through its great ordeal. As Chancellor of the Exchequer he rose to the financial crisis in his best manner—alert, clear-headed, unprejudiced, consulting freely and indefatigably with everybody who could claim to represent any considerable section of British commerce and finance, and acting with all his customary boldness and something more than his customary circumspection. So many have been his subsequent claims upon the admiration of the country that people have already half-forgotten that it was Mr. Lloyd George, more than any other man, who saved the tottering fabric of international credit from crashing to the ground and preserved London as the financial clearing-house of the world. But it is less for what he has done in the past two and a half years than for the spirit he has shown in doing it that the nation is now ranged behind him as one man. He has shown the true warrior's soul. He has known how to address an old and haughty nation proud in arms. More than any of our public men he seems to have realized the full magnitude of the struggle and of the issues dependent from it, and the hideous loss of national strength which too much secrecy and too little plain-dealing threatened to bring upon us. He alone filled the psychological gap that the war disclosed between the British democracy and its rulers. He alone showed a real and consistent insight into the temper and emotions of our people. The courage to speak out, whether for the purpose of stimulus or reproof, was one of which he possessed the virtual monopoly. He has made his errors and his failures, but they have all been on the right side. They have all proceeded from too much audacity rather than too little, from a confidence, which his colleagues did not share and were able to thwart, in the heroic potentialities of the British people, and from a passionate desire to evoke a spirit of self-sacrifice and determination deserving of victory. From the first moment of the War there has been in him no trace of either mental or moral flabbiness. He has never flinched. Had he not been overruled in the Cabinet by more timorous colleagues, the liquor question, the Labor question, the Irish question, and the question of conscription would all, in my judgment, have been settled long ago in ways that would have enlisted the moral exaltation of the country and have impressed the world, as the

grant of self-government to the Boers impressed it, with the loftiness and practicality of British statesmanship at its best. Nibbling at a big question has never been a Lloyd Georgian habit. It has unhappily been the almost constant habit of the Asquith Ministry. That is one of the reasons, and not the least, why the Asquith Ministry is no more and why Mr. Lloyd George not only reigns but rules in its stead.

I know, again, of no British civilian, unless it be Lord Northcliffe, another architect of his own fortunes, who has taken a juster estimate of the character of the War, and of German strength and resolution, than the present Prime Minister. He has repeatedly proved right where the military advisers of the Government have proved wrong. It will never, I suppose, be known how often as Minister of Munitions he doubled the orders for guns and shells received from the Army experts and even then sometimes found that he had not provided enough. Nor, I take it, will the full tale of his difficulties with the Trade Unions in getting them to abandon all practices and customs that hindered output ever be given to the world. But we do know that no statesman of recent times has approached Labor more frankly or more fearlessly, has told the British workingmen so many unpalatable truths, or has known, while rebuking them, how to grip their imaginations and fire them with something of his own vehement ardor. If Britain today is working as she never worked before it is very largely Mr. Lloyd George's doing. To him more perhaps than to anyone in the British Isles it was clear from the outset that victory was only possible by a united effort of self-forgetfulness and a total transformation of our way of life and our habits of mind. He himself has thrown off everything that stood in the way of a more vigorous prosecution of the War, has cut loose from all limitations, has hesitated at nothing, however revolutionary, that promised to bring victory even one inch nearer. How to win the War has been the one problem on which he has concentrated his whole mind, his soul, and all the resources of an eloquence that was never so noble and a driving-power that was never so remorseless as during the past two-and-a-half years. No cause has appealed to him like this; none has raised him to such a height of spiritual fervor, or fused his powers of imagination and practicality into a firmer whole. There have been the usual accusations that he was trying to jockey Mr. Asquith out of the

Premiership and that the destruction of the late Ministry was due to his intrigues and ambition. I can say most positively that Mr. Lloyd George has never looked at this appalling cataclysm from either the personal or the party standpoint. But he has felt, and felt justly, that he could save the nation. He has doubted, as well he might, whether anybody else could. He has been, as how could he not be?, splendidly conscious of his power and capacity; and he has unquestionably been driven at times almost to despair by the muddleheadedness and indecision, the backing and filling, of his colleagues. There is nothing more wearing on a competent man than to see a job mishandled which he knows he could handle aright; and when the job is the salvation of the British Empire and the liberties of Europe, and when behind him he feels the enthusiasm and the confidence of a great nation, not to seek for the power to direct affairs is to betray the country. But no personal striving and above all no Press campaign could have raised Mr. Lloyd George to the Premiership. It is because the average man and woman have singled him out as by far the most efficient commander and the most potent personality in the kingdom, because they have been exasperated by the spectacle of wabbling and delay, because they feel that in him they have found a true spokesman of the spirit and resolves of democracy and an executive with the ability to energize the whole conduct of the War—it is for these reasons that Mr. Lloyd George is Prime Minister. The moral leadership of the British democracy was his long ago. Its actual leadership is now in his hands in a form and under circumstances that must make him little less than a Dictator. And in the composition of his Cabinet, in the many departmental heads he has chosen from the ranks of business, in the presence of several members of some of the proudest and oldest houses in Great Britain now sitting as subordinates to the son of a poor Welsh schoolmaster, the world has been quick to see not only the triumph of a social revolution, not only a guarantee of victory, but an exhibition of that reserve power of democracy which can alone overthrow German militarism.

Therefore, I say the change is wholesome and necessary and exemplifies on a small scale the issues that are being decided on the battlefields of Europe. Democracy in the person of Mr. Lloyd George has come into its own in Great Britain. That is a development which must rejoice the

hearts of all democrats the world over. But it is only a stepping stone to that greater development when, after one knows not what waste and anguish, the power of Teutonic militarism, with all its hateful implications of privilege and class oppression and reactionary rule, is crushed beneath the mightier strength that the forces of freedom, the forces of universal democracy, have arrayed against it. For Great Britain Mr. Lloyd George's accession means at last the right man in the right place, means a screwing up of all the infinitely varied machinery and a deepening of all the spiritual elements that together form the fighting strength of a modern nation. It was a sign not of weakness but of the popular recognition of the need for a greater and more efficient effort; not of confusion growing worse confounded, but of movement emerging from inaction, and a trusted pilot taking the helm. Germany was quick to recognize its significance. It marked for her the appropriate hour for the submission of the first of the long series of peace proposals with which she will endeavor to hoodwink neutral nations, to play upon their sympathies, and to stave off the defeat that otherwise she is doomed to undergo. I know the temper of the British people well enough to be sure that under any leader they would reject with contempt any and every inconclusive settlement that allowed Germany to escape the penalties of her crimes and left her free to prepare for their renewal. The British people are not thinking of peace. They are thinking solely of victory. They know that any peace prompted by Germany must be and can only be in reality a greater victory than any she has won, or now can ever win, by force of arms. Therefore in any event and under any Prime Minister Great Britain would have rejected and would have exposed Germany's effort to snatch success from disaster by diplomatic parleyings. But it was just so much to the good that the task of formulating the unalterable resolves of the British nation should have fallen upon Mr. Lloyd George rather than upon his predecessor or upon the late Foreign Secretary. For from his lips, with an authority unequaled in the world of today by that of any other man, speaks the voice not only of the British democracy but of all democracy. And between democracy and Prussianism there can be no truce and no accommodation. One or the other must succumb. And so long as there are leaders like Lloyd George, it will not be democracy.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

THE FOOD SITUATION IN AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

BY WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND

SINCE the war began I have made the circuit of Austria-Hungary twice, inquiring and observing. From personal study I can say that industry, trade and general business are, so far as data are obtainable, in a surprisingly flourishing state. What are known as "war industries" partake, of course, most largely of this prosperity, short-lived and inherently fallacious as it may be. Hundreds of new millionaire contractors and dealers in army supplies have sprung up.

But the manner in which Austria-Hungary has raised the sinews of war by her own unaided strength compels admiration. Notoriously a land not abounding in liquid capital, the Hungarian half indeed greatly dependent on foreign investors, she has issued five war loans, nearly altogether subscribed for by her own population and totaling some thirty billions of crowns. With that, the number of individual subscribers, running as they do into the millions, and the many small amounts, show that the middle and even the laboring classes vie with the wealthier ones in patriotism and confidence in an ultimate favorable peace.

In round numbers, Austria-Hungary has up to the present put some four millions and a half of men into the field. That means almost a net ten per cent. of the total population. But it must be remembered that from the available men of physical fitness and military age very large deductions have to be made. Take Galicia, for instance. That province with its eight millions is the most populous in Austria. In the wake of the Russian invasion, at the very outset of the war, and until the fall of 1915, at the orders of the

Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholayevitch, the generalissimo, between 350,000 and 400,000 males of Galicia were sent off from the occupied districts of that province into the interior of Russia, many of them as far as Siberia or the Volga regions, with the view of diminishing Austria-Hungary's military resources. To that extent, therefore, the armies of the monarchy were weakened. Again, in South Tyrol and along the Adriatic coast line, long before hostilities were actually declared by Italy, a considerable percentage of the men of Italian stock, won over by the unremitting Italian propaganda, had gone over the border and joined the foe.

While in Germany 45 years is the utmost age limit of the men sent to the front, in Austria-Hungary it was 50 quite early in the struggle, and for some months this limit was raised to 55 years, in Hungary at least. For a considerable time, youths from 17 upwards, if strong and fit enough, have been enrolled in the ranks of the fighters. Not alone that, however. The physical standard for the men and boys called to arms has steadily been lowered, until today even those with incipient tuberculosis or otherwise showing defects are included.

What are the additional forces on which Austria-Hungary can still draw out of its human reservoir? How large at this present juncture may be the reserves trained or in process of training I am unable to say with exactitude; but I should say that one million is a conservative figure. Another million might be utilized, in case of urgent need, by next Spring. For by that time another 500,000 will have attained the age of 17 to 18, and some 500,000 can still be picked out of the number of rejected and unfit for the 33 years that military duty runs in time of war. That, however, comprises the total of new forces that the monarchy can pit against Russia's fresh millions next year.

That under these circumstances the men of Austria-Hungary are fighting as well as they undoubtedly do, is one of the marvels of this unprecedented war, especially if one considers the enormous hardships they have to undergo all along in such sections of the front as the Tyrolese mountain ranges, the Carpathians, and parts of the foremost line towards Russia.

However, the most important item, the food problem, is the crucial one. On its solution chiefly depends Austria-Hungary's ability to bear the brunt of this war to the end.

To judge this question with a fair degree of accuracy, a number of factors must be taken into account. I shall go into them seriatim.

One of them is the influence of famine, or at least scarcity and high price of foodstuffs, on the general health. There can be no doubt that a condition closely bordering on famine prevails in most parts of Austria to-day. When I left Vienna the bakers' shops were besieged, day after day, by hundreds of women, children and aged men, waiting hours for their small rations of bread—half a pound per day each person. And such bread! The fighting men at the front get fairly enough to eat. But in the "hinterland" the civilian population suffers more or less severely from an insufficiency of nourishing food. And it is precisely the feeble and sickly, the babies, women, children and the aged who are injured the most: as witness the official statistics of Budapest, the Hungarian capital, for the twelvemonth ending August 31, 1916. They show that, chiefly owing to lack of milk, infant mortality there has been more than treble what it was in 1914. The authentic figures for Vienna indicate a similar state. For the empire as a whole and for the entire civilian population, regardless of age, the figures are not now available, but from all sorts of more or less reliable reports, such as those of medical associations and of benevolent societies, it would seem that the number of deaths due to lack of nourishment must be appalling.

For a variety of reasons, some of them obvious, the Governments of Austria and of Hungary do not choose to publish the facts as to this matter. Indeed, it is officially claimed that the death-rate among adults (leaving out the men at the front) is lower than formerly. Among the leading Austrian traits is patience, incredible patience. Yet with my own eyes I have seen a number of famine riots in Vienna. One of them started in a socialist quarter of the city, and under the leadership of a score of determined men and women the dense throng, numbering several thousands, attempted to cleave its way through the cordon of police to the abode of the late emperor, Schoenbrunn, until dispersed by force. On another occasion, late in September, a large procession, mostly women and children, tried to fight its way to the municipal building. Their intention was to make a public and striking demonstration in order to compel the mayor to provide and equally distribute sufficient food for

the needy. This crowd likewise came from one of the chief socialist sections of the town, from Ottakring and Hernals, and many of the women forming part of it looked haggard, desperate and famished. Some had pallid babies clinging to their wasted bosoms. This multitude also was beaten back by the vigilant police.

On the same day I obtained an interview with Count Stuergkh, then the premier of Austria, whom I interpellated on the above awful spectacle. That statesman, though, took the matter very coolly. All he would say in answer to my questions was, Yes, the police had already made a report on the occurrence; that it was trivial and hardly worthy of note; an unavoidable incident in a war of such magnitude. *Nil nisi bonum.* The man is dead now, and I do not care to repeat the accusations popularly brought against him, such as his agrarian proclivities. Suffice it to say that he was either unable or unwilling, or both, to handle successfully the problem of a rigidly just and adequate distribution of the necessaries of life.

Dr. Weiskirchner, the Mayor of Vienna, on the other hand, did all that was humanly possible to relieve distress occasioned by insufficiency of food. He personally exerted himself. Trustworthy and efficient agents of his purchased flour in Hungary, Roumania and Moravia; potatoes, peas, beans, chickens and geese in Galicia; coal in Prussian Silesia. He saw to it, overcoming every obstacle, that these provisions reached the city and were sold to the indigent population at cost price. He organized relief work, and has kept it up for two years past. In this way he has expended 31,000,000 Austrian crowns of the city's money, which was slowly refunded. Dr. Barczy, Mayor of Budapest, later imitated the example thus set.

Food conditions vary greatly in different parts of the monarchy. They are vastly better in Hungary than in Austria, Hungary being largely an agricultural country, whereas in Austria industrial interests predominate. Normally, Austria imports about one-third of her provisions, largely from Hungary. The harvest of 1916 and that of 1917 will tell a different story. The 1916 crop was less than middling. A portion, owing to unfavorable weather prevailing during harvest-time, as well as to insufficient help, spoiled on the ground. It was especially deficient in breadstuffs, whereas in hay, in cattle feed, in barley and oats it

was above the average. As Hungary needs her produce for her own population, relatively little finds its way into Austria, even at extravagant prices. Importation of certain classes of food has wholly stopped. Until last Spring cheese, condensed milk, potatoes and herrings from Holland, butter from Denmark, condensed milk, cheese, honey from Switzerland, and canned fish from Norway, could be procured, though at steep figures. All that has stopped.

If the foodstuffs of both Hungary and Austria were put into a joint pool, so to speak, and the people of the whole monarchy fed out of it evenly, there would be no serious difficulty. It would mean that everybody would receive about 70 per cent. of the normal supply of peace days. But Hungary is a sovereign state, just as much as Austria is, and Hungarians do not propose to stint themselves to please the people of the other half of the dual monarchy. Thus it is that Austria goes short in her rations—alarmingly short.

During September and October, 1916, the poor in Vienna had to go without potatoes; and bread, their only other staple, was sold in but insufficient bulk. The bread in October consisted of 20 per cent. of rye, and 40 per cent. each of barley and oats. It was not very palatable, but it was decidedly better than the bread of a year before, which contained 75 per cent. of maize, a cereal which Vienna bakers were not accustomed to. Thus they turned out a bread that was bitter-tasting, heavy, of unpleasant odor, and hard to digest.

Prices soared, of course. Several months ago, meat of better quality ranged from 12 to 17 crowns per kilo, or about $1.10 to $1.60 a pound. Bacon, ham, sausage even higher, and very hard to obtain at any price; butter, $1 to $1.20 a pound; milk, 8 cents a quart, but very little of it; cheeses, according to grade, 80 cents to $1.40 a pound. But bread and potatoes had legal maximum prices. Bread sold at 9 cents the pound, potatoes at 5 to 10 cents the pound, according to kind.

Mistakes have been made, of course, by the Governments of both Austria and Hungary. Aside from a failure to issue and enforce workable regulations insuring a fair distribution of the existing chief foodstuffs, at tolerable prices, the worst sin of omission consisted probably in not preventing the hoarding of provisions by the well-to-do classes. These, indeed, with few exceptions, have hidden away immense

stores of eatables not easily perishable, such as smoked meats, bacon, ham, sausage, also flour, macaroni, rice, peas, beans, lentils, sugar, coffee, tea, cocoa, condensed milk, cheese, butter, lard, canned goods, etc. I venture to say that many millions of pounds of these various comestibles have been hoarded, while the poor in only too many instances are in dire need of food of any kind. So thoroughly has this private piling-up of eatables been done in Austria—and, to a much smaller degree, in Hungary as well—that many articles have completely disappeared from the open market, such as macaroni and noodles, rice, peas, beans, lentils, sardines and other fish preserves.

The appointment of a "food dictator" in each of the two halves of the monarchy, largely on the same plan and with similar powers as those conferred on the food dictator in Germany, is under consideration and seems on the point of being realized. But even if this be done, it is quite certain that distress during these winter months will be acute and widespread in the monarchy. The only possible relief (or at least partial relief) might come if Austria and Germany should jointly conquer and occupy the whole of Roumania, a country with an abundance of cereals—provided, of course, that the Roumanians do not follow the example of Russia when withdrawing from Poland in the Autumn of 1915. The Russians then destroyed or removed all the foodstuffs, cattle, grain, etc., and even systematically set fire to the fields where the corn was ripening.

To strike a rough sort of balance, it might be said that the Austrian people, in their vast majority, are now subsisting on about half the amount of food that they consumed before the war. They must also go without many accustomed articles of diet. With robust, healthy adults, this Spartan fare may often be beneficial, especially in the case of the Viennese, who are naturally rather prone to overfeeding, and amongst whom the decrease of abundant living would not be wholly deplorable. But with that far more numerous part of the population whose means at no time admitted of such a surfeit, the case is much more serious. Several doctors of my acquaintance in Vienna assured me that this long-continued malnutrition has wrought havoc with the health and stamina in the proletarian districts of the city, leading to permanent injury of the constitution in most cases, and to slow starvation in others. At the front, of course, the

case is otherwise. There, in fact, innumerable soldiers—in civil life simple mountaineers, peasants, laborers, herdsmen, woodcutters, etc.—were receiving much more meat and rich food than they were accustomed to, and more than was good for them, since they had fared all their lives on mush, milk, eggs and bread. But their surplus will not help the half-starving civilians far away.

However, relying on the almost unanimous opinion of a number of practicing physicians both in Austria and Hungary, I should say that while much grave injury is being done to the civilian population by reason of the strict blockade enforced by the Allies against the monarchy, it will scarcely bring Austria-Hungary to her knees. And this year the case may be more favorable for her. She has had three successive crop deficiencies. She might have a normal crop, or better than that. And Roumania's produce might furnish her even a surplus.

In connection with the food problem, I will mention that during several visits which I paid to large prison and detention camps, careful investigation proved that the charge repeatedly made in the foreign press, that these wards are purposely underfed, is groundless. I was in Györ, Hungary, Theresienstadt, Bohemia, and other points, and the prisoners looked to me healthy and strong. To be sure, they nearly all complained of insufficient food; but Austria makes answer to that by saying that they receive as much as or more food than the laboring civilians of her own population, and that she cannot afford to treat her enemies better than her own people.

To conclude. While, in the main, both the Government and the people of Austria-Hungary earnestly mean to see this present war out until a peace with honor may be negotiated—one securing to the monarchy safety from her foes of the hour—a proviso must nevertheless be made: they are all heartily tired of the fight, longing fervently for an end to it, and they feel that they have made sacrifices enough, both in blood and treasure. The common folk in their talk among themselves often go farther than this: they declare that they want the war to stop in any case, with or without victory—though the men at the front speak differently.

WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND.

AMERICA AND THE WORLD'S TRADE

BY A. MAURICE LOW

THERE has been much loose and, as usual, unscientific and ignorant talk of the United States having gained permanent control of the world's trade. It has been discussed with heat and partisan zeal, and therefore without regard to the facts. Economics can now be considered regardless of the effect they may have on party fortunes. Speculative theories colored by bias can be dismissed and the truth revealed by a very simple test. It is curious that in all that has been said and written on the subject during the year or more that has passed since American exports assumed their present importance no one has thought proper to apply the only sure means to ascertain the truth.

American exports for the seven months ending July, 1914, had an aggregate value of $1,178,676,000, in round figures, and in the corresponding period for this past year they increased to $2,892,712,000. These are the figures of the Department of Commerce, they are the latest available in detail at the time of writing, and they are more valuable than would be those bringing the statistics down to a later date. In the seven months from January to July, 1914, the world was at peace and commerce was normal; the exports therefore represented the ordinary trade of the United States unstimulated by artificial demands or to supply the vacuum created by the withdrawal of European labor from its regular occupations to meet the requirements of war; American manufacturers were turning out their regular output and were not working under forced draft. In the first seven months of 1916 industrial conditions, not only in Europe but also in the United States, have been abnormal, and demands have been created for certain articles, the

product of the farm, the mine and the factory, that could be only supplied by the United States. In a word, this increase of $1,700,000,000 in exports is practically the demand made by war.

The bulk of the American export trade is comprised in twenty-three great groups. In 1914 (all references to 1914 and 1916 mean the seven months from January to July in both years and not the full calendar years) the total exports were $1,178,676,000, of which $851,128,000, or 72.21 per cent. of the total, were articles belonging to these twenty-three classes. In 1916 the total exports were $2,892,712,000, of which $2,491,322,000, or 86.12 per cent. of the total, were similarly classified. These figures are of vast significance when subjected to more detailed analysis.

The twenty-three great groups and the exports for the two years, in money values, were as follows:

TABLE I

PRINCIPAL EXPORTS OF THE UNITED STATES

	Seven months ending July, 1914.	Seven months ending July, 1916.
Horses and mules	$2,398,000	$44,939,000
Brass, and manufactures of	4,248,000	157,833,000
Breadstuffs	95,979,000	261,658,000
Aeroplanes, and parts of	176,000	3,175,000
Autos, and parts of, not including engines and tires	20,729,000	69,898,000
Railway cars, parts of, and motorcycles	6,665,000	24,346,000
Chemicals	15,930,000	89,623,000
Copper, and manufactures of	84,658,000	127,844,000
Cotton, unmanufactured	235,102,000	249,471,000
Cotton, manufactured	28,159,000	72,541,000
Explosives	3,793,000	384,147,000
Tires	2,102,000	10,847,000
Iron and steel, and manufactures of, including firearms	120,816,000	442,640,000
Leather, and manufactures of	33,444,000	82,660,000
Meat and dairy products	79,333,000	178,333,000
Alcohol	38,000	11,468,000
Sugar	965,000	60,581,000

Dried and tinned vegetables.....	4,499,000	10,292,000
Wearing apparel, woolen and other rags	2,851,000	30,527,000
Zinc, and manufactures of.....	209,000	29,911,000
Mineral oils	87,208,000	112,025,000
Vegetable oils	9,878,000	16,194,000
Paper, and manufactures of.....	11,948,000	20,369,000
Total	$851,128,000	$2,491,322,000

Anyone who will take the trouble to give even cursory examination to these figures cannot fail to be impressed by two things. One is the wealth the war has poured into the United States, the other is that this flow of gold will cease when peace is declared. Take the first item on the list, horses and mules. Here exports jump from $2,400,000 in round figures to nearly $45,000,000. Accepting the 1914 figures as the normal demand of the world for American horses and mules it must be obvious that the difference, almost $43,000,000, is the demand created by the war, which has greatly increased the gains of the American farmer and horse raiser; and when war no longer exists the demand will cease as suddenly as it was created. If further proof is required it is to be found in a brief study of the figures in detail. In 1914 no American horses were exported to France, in 1916 she was a purchaser to the amount of $22,296,329. In 1914 England paid only $200,400 for horses bought in America, but in 1916 they cost her $4,395,495. Mules of course tell the same story.

The more the figures are subjected to minute analysis the more clearly it is seen that the great increase in exports over the normal is purely a war demand; and it cannot be too often repeated that the demands made by the war will cease as soon as the war ceases. Exports in 1916 were approximately 245 per cent. greater than in 1914, that is, almost two and a half times as large; in dollars the gain was $1,700,000,000 in favor of this year; but the increase in the exports of articles made necessary by the war is even more striking. Rather more than half of this net increase of one billion seven hundred millions is made up by just three exports: brass and its manufactures, explosives, and iron and steel and its manufactures, including firearms, aggregating in excess of eight hundred and fifty millions.

Brass, because of its use in the manufacture of ammunition and for other military purposes, needs no explanation; nor do explosives and firearms, for which the world had practically no use for imports from the United States before the war; but the subclasses in the iron and steel group show how the war trade has ramified in a hundred directions. The exports of metal working machinery and machine tools, for example, increased nearly sevenfold, from $7,500,000 to $47,000,000, and seven-eighths of this difference of $40,000,000 is accounted for by exports to three belligerents, France $10,600,000, Russia $8,100,000, United Kingdom $13,500,000, Canada $4,300,000; and Canada, it should be remembered, requires metal working machinery and machine tools for the ammunition and machine guns she is manufacturing for the British Government. It is the same in regard to leather and its manufactures, which show an increase of from $33,000,000 to $82,000,000. In 1914 American boot and shoe exports to Italy and Russia were too insignificant to be separately listed and were included in "other countries." This year Italy paid $5,225,000 for American footwear and Russia $5,613,000, these two countries alone spending nearly $800,000 more than the value of the entire export boot and shoe trade in 1914.

Every group that is examined indicates the same result. Meat and dairy products made the American farmer $100,000,000 better off in 1916 than in 1914, but that is not surprising when it is seen how the war forced the belligerents into buying American supplies so greatly in excess of their normal peace requirements. In 1914, for instance, the value of all the canned beef exported amounted to only $258,912, of which rather less than half, amounting to $108,456, was bought by England. This year the exports rose to $6,334,479 and England took $6,121,110. American trade in fresh beef in 1914 was negligible, the total export being only $480,011, of which Panama took $390,523. This year the exports jumped to $15,752,662, and while Panama's taste for American fresh beef was satisfied at a cost of $84,494, France, Italy and the United Kingdom between them spent fourteen million dollars. The exports of woolen wearing apparel and rags rose from $2,851,000 in 1914 to $30,527,000 in 1916 because of the demand for uniforms and the cloth out of which to make them, but in the peace year Europe was able to meet its own consumption and did not have to buy woolen

clothing in this country. The increase in the exports of alcohol from $38,000 to more than $11,000,000 is startling but not surprising, for an enormous amount of alcohol is used in the manufacture of explosives. Likewise the increase of sugar exports from less than a million to more than sixty millions is owing to the fact of France having been compelled to import sugar as her beet fields are in the temporary possession of Germany; and England, no longer importing beet sugar from Germany has repaired the deficiency by purchases in the United States.

It will perhaps be said that these figures of exports are in a sense misleading because of the great increase in the price of every article of prime necessity. This is true in a measure, but only in a measure. There has been, as everyone knows, an enhancement in all commodity prices, but the appreciation is largely the result of the war, and it is especially so in those articles constituting the bulk of the export trade—iron and steel, breadstuffs, meats, copper, chemicals. Not only has the war increased the volume of exports but also their prices, so that in the actual amount sold and the money that has been realized it is the war that has brought both the trade and the money to the United States.

I shall not overburden this article by citing unnecessary figures. Those that have been given incontrovertibly demonstrate that the abnormal export trade of the United States—abnormal, that is, when the exports of 1914 are taken as the normal—is a war trade, called into existence by the war, and for its existence dependent solely upon the continuation of the war. Two questions, however, are pertinent. One is, how much of this trade created by the war will be retained by the United States after the war? The other is, how much of the trade formerly enjoyed by Europe with Latin America has permanently passed into the hands of the United States?

As to what may happen sometime in the future, the guess of a fool is no worse than that of the wisest person when there is no basis for exact calculation. Speculation would be futile, but the statistics permit a fairly safe conclusion to be reached. The total export trade of 1916 was $1,700,000,000 greater than that of 1914. Let us first consider those articles of the year 1916 export whose nature indicate clearly they were imported solely for war purposes and for which no demand in excess of normal can exist in peace times.

TABLE II

EXPORTS FOR WAR PURPOSES

	Exports in 1916 in excess of the normal year 1914.
Horses and mules	$42,541,000
Aeroplanes	2,999,000
Autos, and parts of	49,169,000
Railway cars, and parts of	17,681,000
Chemicals	73,693,000
Cottons	44,382,000
Explosives	380,354,000
Tires	8,745,000
Leather, and manufactures of	49,216,000
Alcohol	11,430,000
Sugar	59,616,000
Wearing apparel	27,676,000
Zinc, and manufactures of	29,702,000
Total	$797,204,000

It must be self-evident that when Russia makes a sudden demand on the United States for railway cars it is not because of the natural growth of her internal commerce but the compulsion of military necessities. A similar cause can be ascribed when France, hitherto importing practically no steel billets from America, is a purchaser in this market to the extent of $31,033,792, and England must buy tin plates in the United States. It is the same in regard to explosives, sugar and all the other articles in the foregoing table. We can therefore safely deduct from the excess exports of 1916 $797,204,000, leaving a balance of $902,796,000 in favor of the present year.

It is more difficult to deal with the remaining ten groups because it is impossible to tell even approximately whether had the world been at peace and engaged in no more tragic occupation than making money Europe would have purchased more American automobiles, bread and meats in 1916 than it did two years earlier. There is no good reason to believe that, under normal conditions, there would have been any marked change in international trade; and one feels justified in cautiously advancing this theory because of the known conditions. In 1914 the world was enjoying fair prosperity. There was no great boom, but there was

no widespread depression. The great industrial nations were not complaining of hard times, there was no excessive unemployment, money was not being hoarded, and capital showed no timidity. There was no fear of war to curtail adventure or cause excessive prudence, for it was only in the last days of July, 1914, that the storm burst and the whole world stood amazed.

In all probability the world's trade in 1916 would have been larger than in 1914 because of the progressive increase of the world's wealth, and of that wealth the United States would have secured its fair share, but it would have been small, negligible almost, compared with what has taken place. Europe would have bought breadstuffs, raw cotton, certain manufactures of iron and steel and other articles, both raw materials and finished products, for which it must perforce come to the United States, but only on the scale of its well established consumption. Accepting 1914 as a normal year we are justified in regarding the 1916 exports as abnormal, and in the following table the excess is given.

TABLE III

EXPORTS OTHER THAN THOSE FOR PURELY MILITARY PURPOSES

	Excess in 1916 over the normal year 1914.
Brass, and manufactures of	$153,585,000
Breadstuffs	165,679,000
Copper, and manufactures of	43,186,000
Cotton	14,369,000
Iron and steel, and manufactures of	321,824,000
Meat and dairy products	99,000,000
Dried and canned vegetables	5,793,000
Mineral oils	24,817,000
Vegetable oils	6,316,000
Paper, and manufactures of	8,421,000
Total	$842,990,000

The excess disclosed by Tables II and III aggregates $1,640,194,000, which means that instead of the normal and regular exports of the United States having increased $1,700,000,000 in 1916 they would have shown an increase of only $58,806,000, in round figures, as compared with 1914 had it not been for the stimulus of the war. This is an increase of

a trifle more than five per cent. in two years, which is satisfactory but not remarkable. That this war trade will not be held after the war needs no argument.

The second question, whether American trade with South America has been increased by the war is quickly and definitely answered by the statistics. It will be remembered that 86.12 per cent. of the total export trade of the United States in the year 1916 was either in raw materials or farm products that the world has for a number of years regularly bought from the United States, such as cotton, copper, wheat, meat and dairy products, or manufactured products for war purposes, the bulk of the raw materials, farm products and manufactures being taken by the Allies; thus leaving less than 14 per cent. of all the exports to be absorbed by the non-belligerents of Europe, South America and the Orient. Space will not permit a detailed presentation of exports to South America, but a few figures will prove that the war has not turned the current of trade of South America from Europe to the United States.

TABLE IV

EXPORTS OF THE UNITED STATES TO SOUTH AMERICA

	1914	1916
Wheat flour	$4,391,476	$3,367,527
Agricultural implements	1,487,097	2,762,834
Autos	709,239	2,805,030
Carriages	44,831	24,160
Railway cars	1,135,361	454,914
Cottons	1,256,620	4,037,138
Steam locomotives	578,536	136,822
Sewing machines	1,440,027	426,002
Typewriters	350,478	380,060
Steel rails	1,193,955	361,775
Structural iron and steel	769,334	694,222
Tin plates	101,485	1,689,685
Wire	902,655	3,946,176
Boots and shoes	912,638	735,983
Illuminating oil	4,247,465	3,530,292
Cottonseed oil	1,629,864	902,693
Boards, planks, &c.	3,033,530	1,395,018
Furniture	551,374	233,540
Total	$24,735,965	$27,883,871

American exports to South America have increased in two years from $24,735,965 to $27,883,871, that is, a gain of $3,147,906, or 12.72 per cent. A satisfactory gain if it can be maintained, but in view of the circumstances not at all phenomenal. It should be remembered that these figures do not represent the total of American exports to South America but are the principal exports, and only those articles of sufficient importance to be itemized in the monthly summary of the Department of Commerce.

The remaining problem is whether after the war the Allies will continue to buy from the United States on the lavish scale they have been doing since the beginning of the war; not of course war materials, for with peace there will be no demand for military supplies, but to rebuild war torn Europe. Cities and villages ground into powder by shell fire and flame must be restored, bridges and railways must be replaced, the enormous destruction of the war must be made good. Europe must come to the United States for its iron and steel, lumber, raw materials of every kind as well as many manufactures because the demand will be so great and so insistent the labor of Europe will not be able to supply its own needs, and the enormous resources of the United States will be heavily drawn upon to meet the deficiency. This is the rose-colored vision of the optimist, who sees an even larger export trade after the war than now exists. He may be right, because as I have already said, when there is nothing on which to base a calculation one guess is as good as another, but the known facts suggest a more conservative view.

A nation is no different from an individual. When a farmer has lost his crops by drouth, floods, disease, when he has had to raise money by selling his investments and then by borrowing on mortgage at high rates of interest, and finally has his house and his barns and much of his stock and many of his agricultural instruments swept away by fire, which kills one of his sons, cripples another, and incapacitates for the time being a third, what does the man do? He either submits to fate and refuses longer to struggle, or refuses to yield to fate and buckles down again to his task of recreating what he has lost. He knows what he has to face. He knows he will have to be content with bare necessities and must eschew all luxury. He will rebuild his house, because he must have a roof to cover him, but plain walls

must suffice. In the days of his prosperity he had an automobile, but now it is only a memory and a heap of charred junk, and he will walk instead of riding.

That will be the position of Europe after the war, victor and vanquished alike. It will rebuild and restore, but slowly and economically. When a great fire or earthquake levels an American city its people, before the ruins are cold, begin the planning of a greater and more wonderful city, and they will work night and day to make their plans a reality. That is not the temper of the European. He has imagination, but it is the imagination that envisages the future in the history of its past. What has come to growth in a thousand years cannot be reborn in a day, nor does he desire it. Each generation has done its part, and it is for the coming generations to share their burden. He does not mortgage the future. The French peasant will rebuild his farmhouse as it was before Germany let loose the crimson flood of death, but brick by brick and stone on stone, skimping his food and his clothing, economizing and saving until he has the money to buy what he needs, with the horror of debt always before him and none of the enticement of debt that is the delight of the American, who will mortgage his ground to build his house, and mortgage his house to buy his stock, and be proud of his audacity in taking the long chance.

There is one export, however, which does not appear in the Government returns, but it will be a source of wealth to the United States for many years to come. That is the export of credit. Since the beginning of the war and up to the present time the United States has extended to the world credit approximating $2,000,000,000 at rates of interest ranging from five to six per cent. That means an income of $100,000,000 or more which the world must pay to the United States, and as the colossal sum the world has borrowed cannot be quickly repaid the United States will continue to be in receipt of this income. In addition the United States has repurchased from Europe its own securities estimated to have a face value of $2,000,000,000 and involving an average interest charge of $100,000,000 a year, which paid to its own people instead of going abroad increases the real wealth of the United States by that sum. Two hundred million dollars a year, and more probably before the war is over, is the lasting profit the United States has made out of the war.

A. Maurice Low.

ITALY'S RELATION TO THE WAR

BY REV. WALTER LOWRIE

[The letter which follows sets forth so clearly the complete justification of Italy's relation to the war that we take pleasure in offering it to the consideration of our readers. It was written in reply to a letter of an American ex-diplomat to Italy whose long residence there familiarized him with Italian hopes and aspirations, and Mr. Lowrie, knowing that, wrote with explicitness and frankness.—THE EDITOR.]

You challenge me to consider a concrete topic when you say: 'Of course I have thought much of Italy, and have found it somewhat difficult to secure for myself a point of view which would be as satisfactory as I could wish. But perhaps that is because I have all my life been a virulent opponent of one nation asserting by force its right of conquest over another.' You speak, as is natural, of 'the keenness of our sympathy for Italy.' It is not to be supposed that Italy has changed substantially since the days when you lived in Rome and enjoyed exceptional opportunities of knowing the country. Yet during this interval, and more especially since the beginning of the war, new surface indications have emerged which prompt even the Italians themselves to revise their judgment of the character and capacity of the nation. Our notions of Italy are conventional, the product of romantic fiction dealing with the data of long ago. We foreigners who are travelers or sojourners in Italy are well nigh incapable of seeing and interpreting the present conditions for the reason that our eyes are riveted upon the past, and I suspect that the Italians have been a good deal influenced in their opinion of themselves by what other people think of them. While Italy is still in the process of finding herself it is not much wonder that the outside critic is at a loss to gauge her correctly and is fain to fall back upon the time-worn formulas. It is obvious, however,

that no old formula can be altogether fit to express the new conditions created by this war; and our newspaper correspondents, therefore, in reporting about Italy without any sense for reality might just as well have done their writing in the office at home. It seems as if most of them had taken their cue from an article by George B. McClellan, written from Rome at the very moment of Italy's declaration of war. It is not surprising that this lead should have been followed, for the author has had exceptional opportunities for knowing Italy. But this publication is considered here outrageously unjust and has provoked profound indignation. Quite rightly, I think; for it was written at the beginning of the crisis, before the situation had cleared—at a time, that is, when one view was as plausible as another—and it was afterwards revised so far as to admit the fact accomplished, but grudgingly, as if the popular demonstration, the decision of the Government, and the vote of the Chamber were surface phenomena, which called for no far-reaching revision of one's judgments and shed no light upon the obscurity of the antecedent situation. It is not unlikely that you, too, have been influenced, directly or indirectly, by this interpretation of the Italian crisis. But one ought to attach some weight to the fact that Mr. McClellan's sympathies are pro-German. I have no doubt whatever that his purpose was candidly honest, but his conclusions, even at the time when they were published, were demonstrably false, and the year which has since elapsed has made the demonstration more abundantly clear.

All this is highly exasperating to one who has at heart the good fame of Italy and who believes that the defense of it is in the interest of truth. Seeing that most of our reports about Italy are misleading, one might find some consolation in the fact that our press has comparatively little to say on the subject. But that is a poor consolation: it is the subject rather for a new complaint. The great American public realizes only vaguely that Italy has any part in this war, and even men who are generally well informed are unaware how considerable and decisive her part has been. Even her neutrality was a decisive factor, for from the first it was, in fact though not in form, a neutrality benevolent to the Allies: the fact being that Italy promptly denuded her French border of troops and set free some half a million of French soldiers to check the German advance upon Paris—

and that was not more than enough for the task. But I have no need to labor this point with you. You will have seen that for some time past the English correspondents and military critics have showed themselves alive to the importance of Italy's intervention and have described with unstinted praise her military organization and the prowess of her soldiers.

The Italians have been disposed to think themselves incapable of efficient organization. The civil organization is imperfect, like ours; and the lack of co-ordination in the business world is the source of many woes. It is as much of a surprise, therefore, to the Italians as to anybody else to see how efficient is the military organization.

The importance of Italy's intervention has become clear to everybody, now that Austria's "punitive expedition" has been hurled back by the Italians and has opened the way for the threatening Russian advance. Time will tell, and Italy will doubtless in the end receive her full meed of fame. Her successes hitherto have been of a sort not easily appraised by those who do not know the frontier where her war is waged. I know it in almost its whole extent, for it has been my playground for more than twenty years. And the Italian people, generally sceptical and pessimistic about their own affairs, contrived somehow in this instance to arrive promptly at a just estimate of the efficiency of the army and the competence of its commander. This explains the quiet confidence that has prevailed here since the beginning of the war. There was no such confidence at the moment when the war was declared. That was a courageous decision, for almost everybody feared that it might involve the destruction of a great part of Lombardy and the Veneto. When the operations of the first weeks of the war proved that this fear was unfounded, Italy acquired a national and racial self-confidence which she had long suffered for the lack of. There is in this no trace of *superbia,* no hint as yet of an attitude provocative to foreign nations; but it perhaps serves to explain why Italy is now rather indifferent to the passing opinions of the outside world and takes no pains to enlighten the uninformed. Her deeds are now enlightening them. An event which has been happening while I write—the Italian success at Gorizia and beyond Monfalcone—threatens not merely Trieste but, potentially, Hungary and Vienna, so that Austria for her defense will need to employ upon this front greater armies than she has yet concentrated

against Italy. And it is not clear where they are to come from.

The present situation manifestly justifies the Italian policy of keeping superfluous forces at home rather than risking them upon precarious adventures abroad, as England and France have done with conspicuous ill-success. Though this is known to be the policy not so much of the civil rulers of Italy as of the military Chief, it seemed for a while to give color to the suspicion that Italy was fighting for her own hand and was not wholeheartedly enlisted in the common cause. With the same sense of reproach the question is still asked: Why has not Italy declared war upon Germany? I do not know how that can be more aptly answered than by insisting upon a question which is clearly prior to it: Why did not Germany declare war upon Italy? For this was the expected and the proper retort to Italy's attack upon Austria; and I have no doubt that the Italian Government was embarrassed as well as surprised at not receiving it. International etiquette prescribes no clear rule for such a situation as Germany has created. It looks like a case of "After you, my dear Alphonse." The situation is undeniably paradoxical. I had a vivid sense of it when I was visiting Austrian prisoners in Italy and came across a considerable number of Bavarians in their German uniform. They are nice youths and quite alive to the humor of their position. Perhaps it was with a roguish sense of this that one of them sent me the photograph of a group of some sixty Bavarian Jäger who happen to be together in the same prison.

The fact that Italy has so long refrained from an open declaration of hostility against Germany is puzzling to the people at home and gives plausible ground for suspicion abroad. But whatever its motive, whether fear or favor,—whether it is the danger of invasion through Switzerland or economic considerations which look beyond the war,—no one who knows Italy today can think that it means disloyalty to her allies or halfheartedness in the common cause. I have noticed since the beginning of the war a significant peculiarity of speech: one hears everywhere the name of Germany (and the Germans) used to describe the enemy, far more frequently than the name of Austria, although this is in fact the technical enemy and the traditional foe. The people have a just sense of the fact that the conflict is substantially with Germany. Here in Italy there is less hatred of

the enemy than in most of the other nations at war; but where there is such a feeling it is the German that is hated, or the Austrian of German stock. Both are indiscriminately known as *Tedeschi*. The people are not generally aware that it is the Hungarian nation rather than the Austrian that has been their rival in the Balkan Peninsula, and there is generally, therefore, a friendly feeling towards the Hungarians and Bohemians, and at least no hostility towards the Poles and Serbians and other races of the mixed Empire who have been forced to fight against their will. This fact, as I shall have occasion to remark later, throws light upon the motives which carried Italy into the war and inspires her to persevere in it. The people from the first have been more determined than the Government. The fall of the late ministry, in so far as it is not to be explained by the petulance of politicians who find themselves in these days practically out of a job (a petulance which was exasperated and in some measure justified by the fact that the Prime Minister took no pains to pretend that the institutions of popular government are still of paramount importance), was due to a general feeling that the war might be conducted with more energy, and it was anticipated that the new ministry would adopt a hardier attitude towards Germany—an anticipation which in these days is being realized.

For all that I have said so much, I have not yet grappled with the specific scruple which you suggest. I know very well that you are not questioning the righteousness of this war as it has been undertaken by the Allies in their own defense or for the vindication of the principle of national rights. It is its necessity which makes it righteous. The fact that this war involves a moral and religious loss (if I am right in that belief) is a reason for hating it the more, but it furnishes no more just a motive for shunning the morally inevitable than does the unquestionable fact of the enormous loss of property and life. I am glad to be dispensed in my talk with you from referring to the Blue and Green and Yellow Books upon which we all sharpened our wits at the beginning of the war and which now seem of so remote an interest. I should be in despair if I had to argue with you in behalf of the abstract proposition that there can be such a thing as a righteous war; for the contrary affirmation seems to me too unreal a wraith to grapple with. It is an idea which cannot flourish now in this environment. I

happen to be intimate with a number of pacifists here (they are of course most of them now fighting, and some have been distinguished for valor); I know a large number (most of them soldiers) who have a greater horror of war than I have expressed; and I know pro-German Italians who are opposed to their country's part in this conflict; but I have met with no one who is so foolhardy as to deny the possibility of a concrete cause for war, when a nation must fight or forfeit its existence, or when a noble nation must fight or lose its own soul. Over there in my own country people can battle about words: here we have suddenly commenced to think in terms of reality. Over there the favorite game of logomachy is now played with the word "militarism" as a counter. The game consists in attaching firmly to the word a disparaging sense—and then using it to cover every activity in which the soldier (*miles*) plays a part. It is either a very stupid game or a very dishonest one. So it must seem to us over here; for in Italy before the war, in spite of a considerable standing army and the policy of universal conscription, there was hardly a trace of the spirit of militarism, and now, as a consequence of something over a year of warfare, there is rather less of it than more. Obviously, militarism does not grow in direct proportion to the number of soldiers. During the space of two months I was constantly in the company of Italian officers, chiefly those commanding the territorial forces. I saw hundreds of them from one end of Italy to the other, and I saw no militarism. Most of these officers, as a matter of course, had been recently recalled to the army from civil life, and though they had the soldierly bearing and were performing punctually their military duties I heard more than one of them confess that beneath the uniform they were as thoroughly civilian as ever.

What I have just now been saying is not altogether alien to the point I wish here to make. It was obviously not the spirit of militarism which prompted Italy to enter the war; it was not military preparedness which enticed her, for she was notoriously unprepared; she was not dragged at the heels of her army; her King was believed to be holding back; the politicians were divided; the responsible Ministry was reluctant to decide; even the Press, divided as it was, had no determining part in this matter; but the people made known their will (upsetting the calculation of the shrewdest politician in Italy), and in a moment the great mass of public

opinion was permanently crystallized in the determination to fight. When I say that the " people " made known their will, I do not of course mean that the populace as a whole had a definite will about the matter or had the capacity to give their will or opinion articulate expression. Our most advanced democracies have not got so far as that. Here in Italy it was the intellectual middle class that willed the war. That is the class that made modern Italy and has generally ruled it. Again in this crisis the people were ready to follow their lead. What I wish at this point to emphasize is the fact that this class in Italy is not militaristic, except for a small but noisy section which recently drew together to form the Nationalist Party and which has stood for war at any price, being eager at first for war against France and quite as zealous now for the war against Austria.

Now I come closer to the scruple which you have somewhat obscurely, and I hope tentatively, suggested. I am the more eager to meet it because I am aware that there is in America a very general feeling to the effect that Italy's attitude in this war is not so noble, not so clear from self-seeking, as that of her allies. And yet it seems to me as if a general view of the situation would suggest a very different judgment. It is no disparagement of England to say that, whatever other motives concurred to force her into this war, she had in view her highest self-interest. As for Russia, not only was her national prestige at stake but also her Pan-Slavic policy. The interests of France were far more vitally threatened. Italy on the other hand was confronted by no such obvious compulsion, and it would seem at first sight reasonable to conclude that self-interest was in her case a motive less preponderant than in the case of her allies. That I believe to be true. But just here your scruple intrudes: Is not Italy fighting for her own land? and was not her motive in entering the war the hope of territorial aggrandizement? It is a fact that she is fighting for the possession of those lands which she has always looked upon as a part of Italy not yet redeemed, which contain a population already linked to her by language and by sympathy, and which for the most part correspond with the natural frontier. Your opposition to " one nation asserting by force its right of conquest over another " does not seem to me to apply to this case. For, though here the conquest must be by force, the *right* of conquest is established upon quite other grounds—pre-emi-

nently upon the will of the peoples to be annexed. No one can consistently celebrate Italy's success in wresting from Austria Venice and the Veneto and denounce her now for seeking to win the Trentino, unredeemed Fruili, and Trieste. The desire to win these lands has always been vivid in Italy, especially in the north, and there have not been lacking some who would have provoked a war for this end. That, I think, would have been a national crime. But that this end should be sought as an incident to this present war (which must of necessity alter the face of Europe in so many respects), and that it should have loomed larger in the popular imagination when war was actually declared—this does not seem to me to involve any reproach. It would be a political blunder as well as a moral reproach were Italy to seek to annex the German parts of the Tyrol which are staunchly devoted to the Hapsburgs: but no such suggestion has been broached in responsible quarters.

I have no doubt that an unfavorable impression has been created in America by the fact that Italy has turned against a former ally. It may seem as if she were seeking to rob a friend who is overpowered by other enemies. I do not suppose that this has impressed you, for it is a sentiment which must dissolve when it is submitted to reflection. The unnatural alliance which bound Italy to Austria bound her not to a friend but to the only natural enemy she had in Europe. Italy was allied with Austria because she was not strong enough to fight her—and one principal element of Austria's strength as against Italy was that menacing frontier which has already been in large part wrested from her grasp. Nor was her alliance with Germany—that is to say, with the Prussian despotism rather than with republican France—ever an expression of popular sympathy: it was for the support of the dynasty. Austria was not a friend (the attack upon Serbia was a betrayal of Italy), and she was very far from being overcome at the moment when Italy entered the war. For it must be remembered to Italy's credit that she threw in her fortunes with the Allies at a time when things looked very black for them.

Italy was not buoyed up by an exulting confidence in victory when she entered the war; but the resolution once taken I have seen no signs of trepidation, and I have been confident that, if indecision was shown in any quarter, the same forces which prompted intervention would rally again

to affirm it. Italy is a pleasanter country to live in now than during the period of her neutrality. One cannot make a visit to Switzerland without feeling painfully the uneasy tension of spirit which is natural to a neutral country whose position is held by her neighbors to be ambiguous and whose own mind is divided. Italy was in much the same plight before she went to war. Her trepidation was due chiefly to the Triple Alliance. It seemed intolerable to the great majority of the people that they should fight against the cause for which they sympathized; but at the beginning they were by no means sure that the terms of their alliance might not bind them to do so. For the Triple Alliance, as you are aware, was a secret treaty, the terms of which were unknown to the people and even to the Parliament. There was a sharp release of tension when it was made known that the Nation was not bound either on technical or on moral grounds to side with Germany. But in the meantime popular opinion was shaping itself for siding with the Allies. This was naturally a time of great perplexity and ferment. The question at issue involved an entirely new orientation of Italy's foreign policy. Hitherto all fundamental questions of foreign policy had been withdrawn from the arbitrament of the people and reserved as a prerogative of the Crown. Now, in this crisis, it was not the Prince, not the Ministry, not even the Parliament that was to decide: it was now left perforce to the people to determine the place that Italy was to occupy in future among the nations—and the people were unpracticed in such matters. Here, evidently, was a psychical situation for the resolution of which *time* was an important and indispensable factor. The long period of neutrality provided the time necessary, not only for the forging of weapons, but for the incubation of a new idea and for the structural readjustments which it involved.

In all of this there is nothing which, when fairly considered, seems to put Italy upon a different plane from that of her present allies. Incidentally, France hopes to regain her lost provinces; Russia probably has an eye upon the neighboring Baltic coast; and very certainly both England and Russia expect, as an incidental result of the war, to gain control of considerable portions of the Turkish Empire. Is there any presumption that Italy's aim of conquest is less incidental, less subordinate to the common moral cause, than are the similar aims of her allies? It is true that she has

been more successful than her allies in occupying the coveted territory; and the whole of her effort has been applied immediately to this end. But in this there is not the least presumption that the desire of conquest is her chief motive or that it indicates her ultimate aim. For Italy was not free to elect where she would fight: she has attacked Austria along the whole line where her territory marches with that of the common enemy; and it is obvious that, if she had not applied there all her force, she herself would have been attacked and invaded. I need not be prolix upon this point, for it has now become evident to all that to fight Austria upon this ground was the most effective contribution that Italy, with her resources, could make to the common cause.

Although with these general considerations, which any well informed person could weigh for himself, I may succeed in rebutting all antecedent presumptions against Italy's good faith or generosity of purpose, it might be open still to anyone to believe, on the basis of such positive evidence as not a few of our newspaper correspondents have affected to supply, that *as a matter of fact* the general spirit and temper of the people (that being precisely the thing which the foreign correspondent is least apt to discern) is not in accord with the lofty idealism which *ex hypothese* moves France and England. I have no notion whatever of claiming for Italy (not to speak of England and France) an altruism too high strung for mortal man beneath the sun; nor do I seek to resolve into one and the highest motive all the various impulses which have moved her. There is a higher and a lower in every individual soul, and there is certainly not less complexity in the soul politic. I am desirous only of giving you what you would call "a satisfactory point of view" with regard to Italy. And if in any way it may be possible for me to persuade you that such a view as you wish to hold is really tenable, it will be, I feel, not by means of such general considerations as I have hitherto been urging, but rather by the testimony of my personal experience here in Italy. For I have lived here pretty steadily for the last ten years, and my perceptions have been sharpened by sympathy. I count it not the least of my qualities as a witness that I have been under no compulsion to formulate my judgments before they were ripe—a consideration which I have been led to reflect upon by converse with American reporters who have momentarily alighted in Rome. I thank God, there-

fore, that I am not as other men, nor have I been living, like many of our compatriots whom you know, in exclusive relations with the aristocratic society. That environment is too cosmopolitan to be indicative of national feeling, and the indifference which is normally characteristic of that society has now, under the influence of the Vatican, given place in many instances to an inactive but loquacious pro-Germanism. When one takes account of the fact that there are here also a considerable number of diplomats who thinly disguise their pro-German sympathy under their official neutrality it is evident that we have a society which might deceive the very elect into supposing that the country is halting betwixt two opinions.

It happens, however, that my more intimate acquaintances (I say it without shame) are among the peasants and the intellectual bourgeoisie. The former class, it must be confessed, is too inarticulate to be very instructive; but the latter, although it is only one class among several, chances to be (as I have had occasion to remark above) the class which actually rules Italy—a class which in ordinary times may seem apt only to distract the nation with a multitude of opinions, but which nevertheless, in more than one crisis, has given the people a wise and united leadership. This class, regarded as a political factor, is by no means exclusively bourgeois, for a considerable number of the liberal nobles are aggregated to it. The word "intellectual," also, is not to be taken in too lofty and narrow a sense. It serves here to distinguish a fairly numerous class from a class perhaps equally intelligent but distinctively commercial. The name is not a misnomer, for it denotes a class which deals largely with ideas—and deals with them, it may be added, more nimbly than any similar class amongst us. I might better say *ideals*, for I am not thinking of people who live by their wits nor of such as are absorbed with *practical* ideas. They are people who know how to handle the word—not only adroitly and volubly, but with real eloquence and force. Volubility is not a flattering term, nor would it be just if it were used alone; but to say that this is the most voluble class in Europe, perhaps in all the world, is to point out that it has a rare capacity for forming opinion, both within its ranks and without. Partly for this same reason, and partly because it is measurably free from attachments either to the soil or to commerce, it is the most mobile class in the state.

It may seem to us, with a good deal of reason, a perilous thing for the equilibrium and stability of the state to repose upon such a class. But, at least, if we charge them with the defect of their quality, we must grant them the quality of their defect: it is not plausible to attribute to such a class a desire for sordid gain or a policy whose lodestar is the main chance.

The ambition to annex to Italy the *terre irredente* was certainly not sordid. No one here was blind enough to believe that the value of these contested lands would recompense Italy even for the material losses she must suffer in war. Are we then to conceive that a hotheaded minority enamored of a romantic adventure precipitated the whole country into war? There is some plausibility in that guess, for there was in fact a party of hotheads at the beginning. One must observe, however, that it was much reduced in numbers and diminished in influence by recent delusions in Tripoli; and a year of neutrality does not look like the impetuous ardor of youth. As a matter of fact, the intellectual middle class took a long time to make up its mind: there were many minds in the beginning, and it required time and circumstance to bring them to one. I not only watched the process but I went through it myself.

I was at first heartily desirous that Italy might be able to keep out of the war, preferring even to see my own country, with her inexhaustible resources, enter the lists. For I believed that such a war would be an irreparable disaster to Italy even if it led to victory. So pretty much everybody felt, for not even the Government knew what considerable economic reserves the Italian people had accumulated within the last two decades. The war has brought this surprise; and it has shown that the mercantile and industrial classes, though they were timorous of entering the conflict, are willing and competent to do their share in carrying it on.

I was surprised to notice from the first that the university students—a class usually susceptible to such an appeal—were slow to be roused in favor of war. There was a considerable minority decided enough to speak out in opposition to intervention. Yet almost all the men I knew were wholeheartedly in sympathy with the Allies, and things were naturally moving in that direction. There came a time when a meeting, chiefly of students, in my house was completely won over by the eloquence of the interventionist speakers,

leaving me the solitary pacifist. And I did not remain such long. Thus things were moving . . . slowly. But the swift crystallization of opinion which took place at the last was a surprise to the orators and was not due in great part to their eloquence: it was due to the progress of events.

I am sure that the process which then went on in my mind was a sympathetic reflection of the experiences of those about me. Austria, through the medium of Germany, began to dicker with Italy, using the bait of territorial concessions. My heart tightened with the fear that she might be shrewd enough to offer so much that the Italian Government would be powerless to reject it and the people be bound hand and foot to Austria during the war and after. She had already offered a great deal—more than has yet been conquered by arms—when the people began to reflect with due earnestness what the future of Italy would be if after the war, whatever might be its issue, she were to be cut off from the only nations in Europe with which she had spiritual sympathy. The alternative pressed for a decision, and rather than take the bribe and enjoy the pleasures of peace for a season it seemed preferable to encounter the horrors of war (which had been vividly enough illustrated for almost a year), to accept the inevitable loss of treasure and life, and to risk even the loss of the Veneto (a fear which was in everybody's mind).

It cannot be too emphatically stated that this meant the definite abandonment of Salandra's famous phrase, *sacro egoismo.* "Sacred egoism" was an unfortunate phrase at any time—like the motto that was offered to us, "Too proud to fight." But it must be noted that this was the Prime Minister's formula for neutrality: it had no relevance whatever to intervention, and from the moment that Italy went to war it never was heard of again.

On a bright Sunday afternoon a multitude in holiday clothes thronged the streets as by a common impulse, filled them from wall to wall and flowed leisurely on, gathering what friendly flags they could find (including an American one), and cheering for the Allies. It was only in Milan, Turin, and Rome that these demonstrations were very impressive, and a foreigner might readily suppose that this cheerful holiday crowd meant nothing much. But in Italy one is accustomed to watch the hands for gestures. Of this significant gesture, therefore, the Ministry and Parliament

took note, Giolitti and von Bülow vanished, and war was declared.

That was the last of demonstrations—the last very evident sign also of enthusiasm. It is not to be wondered if the outside observer, even when he held his ear to the ground, could hear nothing but the grumblings of the disaffected—of those, namely, whose luxurious idleness was troubled or whose commerce was in jeopardy. There was nothing, in fact, to be enthusiastic about; only a hardy duty to be done, a grim necessity to be faced. At the dead of night, without martial music and without farewells, the soldiers departed for the front.

And now, after so many months of tenacious effort uncheered by decisive success and made more grim by the misadventures of her allies, Italy has again thronged the streets with flags and cheers to rejoice over the taking of Gorizia. All this while you and many others in America are trying in vain to attain a satisfactory point of view with regard to Italy's part in the war.

THE FRENCH CANADIAN PROBLEM

FROM AN AMERICAN STANDPOINT

BY GERALD MORGAN

Before the war broke out it was not generally known in the United States, or even in England, that there was any French Canadian problem. But since the leader of the French Canadian Nationalist Party, Henri Bourassa, recommended openly to his followers a policy not only of non-enlistment but also of avowed hostility to the Government at Ottawa, this little known political puzzle suddenly acquired an interest for London, Paris, Berlin and Washington.

The Nationalist point of view, as expressed by Henri Bourassa, and in which a very large majority of his compatriots appear to share, is on the whole resentful, if not actually hostile, toward the British Empire. Bourassa has said publicly, over and over again, that the Germans in Alsace-Lorraine were no worse than the British in Ireland. Liberty, so runs his argument, is not at stake, for injustice has been practiced by all nations, even by the French (remember his audience is Roman Catholic) when they persecuted the monastic orders. And as for the Dominion Government at Ottawa, he goes on, is there liberty there? No, he replies; for although the Government of Quebec allows the British language to be taught in its schools, the Government of Ontario denies permission for the teaching of French to French Canadian children. Therefore, Mr. Bourassa concludes, our moral allegiance is due to the Province of Quebec, not to the British Empire, nor to France, nor to the Dominion; so why enlist?

Whether or not Henri Bourassa fairly represents his people, it is a fact that they have not many of them enlisted. It was recently stated, on the authority of the newspaper

L'Eclair of Quebec, that there had been over thirty thousand French Canadian enlistments. The *Eclair,* however, is not a trustworthy witness in this matter. Canadian Government officials, qualified to form an estimate, state that no figures have been compiled which would show exactly how many men of French birth have enlisted. Figures exist for those battalions recruited exclusively from French Canadians, but these figures would be too low, since French Canadians have also enlisted—how many is not known—in battalions chiefly British. But on the other hand the figures given by the *Eclair* are considered much too high by Canadians competent to judge. Were an estimate to be hazarded, probably the figure 15,000 would come nearest the mark. There are 2,000,000 French Canadians. The proportion of enlistments to the general population of British Canada is at least 7 per cent. In French Canada the same proportion is certainly not much more than 1 per cent., and probably somewhat less. These figures tell the story.

To begin with, there is a historical basis for the traditional independence and isolation of the French Canadians. For shortly after the Treaty of Paris legalized the cession of Canada to England, certain rights were permanently reserved (by the Quebec Act of 1774) to the French colonists of the Province of Quebec. Special privileges were accorded to the Roman Catholic Church; French civil law was established side by side with British criminal law. The privileges then acquired by the French Canadians of the Province of Quebec endure to this day, and virtually legalize a nation within a nation. So large a measure of self government has made of the French Canadians a people of independent interests and aims, isolated in sentiment from the rest of Canada, loyal to the Province of Quebec, not to the Dominion. This policy of "independence and isolation" is quite as strong today as it was in 1774. And it is an interesting fact that the framers of that act of 1774 expected a diametrically opposite outcome. They thought that the surest way to weld the French in Canada into the English-speaking whole was by a policy of conciliation, by a regard for the interests, even the prejudices, of the individual. Their policy failed, in those directions where it did actually fail, through the interposition of the Roman Catholic Church; and in the attitude of the Church lies another basis for French Canadian sentiment, as it exists today.

From the very beginning the Roman Catholic Church had a very strong hold on the "habitants," and her policies were, from the first, conservative. The Province of Quebec, she felt, was hers; and naturally she showed no sympathy for the American Revolutionists, whom, under Montgomery's command, she repulsed from her soil. Her attitude at this time was interesting, for France was allied with the Americans in a war against England; but she showed that she felt her interests lay with the Provincials of Quebec, and secondly with Rome rather than with Paris.

Thenceforward the Church followed a policy of isolation. To the French in Canada the French Revolution brought no intellectual enfranchisement; it was too far away. In fact all foreign events seemed far away in the years which followed, except Dominion politics.

When the Roman Catholics of the Province of Quebec were obliged to enter Dominion politics they entered as a unit. After the Federation Act of 1867, which they could not well avoid, they became, while retaining all their old provincial rights, part of the new Canadian nation, and thereby were closely related to British imperial affairs. They found themselves a self-contained permanent Catholic minority in a Protestant government. This fact not only strengthened them in their historic faith, but brought the Church into party politics.

Now in countries exclusively Catholic the radical and liberal elements of the population find expression in an anti-clerical party. In such countries the anti-clericals serve an absolutely necessary purpose. But where a large body of Catholics are found living together, impelled by nationalist aspirations of some sort, but repressed by Protestant majorities, no anti-clerical party forms, and the aims of priests and people become one. In Ireland this is true; and the result is in effect the stoppage of national progress. Irish and French Canadian Nationalists are alike, as their name implies, a permanent opposition; for no matter how far removed from Nationalist problems the issues before them may be, they never consider those issues except in the light of their own circumscribed political aims. Naturally there results a most unhealthy political and social condition.

Irish priests and French Canadian priests are alike ardent Nationalists; and consciously or not they use Nationalist impulses to serve the purposes of the Church.

Thus the priests in French Canada use the impulse of a narrow nationalism to further a policy of isolation; to prevent the learning of English; to prevent emigration. It would be too much to say that priests actually discourage enlistment in this war, but their hearts are not with England. The loyalty they preach is first to the Holy Father in Rome; secondly to the soil of the Province of Quebec. They honestly desire to save souls, and the best way to do this, in their opinion, is to keep their flocks at home, safe from the tree of knowledge, safe from all education except their own, servants of the Church, and defenders of her altars. This is the general policy of the Canadian priests, exceptions to the contrary notwithstanding. They form the principal basis for the sentiment of isolation in French Canada, a sentiment which in turn, as in the speeches of the Nationalist leader Henri Bourassa, may readily be confused with rank disloyalty to the Dominion and to the Empire.

With regard to the future, the Dominion Government faces two distinct alternatives. One is conscription, which appeals to a certain type of practical mind. Conscription at this time would, if carried out in French Canada, have the value of a force act. It might lead to bloodshed, and if it did lead to bloodshed, the result would be to confirm indifference and resentment into disloyalty and hatred. With the history of Ireland before them, the Dominion authorities may well hesitate before taking such a step.

The second alternative, it must be admitted, is a mere continuation of what is often called the spoilt child policy. That is to say, French Canada may be left to herself, as she has been in the last 150 years, to work out her own isolated, isolating destiny. At least, so the defenders of this policy justly say, the habitants are thrifty, orderly, and unrebellious people. Give them their own way, and perhaps emigration, or immigration, or the mere growth of the Dominion will solve the problem; or perhaps the forces of progress will eventually form an anti-clerical, liberal majority even in the Province of Quebec, and at last make of that province a true part of the whole Dominion.

It is probable that the second alternative, even though it be called mere drifting, will in the long run be found the wiser course. For conscription would at the very least alienate two million hearts for many years to come.

GERALD MORGAN.

THE ART MUSEUM AND THE PUBLIC

MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

THE old problem with which we have always thought ourselves seriously concerned—education—is broadening and deepening under our eyes, opened to many truths and errors during the last three years; and for every thinking person, I am sure, it now includes a great need to cultivate the idealistic side of human nature. To do this, in this way to combat the ambitious materialism, the self-seeking worship of "practical efficiency" which is so largely to blame for the agony of Europe and which threatens the happiness of America also, is a many-sided task. Here I can speak only, and only in outline, of some of the questions and some of the facts that must be borne in mind when we consider our art museums as agents for opening the minds of our people to the influence of beauty.

The first to consider is the fact that sensitiveness to the beauty that resides in works of art is not synonymous with knowledge in regard to them. True appreciation of the beauty that appeals at once to eye and mind, to sense and soul, must be based upon something more than historical and critical knowledge, even of the widest and wisest kind. But too commonly in the past we have thought that its foundations could be set upon teachings of a far inferior sort—upon a mixture of scrappy historical and biographical information, studio commonplaces and paradoxes, vague æsthetic theories, and a superficial acquaintance, usually at second or third hand, with what is "considered the best" in the art of the present and the past. Such "knowledge of art" as this cannot be of much use; certainly of none in developing a sensitiveness to the emotional, inspirational influence of beauty.

What, then, can be done in the way of teaching true appreciation? Some will answer, Nothing. A person may be

taught to paint, they say—taught up to a certain point and if he has certain gifts; but only from art itself can he learn appreciation. And this last is true. It is true that no one can learn appreciation from the words or the books of others. Everyone must teach himself. His own eye must be his preceptor. He must look at the actual things of beauty, and look, and look again until they become their own interpreters, speaking their own messages of spiritual as well as technical import. Without this kind of self-education all other efforts are in vain.

But in this essential work of self-instruction, books and teachers can guide and help. A certain amount of historical and technical knowledge is necessary, indeed, for the right and full understanding of what the eye shall eventually teach itself to see and to love. Only with this kind of aid can we relate the works that we are looking at to the men who produced them, and contrast them with other developments similarly understood; and only by this process can we learn the reasons for the differences between the various forms and phases of plastic art so that, by clearly seeing them, we may deeply feel the intrinsic individual qualities of each, never duplicated in other places or other times. Moreover, no man's eye can be as sensitive as it might become, his judgments as trustworthy, even his emotions as susceptible, if they are not stimulated and clarified by a knowledge of what other men have seen and thought and felt.

None the less the main preceptor must always be one's own eye, and the way to cultivate its powers must always be to use them. This means that, as conditions are in our country today, almost all valid training in the appreciation of art must be gained in the public museum or gallery. And it follows that in all possible ways the museum, the gallery, should itself facilitate, stimulate, and guide the self-education of the people.

Not by all those who manage our museums or are personally concerned with their development is this implication accepted. In fact, it is fuel just now for fires of discussion. Should an art museum, it is asked, exist primarily for the benefit of the general public or, as some one once said of a university, "for the cherishing of gifted persons"? The right answer would seem to be that a museum should exist for the gifted person and also for the public at large, just as a public library must serve all classes of men and every grade

of mind. Some will insist that the general public cannot profit by an art museum as even the unintellectual may by a library, and cannot, in any degree worth recognizing and working for, be led so to profit. Nevertheless the conviction spreads that the people in general must be considered, and that, if the effort be well made it will prove well worth the making. There could hardly be a different decision in democratic communities. "All men are equal," someone has said, in having "an equal right to spiritual activities," and society needs that the opportunity for such activities should to all men be given.

But granted that the effort be worth making, how shall we make it? Here controversies begin again. For example, if a museum is to serve for the cultivation of the public taste, is it well to confine its exhibits to the products of the "fine arts" strictly so-called? Or may it better include in addition artistic things of which the value is partly industrial, historical, or ethnographical? Again, whatever its scope, should it harbor only things of the very best according to high critical standards? Or should it be more leniently inclusive, accepting the testimony of almost all lovers of art that they began by liking things that were not the very best and gradually, naturally developed a truer taste?

It is well that questions like these should be warmly debated; for, whatever our museums may decide to be and to do, it is well that they should abandon their early indefiniteness of aim, their contentment with a casual, unorganized, undirected manner of growth. Naturally, no one programme could be thought of as valid for them all. But each should have a definite field, and the more definite it is the easier of course will be the task of selecting among proffered gifts, and the more likely are gifts to be of desirable kinds.

We have outlived the needy, tentative, timid period when a museum, afraid to make an enemy or to discourage a possible friend, docilely accepted almost all that was offered it—superfluous things, inappropriate things, inferior things, sometimes things that ought to have gone instead to the boarding-house parlor or the junk-heap. Nowadays a museum is rarely afraid to reject what it does not want, and a donor is often modest enough to offer, while alive or after death, merely such a selection from his actual or supposititious treasures as the museum itself may see fit to make. It would be of benefit, though, if intending donors would more

often find out in advance how the institution they wish to aid may best be aided; and also if they would remember that one very fine object is more to be desired than several of less distinction.

The larger our museums become the oftener it is asked whether, because of the fatigue of body and confusion of mind which result from seeing too many things at once, a number of smaller buildings in various parts of a city would not be better than a single one of great size housing a great variety of collections. It ought to be obvious that any one needs only a little self-control to divide for his own use the largest museum into as many of as small a size as he may prefer to visit. Perhaps it is not as easy for everyone to understand how greatly the cost of establishing and building a museum, and especially the heavy cost of running it, would be increased by a policy of dispersion. But the chief argument for large museums is that the more varied in kind are the collections under a single roof, the better are the opportunities for study, whether of a very serious kind or not.

From this point of view even a special collection as well-rounded within its own limits as Mr. Altman's gains in value by coming into a great museum. In another way, of course, it loses. No one who ever saw Mr. Altman's beautiful things in his own galleries would deny that such a place puts a visitor into a peculiarly sensitive frame of mind, and gives its contents a peculiar potency and charm. Such an atmosphere of peaceful seclusion, such a concentration of interest and intensity of appeal cannot be achieved in a great and diversified museum. The small and specialized collection has its own part to play in American communities. We want as many as we can get, but above all we need in every great city a great museum formed by collective enterprise to meet general public needs and desires; a place where large numbers of people may be welcomed; a place where the unlearned may be tempted to learn something, and meanwhile may be won to some degree of enjoyment, by rich and varied displays of beauty; a place where the student may survey wide fields of art, easily and at once make close or broad comparisons, examine into æsthetic affinities and contrasts, and, moreover, find the aid of a library and a photographic collection.

Difficult indeed in a large museum is the task of arrangement, for arrangement means classification, and classifica-

tion is a problem which seldom admits of perfect solutions—only of more or less satisfactory approximations. Because of the gradual passing of one historical period into another and the interlocking of the activities of different peoples, even the broad assorting of objects of art according to their origins in time and place is not always plain sailing. Then, when all the material for a department has been brought together, shall it be grouped according to kinds or chronologically? Shall all the sculptures of classic Greece, for example, be kept together, all the vases, all the bronzes? Or shall all the things of the archaic periods of Grecian art be associated and, progressively, all those of each later period? The first is the old traditional plan, still adhered to in many departments of American museums, and beloved of the special student of some one form of art. The other is more modern; for the average visitor its results are more instructive, and are much more interesting and attractive, as, to give an instance, the popularity of the Egyptian rooms in the Metropolitan Museum clearly shows; and it is certain more and more to prevail or to be combined with the older method of grouping.

Again: Whichever method of arrangement is chosen, should it be guided by a policy of generous inclusiveness or of fastidious selection? If the department is rich in material, should all of this be shown in the main galleries or only the finest objects, while the others are kept in reserve where the seriously interested may find them by seeking or be shown them for the asking? This may seem merely a question of degree, but in reality it marks two quite different theories as to how the eye and the mind of the visitor may best be served and as to what kind of visitor is best worth serving. If the public could express its opinion I am sure that it would favor the plentiful display, the opportunity to see, without special seeking, as much as is available of each form and phase of art. We know that experts can decide, much better than we could ourselves, what things are worthy of a place in a museum; but we are not so willing to have them say which among these good things are the best for us to look at. We want, and if we are to enlarge our powers of appreciation we need, to see as much as can be shown us. We want to see for ourselves why some good things are more admirable than others, and to decide which to our own eyes and our own spirit are the

most eloquent of beauty and charm. "The world"—writes Emerson, meaning that general verdict which in the long run establishes the value of human products, "selects for us the best and we select from that best, our best." Until we can do this we have no true titles of ownership in the domains of beauty.

Moreover, a number of objects of the same kind have a power to interest, to impress, that one or two such objects in isolation may not possess. To say this is, I know, to run counter to certain current ideas—to the idea, for instance, that we ought to imitate the Japanese in their love of the sparse appeal to the eye, of the isolated work of art. But we are not Japanese nor of the same mental and emotional stock. If our art and our concern for art are to express ourselves, the thing to build upon is not some alien example but our own innate inherited prepossessions. And in loving richness of display, multifariousness, the opportunity for the eye to pass from one beautiful thing to another making perpetual comparisons and appraisals, we are following instincts transmitted from all those great people of the past whose heirs and assigns we are. Look as far back among Occidental nations as we may, we find that all of them, Egyptians and Greeks and Romans, Byzantines, mediæval Frenchmen, Italians of the Renaissance, loved to bring many works of art into close association; and most plainly do we read the fact in what seemed to them their most important work—the embellishment of their public buildings, which were usually their temples of worship. Of course in these cases the association was organic while in a museum it is inorganic. But this does not matter to my argument of the moment, for we may assume that the museum arrangement is harmonious and I merely want to show that we need not feel ashamed if our taste with regard to quantity is not Japanesque.

With the great resources now at their disposal our museums are working out schemes of various kinds for the definite instruction of the public—not all of them as yet but an ever-growing number of the large and the small. Study-rooms devoted to one branch of art or another, handbooks and special treatises, illustrated lectures delivered in the museum or elsewhere to children and to divers classes of adults, tours of the galleries under guidance, loan collections sent to various parts of the city—these are some of the

methods that they adopt, always with the conviction that true teaching means advising the eye how to educate itself and therefore always with the aid of the museum collections. Often they work in collaboration with the college or the school. Sometimes their aim is to inspire workers in the industrial arts, or to increase the knowledge and develop the taste of manufacturers or sales-people, or to aid the teacher of drawing or of history, and sometimes simply to cultivate the love of art and beauty. The paths thus opened are wide, and it is not easy to know just how they should be pursued with regard either to ultimate aims or to immediate methods. Little help can be got from precedents, for even in Europe, outside of Italy, the museum of art is a relatively new institution; still more modern, distinctively of our own day, is the desire to utilize it for the cultivation of the people at large; and many of our needs and difficulties are proper to our own land as well as our own time. It is our museums themselves that have started this novel work. It has already been heartily endorsed and facilitated by schools and colleges and by national, State, and municipal authorities concerned with education, but to make it really effective it must also win the support of all others who care for education and who care for art. "What is now needed is a nation-wide appreciation of the value of visual instruction as afforded by museums." *

"Visual instruction"—this, it cannot be too often reiterated, is the only valid kind, and for the most part the instructor must be the learner's own eye. Therefore we may think with satisfaction that, whatever else the teaching given in our museums may or may not effect, it can hardly fail to do good by laying in many cases a foundation for what has been called the "museum habit." To look at works of art only, so to say, by accident, to "find time" for them only in an occasional hour when nothing in particular beckons elsewhere, can profit no one much. We must take time for looking at them. We must make time to form a habit which will become, like reading books or going to concerts, a part of the routine of our lives. The difficulty of forming a new habit in busy adult years is a

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*Paul M. Rea, Director of the Charleston Museum and Secretary of the American Association of Museums, in the Report of the Commissioner of Education for the year ended June 30, 1915.

strong argument for opening a museum freely to children whether they come for definite instruction or not. And to cultivate it, in children and in adults, the museum should do more than offer instruction, more than get fine things and arrange them well. It should make the looking at them as easy and attractive as possible.

This is not a concession to indifference or sloth. It is commonsense. Of course there must be good handbooks; but it is commonsense not to compel a visitor to turn to a handbook for information that can be given on a label—on such labels as the Metropolitan lavishly and intelligently supplies, to the astonishment, I am told, of some of its sister institutions. It would be commonsense to have in a great museum *large scale* plans, easily to be read and understood, indicating the location and the contents of the different rooms. And it is so clearly commonsense to have cloak rooms that it may seem impossible they should ever be lacking. Yet in at least one of our large museums there is no place where a coat or a parcel may be left, and in some others the allotted space is so small that, apparently, few but summer visitors are expected.

Once more, it is commonsense to have many seats and comfortable ones. It is as exhausting to be a "standee" for two or three hours in a gallery as in an opera house. To look and look again does not mean a succession of hasty glances but periods of restful contemplation such as most of our museums provide for in very few of their rooms. How often, even in the Metropolitan, so hospitable in other ways, do we think with longing of the comfortable chairs and sofas and ottomans in some of the great European galleries and in the rooms of our own art dealers! The dealers know their business. They know that they must not only permit us to see but tempt us to look, and to look long, and to come again. But one cold winter day when I had to spend hours in the well-warmed galleries of the Brooklyn Museum, wearing perforce a heavy fur coat, so encumbered by a muff and a bag that I could not use my note-book, and for miles (so I felt) in some directions finding rest only for the sole of my foot—that day I saw one of the reasons why more people do not form the museum habit.

Comfortable seats, we may be told, especially if they place us at good points of view, take up too much space in a museum, and they might attract people who merely want

to rest and lounge, not to look. But if the contents of the galleries are to be appreciated, to be *enjoyed,* the space should be given, and the cost should be borne even if it means a few works of art the less. If there is any risk of attracting idle wanderers we may well remember what M. Jusserand recently wrote of the way in which even the most famous lecture-rooms in the universities of France are open to all comers: "The man in the street may come in if he chooses, just to warm himself in winter or to avoid a shower in summer. Let him; perhaps he will listen too."

Really, the trouble in most of our American cities is that the people do not feel enough at home in their palaces of art. They enter them too much as though they were the palaces of kings, condescendingly opened for their timid inspection. Many are awed by the space, the silence, and what seems to them the grandeur of their unaccustomed surroundings. They do not need to be discouraged from staying too long. They need to be made to feel that they are very welcome, that the place exists for them. Many other people even among the professedly cultivated—the vogue of loan collections makes it plain—visit galleries of art as a certain kind of woman goes about among the shops, "just to see what they have got," and having superficially seen this, do not come again until the stock has been replenished with novelties. But in some of our public galleries it is largely the fault of the management that visitors do not more often buy with periods of quiet contemplation, and take away in their memories as their own possession for ever, the treasures of beauty that are displayed before them.

As for the "cherishing of gifted persons," it is of course highly important, for upon such persons we depend not only for the right conduct of our museums and the right guidance of the public but also for the art of the future. Often the museum will be the agency that reveals to some frequenter that he *is* a gifted person; but if he really is this—if he is born an artist or born with a strong love for art and keen and delicate powers of perception and appreciation—he will be able to direct his own development. For him the museum will scarcely need to do more than make itself as rich in the excellencies of art as it can. It is those who have vaguer desires, or even as yet no conscious desire at all for the ministrations of beauty, who chiefly need that the museum shall exert itself in their interest. Perhaps it is time now

to ask more definitely, What can it expect to do for them, to do for the people at large?

Not, of course, to turn them in quantities into accomplished amateurs of art! But it may hope to give some of them a love of art, of beauty, that will be a perennial fount of refreshment and true pleasure. And it may hope to prove to many that material things are not all in all; to widen their horizon and temper their devotion to the cult of "practical efficiency" by demonstrating that there are matters of genuine interest apart from the bread-earning routine and the money-grasping adventure; and to improve their taste so that they may wish for decency, order, and beauty in the conduct and the surroundings of their daily lives. If it is to do this in any widespread way, if, in Emerson's words, it is so to "open the sense of beauty" that "vulgar manners, tricks, bad eating, yelps, and all the miscreations of ugliness will become intolerable," it must strive for one main result which will be at the same time the root of further progress. It must convince the people that art, that beauty, is not a mere ornament of existence but a prime necessity of the eye and the soul, and that it need not be the personal possession of a few of the rich and leisured only but may be and should be a general possession, an integral part of the life of the community.

Here we find the answer to a question left unanswered on an earlier page: In our large museums of art should the lines be drawn to embrace "fine art" only? Evidently not. Indeed, when we think what art really meant to any really creative people, we must mourn that the term "fine art" has been incorporated in the name and that its implications have been respected in the policy of any large American museum. Evidently the public is right when it takes a special interest in a broadly inclusive collection of the work of a people like the Egyptians, who never made a useful object without striving to please the eye, and seem scarcely ever to have made a beautiful object which did not serve some definite purpose. To show the artistic products of each land and period as inclusively as possible, and with their aid to explain as clearly as possible the intimate interweaving of art with every phase of the life of the people that produced it, surely, in the America of today, which lacks the vivid object-lessons bequeathed by the past to older countries, this is the proper aim of a museum—not to set art

aside from life by trying to segregate its higher "purer" forms.

One way to emphasize the intimate connection that may and should exist between art and life is to show the affinities of the art with the history and the literature of any given period. Writing recently in the *Yale Review* of the study of Greek in our schools and colleges, Professor Goodell explained that while the study of the language has been falling off, interest in Greek art has greatly increased, so that "museums are now the chief agencies for cultivating a popular interest in old Greece." Should not their contents, he asks, incarnating the same spirit that speaks in the history and the literature of Greece, "claim a large place in the college?" Should not this possibility of high service, I may add, be remembered in collecting and displaying them? And must not any attempt to isolate certain classes of things, even though they be the highest, from their natural relationships in time and place, and to exhibit them simply as specimens of an abstract thing called "fine art," impair even their own æsthetic value?

Finally, let us be serious about all these matters but not too serious. Art, after all, is for the pleasuring of man's eye. It must begin with this if it is to do more by touching his imagination, by cultivating that thing called taste which has its spiritual as well as its physical side; and if it stops with the beginning, even so there is something gained. There is a great deal gained in the case of the many who, under our conditions of life, are almost wholly disinherited of harmless forms of enjoyment.

So different are our conditions from those of the great productive ages of art that we forget how large a part beauty then played in the life of the commonalty. We forget, for instance, how the beautiful or at least the picturesque prevailed in the streets of mediæval cities. We forget how entirely at home the people were in the churches which, in their furnishings if not in their fabric, were even more beautiful, much more beautiful, then than now. We forget that the great French cathedrals were municipal halls as well, the common meeting places of the people, and that in the nave of Old St. Paul's the Londoners did their trading and promenading, their servant hunting, even their gambling and flirting. And we forget the miracle-plays in the streets,

the frequent military, civic, and ecclesiastical pageants, the gay and diversified costumes of the people themselves. In dirt and squalor, in confusion and danger they often lived, and often under oppressive heels of power. But also, the poorest among them, they lived amid beauty, amid beauty that they themselves produced, beauty that they *owned*. Who shall say in how far it compensated them for whatever else they lacked?

Today we offer our urban populations one beautiful and beneficent thing that mediæval people did not have, the public park. But apart from this, what? Little excepting the museum of art. If they find pleasure there, even unaccompanied by such profit as we hope that many of them will also reap, surely the benefit will react upon us all; for to be starved for pleasure is as bad for a man as to be starved for bread and is even more provocative of evil thoughts and deeds.

So a first and foremost duty of a museum room is *not to look dreary*. Yet I remember some that do—some that are cold and colorless, inhospitable, even empty-looking although in fact they contain very beautiful and precious things. It is not enough to show such things. Each room as a whole, the museum as a whole, must at least be pleasing to the sight. If it can be sumptuous, a veritable expression of "the riches of art," so much the better. And why should not a museum dedicated to plastic art be used to further other kinds of æsthetic enjoyment which will be beneficial in themselves and will attract people who might not otherwise seek its collections? What most surely and widely attracts our people today is music. Is there any good reason—that is, any unsurmountable reason—why at certain times music should not be provided for them in our art museums as it is in our parks, but of a higher quality than is there appropriate?

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

THE VIRGIN BIRTH OF JESUS OF NAZARETH

BY REV. RANDOLPH H. MC KIM, D.D.

In undertaking to discuss the Virgin Birth of Christ, let us recall the story as it is told by the Evangelist St. Luke. He depicts a wonderful scene. We see the angel Gabriel sent from the Courts of Heaven to a young virgin whose name was Mary, who was betrothed to a man of Nazareth named Joseph.

The maiden is alone, engaged, we may well believe, in prayer and devout meditation, when suddenly she becomes aware of a heavenly radiance filling the chamber, and lifting her eyes she beholds the angel of God. Amazed but not alarmed at the sight, she is yet more amazed, and is troubled too, at the greeting of the angel, "*Hail, thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women!*"

Troubled at his saying, the maiden wonders what this salutation could mean. Quickly the angel answers her unspoken question, and says, "*Fear not Mary: for thou hast found favor with God. And behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest.*" Still more perplexed, the pure young virgin makes answer, "*How shall this be?*" And the angel replies, "*The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefor also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called 'The Son of God!'*"

It is enough. Mary believes the heaven-sent messenger: bows to the divine will: accepts the amazing function

divinely assigned to her; and simply says, "*Behold the handmaid of the Lord: be it unto me according to thy word!*" And the angel departed from her.

Such is the brief story of this unparalleled scene. No wonder the Christian Church has laid up the Story in the Holy of Holies of her devotion, and has forever commemorated it by the Feast of the Annunciation, which has been observed now for at least a millenium and a half.

Now on the threshold of our discussion let it be observed that the mystery of the Incarnation is indissolubly linked with the mystery of the Atonement and the mystery of the Resurrection. This is brought out impressively in the Collect for the Feast of the Annunciation where we are taught to pray that "as we have known the Incarnation of Christ by the message of an angel, so by His cross and passion we may be brought unto the glory of His Resurrection."

These three events stand together in a divine and glorious unity. They are all supernatural. They cannot be explained on natural principles. They are all profound mysteries. Yet they throw light one on the other. Each helps interpret the other to the heart.

The Incarnation of the Eternal Son of God by the Virgin Mary seems incredible till we perceive the sublime purpose which lay behind it,—the atonement for the sins of the world. The Resurrection appears impossible of belief until we see it as the natural sequel of the Cross and Passion —the demonstration of the divine nature of Him who suffered on the cross, and the assurance of the completion and the acceptance of His sacrifice.

Let it next be observed that from the very first beginnings of Christianity down to this day, the Christian Church has held to the belief in the Incarnation, as told us in this gospel for the Annunciation, with deep conviction and passionate devotion. Yes, for belief in the Incarnation (Ἐνσάρκωσις) has ever in the church been indissolubly connected with the belief in the miraculous Conception. The records of the first ages of the Church contain no trace of any doubt on this subject among those "who worshipped Christ as God." If it was denied, it was by those who, like the Ebionites and other kindred sects, denied as well the divinity of Christ, and indeed could scarcely, by any stretch of charity, be considered Christians.

The early Christian creeds without exception proclaimed

the same faith in the miraculous birth. There was a variation of phraseology, but no divergence in meaning: there was never any wavering of the faith of the Church in the fact announced to the young virgin by the angel Gabriel.

But the question may be asked, How far was this faith of the early Church in the miraculous conception justified by the New Testament scriptures?

In reply, the miraculous birth of Jesus is related by two of the Evangelists, St. Matthew and St. Luke.

The silence of St. Mark and St. John on the subject is not strange, if we consider that they pass over the entire infancy and childhood of Jesus, and if we disabuse our minds of the notion which has been the parent of so many mistakes, that the Gospels are histories or biographies of Christ. But St. John's description of the children of God in his first chapter contains numerous expressions which imply the miraculous beginning of our Lord's life, as for example in verses 13 and 14: the sons of God "were born not of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. AND THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH"—how, he does not say, but the connection suggests "not of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." That great scholar, Bishop Westcott, remarks here, "the fact of the miraculous conception, though not stated, is necessarily implied by the evangelist. The coming of the Word into flesh is presented as a creative act."

Passing on to the Epistles, we find no explicit statement of the miraculous birth, but we do find it everywhere implied; everywhere consistent with the teaching of the apostles; while the contrary view, that Jesus was naturally born, is inconsistent and often contradictory to their teaching. Take in illustration St. Paul's well-known doctrine of the first and second Adam. He argues with much emphasis on the necessary inheritance of sin and death by all who are the natural descendants of the first Adam; but he draws a sharp contrast between him and Christ, "The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second Man is the Lord, from Heaven." He must indeed be born of a woman, and assume a truly human nature, but, "it is equally essential that the active source of His earthly being be not a corrupt humanity, but the divine and creative principle."

The doctrine of the supernatural birth of Christ, then, is in complete harmony with the New Testament, as it is

in harmony with the most ancient creeds, and with the mind of the Christian Church through the ages.

Nevertheless it is, as is well known, a doctrine which occasions great difficulty to many minds, which, indeed, is vehemently controverted at this particular epoch in some quarters. Men urge that it is a stumbling block and a hindrance in the way of the acceptance of the Christian Religion by thoughtful men—especially by men who are scientifically trained. They argue that it would be of great advantage to Christianity if it could be recognized that the virgin birth of Christ is not one of the necessary doctrines of the faith—that while some accept it, *all* need not do so. They say, What difference can it make *how* Christ was born? Why should the Church lay upon the Christian faith this additional burden of belief in His miraculous birth? Why not make belief easier for men by ceasing to teach a doctrine so difficult, so mysterious—if not actually incredible?

We answer frankly and plainly. The Church cannot take such a course as this, because she dare not betray her trust. The Virgin birth is part of the sacred deposit of the faith entrusted to her care. Nor is it an unimportant part. It goes to the very heart of the revelation of the Gospel. Instead of being an unimportant detail, it is of the very essence of the Incarnation. Upon it depends the tremendous question whether we have in Jesus Christ a Divine Saviour, the Eternal Son of God, the Word made Flesh, Emmanuel, God with us, or merely a man, who, however beautiful His character, or wonderful His teaching, is not, after all, the Son of God, and the Saviour of the world.

For is it not plain that if Jesus had been the son of Joseph, He must have been partaker of the frail and sinful nature of which all the sons of Adam are partakers? By the law of heredity, upon which modern science lays such great stress, He must in that case have had a heritage of moral evil—moral taint in the blood—in a word, sin. Only by a miracle just as great, yes, even greater, than the miracle of the virgin birth, could Jesus the Son of Joseph have been without sin.

But only a sinless Christ could have become the Redeemer of the world. If He was not holy, harmless, separate from sinners, He could not have become the Lamb of God, the spotless victim—who shall take away the sin of the world. If when tempted to sin He had yielded and soiled

the purity of His soul, we could not have looked to Him to deliver us in the hour of temptation. If He had been impure in heart, He could not have offered the One perfect and acceptable sacrifice for human trangression. But if He were not indeed virgin-born, it is inconceivable, without a reversal or suspension of the universal law of heredity, how He could have been born without sin.

Thus it is that belief in the virgin-life of Jesus is dependent on belief in his virgin-birth. There is no room in a purely naturalistic theory of the universe for a virgin life. "A sinless man," as one has said, "is as much a miracle in the natural world as a virgin birth in the physical world." And therefore upon the naturalistic view of the world, a sinless man is an impossible conception. But even were this not the case, I demand what would be gained if we could eliminate the doctrine of the Virgin-birth from the articles of our faith? Would it really remove a great obstacle to belief?

By the supposition, it would relieve us of the necessity of believing a stupendous miracle—the supernatural birth of Christ. But would that make faith easy? Would there be no other equally stupendous miracle to be believed by the man who would accept Christianity? Christianity proclaims the Incarnation, as its primary and fundamental doctrine. It declares that Jesus Christ was the eternal Son of God, so that in Him dwelt "all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." It teaches that Christ came down from heaven, and was made man, combining in His Person both the human and the Divine natures, exercising the power and the prerogatives of Deity.

Is that mysterious and amazing fact any easier of belief than the Virgin-birth? Is the miracle in the one case less stupendous than in the other? If not,—and of this there can be no question—then how have we made faith easier by abandoning belief in the Virgin-birth?

No, the remedy is not radical enough. If we would remove the alleged difficulty, it is not enough to deny the miracle of the virgin-birth, we must deny all miracles, and throw ourselves into the arms of the purely naturalistic conception of the universe.

Then, to be consistent, we must abandon Theism too—abandon the belief in a personal God. For, mark it well, the same reasoning which banishes miracles from the world,

must also drive out that primeval miracle—the creation, and with it human freedom. Then the notion of Sin is relegated to the category of effete superstitions: all occasion for a revelation and an Incarnation is gone: the great truth which supports the entire structure of Theism—a Personal God—vanishes like a dream; and out of the gulf of Pantheism we hear the shriek of a fatherless world. But if the Pantheistic view of the universe be rejected as fundamentally irrational: if we believe in a personal God, in a loving Father: then His interposition for human help and salvation is seen to be not incredible. If, advancing a step further, we consider the claim of Christianity to our acceptance, we have presented to us the idea that God has interposed for the redemption of the world from sin and all its attendant and consequent woes; that He has sent His Son to take upon Him our nature, and to become our Redeemer. We are asked to recognize in Jesus Christ the Eternal Son of God, become incarnate for us men and for our salvation, indwelt with all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.

Now I put it to my readers, if the doctrine of the Virgin-birth raises any difficulty in the way of the acceptance of that revelation? I maintain on the contrary that it makes it easier of belief. If I am asked to believe that Jesus of Nazareth is the one exception to the universal rule of sinfulness—the one spotless, sinless man of all the ages—I find it easier to believe that amazing fact when I am told that He was not born as other men are, but His birth was supernatural—that though through His mother, the blessed Virgin Mary, He was truly linked with the human race, yet He escaped the taint of sinful heredity, because His human nature came into being by the direct and miraculous agency of the Holy Ghost. The same conclusion follows when we consider His Divinity. If I am asked to believe that the Nazarene carpenter was God incarnate, I find it easier to believe this amazing mystery when I read the story of the Annunciation, and see how marvelously He was born, than if it were represented to me that He was the son of Joseph. The uniqueness of His birth suits well with the uniqueness of His person. His life was, in important respects, apart and different from any other human life. His death was distinctively different from the death of any other man. It is not strange then that His birth should also have been

marked by a fundamental difference from the birth of the rest of the race.

In a word, if this Man Jesus of Nazareth is so far above all other men, in character and in power and in wisdom, that He cannot be classified with men, if in spite of the wondrous perfection of His humanity, we are yet constrained to recognize that He is more than man;—if under the garment of His human nature, we see flashing out the insignia—the evident tokens of Deity, then it does not surprise us to learn that His birth was not like the birth of other men—that it was supernatural.

Surely it was in the highest sense fitting, and in that sense natural that, when "the Lord from Heaven," as St. Paul calls Him, was to enter our world in the form of a man, He should not be born as other men are. The story of the Annunciation as the Church has been telling it to her children for nineteen centuries, so far from being incredible, so far from being a barrier in the way of faith in Christ, is seen to be in harmony with the nature of His person and the character of His work.

We say boldly and with emphasis, it is easier to believe such a birth for the Christ who was God incarnate, than to believe that He was the son of Joseph. And so long as the Church holds fast the perfect sinlessness of Jesus, and His true Divinity, she must needs hold fast the Creed of all the Christian ages and say with joyful assurance, "I believe in Jesus Christ, His only Son and Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary."

There is a difficulty that perplexes many minds, especially of men addicted to scientific studies, which, I would like, if possible, to remove.

Such men are deeply impressed with the uniformity of nature. They say the fact which they are asked to believe is contrary to experience: it stands in irreconcilable conflict with the uniform experience of all the ages of man's existence on earth. "How then can we believe it without treason to nature—without disloyalty to the truth of God revealed in the study of natural phenomena?"

We answer there is a fallacy in that argument, plausible as it is. We do not ask men to abandon their belief in the uniformity of nature. We do not ask them to believe something contrary to experience in propounding the doctrine of the Virgin-birth.

Let it be remembered that we have no experience in all the range of scientific knowledge which can serve as a criterion by which to judge this marvelous fact which the Annunciation brings before our minds. This phenomenon stands entirely by itself. The conditions are absolutely unique. The environment is absolutely unique. There is no other example we can compare with it. It is in a category by itself. Science has a boundless range of experience regarding the birth of merely human men: It has absolutely no experience in regard to the birth of a Divine Man. Therefore it is not scientifically true to say that the virgin-birth of the Christ, the Son of God, is contrary to experience—that it violates the uniformity of nature. Here let me borrow an illustration:

It used to be an axiom that all metals are heavy " and a man who should report that he had seen a metal floating in water might be regarded as asserting what was contrary to experience; but if he explained that his assertion did not refer to any of the known metals, but to one unlike them in character and properties, his announcement, though surprising, ceased to have any opposing experience to encounter."

Even so we affirm the man Christ Jesus, Son of Man and Son of God, is so differentiated from other men, that we cannot apply to Him the conclusion which science has established from the study of the physical and mental qualities and properties and phenomena of other men. Of such a unique personality as His, experience has nothing to say. He himself presents in His own person and history all the available experience of such a personality. And the only source of information regarding His experience is the gospel record, which tells the story of His unparalleled birth.

The wise men of the East, as well as the simple shepherds of Judea, came to worship at the manger of the new-born Christ; and so we claim today the assent of men of science as well as of the ignorant and unlearned, in the ascription of the Te Deum:

> Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ;
> Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father,
> When thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man ,
> Thou didst humble thyself to be born of a virgin!

RANDOLPH H. MCKIM.

FULFILLMENT

AFTER A BATTLE: 1916.

BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

And so the songs must go unsung,
The dreams be only dreams. . . .
But I have died for France! There is no fate
So worthy them her august blood endues. . . .
When all is said, what is the poet's life?
The vulture's ebb between sky ecstacy
And carrion of earth! Raptured, superb,
He wheels against the sun, then falls
And battens on the refuse beasts refuse!
Somewhere i' the compound, rainbow-stuff
And sunset-cloud and green-winged spray,
There creeps the taint, the particle of earth,
That marks it with the black of madness, sin, or quirk.
Only the great are phoenix of the sun,
Unfathered save of flame and dizzy light;
They only keep, unpausingly and pure,
The blue enfeoffments of their gorgeous sire.

Say I had lived; which height had I attained?
The vulture's? Or the phoenix' flaming zone?
Death makes all questions foolish now. . . .
Yet in my soul I know there was a thing in me
Of most immortal lineaments,
Whose speech was beauty and whose thought was prayer! . . .
But even so, a year, a hundred years,
A thousand—the loveliest words of men
Are leaves with but a redder tint to time.
The singers pass; the song endures: I die;
But somewhere will gush up the crimson fire
That lit my heart to songs I might not sing.

And there was France to die for! A splendor's there
Beyond the dimming of eternity!
Who would be singer now, not soldier, who
Would live for Fame when he could die for France,
Fame, too, I must believe, will scorn as bastard. . . .
She had no need of songs who asked my life.
Songs! Here was a deed to do
More gracious and more splendid than all songs!
And I have done that deed;
And I am well content.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY.

A CONSIDERATION OF MODERN POETRY

BY AMY LOWELL

During the past year, I have been profoundly struck by the great interest in poetry evidenced everywhere, and at the same time by the puzzled attitude with which many people regard the work of the modern poets. Also, I am in constant receipt of letters asking for explanations and elucidations. This paper is therefore a sort of open answer to all such inquiries. Needless to say, I cannot be the spokesman for the great body of modern poets; I can only speak for myself. The following remarks must be taken merely as my personal opinions concerning new tendencies springing up in the difficult art of poetry.

All poetry is made up of two ingredients in varying proportions. These are: Vision, and Words. When the vision is slight, and not of preponderating intensity, we call it—Fancy. When it usurps a larger place and flavors the mixture to a marked degree, we call it—Imagination. When it is the dominating factor, we call it—Inspiration. The innumerable ways in which Vision and Words may be mingled make the enormous variations of which poetry is capable. But Vision it must have, otherwise it in no sense deserves to be called poetry, whether written in the form of verse or not.

That this is true, is shown by the fact that the prosody of various nations, and even various epochs in the same nation, differs to a remarkable extent. It is this very fact which has confused so many people, and led to a demand for a title to something they call "between prose and verse." A little clearer understanding of that in which poetry really consists, a little more willingness to see it as it is, unhampered by shibboleths, will show such a demand to be entirely superfluous.

Poetry might be likened to a human face, which admits of a number of subtle differences, while always remaining a

human face; so poetry remains poetry under a thousand aspects. But just as it is difficult to see beauty in racial types to which we are accustomed, so it is difficult to recognize its presence in new and alien types of poetry. (Alien in the beginning, that is, for poetry and persons become familiar by habit.)

Any one who is old enough will remember the howl with which Wagner's music was received. There was an old joke which went the rounds at the time, in which one man says to another: "Songs without words are bad enough, but songs without music are too much for me." The author of that joke was looking for tune, tune with a beginning, and a middle, and an end, and naturally he did not find it. Wagner, one of the greatest masters of melody who ever lived, was deliberately subordinating that faculty to a theory which he had invented and in which he believed—that of the *leitmotif*. He could not be understood without first learning his idiom; and, in the beginning, people were too accustomed to another idiom to realize that he had invented a new one, and that his works must be judged by it.

With Wagner we have gone through the necessary stages. We have misconceived and laughed at him, we have admired, wondered, and believed that all music was destined to be written by his canons in the future, and, with the growth of a newer school, we have put him where he belongs, among the great masters of the past. There we are content to leave him while we crack our jokes on younger men. Debussy is already climbing into his rightful place, but we still chuckle at Stravinsky, and Albernitz, and Bartók, and Schoenberg. I only point to them here because the change that has been going on in music is analogous to that of poetry, and, indeed, of all the arts. The road of Art is a perpetual struggle, and the struggle repeats itself with an amusing regularity, and no generation ever learns to wait a little before judging.

The crux of the situation, as I noted before, is in the idiom employed. Modern poetry is using a different idiom from that of its immediate predecessors, and on that account the world has found it, for the moment, hard of comprehension. If I were obliged to define the dominant characteristic of this idiom in a word, I should say that it was "suggestion": The invoking a place or a character rather than describing it. Descriptions there are, of course, but the de-

scriptions are so managed as to give an atmosphere rather than an exact account. It is here that the insistence on the "exact" word has caused so much misunderstanding. The critics regard a thing as being thus and so, and no other way; to them the "exact" word means the word which exactly describes it as it is. To the poet, the thing is as it suggests itself in relation to the whole, and the "exact" word is the one which best renders this suggestion.

It is because of the dominance of suggestion that the modern poet makes no running comments in his proper person throughout an objective poem. The action of his story suggests the commentary, which he expects his reader's mind to supply. To a poet constantly working with suggestion, there is no obscurity in this. Following this plan, many short lyrics seem to the layman to end in a puff of smoke. To those familiar with the idiom, they end, not in a puff of smoke, but with a gesture, all the more eloquent because merely implied.

In short poems, suggestion can be carried to the extreme, as there is no danger of the reader losing the thread; in longer poems, definite statement has to be more frequently employed, so as to keep the current of the poem constantly before the reader. But even here, attentive students will find a very different attitude from that of the older poets. They told stories. We do not tell stories—we throw pictures on a screen, but we ourselves remain in the dark.

I would not be misconstrued into saying that the older method is wrong and ours right. Only the very young, or the very ignorant, dare make dogmatic statements of that sort. But the business of a poet is to record what he sees with his own eyes in the manner natural to him; and while admiring the great figures of the past, we may at least concede that their world, and in consequence their thought, was different from ours. If, seeing our world and finding it good and interesting, we record it in our own way, we at least have their magnificent precedent for our audacity.

Another characteristic of the modern idiom in poetry, and one closely allied to suggestion, is Vividness. To state a thing in no matter what beautiful terms is not enough; it must impose itself upon the mind's eye in an inescapable picture. The Tennysonian tradition was one of mellifluous verse; the stress was laid upon that, and as time drew his imitators away from the master, more and more importance

came to be put upon it. The imitators give us no pictures like those in *The Lady of Shalott;* they only give us an easy, flowing, melodic line. A revolt was inevitable. We, perforce, represent that revolt.

The third characteristic of The New Poetry, and particularly of Imagism, is what might be metaphorically described as faithfuless to the architectural line. Following Mr. F. S. Damon, I will call it—Concentration. It means the discarding of all extraneous detail which tends to blur or diminish the vividness of the main theme. In architecture this has always been a cardinal principle—that all ornament should follow the structural line. But in poetry this has seldom been stated, and only sporadically practised.

We see, therefore, that there are three outstanding qualities which go to make the idiom which I have called modern. They are: Suggestion, Vividness, and Concentration. A fourth might be included: Externality. I do not call it "objectivity" advisedly. I do not mean that this poetry is objective rather than subjective. I mean that it concerns itself with man in his proper relation to the universe, rather than as the lord and master of it. It is this attitude which leads to so many poems on nature, on effects of trees and sky and water, by themselves, with no hint of the "pathetic fallacy" to heighten interest.

In a most illuminating paper on Imagism by Mr. Damon appears this passage: "It may be argued—and rightly—that these tendencies are to be found in all good poetry. I agree to this: but I think that never before has a poetic period insisted consciously on all of them at once. The eighteenth century, for instance, emphasized Concentration, but neglected Suggestion. The Romanticists emphasized Vividness, but forgot Concentration and Objectivity."

By Objectivity the writer means what I have called Externality. The idiom, then, in which "modern" poetry may be said to be written, has for its elements: Suggestion, Vividness, Concentration, and Externality. It is useless to ask it to be otherwise; it must be judged by its own standards.

I have throughout used the word "idiom" with deliberate intent; for the *spirit* of poetry is the same in all the ages: it is the "Vision" which I spoke of at the beginning of this paper.

Having examined the idiom of The New Poetry, the next question to be considered is the form. It will be seen by any

one reading my work that I consider all forms proper for the writing of poetry, provided they adequately fit and express the subject. The more forms any poetry has at its command, the richer, obviously, will be that poetry. The invention of a new form is a signal service to any art. New forms are invented to express something which seems inadequately clothed in any of the old forms; but that they must necessarily push the old forms out of place seems a strangely unhistorical statement. And I am astonished to observe how frequently it is made.

Some poems come into a writer's mind as expressed in metrical verse, others in the freest of free rhythms. A poet is only true to his art and his "Vision" when he follows these subconscious dictates, and writes in accordance with them. We must not forget that the new forms of today will be the commonplaces of tomorrow, and that the next generation will doubtless regard our free rhythms as only one of the many forms of prosody, along with blank verse, and sonnets, and quatrains, and all the others. Why there should be so much argument about them is a little puzzling, but let that pass. Let us examine for a moment what these new forms are.

Briefly there are two: "*Vers Libre,*" and "Polyphonic Prose." The definition of *vers libre* is: a verse-form based upon cadence. Now "cadence" is not "metre." A person reading *vers libre* with the laws of metrical verse in mind will find himself very much at sea, in fact utterly confused and at a loss. Any one who has read Professor Saintsbury pathetically and vainly striving to cope with the prosody of Matthew Arnold's *Strayed Reveller*—attempting to reduce this beautiful cadenced verse to the exigencies of regular metre—will see into what pitfalls even erudite critics are led when their erudition is not tempered by an unerring and elastic taste.

To understand *vers libre,* one must abandon all desire to find in it the even rhythm of metrical feet. One must allow the lines to flow as they will when read aloud by an intelligent reader. Then new rhythms will become evident—satisfying and delightful. For this poetry definitely harks back to the old oral tradition; it is written to be spoken. For we believe that poetry is a spoken, not a written art.

William Blake wrote much *vers libre.* In the introduction to his *Jerusalem* appears this excellent description

of it. It had not been christened *vers libre* then, but the form was the same:

When this Verse was first dictated to me, I considered a monotonous cadence, like that used by Milton and Shakespeare, and all writers of English Blank Verse, derived from the modern bondage of Rhyming, to be a necessary and indispensable part of Verse. But I soon found that in the mouth of a true Orator such monotony was not only awkward, but as much a bondage as rhyme itself. I therefore have produced a variety in every line, both of cadence and number of syllables. Every word and every letter is studied and put into its fit place; the terrific numbers are reserved for the terrific parts, the mild and gentle numbers for the mild and gentle parts, and the prosaic for inferior parts; all as necessary to each other.

For a more modern, and perhaps clearer definition of *vers libre,* I will quote a passage from the Preface of *Some Imagist Poets, 1916.* After stating, as I have just said, that the definition of *vers libre* is—a verse-form based upon cadence, the passage goes on:

Now cadence in music is one thing, cadence in poetry quite another, since we are not dealing with tone, but with rhythm. It is the sense of perfect balance of flow and rhythm. Not only must the syllables so fall as to increase and continue the movement. The whole poem must be as rounded and recurring as the circular swing of a balanced pendulum. It can be fast or slow, it may even jerk, but this perfect swing it must have, even its jerks must follow the central movement. To illustrate: Suppose a person were given the task of walking, or running, round a large circle, with two minutes given to do it in. Two minutes which he would just consume if he walked round the circle quietly. But in order to make the task easier for him, or harder, as the case might be, he was required to complete each half circle in exactly a minute. No other restrictions were placed upon him. He might dawdle in the beginning, and run madly to reach the half-circle mark on time, and then complete his task by walking steadily round the second half to goal. Or he might leap, and run, and skip, and linger in all sorts of ways, making up for slow going by fast, and for extra haste by pauses, and varying these movements on either lap of the circle as the humor seized him, only so that he were just one minute in traversing the first half-circle, and just one minute in traversing the second. Another illustration which may be employed is that of a Japanese wood-carving, where a toad in one corner is balanced by a spray of blown flowers in the opposite upper one. The flowers are

not the same shape as the toad, neither are they the same size, but the balance is preserved.

The unit of *vers libre* is not the foot, the number of the syllables, the quantity, or the line. The unit is the strophe, which may be the whole poem, or may be only a part. Each strophe is a complete circle: in fact, the meaning of the Greek word " strophe " is simply that part of the poem which was recited while the chorus was making a turn round the altar set up in the centre of the theater. The simile of the circle is more than a simile, therefore; it is a fact. Of course, the circle need not always be the same size, nor need the times allowed to negotiate it be always the same. There is room here for an infinite number of variations. Also, circles can be added to circles, movement upon movement to the poem, provided each movement completes itself, and ramifies naturally into the next.

The possibilities of *vers libre* have hardly yet been plumbed. So subtle and changing are its rhythms that they cannot fail to intrigue poets of fine ear. This swaying, flowing, modulating line is akin to the harmonic line of true music. The believers in artistic boundaries may rave at such a breaking down of the divisions between music and poetry. As a matter of fact, rhythm is common to all the arts, and that one should learn from another is inevitable. Also, each art has qualities which it cannot dispense with nor pass on, so we need not fear confusion. It is a bogy set up to affright us, but which has no real existence.

Modern music and modern poetry are making much the same discoveries, and making them almost simultaneously. Where could you find more exact counterparts of each other, although in a different medium, than short *vers libre* poems and Debussy's piano pieces; where a closer likeness than between Stravinsky's work and much " polyphonic prose "? But I shall carry the subject no farther here. It is enough to point it out.

The movement toward *vers libre* has been going on in English literature steadily for hundreds of years. What is possibly the oldest reference to it occurs in Chaucer's *House of Fame*. Here the Eagle, addressing the Poet, says:

> And nevertheless hast set they wyt
> Although that in thy head full lyte is
> To make bookes, songes, or dyties
> In rhyme or elles in cadence.

Commentators have wasted much paper trying to decide exactly what Chaucer meant by this passage. But the juxtaposition of "cadence" to "rhyme" would seem to prove that he was referring to a form of verse in which the necessary element of return (the circling upon itself peculiar to all verse) was got by rhythm only, and not by recurring rhymes.

Let us pause a moment to consider this quality of "return," which I have said is "peculiar to all verse." In using the word "verse," I meant to distinguish the *form* of poetry from its *spirit*. That being understood, I will return to the word poetry, as being simpler and less confusing

That which chiefly distinguishes poetry from prose is its more marked rhythm and more obvious effort at balance. Prose has rhythm, of course, and balance. But neither is forced so completely upon the reader's attention as it is in poetry proper. In other words, the difference in form between good oratorical prose, and verse, is a difference in degree, not in kind. It is this marked balance, this "return," this circular swing—ever departing, ever returning—which gives poetry the effect which the older generation called "musical." (This is not the same thing as the likeness to real music which I pointed out some time ago, and should not be confused with it.) It is this circular swing to which is technically given the name of "return."

"Return" in English poetry has, for some hundreds of years, been chiefly associated with recurrent rhyme. So general has this been, that we often lose sight of the fact that other times and places have come by this necessary quality of all poetry in quite other ways than rhyme. In Hebrew poetry, the "return" was effected by means of balanced images; the Japanese attained it by alternating five and seven syllable lines; in Anglo-Saxon poetry, balance was got by means of alliteration, and also by sharply dividing each line in two by means of a cæsura; Greek and Roman poetry obtained the quality of "return" by quantity, or a nice balance of dwelt-upon or slurred-over syllables, and also by a constant repetition of epithets, such as Homer's "wine-dark sea."

This brief list will serve to show how various are the means for obtaining "return," and how little historical sense we display when we assert rhyme to be the most important of them.

Metre is merely another way of getting at the same thing. The pattern of metrical verse gave the effect of a sphere revolving upon itself, and "returning" to its starting point. But the more poets worked, the more delicate became their senses—that mental and physical ear upon which all poets must rely as the final arbiter of their work. And the movement toward a more concealed, more felt, and less visible "return," manifested itself very soon. We have seen Chaucer coquetting with the idea of a poetry which should balance without the aid of rhyme. But Chaucer lived in an almost bilingual period; the English language was being forged out of two others. It was enough for poets to learn to manipulate this new language with the means at their disposal. So we see, principally, a widening and improvement of metrical rhymed verse, until after the Elizabethan period. In 1671, Milton publishes his *Samson Agonistes,* and the choruses in that poem are in *vers libre.* The form went unchristened for three centuries, but the thing was already in existence.

It was in the first half of the seventeenth century that Cowley invented the so-called Pindaric Ode, based on a misunderstanding of Virgil's Greek prosody. His volume was published in 1656; and, even earlier, in 1640, had appeared Ben Jonson's *Execration Against Vulcan,* which was also styled *Ode Pindarick.* The Pindaric Ode, bastard though it was, came as a relief to many poets weary of the inelastic solidarity into which metrical verse was fast crystallizing. Even so classic an author as Thomas Gray found in the Pindaric Ode a sympathetic vehicle.

The Pindaric Ode was not, strictly speaking, *vers libre,* for it was not based upon cadence. It consisted of a series of irregular metrical lines which followed no set pattern. But, although not absolutely based upon cadence, it was cadence upon which it relied for its "return." For, although metrical and rhymed, the pattern was too vague to give an adequate sense of "return"; that was completed by the circular and satisfying swing of cadence.

The Pindaric Ode became very popular. Wordsworth, a poet so little interested in metrical experiments, employed it in his *Ode to Immortality,* without the slightest idea that he was departing from classical tradition in so doing.

We have seen so subconscious a genius as William Blake

writing *vers libre* in 1790, and describing it as early as 1804.[1] But less intuitive men arrived at it by more conscious steps.

The need of greater subtlety, for greater elasticity of form, was being felt more and more. Still the idea of cadence as a conscious effort hung fire. Arose the idea of basing poetry upon accent instead of upon counted feet.

In the Preface to *Christabel,* which Coleridge tells us was begun in 1797, appears this passage:

> I have only to add, that the metre of the *Christabel* is not, properly speaking, irregular, though it may seem so from its being founded on a new principle: namely, that of counting the accents, not the syllables. Though the latter may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found to be only four. Nevertheless this occasional variation in number of syllables is not introduced wantonly, or for the mere ends of convenience, but in correspondence with some transition, in the nature of the imagery or passion.

But, for various reasons which I will not go into here, the influence of Coleridge was very little felt by his countrymen. The influence of his spirit crossed the ocean and deeply affected Poe; the influence of both his spirit and his form crossed the channel and sowed the seeds of a new poetry in Mallarmé.

Milton's attempts at *vers libre* passed unnoticed amid the mass of his other work. Blake was practically unknown and certainly without honor. *Vers libre* had to be rediscovered, and from other sources. These sources were the Greek, better understood than by Cowley, and the result was a finer form than Cowley's Pindaric Ode.

Matthew Arnold's *Merope* was published in 1858. In the Preface Arnold wrote:

> To adapt Greek measures to English verse is impossible: what I have done is to try to follow rhythms which produced in my own feeling a similar impression to that produced on it by the rhythms of Greek choric poetry. In such an endeavor, when the ear is guided solely by its own feelings, there is, I know, a continual risk of failure and of offence. I believe, however, that there are no existing English measures which produce the same effect on the ear, and therefore on the mind, as that produced by many measures indispensable to the nature of Greek poetry. He, therefore, who would obtain certain

[1] In the Preface to *Jerusalem.* Not published until 1820.

effects obtained by that poetry, is driven to invent new measures, whether he will or no.

All of *Merope* is not in *vers libre,* but much of it is—for instance, this passage:

> O village of Œta
> With hedges of the wild rose!
> O pastures of the mountain,
> Between the pine-woods and the cliffs!
> O cliffs, left by the eagles,
> On that morn, when the smoke-cloud
> From the oak-built, fiercely-burning pyre,
> Up the precipices of Trachis,
> Drove them screaming from their eyries!

Empedocles on Etna also has many *vers libre* passages. And there is no finer example in the poem than these last lines, spoken by Empedocles just before he plunges into the crater:

> Is it but for a moment?
> —Ah, boil up, ye vapours!
> Leap and roar, thou sea of fire!
> My soul glows to meet you.
> Ere it flag, ere it mists
> Of despondency and gloom
> Rush over it again,
> Receive and save me!

An even finer example from Arnold's work is his *Philomela.*

Another poet, W. E. Henley, used *vers libre* in his *London Voluntaries,* but still the form was unnamed. In the meantime, the French *Symbolists* had been experimenting with the form, and had arrived at a perfection in it hitherto unattained in English verse. With the French passion for tabulating, they christened it *vers libre,* a name which bids fair to be taken over bodily into English. So it has come about that a French name is used to designate a form current in English poetry for more than three hundred years before the French ever employed it.

The second characteristic modern form, and the only one really deserving the epithet "new," is "polyphonic prose."

I have shown that the whole tendency of English poetry for the last hundred years has been toward a greater free-

dom and fluidity—probably the extreme setness of the pattern insisted upon by Pope and other eighteenth century writers is directly responsible for this reaction. The necessity of getting away from the rigidity of a too-exact pattern was felt even by the rigid and classic Gray, as I pointed out in speaking of his use of the Pindaric Ode.

Hand in hand with this desire for freedom has gone another desire. I might call it the desire for dramatic expression—the desire for drama expressed in the terms of poetry, without any attempt at making it actable, with no thought of its being appropriate for actual representation on the stage.

This desire for drama is but another side of the "vividness" I spoke of as being inherent in modern poetry. No one can fail to perceive the great gain in vividness achieved when a story is *acted* before the reader, instead of being *told* to him. Browning carried dramatic suggestion as far as it could be carried in the old forms. To heighten this effect a new form had to be invented, and this new form is "polyphonic prose."

"Polyphonic prose" is perhaps a misleading title, as it tends to make the layman think that this is a prose form. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The word "prose" in its title simply refers to the manner in which the words are printed; "polyphonic"—many-voiced—giving the real key. "Polyphonic prose" is the freest, the most elastic of all forms, for it follows at will any, and all, of the rules which guide other forms. Metrical verse has one set of laws, cadenced verse another; "polyphonic prose" can go from one to the other in the same poem with no sense of incongruity. Its only law is the taste and feeling of its author.

With no fixed law except taste, with no tape-measure of feet or cadence to act as guide, a heavy responsibility is laid upon the poet. He has nothing with which to gauge his success but his ear. For this reason, "polyphonic prose" is one of the most difficult forms to write that can well be conceived.

Now, not only may the poet use metre or cadence, he may, nay, he must, employ rhyme. But not always, and, for the most part, not regularly. In other words, the rhymes should seldom come at the ends of the cadences, unless such an effect be especially desired.

We see, therefore, that metre, cadence, and rhyme are

some of the many "voices" employed in "polyphonic prose." Others are assonance, alliteration, and return. Return in this form is usually achieved by a recurrence of a dominant thought or image, coming in irregularly and in varying words, but still giving the spherical effect that I have said is imperative in all poetry.

Parodists of "polyphonic prose" invariably fail by a too great stress laid on these voices. If they rhyme, they rhyme too constantly and too regularly; if they use metre, they go from it to cadence in a heavy and clumsy manner, so that the change is obvious and unpleasant. The fact is that charm in "polyphonic prose" is entirely a question of shading. One type of verse fades imperceptibly into another, and so closely should this follow the emotion of the poem that one is conscious of no distinct changes, merely realizing with a flattered and satisfied ear the suitability of the manner to the feeling.

It cannot be too firmly insisted upon, too strongly urged, that poetry is a spoken art. A "polyphonic prose" poem read aloud seldom fails to justify its method to its auditors. But people are so little accustomed to "hearing" the poems they read, that on the printed page this form has met with much misunderstanding. Being so difficult, few of the younger poets, even those most vociferous in praise of *vers libre,* have attempted it. It still has its way to make.

I have declared "polyphonic prose" to be absolutely new. So far as I know, it has no prototype in any earlier prosody. Regular poems in ordinary metre, printed as prose for fun, have always been common enough in all languages. But these poems have nothing akin to "polyphonic prose," as the reader of the foregoing analysis will readily see.

In the late 'eighties and early 'nineties, a French poet, M. Paul Roux, better known by his pen-name, Saint-Pol-Roux, started to experiment with poems irregularly rhymed and printed as prose. His cadences were very regular, and his rhymes were, as a rule, placed at the ends of them, but the poet varied them with skill, and succeeded in producing a verse which was clearly neither one of the usual forms of French prosody nor *vers libre,* then just coming into fashion. One of the best known of his poems in this manner is *Le Pèlerinage de Sainte-Anne.*

Contemporary with Saint-Pol-Roux, although a much younger man, came M. Paul Fort. Whether M. Fort was

influenced by his *confrère,* or whether he arrived at his form independently, I do not know, but he began very early to write in this manner. He gave his form no name, merely stating that it admitted of both prose and verse in the same poem. He based his verse parts entirely upon the classic alexandrine. In fact, the alexandrine might be said to be the basic rhythm of his form. His poems consist, almost entirely, of regular verse passages interspersed with regular prose passages. His verve and vitality, the whole content of his poems and manner of his thought, carried him far beyond Saint-Pol-Roux; but in the work of the latter are hints of a greater subtlety.

Saint-Pol-Roux, however, never discovered the dramatic possibilities of the new form, while Paul Fort, essentially a dramatic poet, at once seized upon this as its inherent quality. In *Henri III,* Fort has given us one of the most remarkable dramatic poems of all time. In pursuit of his craving for "vividness," Paul Fort wrote two long books in this form: *Louis IX* and *Paris Sentimental, ou le Roman de nos Vingt Ans.* Both are surprisingly dramatic.

In spite of his complete pre-occupation with this form, Paul Fort gave it no name. Remaining in ignorance of many of its possibilities, it may be that he hardly recognized it as an entity requiring a special nomenclature. While studying M. Fort's works, I was struck by the great value of the form for dramatic presentation. But at the very outset I met with a difficulty. Every form of art must have a base; to depart satisfactorily from a rhythm, it is first necessary to have it. M. Fort has found this basic rhythm in the alexandrine. But the rhythm of the alexandrine is not one of the basic rhythms to an English ear. Altered from syllables to accent, it becomes light, even frivolous, in texture. There appeared to be only one basic rhythm for English serious verse: iambic pentameter, which, either rhymed as in the "heroic couplet," or unrhymed, as in "blank verse," seems the chief foundation of English metre. It is so heavy and so marked, however, that it is a difficult metre to depart from and go back to; therefore I at once discarded it for my purposes.

Putting aside one rhythm of English prosody after another, I finally decided to base my form upon the long, flowing cadence of oratorical prose. A "polyphonic prose" poem seldom holds the prose cadence for long at a time, and for that very reason it makes an excellent base. I also found

that it was possible to get a greater effect with rhymes in close juxtaposition than was agreeable in the French language. These are only a few of the departures which the change of language made advisable. It will be seen, therefore, that in taking over the form invented by Saint-Pol-Roux and Paul Fort, I have had so to adapt and alter it as to make it practically a new form. I owe its very descriptive name to my friend, Mr. John Gould Fletcher, who has done some excellent work in this medium.

I have dwelt so long upon the forms of the new poetry because form is, or should be, the fitting and unique garment of thought. But no student of poetry should ever forget that poetry is chiefly vision, its words merely serving to wing it forth to other minds. In essentials, poetry is what it has been throughout the ages: a yearning of man to reach up above himself to a beauty he dimly apprehends. The terms of this beauty change with the ages, but the beauty itself is supreme, and unchanging.

AMY LOWELL.

SHELLEY AND CLAIRE CLAIRMONT

BY EDITH WYATT

To Percy Bysshe Shelley even from very early years woman appeared in the character of a prisoner of civilization. It was his lot to attempt to free her. His encounters with life on behalf of women and thus with women themselves filled, darkened and changed his entire existence. He was the tireless and struggling servant of their betterment. He was their fickle deserter. He was their noble brother and their ignoble victim and creature. The tale of a defenseless defender, his biography as seen in this light will leave few readers unmoved, from his courageous letter at twenty to Sir James Lawrence, the Knight of Malta, in which he reproaches society for the custom of prostitution, to the day when Trelawney had to bring the news of his death to the stricken women of his household at Casa Magni.

Harriet Grove, Elizabeth Shelley, Lady Shelley, Harriet Westbrook, Elizabeth Hitchener, Mary Godwin, Claire Clairmont, Emilia Viviani—all these were the objects of Shelley's struggles for the liberation of women.

Among the thousand and one tales of his life-long expedition as their counsellor and champion none expresses his nature more characteristically than the narrative we may gather from various sources of his friendship with Claire Clairmont, the step-sister of Mary Godwin.

Shelley must have met her first when she was about fourteen and he about twenty on a chance visit of his to the house of her step-father William Godwin. But even before then his experience as a liberator had been fairly wide.

At seventeen he had fallen in love with his cousin Harriet Grove: and was much concerned for her spiritual future. At nineteen we find him anxious and distressed about the educational opportunities and mental outlook of his beloved sister Elizabeth and of Lady Shelley, " A mother who is mild and

tolerant yet narrow-minded," the unfortunate boy exclaims to his friend Hogg, " How I ask *is she* to be rescued? "

He could not indeed rescue any of them. They cared nothing for liberal ideas: and he could rescue only his beautiful little friend Harriet Westbrook, who continued to receive him after he had been expelled from Oxford as an atheist. When her father opposed his visits and letters to her and she cast herself upon his protection, he took her away helplessly to Scotland and married her.

It is not the purpose of this commentary to detail the well-known events of Shelley's bitter history of the next few years, through his separation from Harriet, and his elopement with Mary Godwin, and poor Harriet's self-destruction a year and a half later after an entanglement of hers with some person unknown.

But now that the passage of time has enabled us to see plainly that Shelley was neither the infallibly praiseworthy knight of Dowden's scholarly history, nor the facile sensualist presented by his defamers, nor yet that merely quiet, unworldly and fanciful English gentleman described for us by his wife's devoted plausibility, we may find in this crucial passage of his life many elements rather unconsidered by these biographers.

The first of these elements is the extreme youth of all the persons of these unhappy episodes.

In the next place, Shelley's connection with Godwin's household was by no means exclusively formed of his passion for Mary Godwin. He was devoted to Godwin and all his wards. Indeed he had cause for his devotion to Godwin: and if, as Mr. Brailsford has pointed out, Shelley paid Godwin's debts, Godwin's *Political Justice* supplied Shelley with the entire social philosophy of most of his longer poems.

Godwin's household was composed of himself and his second wife, who had formerly been a Mrs. Clairmont, and five children. These were: Fanny Imlay, the daughter of Godwin's first wife, Mary Wollstonecraft, through her earlier irregular and tragic union with an American, Gilbert Imlay; Mary Godwin, the child of his own happy marriage with Mary Wollstonecraft; Charles and Claire Clairmont, the children of his second wife's first marriage; and William Godwin, the son of his second marriage.

Undoubtedly Shelley desired to rescue them all; and was fascinated by them, and fascinated by Godwin's house and its

atmosphere of liberal ideas, in spite of its shabbiness and its dreadful blight of poverty. Godwin was even then a broken man. The affairs of his publishing house were failing. Duns were pursuing him. He had already begun that cringing, that hypocritic subservience to the world, that makes one wish to avert one's eyes from the end of his career. But there must have been something to repay friendship in the man whose conversation Lamb and Hazlitt sought and loved to the end of his days.

The children were all lively and clever—almost uncannily precocious, and entering into adult life, tea-drinking, the society of their father's contemporaries, and the delightful practice of filling the boxes his friends gave him at the Drury Lane Theatre at ages which seem to us very tender.

Feb. 15, 1812. Had only time to get to Godwins where we dined [says Aaron Burr's diary]. In the evening, William, the only son of William Godwin, a lad of about nine years old, gave his weekly lecture; having heard how Coleridge lectured he would also lecture, and one of his sisters (Mary I think) writes a lecture which he reads from a little pulpit which they had erected for him. He went through it with great gravity and decorum. The subject was "The Influence of Government on the Character of a People." After the lecture we had tea and the girls danced and sang an hour, and I came home.

The most striking of these children was Claire, sixteen at the time of Shelley's first intimacy, though not his first visit in her stepfather's household. Professor Dowden says she was "A dark-haired, dark-eyed, olive-cheeked girl, quick to observe, to think, to feel; of brilliant talents; ardent, witty, wilful; a lover of music and poetry, and gifted with an exquisite voice for song."

Shelley's closer acquaintance with Godwin's family, including Mary, this life-long friend, began in the June of his twenty-third year. On the 28th of July he eloped to the Continent with Mary and Claire. Much surprise has been expressed that Claire was the companion of this proceeding; and also that Shelley soon wrote from aboard urging Harriet to join them. Those who have read his correspondence unaided by the interpretation of Mary or her partisans would, I believe, not have been astonished if the admiring youth had been accompanied by all four of his young friends, by Harriet and Fanny as well as by Mary and Claire. Never was a creature less single or more single-minded in his attachments.

Remote from the ideal of our convention in these matters as his instincts were, it seems undeniable that he honestly cared for them all: that it was no part of his intention to cut himself off from Harriet completely; and that even in his first passion for Mary he was somewhat dismayed by her eager claimancy, somewhat alarmed, as he well may have been, by their project of a Continental Tour, and her assertion that she was dying of love for him; and that at the hour of departure he clung to Claire in a kind of terror.

By inducing Claire to be their companion in an expedition which was to blacken in England the names of all those who shared in it, Shelley and Mary incurred a responsibility which Shelley felt keenly till the end of his life. Of all the women of his acquaintance Claire seems to have been the only one concerning whom at the outset he possessed no illusions. Her faults—her quick temper, her moodiness and sensitiveness to offense, were on her sleeve. She writes of them penitently in her journal at sixteen; and of Shelley's "explanations" with her; and "tells" us, as Dowden says, "how she hates her own bitterness and likes good, kind, explaining people."

After the return to England she seems to have gone back and forth between Godwin's establishment and Shelley's in the next year, incurring violent disapproval in her stepfather's house for her championship of Shelley and Mary, and pursued by the suspicion and disparagement of Mary who was at once dependent on her for society, willing to make use of her, and fearful of any kindness to her on Shelley's part.

"Pray, is Claire with you?" Mary writes on the anniversary of their elopement at a time when Shelley is away from her, hunting a house in Devon. "For I have inquired several times, and no letters; but, seriously, it would not in the least surprise me (if you have written to her from London, and let her know that you are without me) that she should have taken some such freak." Her letter continues with complaints of her headaches and her tears and "Dearest, best Shelley, pray come to me; pray, pray do not stay away from me!—I most earnestly and with tearful eyes beg that I may come to you, if you do not like to leave the searches after a house."

At this one asks "was Shelley in love with Claire Clairmont?" Everyone must believe what he will from the tes-

timony of the letters. It is my own conviction that he loved her dearly, faults and all; and that she loved him dearly, faults and all, too; that he was her faithful ally; that she taught him more than any other creature he ever knew; but that he was never in love with her, nor she with him.

The next winter seems to have found Claire in London. At this period Lord Byron, recently parted from his wife, was one of the patrons of the Drury Lane Theatre. Claire applied to him for an engagement, apparently in connection with her singing. She seems never to have appeared upon its stage. Her meeting with Byron resulted in the deepest of human intimacies. She was a girl of seventeen—poor and unknown. "But," says Dowden, "she had a beauty and a brilliance of her own: and why should a man of genius set bounds to his triumphs? To Claire the rapture was a blinding one—to know herself beloved of the most extraordinary genius, the highest singer, the most romantic and most famous person of the time."

In the spring, Byron formed a plan for meeting her abroad; but insisted that she was not to come unattended. She persuaded Shelley and Mary, both in complete ignorance of her affair with Byron, to go with her to Lake Geneva where Byron joined them. He and Shelley had been in correspondence before concerning *Queen Mab,* but they had not met till this occasion. Here in the environs of Geneva they spent the summer which has become celebrated in Letters, when Byron wrote the third canto of *Childe Harold,* and composed the *Prisoner of Chillon,* and Shelley wrote the lovely *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty,* and Mary Shelley planned *Frankenstein.*

At what period Shelley and Mary learned of the character of Byron's and Claire's attachment is not known. Allegra, the daughter of Claire, so christened in London when she was a year and a half old, was born in the following January at Bath, where Mary remained with Claire through this event. She was a beautiful, a fairy child; and from her birth and before it her mother loved her as deeply as a child can be loved.

"Before we parted at Geneva," she says in a letter of later days, "he [Byron] talked over our situation; he proposed to place the child when born in Mrs. Leigh's [his sister's] care. To this I objected on the ground that a child always wanted a parent's care at least till seven years old;

rather than that, I would keep the child with me, though of course, for the child, there were great objections to that. He yielded, and said it was best it should live with him; he promised, faithfully promised, never to give it until seven years of age into a stranger's care."

According to this agreement, in the spring of 1818 Claire and her baby with the Shelleys and their two little children, William and Clara, journeyed to Italy chiefly for the purpose of conducting Allegra to her father.

It is a singular circumstance that whatever his fascination, whatever his brilliancy, whatever his phenomenal distinction and fame, Byron inspired no lasting devotion in the mothers of either of his children. The adored of the world of women, one upon whose entrance on a street in Copet, a lady of some sixty-five years fainted away from mere sensibility, he maintained no ascendancy whatever either over Lady Byron or Claire Clairmont. Nothing is more curious or striking in the course of his intrigue with Claire than the fact that after its first ecstacy was over, she seems to have detested him. Long afterwards she wrote to a friend:

> I am unhappily the victim of a *happy passion*. I had one; like all things perfect of its kind, it was fleeting, and mine only lasted ten minutes, but these ten minutes have discomposed the rest of my life. The passion God knows for what cause, from no fault of mine, however, disappeared, leaving no trace whatever behind it except my heart wasted and ruined as if it had been scorched by a thousand lightnings.

Undoubtedly one cause of the disappearance of her passion for Byron was her continued friendship with a man who was spiritually his superior. Since the Geneva summer, her child had been born; Fanny Imlay had taken her own life; Harriet Shelley had drowned herself. Peacock tells us that Shelley never recovered from this shock. In the grief and pain Claire had seen in the households where she had lived, it is easy to understand how Byron's vainer grandeur, his appearance in thunder-storms in the Alps, and his world-fame might all have seemed less to Claire than that deep un-self-concern of Shelley's nature, upon which her sincere affection for him was founded.

It was Shelley who accompanied the little Allegra to her father in Venice. Byron had made the hard provision

that the separation between Claire and Allegra was to be final. As soon as Shelley heard this he besought Claire not to give up her little girl. But it was her belief that in this course she was acting for the best for the child's future.

"She was the only thing I had to love, the only object in the world I could call my very own," Claire wrote later of the Italian April day of her first separation from Allegra. "I will say nothing as to what the parting cost me; but I felt that I ought not for the sake of gratifying my own affection to deprive her of a brilliant position in life."

Byron contrived various more or less wise provisions for the little child in the jungle of his existence. In the following fall by the arrangement of Shelley she and Claire spent a happy two months together. Then after her return there were numerous distracting rumors from the Hoppners, the English consul and his wife—that Byron was to permit a lady who desired this, to adopt Allegra; and that she suffered from cold in Venice. In these circumstances Claire besought to have Allegra with her again in vain. Ill, frantic about Allegra, miserable in the Shelley household, where Mary quarreled constantly with her, she wrote angry and unwise letters to Byron, who answered her hatefully.

I wonder [Shelley replied to him] at your being provoked at what Claire writes, though that she should write what is provoking is very probable. You are conscious of performing your duty to Allegra, and your refusal to allow her to visit Claire at this distance you conceive to be part of that duty. That Claire should have wished to see her is natural. That her disappointment should vex her, and her vexation make her write absurdly is all in the usual order of things. But, poor thing, she is very unhappy, and in bad health, and she ought to be treated with as much indulgence as possible. The weak and the foolish are in this respect the kings—they can do no wrong.

And he urges, and it appears obtains, that tidings of Allegra's health be sent regularly to Claire at Pisa. She had here formed a warm friendship with a Lady Mountcashell, a bold and remarkable Irishwoman, beautiful, graceful and wise in many of the ways of the world. She had married the Earl of Mountcashell. She had long since left him. She had entered into an alliance which appears singular and rather creditable to social history. She lived an esteemed life devoted to her two daughters and apparently well-received in Pisa in a free union with a Mr. Tighe, a high-

minded and retiring gentleman, who impressed everyone who met him with the distinction of his manner, his love of letters and his understanding of character.

On this Meredithian lady's advice Claire left Mary's threshold. She became a governess in the household of Professor Botji, a Florentine gentleman. Here the winter turned to spring, and another winter and another spring throbbed away into the blue of Italian skies, while she still longed for Allegra.

Unfortunately, in the spring of 1821, feeling very reasonably that in her position the little girl would have a harder future while receiving an English education than she might on the continent, he placed her in a convent at Bagnacavallo near Ravenna. It was on high ground. He believed it to be healthful. The place was dreaded by Claire from the first. In the summer when Byron planned to go to Switzerland, leaving the little girl at Bagnacavallo without any supervision from outside, Shelley joined in her protests at his unwisdom: and paid him a visit at Ravenna to talk with him about Allegra's future.

I went the other day [he writes to Mary upon this occasion] to see Allegra at her convent, and stayed with her about three hours. . . . The traits have become more delicate and she is much paler, probably from the effect of improper food. She yet retains the beauty of her deep blue eyes and of her mouth, but she has a contemplative seriousness which, mixed with her excessive vivacity which has not yet deserted her, has a very peculiar effect in a child. . . . Her hair, scarcely darker than it was, is beautifully profuse, and hangs in large curls on her neck. She was prettily dressed in white muslin, and an apron of black silk with trousers. Her light and airy figure and graceful motions were a striking contrast to the other children here. She seemed a thing of a finer and higher order. At first she was very shy, but after a little caressing, and especially after I had given her a gold chain which I had bought at Ravenna for her, she grew more familiar, and led me all over the garden, and all over the convent, running and skipping so fast that I could hardly keep up with her. . . . before I went away she made me run all over the convent like a mad thing.

Who can help liking the Shelley who wrote this letter? Evidently Byron could not. He was so charmed by his guest that early in his visit he planned to follow him and to live near him at Pisa. There were gulfs of difference

between the two men. But it is curious to observe that their interest in each other's conversation is so strong, that almost nothing can separate them from each others' company.

"Lord Byron has here splendid apartments in the house of his mistress' husband," says Shelley, "who is one of the richest men in Italy. *She* is divorced with an allowance of 1,200 crowns a year. . . . Tita the Venetian is here, and operates as my valet; a fine fellow, with a prodigious black beard, and who has stabbed two or three people, and is one of the most goodnatured fellows I ever saw."

Lord Byron [he says to Peacock] has got rid of all those melancholy and degrading habits which he indulged at Venice. He lives with one woman, a lady of rank here, to whom he is attached and who is attached to him, and is in every respect an altered man. He has written three more cantos of *Don Juan*. I have yet only heard the fifth, and I think that every word of it is pregnant with immortality. . . . Lord Byron gets up at *two*. I get up, quite contrary to my usual custom, but one must sleep or die, like Southey's sea-snake in *Kehama*, at 12. After breakfast we sit talking till six. From six till eight we gallop through the pine forests which divide Ravenna from the sea; we then come home and dine and sit gossipping till six in the morning. . . . Lord B.'s establishment consists, besides servants, of ten horses, eight enormous dogs, three monkeys, five cats, an eagle, a crow and a falcon; and all these except the horse walk about the house, which every now and then resounds with their unarbitrated quarrels, as if they were the masters of it. . . . P. S. After I have sealed the letter, I find that my enumeration of the animals in this Circeaen palace was defective, and that in a material point. I have just met on the grand staircase five peacocks, two guinea-hens, and an Egyptian crane. I wonder who all these animals were, before they changed into these shapes.

But Shelley could leave all this interesting scene to play three hours with the child of his friend Claire; and to learn all the things about her that her mother longed to know. Politics, the future of radical thought in England, the poetry of *Don Juan*, his and his wife's and child's immediate purposes and their establishment in Italy could not crowd out of his soul his concern for the fortune of his beautiful little playmate. "Our first thought," he wrote to Mary, "ought to be Allegra; our second, our own plans."

On his return from Ravenna Shelley had achieved Byron's promise that he would on his departure for Pisa

leave Allegra at Bagnacavallo. But again Byron broke his word; and arrived at Pisa without her. In the meantime Claire at Florence had persuaded her friend in Pisa, Mr. Tighe, to make a journey to visit the convent. He returned with the gloomiest tidings. The convent was managed by nuns of a harsh order; the pupils were from the most poverty-stricken families who demanded nothing for their children. There was no fire at the convent through the winter. Typhus fever from the marshes of the Romagna ravaged the neighborhood, and had more than once crept into Bagnacavallo. Here was a heavy change from Shelley's summer story.

At Claire's urgency Shelley sought to have Allegra removed from the convent, attempting to work upon Byron's feeling by describing her anxiety to him—with the most unfortunate result. We may learn something of it from a friend of Claire's, a Miss Elizabeth Parker, then staying with Lady Mountcashell and present with her household at Casa Silva when Shelley described his interview.

"I never saw him in a passion before," said Miss Parker. "Last night, however, he was downright, positively angry. . . . Mr. Shelley declared to Lady Mountcashell that he could with pleasure have knocked Lord Byron down; for when he mentioned that you were half-distracted with alarm about the child's health, and also that you were yourself in very declining health, he saw a gleam of malicious satisfaction pass over Lord Byron's countenance. 'I saw his look,' Mr. Shelley said. 'I understood the meaning; I despised him, and I came away.' . . . . Afterwards he said, 'It is foolish of me to be angry with him; he can no more help being what he is than yonder door can help being a door.'"

I think it is only too plain that Byron knew well the character of Shelley's and Claire's long attachment to each other: and hated it far more than he could ever have hated any sensual intrigue. Claire's failure to be blighted by him, her relation with Shelley, and his unromantic, splendid and steadfast championship of her in her hardships were not only a criticism of Byron as a person they were a hopelessly damaging reflection on Byronism, on the whole mass of sex-illusion that floated the poorer part of his celebrity.

Claire was now beside herself at her inability to reach her little girl. She formed wild plans, frantic and vengeful

plans, it appears from her friends' replies and attempts to soothe her. She feared illness and neglect and above all typhus fever for the child.

Unable to secure Allegra's release, Shelley induced Claire to distract herself by coming in the April after Allegra's fifth birthday to himself and Mary at Pisa. Here she was persuaded to join the Shelleys' new-made friends, Captain Williams and his wife, on a journey to Spezia to hunt for houses. She had hardly gone when Shelley and Mary received word from Byron that Allegra was dead. She had died, as her mother feared, of typhus fever.

It was resolved that the hard news be concealed from Claire as long as possible. As soon as she returned with the Williams to Pisa, with the promise of one house at Spezia, Shelley hurried them all back again. Casa Magni, the establishment the searchers had found, was a white house with arches, as Dowden tells us, in a cove on the bay of Spezia. It had once been a Jesuit convent. "The hoary mountain slopes; the waters, violet and green of the tideless Mediterranean; the deep Southern sky, the fishers' black huts clinging below the little cliffs like swallows' nests; the lonely house almost amid the waves—made up a scene at once beautiful and strange." Here it was, in this house, in the wild beauty of this spot, that Shelley told Claire of her child's death.

We learn that after her first outburst of despair she was very calm. She acquiesced in Byron's wish that Allegra be buried in England. He sent a message saying to her that everything should be ordered at her behest at the child's funeral. But she was too stunned to avail herself of this. He had desired that Allegra's grave be at Harrow, in the church, as near as might be to an outlook over the open, beyond, where he himself had loved to sit in his own bitter childhood: and that this tablet be placed on the church-wall beside her.

In Memory of
Allegra
Daughter of G. G. Lord Byron,
Who Died at Bagnacavallo
In Italy, April 20th, 1822,
Aged five years and three months.
"I shall go to her, but she shall not return to me."
2nd Samuel xii, 23.

Strange are the ways of fortune. In Italy Byron's circle was dismayed by his unwisdom for Allegra. In England his tenderness for the child would seem even after her death to have been resented. He who had dumbly thwarted so many wishes on his daughter's behalf was to be in the same manner denied his desire of a gentle and dignified commemoration for her, in the hard ways of the England of that day: and the tablet and words of affection he designed for her were never placed on the church wall at Harrow. Moore tells us that on the day and night succeeding Allegra's death Byron nearly lost his reason from shock and grief.

One may hope that perhaps few women are subjected to such miseries as Claire Clairmont had known. In these Shelley had sustained her and had seen her in her noblest and best moods and her most violent and unlovely manifestations. She had remained dear to him: and obviously she would always have remained dear to him. There is something honorable to the generosity and staunchness of human nature in the circumstance.

If her fortunes were hard, the tale of her life is that of a woman of deeply attaching quality. In her most outlawed and poverty-stricken years of social disapproval for her one irregular alliance with Byron, men of standing repeatedly wished to marry her. Shelley remembered her with a double benefaction in his will. Her old pupils loved her. In Florence and in Paris, where she spent most of her career, she was long remembered after her death at eighty-one for her kindness and generosity.

More than those of any other group presented chiefly in personal letters that I can recall the characters of the Shelley correspondence stand out as though rendered for us by the hand of some master of fiction. They become so vivid to us that we look back on those care-free evenings of Aaron Burr's description, when little William read his lecture on "The Influence of Government on the Character of a People" and "the girls danced and sang an hour"—with that humbled sense of sudden tears and amusement one experiences in the quick poetry of some actual human memory. This vividness is chiefly because of the native expressiveness of the letter-writers. But it is partly for another reason. One at least of the tales we follow—that of the tragedy of Allegra and Claire is a great human story. It has the grand manner of the last simplicity. It has an elemental

appeal to the sympathies common to all mankind. Allegra is of those beautiful children of fable who are drowned in the waves of the passion of men and women. She haunts the imagination like the Princess in the Tower, like the slain children of Medea, and the far-off voice of young Itylus dead:

"Who has remembered me—who has forgotten?"

And in her mother's hopeless longing for her there is the tone of an emotion infinitely stirring, truly, deep as the sea.

As the helper by the wayside in Claire's and Allegra's journey through a base world, Shelley appears in the light of a distinction especially noble. Immemorially the world has driven Hagar and Ishmael into the desert. Shelley was, I think, the first brother of mankind to go forth with the grace of a natural sympathy as their fellow-traveler. Others have exhorted these outcasts. But he was better than their exhorter. He was their companion.

Trelawney tells us that when in the same year with Allegra's death Shelley's drowned body was found, and placed upon a pyre upon the coast at Massa, Byron could not face the scene. He withdrew to the beach and swam off to the *Bolivar,* his vessel, in which he had been searching for the victims of the lost *Ariel.* Leigh Hunt remained in his carriage. Only Trelawney waited through the final rites beside the ashes of the dead poet he had loved so well. "But what surprised us all," he says, "was that the heart remained entire."

It had held long, of course, the fatal waters of the ocean. But the circumstance may well serve us as a symbol. After a hundred years, as we read now the letters of the dead men and women who lived and loved and suffered in his presence, many a strange wind of doctrine, many a vanished fashion of thought and speech sings to us with beauty across their thrilling histories.

"They are lost and gone forever in their home beyond the sea—
They are lost and gone forever, far away—yes, far away—"

But the heart of Shelley has lived unconsumed in the ashes.

EDITH WYATT.

DRAMA AND MUSIC

Some Productions That Are More Than a Substitute for Dominoes. The Washington Square Players; Lord Dunsany and the Portmanteau Theatre; "The Master."

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

"I never pretended," said Browning, "to offer such literature as should be a substitute for a cigar or a game of dominoes to an idle man." That suggests one of the several ways in which Browning was different from the theatrical producers of New York. There are, as we write, thirty-three "attractions" (as they are technically and happily called in the profession) to be seen at the principal metropolitan theatres. The various qualities that make these "attractions" attractive can, in most cases, be summed up in the prescription that Browning did not pretend to fill. That is as it should be. An attraction that does not attract is, from the point of view of a producer, as absurd and pathetic as a fiddle without strings, as anomalous as a hunchbacked Apollo. A Mediterranean of ink has flowed from a singular belief held by those who love the theatre for its power of aesthetic and intellectual satisfaction. This belief is that artistic worthiness should have something to do with the choice of a play before it is undertaken by our Captains of the Stage. But that is the fantasy of a dreamer, dreamed for an ideal world: a world where vision is the mould of fact; where politicians are divinely humorous, and sentimentalists are shot at sight; where poets strive as earnestly as Mr. Carnegie to shed their wealth before death; where Art and Profits, Nature and Morality, are no longer at sword's points, because they are recognized as mutually complementary; and where God has been rescued alike from the churches, from the Rev. Billy Sunday, and from Mr. George Moore.

An incredible world that would be, indeed; but no more

incredible than a condition of the theatre in which a producer could be expected to ask of a play: "Is it good?" rather than: "Will it draw?" Because, alas, the fact that it is good is discouraging to the expectation that it will draw—an ancient truth, but one to which lovers of the theatre (lovers, indeed, of any art) are as yet far from being reconciled. "You argue," said Mr. Howells a long time ago, "that because a thing is good it ought to be liked: but a good thing can be liked only by those who are good enough to like it." One remembers that "lady from Ohio" who, as Matthew Arnold relates in his essay on Milton, observed to him cheerily that it was pleasant to her to think that excellence is general and abundant. But it isn't, reflected Arnold, remembering the Greek poet who said that excellence dwells among rocks hardly accessible, and that a man must almost wear his heart out before finding it. And when it is found, and exhibited, and indicated, how many will respond to it? "Only those who are good enough to like it": and there we are, merely completing a circle. When an excellent thing is liked in the theatre, or in the opera house, or in the concert room, or between the covers of a book, it is usually because there is present some other and grosser quality to palliate its excellence and make it tolerable: perhaps an exceptional opportunity for the actor or for the singer; or the persuasion of a great reputation or the stimulus of a vogue; or sensuous ravishment; or the accident of timeliness. The most imaginative dramatist in Europe has "drawn" in America only when he has contrived to be amiably consolatory. The most perfect opera composed since Wagner's death has vanished from the stage. The rarest music that is being written today is signed by a name that, if featured on a concert programme, would not attract enough auditors to the hall to pay a week's wages to the scrubwoman who cleans the floors. The only music-maker of genius America ever had was compelled to exhaust his heart and brain teaching mediocrities to trouble innocent pianos. The loveliest affirmation in Shelley, and the most beautiful line in the most beautiful tragedy of Shakespeare, are so little esteemed and so little familiar that they are not in Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*—doubtless because they are available neither for orators nor for copy-books, neither quotably moralistic nor platitudinously sentimental, but merely of a sorrowful and exalted beauty, a consummate poetry.

Is it at all wonderful, then, that of the thirty-three "attractions" at present (as we write) observable in the theatres of New York, only six offer anything more than a substitute for a cigar or a game of dominoes to an idle man? We rejoice that there are six rather than none at all. That these worthier attractions are maintaining their attractiveness is due, in some measure, to the operation of those palliatives for mere artistic virtue concerning which we spoke a while ago. Without the prodigious reputation of Mr. Bernard Shaw: without the vogue of the Washington Square Players, which draws to the Comedy Theatre persons who would ordinarily shun these performances as a New England spinster shuns a bar-room: we fear that *Getting Married,* and *Great Catherine* (with which Miss Gertrude Kingston has prospered at the remote little Neighborhood Playhouse), and the Japanese tragedy *Bushido,* would have fared less well than they have. As for *Pierrot the Prodigal,* we wonder if, without the exceptionally engaging address to the eye which Mr. Winthrop Ames has contrived for it through costuming and setting, the little pantomime would have met any happier fortune than it did during its previous career in America? It is too early yet to say whether Mr. Stuart Walker's enterprise in mobilization, the Portmanteau Theatre, will flourish here, or whether Mr. Arnold Daly's new vehicle, *The Master,* will hold; but it will hardly be disputed, by those who are susceptible to plays of finer grain and richer intellectual content than the theatre ordinarily yields, that nothing more compensatory has been seen in New York this season than Lord Dunsany's *Gods of the Mountain,* at the Portmanteau, and Mr. Daly's exhibition of the ironic tragedy of Hermann Bahr at the Fulton.

There is nothing at present on view in our theatres more remote from the lure of dominoes and cigars than these two plays, unless it be that deeply touching and austerely noble version of the Japanese classic, *Bushido,* so unforgettably published by the Washington Square Players in their bill at the Comedy Theatre, with its haunting personation of the devoted Masuo by that accomplished player, Mr. José Ruben. This superb presentment of a masterpiece of drama atones for the profitless trivialities and futilities into which the Washingtonians appear to be declining: it atones for the *canaille* humors of *Another Way Out* and *Al-*

truism, and for the meagreness and aridity of *Trifles.* Things such as these are feeble or fatuous gestures, a wasting of energy. We had supposed that the ambition of the Washington Square Players was to provide a rarer brew of comedy, a larger draught of reality, a richer infusion of poetry and intelligence, a steadier and more honest envisagement of life, a finer imaginative recompense, than the conventional theatre of commerce is willing or able to afford. But—always excepting *Bushido*—you must now go elsewhere than to the Comedy Theatre for the exhibition of many of these things.

The Gods of the Mountain yields some of them. Here is an authentic triumph of the dramatic imagination, rather badly done at the Portmanteau. We have been solemnly assured that Lord Dunsany wears the mantle of the early Maeterlinck—which is unintelligent. No one wears that mantle; and no one is likely to. Lord Dunsany is a striking and engrossing figure in the contemporary theatre; but he is no more like "the early Maeterlinck" than Anatole France is like John Keats. He is an acrid and fantastical and incurable humorist, a subtly ferocious ironist: and the early Maeterlinck was never that. He has little spiritual vision; he has no tenderness; he is as devoid of passion as an expert accountant: and Maeterlinck is incorrigibly a visionary, a slave to tenderness, a man of passion. Dunsany is himself. There is no one just like him—no one displaying just his blend of bitterness and beauty, humor and poetry: his extraordinary command of mystery and terror, his magnificent sense of drama.

The essential Dunsany is present in *The Gods of the Mountain,* as he is in that wonderful last page and a half of *The Glittering Gate* (so admirably done at the Neighborhood Playhouse two years ago). But the greater play is within an ace of being spoiled in the performance by the Portmanteau, because, chiefly, of the defective imagination with which the tremendous finale—the entrance of the seven monstrous Green Things—is conceived and wrought out. This scene of grotesque and appalling awfulness, which should chill the heart, which counts for nothing if it does not provoke horripilation, falls flat in Mr. Stuart Walker's bald and unresourceful rendering. Mr. Walker should devote less time to the fatuous incidental ritual of his performances (the prologue by the Veiled Lady and the singularly pointless dia-

logue of question and answer between the jester on the fore-stage and the interlocutor in the audience), and more to pondering the just dramatic realization of his material. He could learn from the sensitive and communicative delivery of another (though inferior) piece of Dunsany's by the company now at Maxine Elliott's Theatre: *The Queen's Enemies,* wherein much is achieved with simplicity.

At the Fulton Theatre one may see not only a play of weight and distinction, but a rendering proportionately effective. We do not know the original version of *The Master* as conceived by Hermann Bahr, the Austrian author of *The Concert* (in which Mr. Leo Ditrichstein disported himself so inimitably a few years ago at the Belasco). But in the Americanized version which serves Mr. Arnold Daly for his performance at the Fulton, we discern a play so starkly and impatiently veracious, so honorable in its intellectual candor, and so closely and faithfully modelled upon a human world of three dimensions, that we shall be as surprised, perhaps, as the ill-starred and admirable Mr Daly himself if it is still running when these words are published. This play has been boldly and, as it seems, unnecessarily domesticated by Mr. Benjamin F. Glaezer: why was Mr. Daly not intrepid enough to give us merely a translation of the original? But its spiritual and emotional substance have not, apparently, been much impaired—at least, enough remains to constitute a remarkable and moving play, a play of memorable honesty, of scrupulous intellectual constancy.

It is a play for lucid and serene intelligences: for those who face the eternal mêlée without wearing either gas-masks or rose-hued *pince-nez.* It is the tragedy of our old friend, the Nietzschean Strong Man, the unconquerable egoist, undone by the implications of his own philosophy. Arthur Wessley, the slave of pure reason, reflects upon the disaster that engulfed him. "See," says he to his assistant, the little Japanese doctor—an admirably drawn figure, superlatively played by Edward Abeles: "See! A man determines to solve each problem of his life by reason alone. His wife betrays him. And instead of killing her, or divorcing her, or killing himself, he forgives her. What happens? He is laughed at. Well, he expected that. Honorable people despise him. Well, he might have expected that, too. Then school-boys, who have read their Plutarch without understanding it, come to him and honor him as their leader. He

could even bear that. Next, his wife, for whom he has done all this, reproaches him, leaves him in hate and goes to her lover. Even that is not so terrible. . . . But when the two people who are of use to him—of bodily use, so to speak, are ashamed of him because he is not heart-broken . . . the last straw is reached. That is too much. . . . People can laugh now. . . . Who has pity for the strong? . . . Perhaps it is a tragic mistake not to be a puppet.

"Tomorrow . . . tomorrow I shall have myself in hand again."

A penetrating and astringent play this is, grave and wise, affecting and sincere, in which Mr. Daly functions with skill and power. He has made a happy "find," and so has the theatre in New York, whether it is aware of the fact or not.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

A WOMAN is like a gilded pill; she is like a melon; like a sovereign; like a sweet poison; like conjurers' tricks; like new plays; like a pot of oil; like a fortified town; like a bunch of grapes; like a thermometer; like a German clock; like a curst dog; like a fountain troubled; like a rose; like a polar needle; and like a flea. If it matters who said so, well, Balzac said so, and Congreve, and George Eliot, and Eugene Field, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Victor Hugo, and John Webster, and others—including, of course, the immortal Anon. And what is it like to be nervous? "Nervous as a watch," said the late F. Marion Crawford. "Nervous as a *mouse*," said Bernard Shaw. "Nervous as a *witch*," said the irrepressible Anon. To our taste, the choice lies between Shaw and Anon. But if you do not agree, you may examine for yourself the various similes recorded in the most absorbing book that we have encountered for a good many months—Mr. Frank J. Wilstach's unprecedented and delightful *Dictionary of Similes*.

This book, we said, is unprecedented. We have Mr. Wilstach's authority for the fact (and so far as our own fallible observation is concerned, he is incontrovertibly right) that this is the first attempt to make a comprehensive collection of similes from English and other languages. A gigantic, a staggering, undertaking, it would seem; yet here is its tangible and triumphant issue, in the form of a volume of almost 500 pages, with a twenty-seven-page index of authors ranging, in delectable catholicity, from George Ade to

[1] *A Dictionary of Similes*, by Frank J. Wilstach. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company, 1916.

Zoroaster, with pluckings along the way from such hilariously diverse sources as Aeschylus and Henry Ward Beecher, Max Beerbohm and the Bible, Josh Billings and Rupert Brooke, James Huneker and Adelaide E. Proctor, Artemus Ward and Byron, D'Annunzio and Chauncey M. Depew, Buddha and *Punch,* Euripides and Wallace Irwin, Henry James and Abraham Lincoln, Irvin Cobb and Dante, the Arabian Nights and the *New York Times,* Shelley and Agnes Repplier, Walter Pater and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Martin Tupper and Arthur Symons, the Upanishads and George Washington, Carolyn and H. G. Wells, W. B. Yeats and Yankee Doodle and the Women's Petition against Coffee, Shakespeare and Simon Suggs, Sappho and Hamilton W. Mabie, Molière and Petrarch and George Herbert Sass—truly a carnival of eclecticism!

How, one cannot help wondering, did Mr. Wilstach contrive to read all these perpetrators of similes in a lifetime that is as yet, we believe, a long way from the Scriptural terminus? Did he begin at the age of three to devour Simon Suggs and the sermons of Henry Ward Beecher, hunting similes as greedily as—as—(here we consulted Mr. Wilstach's Dictionary in search of a simile for "greedy," but as we did not like Balzac's or John Skelton's or Leonard Wright's or the Scottish Proverb's or Anon's, we shall invent our own): as greedily as a puritan hunting vice? Did Mr. Wilstach breakfast upon the Women's Petition Against Coffee, lunch upon Chauncey M. Depew, dine upon Shakespeare, sup upon Mr. George Herbert Sass, and go to bed with the Works of Ella Wheeler Wilcox under his pillow? And how, one may wonder, did he chance to set out upon this prodigious quest?

It happened in this way: On a certain fine Spring day—not, you are amazed to learn, in the early 'seventies, but in 1894—Mr. Wilstach, marooned in Boston, was reading in the morning papers about some incident at the State House, and noticed that all the papers described the news as "spreading like wildfire." He asked a journalistic acquaintance if there was no substitute for "spread like wildfire," and was assured by the journalist that "he had never heard of news spreading in any other way." Perturbed by this evidence of figurative exiguity, Mr. Wilstach hurried to a bookstore and demanded a "dictionary of similes"—in vain: such a book had never been published. His own

Dictionary is the result of his subsequent effort to supply this deficiency. From that day Mr. Wilstach began to copy into a large blank-book the similes in every book he read. Later, he systematized his research, and, beginning with the Upanishads, he worked through the literature of the centuries down to Irvin Cobb. He abode in libraries, and was never seen without a book under his arm. He consorted with poets and clergymen, fictionists and essayists, parodists and seers, critics and *vers librists,* historians and journalists, biologists and punsters and prophets and economists, best-sellers and jurists, founders of religions and of empires, Presidents, epoists, courtesans and saints.

Certain conclusions have taken shape in his mind as a result of this prodigious infatuation, and he gives us some diverting generalizations. Thus he has found that Homer and Virgil drew their similes largely from Nature; that new inventions had their effect upon the anxious quester of similes—as in Byron's reference to a gas-lit theatre in *Don Juan,* as in Holmes' use of the adding-machine as a comparison for certainty, as in a contemporaneous instance: "Sly as a submarine." He has noticed that poets have ever been upon familiar terms with the solar system—with the moon, of course, as favorite; that the ocean, the brook, flowers, birds (eagles preferred) have for centuries seduced the fancy of similizers. The moon, it appears, has lately—as Mark Twain said about acrobats who have lost their legs—"ceased to draw," while the eagle remains as popular as a munition stock before the Peace talk. In the use of similes, says Mr. Wilstach, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Shelley, and Swinburne were the most profuse—Swinburne leading. The most economical poetic similizer was Whitman: yet Whitman, in his apostrophe to the sea, achieved one of the mightiest similes in the language: one which Mr. Wilstach would do well to include in a future edition of his book, sacrificing, perhaps, to make room for it, an example from Opie Read or N. P. Willis or Lydia Sigourney or Ouida —who is represented eighty-eight times.

Certain considerations flow out of one's intercourse with Mr. Wilstach's ineluctable pages. One perceives, for example, to how slight a degree imaginative prose need depend upon simile. In Mr. Wilstach's collection, Henry James is represented by only nine examples, Maeterlinck by five, Defoe by four, Pater and Newman by three apiece, Plato, Sir

Thomas Browne, and George Moore by two each. To be sure, some of these apportionments are a little surprising. In the case of Henry James, for example, one suspects that Mr. Wilstach lacked persistence, for Henry James luxuriates in figurative speech, and he achieved miracles in its use—he is, indeed, one of the most imaginative and felicitous imagists in literature. Mr. Wilstach's deepest and richest mine—and the great exception to the generalization we made above—is, of course, George Meredith, whose only superior in respect of profusion and eloquence of imagery was "the starre of poets"; and Meredith's similes, though for sheer beauty they cannot match Shakespeare's, are, on the whole, more vivid and more daringly imaginative. There are one hundred and twenty-six items in Mr. Wilstach's Meredithian list. Many of them are representative; but we were sorry not to find among them certain superlative examples.

Obviously, as the compiler remarks in his preface, his garnering is of necessity incomplete; and we can think of no one who might have accomplished this gargantuan adventure more satisfactorily than Mr. Wilstach: for he has shown liberality, fine taste, and an admirable susceptibility to contemporary excellence. It is pleasant to find here that quite matchless inspiration of Mr. Irvin Cobb's: "No more privacy than a goldfish;" the simply achieved beauty of Mr. Franklin P. Adams' "Sad as the sunless sea" gratifies us more than Swinburne's rhetorical "Sad as doom;" and there are few things so destructively ironic in the entire book as this of Mr. Simeon Strunsky's: "Christianity is like the neutrality of Belgium, which is guaranteed by all nations and inviolate in times of peace, but which must not be allowed to stand in the way of the interests of a people or the road to great things." But while we celebrate Mr. Wilstach's unfettered and courageous taste, we find ourselves quarrelling frequently with his particular elections. Why, for instance, among the four examples under "Caress," did he include De Maupassant's banal "Caressing as a kiss," and ignore that marvellous picture of a threatened and dreaded caress from *The Egoist*—one of the superb triumphs of graphic imagery in the language? Here it is, for his second edition:

"I am not cold," said Clara; "someone, I suppose, was walking on my grave." *The gulf of a caress hove in view like an enormous billow hollowing under the curled ridge. She stooped to a buttercup; the monster swept by.*

And, under "Walk," could he not have spared that contribution by the usually admirable Anon, "Walked like a chicken with frozen toes" (which, to be sure, has its points), to make room for what we shall hold to be, until corrected, the loveliest simile for this verb in English?

> She walked not like one blown against, resembling rather the day of the South-West driving the clouds.

That, too, is from *The Egoist,* and we think it is not only lovelier, but more graphic, than the famous and stilted lines that Mr. Wilstach has chosen from Byron's *Hebrew Melodies.* We recognize that it is the obvious thing for a reviewer to dig for omissions in a work of this character—it is the easy critical approach to it. But we are not idly intent upon exhibiting unavoidable deficiencies in Mr. Wilstach's book. These missing similes whose absence we have deplored are among the outstanding ones in our literature—the "caress" simile from *The Egoist* is incomparable for originality and imaginative wit; and it is a pity that this *Dictionary of Similes,* which will soon be a standard work of reference, does not contain it. You would as soon expect not to find the Gettysburg Address in an anthology of orations, or not to find "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting" in Bartlett.

But the Dictionary is much more remarkable for what Mr. Wilstach has put in it than for what he has left out. Especially is it remarkable for its open-mindedness to modern achievement. Mr. Wilstach has not, like many compilers, been afraid of modernity. His book is indeed flagrantly, egregiously, contemporaneous; and, time and again, the moderns come off surprisingly well, even in direct competition with the classic masters. We prefer Francis Thompson's "Old as hope" to Shakespeare's "Old as Sibylla"; we like Henry James' "Calm as if she were always sitting for her portrait" better than Browning's "Calm as a babe new-born" (was not Browning here defective in closeness of observation?); and we rank James Huneker's "Dangerous as hammering dynamite" above Hugo's "Dangerous as the foamy race of ocean surges" (yet how superb is Hugo's "Nameless as God"!).

There are curiosities by the way in this endlessly diverting book—as the five columns of similes for the adjective "pale" and the nine columns for "white," as against the complete absence of any simile at all for the sun, for sunset,

or for sunrise: which means that we do not get Kipling's magnificent image, nor that figure of marvellous and pathetic beauty out of Rossetti, which we love to quote because it is never quoted by anyone else:

> The sunrise blooms and withers on the hill
> Like any hill-flower; and the noblest troth
> Dies here to dust. . . .

There is, as an even greater curiosity, the fact that almost the least expressive of these hoarded similes was written by one of the most eloquent poets of our time. It is this simile for Poetry: "Poetry is to philosophy what the Sabbath is to the rest of the week." That was written by William Butler Yeats.

Richly pleasurable as it is, we do not perceive the utility of Mr. Wilstach's collection as an aid to writers, save for those who would willingly deal in the second-hand. For congressmen, political orators, very minor poets, third-rate editorial writers, fourth-rate clergymen, authors of best-sellers, Chautauqua moralists—for all those who have a fatalistic conception of style—this book will be manna. But for self-respecting writers, it will be useful chiefly as a deterrent. The writer who would filch from Mr. Wilstach's hoard is the writer who would formerly have used, with an inward glow of discovery, such depreciated currency as "Proud as a peacock," "Busy as a bee," "Cold as ice." For such, Mr. Le Gallienne's "Proud as a young bull," Rex Beach's "Busy as a cross-eyed boy at a three-ring circus," and Maeterlinck's "Cold as an earth worm," will be as jewels in an ash-heap. For others, Mr. Wilstach's book will be treasurable chiefly as what the anthologists call a "private luxury"—for solace and intellectual revelry: not for use. A simile should be as virginal as a new tooth-brush, as self-sprung as a beard, as personally selected as a sweetheart. The writer who would knowingly borrow a simile would borrow a wife.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE WRACK OF THE STORM. By Maurice Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1916.

The mysticism of Maurice Maeterlinck has never appeared to be of the robust kind which of itself gives force and fiber to character or clarity to thought. Nevertheless, M. Maeterlinck has proved himself to be possessed of an intensely human genius. He has shown poetic insight which, though somewhat uncertain in its operation, is true insight; he has revealed emotional if not intellectual penetration; he has dealt subtly and with the things that are unseen, and has given these an imagined reality which they did not before possess. Though a certain quality—childlike, or childish—in such plays as *Princess Maleine* half justified the savage and dogmatic criticisms of Nordau, other works bear marks of genius so indisputable that such criticism is silenced amid general applause.

Yet the mysticism of Maurice Maeterlinck has been retrospective, gently speculative, consoling, rather than robust and forward-looking. Who can say whether the cold shiver that mingles with the humanity and fun of *The Bluebird* is strengthening or weakening; whether the breeze from the unseen that blows through the warmly emotional scenes of the play is stimulating or terrifying?

Now, in *The Wrack of the Storm,* M. Maeterlinck appears as the spokesman of his noble and terribly stricken country. His attitude is altogether dignified. His keen sense of Belgium's tragic fate, his cultivated sense of justice, the conception which his artistic consciousness and his patriot's soul enable him to form of the full stature of Belgian heroism—all these qualities of mind and character fit him to be the encomiast of Belgium, her funeral orator, the prophet of her resurrection. No one who has written about this phase of the war has given more reality to the intangible elements of human nobility, to the greatness of soul that did not flinch from the prospect of utter annihilation, that for the sake of bare honor nerved the men of Belgium to enter a struggle beside which Norse imaginings of the twilight of the gods grow pale. And all this is done with admirable restraint, with direct appeal to the moral sense and to the sense of beauty that rule the human heart.

And yet in one respect, M. Maeterlinck's philosophy seems not to have withstood the enormous strain to which it has been subjected.

Optimism, indeed, asserts itself in the author's eloquent formulation of the thought which stands out so clearly amid the horrors of the struggle—the thought that humanity as a whole has revealed a greater capacity for self-sacrifice than any prophet would have dared to attribute to it. But there is one passage which does more to dampen one's spirits than the whole book does to cheer one: "Let there come a thousand years of civilization, a thousand years of peace, with all possible refinements of art and education, the sub-conscious element of the German spirit . . . will remain absolutely the same as today, and would declare itself, when the opportunity came, under the same aspect, with the same infamy." Undying hatred! Has a more pessimistic sentence ever been penned?

Creative Involution. By Cora Lenore Williams. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1916.

"Individuals," writes Bergson in *Creative Evolution*, "join together in a society; but the society, as soon as formed, tends to melt the associated individuals into a new organism, so as to become itself an individual, able in its turn to be part and parcel of a new association. And it is this that we express when we say that unity and multiplicity are categories of inert matter, that the vital impetus is neither pure unity nor pure multiplicity, and that if the matter to which it communicates itself is to choose one of the two, its choice will never be definitive: it will leap from one to the other indefinitely. The evolution of life in the double direction of individuality and association has therefore nothing accidental about it: it is due to the very nature of life."

This "double direction" of evolution, this conflict or alternation between individuality and association, between the centrifugal and the centripetal tendency, between evolution and *involution*, has long been more or less fully recognized. But popular thought, as well as the thought of scientists and philosophers, has been chiefly influenced by evolution in the narrower sense—by the principles of differentiation and selection. So interesting and so impressive is the idea that social groups, when formed, are subject to the law of evolution, that one is prone to lose sight of the fact that the formation of the group is itself the exemplification of a tendency or "law." When both tendencies are reckoned into the problem, when the balance of thought is restored by stressing the involutionary process as it deserves, shall we not obtain a deeper insight into life and reality than we have hitherto possessed? Interesting answers to this question are suggested in the book *Creative Involution* by Cora Lenore Williams, the reading of which will prove a stimulating experience.

Miss Williams's book is luminous, if not altogether illuminating: it is one of the relatively bright spots in the general pitch darkness

of the metaphysical heavens. The nucleus of this constellation of ideas consists of two points of light—one a star possibly of the first magnitude, the other dimmer and more mysterious. The first and brighter of the two is the idea of involution as expounded by Bergson; the second and dimmer is the conception of the "fourth dimension." Grouped around these two and held in place by a certain intellectual attraction are various thoughts which twinkle with a more familiar radiance.

Practically, in determining the significance of this system of Miss Williams's—as of any other system—one must find answers to two questions. First, how does the new order of ideas affect one's conception of conduct? Secondly, what new light, if any, does it shed upon the ultimate nature of reality!

As regards conduct, the original simon-pure evolution has never proved a satisfactory guide. It can explain after a fashion the genesis of ethical ideas; it can supply explanations of past phenomena and justifications of past deeds; it can even aid us in making forecasts in regard to human behavior. But it does not point out a way of life. It is in essence fatalistic. To speak of obeying the law of evolution in the sense in which we speak of obeying the moral law, is as absurd as to speak of obeying the law of gravitation —one obeys willy-nilly. Again, the logical outcome of evolution as applied to individuals is the Nietzschean superman—a monstrous and tormenting conception.

Does involution give us a broader and deeper foundation for ethics? A broader, perhaps, but not a deeper. Some middle term, some means of mediating between the two opposed tendencies must be found, if conduct is to be referred to both. For it is more difficult to co-operate with two tendencies than with one; and if judged by common moral standards the superman is bad, the superstate, it appears, may be worse.

The doctrine of involution, then, seems to leave moral values about as they were. This, in fact, Miss Williams herself practically admits when she declares her belief that the definite principle of life in social systems is the moral law. Thus involution is not itself a moral law: it is rather, in the author's view, a semi-religious or philosophical principle—a means of justifying the ways of God to man.

Viewed in this light, the principle is suggestive. But there are two dangers which need to be avoided by the involutionist as well as by the evolutionist. The first is the danger of mistaking an observed law for its desired fulfilment; the second is that of erroneously identifying an observed tendency with a moral principle. Against neither of these errors has Miss Williams sufficiently guarded the expression of her ideas. No doubt she is right in regarding the present war as a necessary stage in the evolution, or *involution*, of human society; but when she writes that "because the time is

now ripe for the manifestation of these super-personal entities which we call nations is proof conclusive that the mission of the Galilean has been accomplished," one feels that the end has been momentarily confused with the means. And when she declares that "the one virtue left to us as individuals in view of the biological chasm yawning at our feet is loyalty—'our country, right or wrong'"—she seems to identify loyalty to a group or to a community with God.

It remains to inquire in what relation to all this stands the author's thought about the fourth dimension. The relation is none too clear. About all that can be said is that mathematical speculations upon this difficult and fascinating theme always tantalize one with half glimpses of possible modes of progress that seem to our space-bounded vision not to be progress at all, with possibilities of an actual order of things involving wider relations than any that we know. But it is never possible to be sure that these suggestions are anything more than mathematical imaginings, than figures of speech.

As might be expected the tentative attempt to build a metaphysic upon involution and the fourth dimension remains a tentative attempt—leaving the reader with bright suggestions of a new heaven and a new earth and with a detritus of more or less familiar ideas not wholly worked into the new system, but only gathered more or less closely around it. One wishes, then, that the author had given her book more definitely the form of a critique rather than that of a series of aphorisms and inspirations; that she had more plainly delimited her thesis and had taken more pains to "distinguish away" false or misleading interpretations of her leading ideas.

But the book is stimulating. A larger life—a life not bounded by death or desolation—involution and even the fourth dimension may be guiding stars leading toward that. Perhaps they are nearer the center of the system than poetry or art or other forms of thought which try to formulate what lies beyond our immediate grasp. Of so much the author may perhaps convince her readers.

French Perspectives. By Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1916.

In these distracted days it is a relief to come upon a book about human nature—and particularly about human nature in one of the countries now at war—that is in tone and thought entirely undistracted; that reveals no doubt as to the reality and permanent value of good morals, good taste, good manners; that manifests faith in human intelligence and a delight (which this faith makes possible) in variations of individual or national character. Such a book is *French Perspectives*. It is not a war book; it is not a book that pretends to great wisdom in the matter of sociological observation or literary criticism. But it is a book in which personal impressions

that have been thought out with uncommon thoroughness are presented with rare charm.

At the very outset the reader can hardly fail to be struck by two salient features of these essays about French life. The first is their admirable form and structure; the second is their reality.

The two effects blend; for literary structure is largely a matter of achieving that refined proportion which best conveys truth, and literary method is largely a matter of conscience in the use of imagination. The essays in *French Perspectives* are so constructed that each is a genuine and not merely an artificial whole—each is a perspective or vista leading into the heart of French life. By the use of an imagination that works effectively in the story-form, the author has given to the chapters of her book a liveliness and warmth of atmosphere that it would be impossible to gain through journalistic jottings or through detached anecdotes. But it is evident that every impression has been fully matured and that the final effect that each word of description will have upon the reader has been studied with an eye single to truth. From the ribbon that hung straight down from the shiny patent-leather hat of the child Bette when first she dawned upon the author's sight in " that *triste* place " the Sanitarium, to the confident philosophy unconsciously expressed in the manner of those exiled musicians, " the Merciers in Topsbridge," all seems simple, genuine, devoid of the least touch of literary exaggeration or special pleading.

The chapters of the book make us intimately—but not too intimately—acquainted with the patients in a somewhat extraordinary sanitarium,—a kind of play-sanitarium with a very earnest theory behind it; they introduce us in the same way to the members of a very agreeable bourgeois family, to an idealistic milliner, to women workers of many sorts, who live on little or nothing and love their trades, to a visionary reformer, to Charloun, a much-loved peasant poet of Provence, to an amiable *curé*, to several modern French poets, to many other striking individuals or groups. The reader has met many of these persons before, in fiction or in travel books; now he seems to meet them in real life, and yet in a manner which permits them to retain all their attraction as persons in a story. The actors step from the stage, and one discovers that they are interesting men and women, not devoid of the charm which their acting portrayed. The book, thus, instead of deliberately disillusioning one, subtly corrects one's crude general impressions, at the same time giving them a greater reality. And beneath all the varieties of life depicted, one feels an unmistakably real entity, which is France.

PENCRAFT: A PLEA FOR THE OLDER WAYS. By WILLIAM WATSON. New York: John Lane Company, 1916.

Quite apart from the fact that William Watson's little essay upon " Pencraft " is in itself, if not " literature," a choice and

fine exemplification of the art which the novel term describes, it is true that the author by merely launching this term, with its needful expository sails and tackle, upon the sea of literary discussion has done a real service to criticism. For the term formulates an idea that has been latent in the minds of most of those who, as writers or as readers, love the art of writing, regarding it as a noble art with certain high and exclusive claims—claims and correspondent duties belonging to the art rather than to the particular genius or message of the artist. And this idea is simply that in very truth there exists a manner of writing that may rightfully, and without shame or apology, be entitled literary. The practise of this manner of writing is "pencraft." Broadly, it is distinguished from the art of putting words together so that they may be sung or chanted—almost a lost art, this—and from the art of putting words together in such a manner that they may be effectively spoken—a much neglected art, but a true one. More narrowly, it is distinguished from the science of rhetoric in that it is not a science but an art or craft, depending consequently upon traditions, upon an instinct common to men of letters, upon that mood of abstraction and of superintense concentration which the scriptive artist shares with other artists.

The rules upon the observance of which the successful practise of pencraft is contingent are coy to formulation; yet pencraft is not the same thing as genius or as facile self-expression. It is something that, like other crafts, may be learned; yet not through rules or through servile imitation, but only through initiation and through devoted service. There is, then, a true scriptive art; and the writer, simply because his materials happen to be facts, things, lives, definite ideas, should not blush to call himself a "literary man" nor yearn to be known simply as a man of parts who writes. Literature has as good a right to maintain the mysteries of its craft and the honor of its guild as have those arts of vaguer subject-matter, music and painting.

If any one doubts that this idea, so simple and yet so unobvious, can be fruitful, let him turn to the criticisms of poetry which Mr. Watson offers in the volume under consideration—especially to the estimates of Pope and Blake. It is not as contrasted geniuses that the author views these two writers, nor as contrasted men of letters one of whom was a true poet while the other was not, but as practitioners of pencraft. No point of view could more effectually blot out the irrelevant personal elements that so often enter into literary estimates or could more tactfully prevent the intrusion of half-thought-out literary philosophy. And the resulting estimates appeal, not to erudite and bookish tastes, but to the fundamental literary sense, with a force and sureness that amply justifies the method.

But quite apart from the fact that Mr. Watson has added a new term to our literary vocabulary, and that he has at the same time given form and vitality to an old thought, the very fineness and the

choice quality of his own work suggests a query. Pencraft connotes all the " literary " qualities—the freedom and security of literature, the sense which pervades it of not being cramped by limitations of space or daunted by the shortness of life, the impression it gives of peace in the midst of intense effort, of solidity and worth underlying brilliancy. It connotes, too, the deliberate organization and building-up of ideas of fitness and fineness—ideas which choose as their vehicles the spacious, well-adorned sentence, the palatial paragraph, or the comely, well-balanced forms of literary architecture that in their simplicity suggest the reposeful grace of the Parthenon. And all these arise out of the literary mood, and are interpreted by it. The query, then, is, whether it is not the literary mood, rather than the literary craft, that is being called into question in these later days. Wisely or not, we are subjecting not only religion and philosophy, but literature as well, to a pragmatic test. We are prone to distrust all moods that we cannot carry with us into the current of life. And the difficulty of maintaining the literary mood, the evanescence of the mood which pencraft engenders, perhaps in some measure explains the false connotation that has grown up around the term " literary " and the prevalence in modern writings of a certain raw actuality.

THE HUNGRY STONES. By RABINDRANATH TAGORE. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1916.

There can be little doubt that as a poet Tagore appeals to the poetically minded in this country very nearly if not quite as strongly as he does to lovers of poetry in India. The question whether or not he really appeals to Americans as a story-teller is more difficult to answer; yet this is a question that the reader of Tagore's recently published volume of short stories, *The Hungry Stones,* is fairly compelled to consider. These stories are, if the word may be pardoned, more Tagoreish than any of the author's previous writings. Although they resemble the conventional short story more closely in form than Tagore's poetry resembles the ordinary poem, they differ more widely in spirit from the sort of thing to which we have been accustomed than do the most mystical of the poems.

In general we desire that a story should have a certain definiteness of purpose—that it should have unity not only of atmosphere but of intention. The purpose indeed may be almost anything, from mere amusement to philosophical instruction, but we must be able to grasp it. In Tagore's stories, however, there is a kind of fluidity which baffles this desire. The author, one feels, does not know or care whether the story he is relating is romance or realism or merely a nursery tale.

The title story, " The Hungry Stones," is a tale of supernatural

experience. A government employe quartered in an old palace finds himself surrounded by invisible ghosts which lure him back to the past with all its luxuries and glories. One expects a story of gruesome fascination, with perhaps at the end some hint of a plausible explanation. Instead, the story turns to sheer poetry; it revels in the most brilliant and colorful descriptions of the invisible—of what the hero dreamed or felt but did not see. This is very charming, but the plausibility of the story is sacrificed; the tale, as a tale, ceases to thrill. The reader no longer cares what finally became of the person who underwent these odd experiences. The oddity, indeed, has been obliterated; for in the world of poetry such things are not strange; they are perfectly natural. And then the appended explanation loses all impressiveness. The stones exposed to human passion for long years in the dim past have become esurient or, as it were, radio-active. Such a thesis barely hinted at might half convince; baldly stated, it fails to impress.

A story which illustrates the same uncertainty of effect is "Living or Dead." The plot of this tale is one that any story writer would recognize as having extraordinary possibilities. A woman supposed to be dead, but really in a state of suspended animation, is carried to the burning ground. During the absence of the bearers, who have gone in search of wood, she revives. She has not the least doubt that she is now a ghost, and during a sequence of quite normal experiences which follows, she still retains this belief. At last she returns to the house in which she had lived. The family shrink from her in fear as from a spirit. Then, to prove that she is alive, she drowns herself in a well. The story ought to have a tremendous effect. If it does not, it is because one cannot decide whether the tale is a bit of realism, a narrative of something that actually happened or that easily might happen, or a mere study in the gruesome and the grotesque.

It would be a mistake, of course, to condemn any story simply on the ground that it does not conform to conventional standards, yet one may hazard the guess that because of a certain fluidity in his conception of the short story, Tagore will not permanently appeal as a story-writer to American readers.

THE PLEASURES OF AN ABSENTEE LANDLORD, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By SAMUEL MCCHORD CROTHERS. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1916.

It is a fault of many modern essayists that they are a little too fond of exciting interest by sacrificing perspicuity. It is often more difficult to anticipate the conclusion of an essay than to foresee the ending of a detective story. Like Launcelot in his cart, the reader with much jolting makes little progress, and sometimes he feels that he is fortunate if he does not find, like the passengers in

Tony Lumpkin's coach, that the long-anticipated destination is very near the starting point. Jolting, to be sure, may be good for the liver, and roundabout journeys through a wilderness of ideas are stimulating; but there may be, after all, quite as much pleasure and profit in more comfortable and less circuitous intellectual outings.

The essays of Samuel McChord Crothers possess in a high degree the virtue of perspicuity. They possess this virtue even in excess. It sometimes happens that the reader sees the point a little too soon and that he feels thereby deprived in some measure of the pleasurable, though somewhat meretricious excitement of a prolonged intellectual chase. But there is no one of Dr. Crothers' essays of which the meaning does not amply reward the reader, and there is none that any person, whose brain is moderately pervious to humor and to fresh illustrations of truth, would not joyfully read through even if all that is essential to the meaning were contained in the first paragraph.

One may care little about the relation that the pleasures of an absentee landlord bear to the serious conduct of life—and the author's thesis is indeed half playful. But if the essay in question were pointless—which it is not—one would find it worth reading purely for the sake of being introduced by Dr. Crothers to that estimable witch-finder, Mathew Hopkins (*Floruit* 1675). And at the end of the charming essay upon "The Taming of Leviathan" one finds oneself prepared for the reception of a profound thought. "Whoever discovers," writes Dr. Crothers, "that in union is strength is confronted by the question whether that strength is to be used or to be worshiped. He must become either an artist or an idolater. . . . The cure for idolatry is idealism." Thoughts such as this are worth while, whether expressed in light essay or in heavy disquisition.

New Ideals in Business. By Ida M. Tarbell. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1916.

The saying that honesty is the best policy is a moral coin so worn and so lacking in luster that one is ashamed to exhibit it. The notion that social justice and generosity may also be the best policy, is a coin of considerably larger denomination; it is less tarnished, and it shows far less of the dull coppery color of pure self-interest. One suspects, indeed, that this useful metal is alloyed with a considerable percentage of glittering and precious, albeit unpractical, idealism.

Behold a paradox. In Europe hundreds of thousands of men are courting sheer destruction under the impulsion of a patriotism that is noble and self-sacrificing, however calamitous in its effects. In America, hundreds of thousands of men are marching towards social betterment while waving over their heads a banner upon

which is inscribed in golden letters the motto "Business is Business"!

There are two kinds of morality—not adequately distinguished by any English terms. One is the goodness that arises from enlightenment and from the perception of all-around beneficial results; the other is the virtue of pure self-sacrifice, loyalty to an ideal that cannot be fully understood, the religious spirit that does not expect to "get anything out of religion." The first is intellectual; the second is intuitional. The first is reliable and progressive; the second is spasmodic and revolutionary. The first makes prosperous peoples and contented citizens; the second makes inspired peoples—hats off to Belgium!—and reformers.

In practise the two kinds of morality blend and interact. Both are probably functions of the same moral process. The religious ideal, then, is by no means to be lost sight of, and the modern business ideal is by no means to be despised.

Just what the ideals of modern business are—the mixed motives that they include, the business acumen and social fervor that they express, the improvements that they work into—is explained and illustrated by Ida Tarbell in her book *New Ideals in Business*. This is one of the few books of joyful information that are available to the reader today. It is thoroughly informing; it reveals not only details of management, but also the personal reactions of employers and employes. Improvement in workshops and surroundings, safety for the workers, health for every man, sobriety, good homes, shorter hours and better work, sufficient wages, experiments in justice, scientific management—these are some of the topics that Miss Tarbell treats with fullness and accuracy and with much of the lively optimism that is based on facts and figures. The movement for the employment of higher ideals in business is bigger than the average man realizes, and Miss Tarbell's book is a book to read.

THE DUEL. By ANTON CHEKHOV. Translated by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1916.

Some persons are complete realists from birth; others are by natural constitution romantic to their finger tips. These latter, while they may recognize the rightness of realism, cannot away with it. Truth, they feel, has its indisputable claims, even if it be unpleasant or unhappy truth; but the exposition of unpleasant or indifferent facts about life affects them disagreeably, just as religious persons may be disagreeably affected by psychological demonstrations of the mechanism of the brain. This is perfectly natural. But any one who is inclined to reject realism *in toto* may be strongly advised to read *The Duel* by Anton Chekhov, before allowing his opinion to solidify. This story, admirably rendered into English by Constance Garnett, will possibly convert him.

For the fact should not be forgotten that realism is not simply any kind of truth recorded in any manner and with any purpose. Some realism is a mere accumulation of details; it appears to require no very high type of mentality but only a vivid imagination that is easily stimulated by concrete facts. Another kind of realism is dominated by a single concept of life. It selects scene and atmosphere and detail apparently with the single view of combatting optimism; it uses the long arm of circumstance to bring to pass tragic or futile consummations as freely as romance employs the same agent to effect "happy endings." This no doubt is very well, in its way; yet realism cannot truly be understood if it is regarded simply as the inverse of romance. A catholic taste should not be hampered by the supposition that romance necessarily expresses one philosophy and realism another. In performing its function of organizing ideals of happiness and representing them through the methods of selection and intensification, romance should not misrepresent the truth; and in representing bare truth through a somewhat different use of the same methods, realism should not indulge in special pleading nor by ignoring romantic truths, implicitly deny them.

Story-writing in Chekhov's hands is a science, but a truly human science—a science that takes account of men's most delicate emotions, of their most mysterious impulses, but that philosophizes not at all. Like psychology, it reveals realities of mental mechanism and of the heart and soul. It compels the reader to see himself as mazed in flesh and spirit. Like William James, it makes one aware of the insufficiency of purely mechanistic views and of purely idealistic views. At the same time and by the same means it develops and guides one's love of humanity. Without mawkishness it intensifies one's sense of fellowship with "the damned human race."

The Duel, the story of a weakling whom a strong and normal man feels justified in slaying—though in the end the weakling is permitted to live,—is a wonderful study in the conflict between good and evil, and in the struggle between the merciless ethics of science and the merciful ethics of Christianity. The persons who take part in the struggle are all blind and all well-meaning—in short, they are human. The story, like a thrilling personal experience, is something to ponder for a lifetime.

Blackfeet Tales of Glacier National Park. By James Willard Shultz. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1916.

The romance of the red Indian has in recent times undergone a certain change. Most of us have been familiar since childhood with the "Cooper Indians" as Mark Twain scornfully called them, and with the Hiawatha Indians. The stock figure of the noble red man

as represented in cheaper fictions has become proverbial. But of late we have begun to have something more genuine, and better—real stories of Indian life and legend as told by the red man himself.

In some respects the true Indian stories that have been piously collected with a view to preserving the traditions of a vanishing race have proved disappointing. The stories themselves are in some cases marked by a disappointing crudity, a want of logic and coherence that is discouraging to the civilized reader. Then too, the compiler of Indian tales and traditions is liable to be influenced by a kind of pitying sympathy that gives to his narratives a tone not the most stimulating. First and last, Indian stories have usually been told with a degree of false sentiment and false atmosphere or else, in a purely scientific spirit, without any sentiment or atmosphere at all.

It is because the stories contained in Mr. James Willard Shultz's *Blackfeet Tales of Glacier National Park* are not open to these objections that they stand somewhat apart from most other Indian stories both of the earlier and the more recent kind. The author is a real old-time frontiersman and Indian fighter. As a young man he was adopted by the Blackfeet tribe; he married an Indian maiden and for years lived the life of the tribe. He therefore writes with understanding; he also writes with real simplicity and with literary skill.

There appears to be in all Indian stories an extreme literalness and simplicity, almost amounting to poverty of imagination. Both the animals and the gods who are invested with human characteristics talk and believe almost exactly like men. Except for certain fixed attributes they have few godlike or animal traits, and do not really seem to belong to different orders of being. A god may be quite on a par with a wolf or a bear in a contest of wit or strength. Moreover, the world above the sky which the gods inhabit is a precise duplicate, tree for tree and rock for rock, of the world beneath. In going from the lower to the upper world one achieves, so to speak, a change of position without a change of scene.

This extreme simplicity, charming at first, may become at last rather tedious. Any such effect, however is obviated in Mr. Shultz's stories by the vitality of feeling that pervades them and by their connection with real persons and places. The tales have atmosphere and they appeal eloquently to the innate love of outdoor freedom and of primitive things.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A WESTERN WOMAN'S VIEW OF THE ELECTION

SIR,—The primary causes of Republican defeat in the National Election are very apparent. The fundamental and most significant is the regeneration of our democracy, which is now in process. There is a general quickening of the public conscience; a realization of a civic duty, the performance of which requires independent and individual thinking. Never in the history of our country have the common people been so filled with the determination to subserve and promote the general welfare, ultimately the individual welfare, through the judicious use of the ballot as now.

Another reason, purely psychological, and characteristic of the American people, is the manner in which we change our viewpoint. Adverse criticism, even though justified, is extremely unpopular at the present time. The electorate will have none of it, and almost invariably the majority express their disapproval by casting their votes for the downtrodden candidate.

A few years ago the pendulum of public opinion swung almost, if not quite, to the danger point of muck-raking. Just now, we are swinging to the opposite direction, and probably in another four years we shall have swung back to the normal point. We shall not muck-rake, neither shall we ignore the salutary effect of constructive criticism, and we shall temper judgment accordingly.

To prove the danger of either extreme I need give but a few specific instances that have come under my observation. Mr. Brown was clerk of the school board in a little country district of the West. Brown was thoroughly honest, conscientious; public spirited, and a tireless worker. His fellow board members, over his protest, voted to pay him $5.00 per month for his services as clerk of the board. This money Mr. Brown used in giving prizes for debates and school improvements; oftentimes the $5.00 was not sufficient, and he would make up the deficit himself. This was during the muck-raking period, and the good people of the district were confident that Brown was "grafting" the district or he could not be spending so much money. Hence, Brown's resignation was demanded by a petition signed by almost the entire population. In November, 1916, these same neighbors vindicated him by an overwhelming vote for a much higher office.

Now for the anti-criticism period through which we are now passing. In one of the Western States, two high State officials—one a Democrat and the other a Republican—had just been re-elected by large pluralities, despite the alleged fact that both had grossly violated the law in the expenditure of State funds. The charges were made and proof offered in the case of the Republican official. The press of the State, being Republican, suppressed all facts and criticism; the opposition, not to be

outdone, flooded the State with circulars, setting forth clearly the incompetence of the official and alleging wilful violation of the law. In the case of the Democratic official the papers were filled with denunciation of him and of how he had violated the law of the State. Proof was produced of this violation and he made no denial. What was the result in these two instances? The majority of the people refused even to consider the charges, and both officials, each representing one of the two great parties, were re-elected by an overwhelming plurality.

The people of the West were for the same reason indifferent to the criticisms of the National Administration. Furthermore, we are enjoying peace and prosperity, and unless we can be convinced beyond a doubt that we are on the verge of some dire tragedy, we prefer not to risk a change.

As is always the case in elections, there were many contributing causes to defeat. While not so fundamental as those I have mentioned, they are nevertheless important. Chief among these is the indisputable fact that the Republican and Progressive parties are not united in the West. The stand-pat Republican leaders cordially welcomed the wayward Progressives into the G. O. P. fold, provided the prodigals would not assert themselves and would humbly follow the old leaders and acquiesce in the old machine method of control.

Another deterrent influence was the invasion of the West by the Woman's Party. This proved a boomerang. The general feeling prevailed among the women of the West that Mr. Hughes was not sincere in his position on woman suffrage; that having been in a position to assist materially the Eastern women in the suffrage cause, and not having done so, his purpose in espousing the cause at this time was merely to get votes. This feeling was intensified by the statement in the press contributed by Mr. Hughes, that he reserved the right to withdraw his support to the suffrage amendment if in his judgment it were the greater wisdom. With this string attached, his position on suffrage did not ring true to the average Western woman, who is quick to sense a political play, since she herself has considerable political sagacity and is something of an adept in political tactics. Furthermore, there was a feeling that the Congressional party had stultified its cause by permitting itself to further the political aspirations of any candidate—apparently the election of a candidate had become paramount to the cause of suffrage.

Still another contributing cause to Republican defeat was over-advertising. The people became satiated with it weeks before the election. It is my belief that the advertisements in the newspapers and magazines of the two weeks preceding election were not read by more than 10 per cent. of the voters, and most of these dismissed it from minds as soon as read. And last of all, the people of the West wanted Theodore Roosevelt.

But in the quiet that follows the election we are called to the fact that politics is not all of citizenship, but only one of its dramatic crises. The work of citizenship is quiet and obscure, and that of good citizenship is dictated by principle, and is free from partisanship and prejudice. Society rests in the main upon the emphasis of common interests rather than individual or party differences.

We are all now behind our President, and here's greeting from the Pacific Coast to Woodrow Wilson.

A Republican Woman.

North Yakima, Wash.

THE RESULT IN OHIO

SIR,—My attention has been called to a statement made by you on Page 805 of the December Number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. The statement in part is as follows:

"The most striking instance was afforded by Ohio, where Mr. Herrick had his own committee and organization, and Mr. Willis had his, and Mr. Hughes had none worthy of mention. This division of forces, supplemented by labor disaffection in the North and extraordinary efforts in Mr. Wilson's behalf on the part of the Miners' Union, brought inevitable disaster upon all. Otherwise, unless utterly neglected, Ohio would hardly have parted company with her neighboring States in maintaining unbroken loyalty to the Republican party."

This statement in so far as it relates to Mr. Herrick or myself is false. It implies that each had separate organizations and that neither was loyal to Mr. Hughes. Neither Mr. Herrick nor myself had any personal organization whatever, and we were both entirely loyal to Mr. Hughes. We fought for the whole Republican ticket—National, State and County—and Mr. Herrick and the Republican State ticket went down to defeat with Mr. Hughes.

The only organizations in Ohio were the regular County and State Republican Committees, and these were loyal to Mr. Hughes and the rest of the Republican ticket. There was earnest, loyal effort in every quarter, but the cry, "He has kept us out of war" and "We are enjoying prosperity" proved to be too strong to be overcome.

In fact, I have heard some criticism of our State Committee on the ground that it neglected the interests of the State ticket to promote the welfare of the National ticket. In this criticism I do not join because it is unjust. The Republican State organization did not sacrifice any part of the ticket to promote the advantage of any other part. It was loyal to all and lost all. At the last moment the whole influence of the liquor interests was thrown against the Republican State ticket, and this carried the day for the Democrats.

But Ohio will come back. Watch her! Republicans will sweep the State in 1918 and again in 1920. We lost in 1916, but not because of lack of loyalty on the part of State candidates or the State organization.

I felt sure your article was based on a misunderstanding of the facts, and consequently I have seized this opportunity to state the facts and to deny most emphatically any implication of disloyalty.

FRANK B. WILLIS.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

[We meant no reflection upon Governor Willis and, even more assuredly, none upon Mr. Herrick, of whose complete fidelity to Mr. Hughes we were well aware. We were only illustrating a seeming lack of cohesion which induced a species of chaos and invited disaster. Nevertheless, if our remark gave rise to the slightest suspicion that we were placing honorable men in a class with Hiram Johnson, we humbly seek pardon from both Mr. Herrick and Mr. Willis.—EDITOR.]

VITALIZING THE OFFICE OF ELECTOR

SIR,—Your comments on the Electoral College have interested me greatly. I believe that before changing the system, we should take measures to make it work as was intended by its authors. I was perfectly aware at

the time that I embodied this idea in a pamphlet that my proposal was quite academic and impracticable, because our political practice had grown spontaneously in an opposite direction; but I showed how the plan would operate if tried.

I still believe the Electoral College possesses valuable possibilities, and that the office of Elector could be vitalized and made a real power, along the lines of our political development. My scheme suggests the proper composition of a party National Convention. As the Electors are the constitutional agents for electing the President, so the party's *Nominees for Electors* are naturally the men to name the candidate for whom they propose and pledge themselves to vote. Those Nominees assembled, 531 in number, would form an intelligent, responsible and manageable body, of moderate size and capable of deliberation; which would immensely improve the quality of our conventions.

You will see how this function would give reality to the office of Elector. The party voters would nominate their leaders, primarily with reference to service in the nominating convention. The strong and interested men (not holding Federal offices) would eagerly seek the post, and would make vigorous campaigns to procure election in the great referendum.

Furthermore, as you have shown, the Electoral College assures to the several States more effectively and simply than would any other plan, the proportional weights guaranteed to them by the Constitution. At this point I venture to express dissent from your well considered opinion on split tickets. It was undoubtedly the intention that the Electors should vote independently as individuals, not solidly by States, and as Jefferson and Madison said emphatically, they ought to be chosen by Congressional districts. Would not the majorities (or pluralities) of 433 districts express the will of the whole nation more nearly than those of 48 States, coming to that extent nearer a choice by popular vote?

The experiment I suggest seems to me well worth trying before entering upon a Constitutional change of the system. Restrain the Electors, but give them a voice. You recall the universal criticism and condemnation of our National Conventions four years ago, repeated this year as to the Republican Convention particularly. But let the Electoral Nominees of each party constitute its nominating convention, and the conditions would be much better. Every man would feel that the rightness and wisdom of his own action was to be passed upon by his constituents when the work of the convention of which he was a member should be submitted to the people for ratification or rejection. The sense of responsibility would promote a scrupulous performance of duty.

This reform may be instituted by a simple act of Congress to this effect:

That in every year in which there is to be a Presidential election, the qualified voters of every State, belonging to each recognized political party, shall nominate by the system of primary balloting as many candidates for Electors of President and Vice President of the United States as the State may have Senators and Representatives-at-Large in the Congress, and such voters within every Congressional district shall in like manner nominate one candidate for Elector. The Nominees for Electors thus designated in all the States shall assemble in due time and shall nominate and proclaim the candidates for the offices of President and Vice President to whom those of them who may be chosen Electors will give their votes; and candidates for said offices shall not be nominated by any other persons.

Hoping this communication may not seem to you out of place, I am, with great respect,

J. W. Holcombe.

Department of the Interior,
Office of the Solicitor,
Washington, D. C.

THEOLOGICAL BROKERAGE

Sir,—In your October issue, you publish an article on "The Morality of Force." That essay seems to have been written on the assumption that the humanitarian theory of Government is not as effective as Nietzsche's principle of the Will-to-Power. If it is true in war, that the moral is to the physical as three to one, then the Will-to-Power theory seems to be fallacious. If we translate Nietzsche's theories into terminologies with which we are more familiar, we can, it seems to me, better grasp the premise of German reasoning. If, for instance, we substitute for the supremacy of Culture, our apothegm that "Those who think should govern those who toil," or our other statement, "Whatever is best administered is best," we see that the implied object is the same in either case—the greatest good. Of course the question comes, What is the greatest good, and to whom? Nietzsche says that sympathy is contemptible virtue, and that the greatest number is the whole world. A plausible argument can be made for the Divine Right theory, as well as for our *Vox populi vox Dei* claim. But old *Vox Populi* can, by the consent of the governed, correct his mistakes, but the advocates of the Divine Right cannot show their credentials. All State religions make the same claim of theological brokerage for clerical service.

Thomas M. Anderson.

Portland, Oregon.

Sir,—In your November issue, in reviewing "The Religion of Experience" by Horace J. Bridges, your reviewer says:

"It is a point too often lost sight of that if we do not believe what Jesus taught, we have no business to call ourselves Christians, no matter how religious we may be."

Does he really mean that? If that is true, none of us have any business to call ourselves Christians, for of course none of us believe the chief things Jesus taught.

One of them discredited itself automatically with the death of his last contemporary some eighteen centuries ago. According to Jesus' most solemn assurance, the Kingdom of God, the visible, substantial, supernatural kingdom, as preached by John and expected by the Jews, was to come in the lifetime of the generation he was addressing in Matthew 24 and Mark 13. And, of course, it didn't come. Most of us have ceased to look for it at all, and not even the most fervent millenarian will ever be able to roll back the ages and give us the Kingdom within the time that Jesus taught it was to come.

Another chief teaching of Jesus was the sacredness of the Jewish ritual. However much he hated the narrowness or hypocrisy of those who would reduce all righteousness to the keeping of the law, he never withdrew from the position that its keeping was a part of righteousness. Paul dispensed with the law for us wholly on his own responsibility, and however much

we may applaud the innovation we can never flatter ourselves that therein we believe that Jesus taught.

Another of his teachings was that insanity and sickness are caused by devils in the body of the insane and sick. Another that Heaven was literally a place above the sky, Hell literally a place beneath the crust of the earth. Another that the Baptist was Elias re-incarnated. Who of us believes these teachings? Yet most of us still call ourselves Christians. I wonder if your reviewer would explain a little more fully just what he meant by that statement of his.

FRANCES WILLIAMS.

CHICAGO.

[In writing the sentence to which our correspondent refers, the reviewer had no thought of branding as unchristian those who find themselves unable to accept literally every statement made in the New Testament. The reviewer's concern, of course, was primarily with the meaning and importance of Mr. Bridges' book—not with Biblical interpretations or theological controversy. As the context, he hoped, would make plain, he intended to point out that Mr. Bridges' analysis of the Gospel story and teachings, in spite of what might appear to some readers to be an iconoclastic spirit, was really justified from the point of view of intellectual honesty. In expressing the matter thus curtly, the reviewer was influenced by the thought that "free-thinking" has no more right to indulge in intellectual vagueness than has the strictest orthodoxy—in other words that it is incumbent upon every one, before calling himself a Christian, either to accept with conviction the doctrine of some church, or to think out for himself what the teachings of Christ *essentially* mean. Is it not true that there are individuals—not churches—calling themselves Christians whose real doctrine is simply a code of practical morals and good sense no more Christian than Confucian?—THE REVIEWER.]

SIR,—To describe adequately the pleasure and satisfaction derived from reading "Conserving Our Spiritual Resources," in your December issue, would require the rare expressive powers of Margaret Sherwood herself. Her articles in the REVIEW have never lacked beauty and solidity, but none, in my opinion, has been more estimable in its purpose or of more value to its readers than her latest contribution.

In her delightfully firm and clear style she points out and condemns that which is undoubtedly the worst feature of modernism: materialism, and its increasing appeal to the young. In a manner no less convincing she designates the remedy—literature, that agency through which the mind is broadened and the imagination rekindled.

The materialism that grips the philosophy and life of Germany threatens our own also, and it can be repelled only by those writers who, like Margaret Sherwood, have the clearness of vision to perceive the danger, and the courage to wage war against it.

B. M. LORING.

NEW YORK CITY.

ONE HUNDRED AND SECOND YEAR

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Edited by
GEORGE HARVEY

FEBRUARY

THE AUTOCRAT OF AMERICAN POLICY

ISOLATION AND OTHER POLICIES

THE CASE OF HIRAM JOHNSON

THE VANDERBILT HOTEL

THIRTY FOURTH STREET *At* PARK AVENUE

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

FEBRUARY, 1917

THE AUTOCRAT OF AMERICAN POLICY

THE newspapers of January 9 reported that President Wilson, at his weekly conference the day before with the Washington correspondents, had severely scolded the American Press. It was by no means the first chastisement that the journalists of the United States had received from that quarter, nor is it likely to be the last. The President, it appeared, "was particularly annoyed at the reported statements that he intended another peace note." He regarded such statements as "capable of the most serious damage." He told the shrinking correspondents quite flatly that speculation in the Press about international affairs "had embarrassed the Government in the past and that unless it stopped the country might eventually be drawn into war."

We can recall nothing quite like this since the Lord Curzon of twenty-five years ago—he was then Mr. Curzon, and the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and an extremely omniscient young man with an overpowering Oxford manner—used to be represented in the London papers, and without any great exaggeration, as opening his speeches with some such shattering pronouncement as this: "Unless there is absolute silence on the Front Opposition Bench, I can no longer be responsible for the Peace of Europe." Unless absolute silence is henceforth maintained by the American Press on all matters of international politics, and editors

and correspondents and publicists cease their intrusive speculations on questions that are no concern of theirs and that the President alone is competent to discuss, Mr. Wilson, it appears, can no longer be responsible for the Peace of the United States.

Such a claim, such a warning, such an admonition, invites to thought. It is but the latest of many incidents that reveal the extraordinary conditions under which the foreign policy of this country is conducted. They are conditions that are thoroughly and dangerously undemocratic. They combine a concentration of power in the hands of one man and a secrecy in the exercise of it such as, we believe, can be paralleled nowhere else on this earth. There is no need to look abroad to the Kaiser or the Czar or to the sovereigns of the Balkan States for examples of autocracy. We have a very complete specimen in Washington in the person of the President of the United States. When we inveigh against "secret diplomacy" as one of the causes of the European war, let us remember that no diplomacy is so secret as our own. When we talk of the necessity of placing public opinion in control of foreign policy, let us quietly reflect that nowhere is that necessity more potent than in the United States, because nowhere is opinion less informed as to the problems of external relationships or less interested in them or less capable of influencing their solution. When we denounce a dispensation that puts it into the power of one man or a single class or group to hurl millions into war, we ought first to open our eyes and ascertain whether that is not precisely the system under whch the international business of the United States is managed or mismanaged.

In all this there is neither intended nor implied any criticism of President Wilson. He happens merely to be the man who at this moment is called upon to direct an inherently faulty organization. It is true he directs it in a manner that exposes its shortcomings in the clearest possible light, and at a time when it is being subjected to a quite abnormal strain. But it is not Mr. Wilson's predilection for surrounding himself with Cabinet nonentities, it is not his impatience of criticism or advice, it is not his naturally dictatorial temperament, nor is it even the accident of these tumultuous times in which we live, that is the essential consideration. The questions that confront us today might be a hundred times less crucial than they are and the Presi-

dential personality might be all meekness and abnegation, and the fact would still remain that our methods of diplomacy, our machinery for handling international crises, are abysmally defective. And they are defective in exactly that characteristic which ought never to infect a democratic polity such as ours. They work in the dark, out of the range of the public view, and to a very great extent independently of popular volition; and they throw upon one man not only a load of responsibility that must often of late have seemed unbearable, but a power of making in secret vast decisions, and of committing the nation without debate to momentous policies, that is good neither for him nor for us and that is altogether subversive of the cardinal principles of democracy.

Take, for instance, just a few of the questions that stir, or ought to stir, public interest and curiosity. What is the present status of the *Lusitania* affair? Rumors of an agreement having been reached have been current for a year or more. But nobody knows what credence, if any, to place in them. Nobody knows whether negotiations are suspended or are still going on. Nearly two years after one of the most dramatic and terrible events in American history there are probably not six Americans in all our hundred millions who are permitted to know whether any settlement has been arrived at, and, if so, what it is. Nor are there any means of finding out. Alone among the Governments of the world, our Government publishes no collection of its diplomatic correspondence. Every other people can discover by reading Blue Books and White Papers or by cross-examining Ministers on the floor of the national legislature how their affairs are being managed and how questions in which they are interested are progressing. We cannot. Our function is merely to close our eyes, open our mouths, and take whatever the President deigns to send us.

Within the last month or so, two boats, the *Marina* and the *Arabia,* have been torpedoed with the loss of American lives and apparently in complete repudiation of the pledges given to the United States Government by Germany last May. What do the authorities at Washington think of this renewal of German "frightfulness"—if, indeed, it ever stopped? What have they done about it? What are they going to do about it? It was the clear meaning and intent of the message which the President read in person to Con-

gress eight months ago that if one more American citizen was killed as the result of German barbarity, diplomatic relations with Germany would be severed. We know that no such step has been taken. But is it being meditated? Or is the President keeping these and other cases in reserve in order to frame one comprehensive and overpowering indictment of Germany later on when some fresh horror has made further hesitation impossible? Even in venturing to speculate on such matters we are conscious of disobeying the Presidential injunction. But some curiosity on a point that may involve the whole issue of peace or war is irresistible even if it is unpardonable. And it is surely an amazing circumstance that the American people should be left wholly in the dark as to what is or is not being done in their name.

Another instance. Mr. Lansing on December 21 declared that "the situation is becoming increasingly critical" and that he meant by that "that we are drawing nearer the verge of war ourselves." If words of graver moment have ever been addressed by a Secretary of State to his countrymen we cannot recall them. Mr. Lansing explained afterwards that he was sorry he spoke them but he has never withdrawn them or sought to minimize their significance. They still stand. But their precise meaning and purpose, the developments on which they were based, the object that the Secretary of State had in view when he uttered them—all these are mysteries that remain unfathomable. In no other country in the world could a Foreign Minister use such language without being instantly called to account. In the United States he receives a wigging from the President, he furnishes a momentary sensation, people go about their normal business, and the incident is officially declared to be closed before anyone has even begun to understand it.

Again, from the character of the Spanish reply to the President's peace note, it seemed a fair inference that Mr. Wilson had added something in his communication to neutrals that he had omitted from his appeal to the belligerents, and that he had practically invited them to co-operate with him in requesting from the warring Powers a statement of their terms. Whether that is indeed the fact we do not know. But it is difficult to explain the reply that was received from Madrid on any other hypothesis. Here, however, once more the American people are left to the kind of surmises and speculations which the President reprehends.

They are told nothing. They are without the means of finding out anything. They can only guess.

Let us look now at the other side of the picture. The secrecy with which our diplomacy works is only the indication of a more serious defect in the background. That defect is the virtually uncontrolled autocracy of the President in mapping out our foreign policy. It is no new phenomenon. Colonel Roosevelt's Administrations abounded in examples of it. If the dictatorship of Mr. Wilson seems now unusually untrammeled that is only because the issues he has had to deal with have been unusually serious. He gave in the early days of his first term a sharp proof that he intended to be no less the master of American foreign relations than any of his predecessors when, on his own intiative and with hardly even the pretense of consulting either Congress or the country, he withdrew the United States from all participation in the Chinese Five-Power Loan—thus reversing at a stroke both the policy and the principles on which both Mr. Taft and Colonel Roosevelt had worked.

We talk of American policy in Mexico. But what we really mean is Mr. Wilson's policy. What the American people think of Mexico and our duty there is of much smaller practical moment than what Mr. Wilson thinks they think. And it is of no moment at all compared with what he thinks they ought to think. In effect our variegated conduct in Mexico has been imposed upon us by one man who can rely upon the general ignorance and apathy of our people and their readiness at a crisis to " stand by the President " for whatever appearance of popular sanction he may like to throw around his proceedings. In the same way our course of action or inaction during the past thirty months of the European war—can anyone suggest a single factor that had even one-hundredth part as much influence in deciding it as the accident of Mr. Wilson's views and personality? Given a President of another type and a different outlook, and not alone the policy but the whole atmosphere of this country would have fundamentally altered. The power which the President possesses of negotiating with foreign Governments behind the backs of his Cabinet and of Congress, his ability to commit the nation to new courses by a mere *ipse dixit*—just as Mr. Wilson has pledged the American people to support a world-league for the maintenance of peace " with every influence and resource at their com-

mand "— his fixity in office, the difficulty, almost the impossibility of reaching him as the Foreign Ministers of Europe, even of Germany and of Russia, can always be reached, his immunity from effective checks—a President bent on war could easily force Congress to do his bidding —the general feeling that obtains among our people that foreign affairs are no concern of theirs and that the President is paid to look after them, and the almost grotesque incompetence which Congress, and especially the Senate, displays whenever it plunges into international problems —all these are elements in a situation full of possible danger to our Republic and singularly ill-adapted to stand the wear and tear of the next few crucial years.

ISOLATION AND OTHER POLICIES

"It is the Administration's view that the country can be committed to an abandonment of the policy of isolation, much as President Monroe committed it to the Monroe Doctrine, without Senate action."

The "Administration's view" which we have quoted has been widely interpreted as looking to abandonment of the Monroe Doctrine—the "policy of isolation" and the Monroe Doctrine being regarded as identical. If such were its purpose, it might be said pretty confidently that it could not succeed. It would not be within the power of the President, without the assent of Congress, to abandon the Monroe Doctrine. He could, at most, neglect to enforce it in case some foreign Power attempted to violate it; but even then he might be compelled to vindicate it through a Congressional declaration of war against the offending Power. He could not make a treaty in contravention of it, nor could he abrogate one of the treaties which have been made in recognition of it, without the consent of the Senate; nor could he annul or override one of the acts or resolutions made in pursuance of it without the assent of Congress.

It is, however, a mistake to regard the Monroe Doctrine as tantamount to a "policy of isolation," or to regard this nation as having ever been committed to such a policy, unless we recognize a very marked qualification of the term. If by a "policy of isolation" we understand a refusal to participate in the external transactions of European nations, or to enter into alliances or compacts of any kind, then there

seems to be good ground for denying that any such policy exists or ever has existed in America. If there is, or has been, such a policy, when and where did it originate? By whom was it conceived and promulgated? In what respects has it been practiced? We can find no trace of it in the Declaration of Independence. That instrument specifically asserts that we hold all nations alike "enemies in war, in peace friends," and that we, "as free and independent States, have full power to levy war, conclude peace, *contract alliances,* establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do." There is no hint of "isolation" there, but rather a very positive assertion of our equal status as a nation among the nations of the world, competent to participate in any and all international affairs.

Washington and Jefferson are often named as the founders of or advocates of a "policy of isolation," but they were not. Washington indeed warned the nation against permanent alliances with European Powers; but he made it clear that his advice was intended specifically for that time, while the nation was comparatively small and weak, and in the same breath he sanctioned the making of temporary alliances for special purposes. The purport of his exhortation was that we should keep ourselves so separate from the "European system" that we should not be drawn into war whenever two European Powers broke the peace, as we had so often been in colonial times. Jefferson also spoke epigrammatically against "entangling alliances"; but very soon afterward he, as President, advocated a hard and fast offensive and defensive alliance with one European Power for the purpose of waging wars of conquest against another European Power; and a score of years later, in the ripeness of his retirement as the "Sage of Monticello," he again recommended a permanent alliance with Great Britain, in order to detach that country from the Continental system and attach it to the American system; thus opposing the Holy Alliance with an Anglo-American Alliance. That was Jefferson's conception of the logical and most desirable working out of the Monroe Doctrine.

Coming thus down to the Monroe Doctrine itself, which is perhaps most frequently referred to as the basis of our "policy of isolation," and which was commonly supposed to be in the President's mind when he made this recent

suggestion of "abandonment of the policy of isolation," what do we find? There is not a hint of "isolation," either in the Doctrine itself or in the authoritative comments which were made upon it at the time of its promulgation. In the Message of which it was a part, Monroe first expressed an ardent sympathy with Greece in her struggle for independence, and a deep interest in the unhappy condition of Spain and Portugal. Thus, far from assuming isolation, he did not even maintain neutrality. Then he proceeded with the Doctrine:

> In the wars of the European Powers, *in matters relating to themselves,* we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparations for our defense. . . . With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European Power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. . . . Our policy in regard to Europe . . . remains the same, which is, not to interfere in the *internal concerns* of any of its Powers . . . and to preserve those relations by a frank, firm and manly policy, meeting in all instances the just claims of every Power submitting to injury from none.

There is no policy of "isolation" there, unless indeed it be isolation for a nation to refrain from being a busybody and a meddler in matters which are none of its business. It does not comport with our policy to take part in matters relating solely to other Powers. Our policy is not to interfere "in the internal concerns" of other Powers. All that is quite true. But that is not to say that we are not to take part in matters which do not relate solely to European Powers but which affect ourselves as well. It is not to say that we are not to interfere in those external concerns of European Powers which are also our own concerns. Note, moreover, the reference to the "existing colonies or dependencies" of European Powers. Monroe declared that we had not interfered with them, and promised that we would not interfere with them. Yet a few years earlier in his own Administration we had very seriously "interfered" with Spain's colony or dependency of Florida, and years afterward we as seriously "interfered" in Spain's colony or dependency of Cuba. Are we therefore to conclude that Monroe told a falsehood in his Message, and that McKinley—or Congress—in 1898 violated the pledge of the Monroe Doctrine? We should have

to do so if we were "strict constructionists" of the Doctrine. But of course no such construction or interpretation is to be made, outside of Bedlam. Monroe's meaning was that we had not interfered with such colonies excepting when our own rights and interests were invaded or seriously menaced, and that we should not interfere with them excepting for the purpose of vindicating the primal and perpetual law of self-protection. His Doctrine left us perfectly free to take any action which might be dictated by our own rights and welfare. "Salus Reipublicae suprema lex"—supreme even above the Monroe Doctrine.

So much for the Doctrine itself, in letter and in spirit. In the Rush-Canning and Rush-Adams correspondence, which preceded and led to it, there was no hint at American "isolation," but rather some very direct and distinct intimations of a prospective alliance between America and Great Britain. Before promulgating the Doctrine, Monroe sought the advice of Jefferson and Madison, and they both gave it, deliberately and voluminously, with never a hint at "isolation." Instead, both directly and emphatically anticipated and recommended the contrary, and approved the Doctrine as a step toward if not the practical achievement of a lasting alliance between the United States and Great Britain. It is true that Jefferson said that "our first and fundamental maxim should be never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe....America has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe, and particularly her own. She should therefore have a system of her own, separate and apart from that of Europe." But that did not and does not mean "isolation," any more than it means isolation for one family not to entangle itself in the broils of the family across the street, but to have its own domestic system, separate from that of any other household. To refrain from being a busybody and meddler one need not be a hermit.

Note, however, what Jefferson added in the next paragraph of his letter to Monroe:

> One nation, most of all, could disturb us in this pursuit; she now offers to lead, aid and accompany us in it. . . . Great Britain is the nation which can do us the most harm of any or all on earth; and with her on our side we need not fear the whole world. With her, then, we should most sedulously cherish a cordial friendship; and nothing would tend more to knit our affections than to be fight-

ing once more, side by side, in the same cause. . . . If we can effect a division in the body of the European Powers, and draw over to our side its most powerful member, surely we should do it.

In other words, as already suggested, we were to seek an Anglo-American Alliance with which to oppose and probably to fight the Holy Alliance. That was the policy of Jefferson.

Madison's policy was similar, but even more inclined toward participation in what we now call world politics. "It is particularly fortunate," he wrote to Monroe, "that the policy of Great Britain has presented a co-operation for an object the same with ours. With that co-operation we have nothing to fear from the rest of Europe. There ought not, therefore, to be any backwardness in meeting her in the way she has proposed." The way that she had proposed was that of an alliance. But Madison was not content with an alliance simply for our own protection; such as Jefferson had recommended. He went on: "Will it not be honorable in our country to invite the British Government to extend the 'avowed disapprobation' of the project against the Spanish colonies to the enterprise of France against Spain herself, and even to join in some declaratory act in behalf of the Greeks?"

So here was this thoughtful and scholarly "Father of the Constitution" suggesting that we should make an alliance with Great Britain for the purpose not alone of protecting the South American Republics from re-subjugation, but also of intervention—Anglo-American intervention—between France and Spain, and between Turkey and Greece. For while he spoke primarily of mere words of "disapprobation" of France's aggressions upon Spain, and of a mere "declaratory act" in favor of Greece, he recognized the fact that such declarations might imply a pledge to follow them up with war; in which case, he said, "we ought to compare the good to be done with the little injury to be apprehended to the United States, shielded as their interests would be by the power and the fleets of Great Britain united with their own." In short, we were to join Great Britain in an alliance for waging war against France for the protection of Spain and against Turkey for the liberation of Greece! Surely, there was no "policy of isolation" in Madison's mind.

These and other declarations, however, weighty and authoritative as they are, are after all nothing but declarations. Let us turn from them to concrete acts; and particularly to those not merely performed by the President but also approved by Congress, or by the Senate. There were many in our earlier history which were quite incompatible with "isolation," but it will serve to cite a few of recent date, within present recollection. In 1880 we entered with the chief European Powers into a formal treaty providing for the protection of foreigners in Morocco, and in consequence of our having done that more than a quarter of a century later we entered with those same Powers the Conference of Algeciras; and we thus became mixed up in that embroilment of the European Powers which was one of the most direct preludes to and causes of the present world war, and we took a predominant part in defining and regulating the rival interests of European Powers in that African empire. Surely that did not savor of "isolation"; nor was "isolation" implied in the proviso which was appended to the treaty, that nothing in it was to be construed as a repudiation or abandonment of the Monroe Doctrine. That proviso was in fact really a declaration that for us thus to mingle in world politics was not incompatible with that Doctrine.

Again, there were the two treaties, or sets of treaties, at The Hague. The United States took a leading part in the making of them, side by side with the European Powers; and they were and are treaties relating not merely to our own affairs but to the general international interests of the world. It was not an empty form for the United States to sign and ratify those treaties, and in so doing there could not have been the slightest trace of "isolation."

Now all this is not to say that we ought to embroil ourselves in purely European affairs, or that we should hastily and needlessly enter into an alliance with any other Power in the world. It is eminently desirable that we should hold ourselves aloof from such things as far as possible. But it cannot be too strongly insisted that the Declaration of Independence is not mere "buncombe" when it says that the United States has "full power to contract alliances"; and that it was not a purposeless and meaningless thing for the Constitution to invest the President with the power to "make treaties" in the unlimited scope of the term. It

may not be expedient for us to enter into alliances. A great authority of old reminded us that things which are lawful are sometimes not expedient. But if at any time it should be expedient, if it should be for the welfare of this country, for us to enter into any sort of an alliance with any Power in the world, there is no "policy of isolation" standing in the way to prevent us from it. If there were, it should be swept away. But there is none.

We hark back, therefore, to the President's statement of a few weeks ago, which has served as our text, and to the first sentence of it which we have quoted: "The United States stands ready to enter any kind of international agreement that may seem most desirable to the nation." That is absolutely sound policy, and it is in perfect accord with the traditional policy and practice of this nation. That was the policy of Washington, and Jefferson, and Madison, and Monroe, as our citations have demonstrated. It was equally the policy of Grover Cleveland and of William McKinley and their masterful Secretaries of State. When Jefferson was convinced that it was for the good of this country to pursue such a policy, he favored friendship with France as against England, but no alliances, and peace at any price. But when the next day he was convinced that, in changed circumstances, the very reverse was for our good, with equal zeal he favored an alliance with England against France, and war on any pretext. In that he may not have seemed consistent, but he was patriotic. He was, moreover, consistent in the best sense, for he was constant and true to the supreme principle of American welfare.

The question inevitably arises, and it is a question of the greatest possible importance, to what extent it is compatible with our welfare, or to what extent our security and our rights and interests require, that we shall participate in the affairs of other nations—that is, in their external affairs, the affairs of world-politics. But that is the only question, and once it is convincingly answered there is no other. Once establish the fact that our welfare requires us to stay out of an international controversy, and out we stay. Once demonstrate that our rights and duties require us to go in, and in we go. The rule is inexorable. It is treason to violate it.

In this view of the case, it is a great responsibility which the President—any President—assumes in committing

the country, as Mr. Wilson says that he can, to any policy, without consulting the Senate as the representative of the States or Congress as the representative of the people. It is a responsibility the importance of which may well overawe any man, even the boldest, and restrain him from exercising it save under the stress of supreme compulsion. There was irresistible compulsion when Washington committed us to the policy of neutrality, when Jefferson committed us to the policy of Continental expansion and of the exclusion of European Powers from America, and when Monroe committed us to the policy of permitting no European meddling with American interests. The crisis which confronts the nation to-day is not less than any of those; it may even be greater than any; and its compulsion upon the President to commit us to some new policy to meet new conditions may be as imperative and as irresistible as any which came upon any of his predecessors. If so, it must be hoped for the welfare of the Republic that he will discharge it with their courage, their resolution, and their wisdom.

PREPAREDNESS FOR PEACE

"As for me," said Socrates, " all that I know is, that I know nothing." It may of course be that we are too proud to confess ourselves to be no wiser than Socrates. He lived a long time ago, and is dead. Yet it may be well for us, amid all our self-appreciation, not to say bumptiousness, to realize that there are some things which not even we can certainly know, but which, in another classical quotation, are in the laps of the gods.

We cannot, for example, tell either how or when the present war will end; not even approximately. We cannot tell whether the end will come through direct negotiations among the belligerents, or through the mediation of some neutral Power or Powers; or whether it will come as the result of some overwhelming act of conquest such as the success of the initial German drive at Paris might have been, or through the exhaustion and collapse of one of the warring leagues. There are reasons for expecting any of the four; or at any rate reasons for not dismissing curtly any of them as quite impossible. Not one of them would be nearly as surprising as some things which have already occurred.

We cannot, either, declare with any degree of confidence

or assurance at what time the war will end in any one of these ways. The end may come at any time, as suddenly and as unexpectedly as the war began; or it may be postponed for a long time and come gradually and with unmistakable foretokenings. For any time and for any method reasons may be adduced. But reasons, though they be plenty as blackberries, do not dictate fate. The most striking characteristic of this war is and has all along been not its magnitude, nor its ferocity, nor its destructiveness, nor the novelty of the devices and methods employed, though in each of these respects it surpasses all other wars in history. No, it is the manner in which it has denied and repudiated all the most confident expectations and prophecies of the world.

We were all quite sure, in advance, that there would never be any such war, for at least three reasons. One was, that armaments were so enormous and potentially so destructive that no Government would dare to put them into action; but in fact Governments unhesitatingly put into action armaments far more vast and terrible than we had supposed them to be. Another was, that the money-kings of the world, fearing that a war would destroy the very subject-matter of their wealth, would refuse to supply the means for waging it; but in fact they have supplied hitherto unheard-of funds with hitherto unheard-of readiness. The third was, that the vast socialist and social-democratic organizations of the Continent would mutiny in universal strike against a war, and thus paralyze even the most militant Government; but in fact the Socialists have flocked to the colors as eagerly as any others, and former leaders of the social democracy have become the most efficient and inexorable directors of the military campaigns.

We were sure, too, that if a war should occur, it would be very short, for one of at least three reasons. One was, that with such terrific armaments the first general engagement would be decisive; but instead, big battles, far bigger and more terrible than ever had been anticipated, have followed each other for two years in "damnable iteration" without even approximating a decision. The second was, that the drafts of such a war upon the belligerent nations would be so great that exhaustion and collapse would speedily supervene, and we remember how in the first few months of the war it was reported that Germans were sending out

piteous "We are starving" messages written underneath postage stamps where the censors would not see them; but after two years and more exhaustion has not yet come. Finally, we were perfectly sure that, because of the outrage upon humanity, and because of the interference with the peaceful commerce and industries of the world, neutral nations everywhere would unitedly demand and in fact compel cessation of the war; but the truth is that not a single significant step nor offer of a step has been made in that direction.

With all expectations concerning the war thus signally disappointed, there can be no assurance that any prognostications concerning peace will prove to be more fortunate. We do not know how peace will come. We do not know when it will come. And—which is most to the present purpose—we do not know and cannot confidently determine what will be Europe's condition when it comes or what will be its effect upon our own interests. Obviously, all these considerations are linked in a train of cause and effect. The time and manner of peace-making will largely determine what the condition of Europe will be after the war, and that condition will largely determine the effect upon us. An ending now, through mediation, would leave Europe in a far different condition and would produce far different effects upon us, from an ending reached years hence through violent conquest or complete exhaustion.

It would be a great mistake, however, to conclude that all this uncertainty left this country in corresponding uncertainty as to the course which it should pursue, or that it would be impracticable for us to make preparation in advance for events and conditions the character of which we cannot forecast. It is true that we know positively only one thing about the end of the war. That is, that it will mark the end of European demands for warlike supplies, and that therefore all our capital and plants and labor which are now engaged in the production of munitions will find that occupation gone and will have to turn to other activities. That alone will be sufficient to produce a considerable change in our national economics; but for it there need be no special difficulty in making complete preparation. There will, however, be other and perhaps far more important changes, of which we can have no positive advance knowledge and for which therefore special preparation seems impracticable.

There are those who anticipate that immediately upon

the ending of the war the United States will be flooded with immigrants, abandoning the war-stricken lands of Europe and seeking asylum and prosperity here. There are others who are equally confident that nothing of the sort will occur, that every available worker will be needed and will be retained in Europe, and that the demand for labor there, to restore the lands ravaged by war, will be so great that there will be a considerable migration from this country to supply that need. Plausible arguments are given in support of each of these diametrically opposite views.

Similarly there are those who predict that there will be a great mass of European products "dumped" upon our markets, when all the workers now engaged in fighting return to the factories. A great and efficient army will be set at the tasks of peace, and the nations will strain every nerve to produce and to sell as much as possible, so as to make money through commerce for meeting their war debts. Therefore, it is argued, we should enact stringent laws against such "dumping" of foreign products upon our markets. Yet on the other hand it is argued that the war is at once decreasing industrial efficiency by killing and maiming the very best workmen, and is increasing the expectant demand for goods by consuming the supplies on hand; and that therefore after the war European factories will be fully occupied with supplying the domestic demand, without invading foreign markets. Observers of equal authority and information take these opposite views of the outlook.

Now this uncertainty as to the future might prevent efficient preparation if preparation had necessarily to be specialized. If for example, our preparation were to be simply against excessive immigration, or against "dumping," or any other of the various special conditions which various observers expect, we should not know what to do; for whatever preparation we made might prove to be the exact contrary of what was needed. But, fortunately for us, preparation is not a matter of specialization, but may be made on general lines and bases so as to meet successfully any conditions which the return of peace may produce.

We should realize that the most efficient preparation is always, at least fundamentally, that which is general and not special. Thus the best intellectual preparation which schools afford is not a special training but general culture.

It consists in a thorough grounding of the pupil in those principles of knowledge which are fundamental to all professions and occupations and mental activities, and which make the mind, as Huxley expressed it, a clear, cold logic-engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any work, whether it be to spin gossamers or to forge anchors. We know, too, that the best physical preparation consists not in the high development of special activities, but in a general conservation of sound health and a well-balanced disciplining of all the physical functions such as will make the body an organism capable of doing any kind of work they may be required of it.

Now we should be purblind if we did not perceive not only the possibility but the desirability, so great as to fall little short of imperative necessity, of applying precisely these same rules to the preparation and the activities of the nation. The youth is not certain whether he is to be a lawyer or a physician or an engineer; but in any case he needs to master the Three R's. He does not know whether he will be a farmer or a blacksmith, but in either case he needs good digestion, sound lungs, and nimble and energetic use of his limbs. We do not know whether we shall be called upon to compete with a vast flood of foreign goods poured upon our markets, or to supply the demands of the markets of the world. But we do know that in either case our chief need is to be efficient in production. We may safely assume, also, the need of reasonable protection against "dumping" so far as that is possible through legislation. Then if "dumping" is attempted, we shall be secured against, while if it is not, no harm will be done in the non-operation of the defensive act. We do not know whether there will be immigration or emigration, but we do know that we need immigration laws designed to conserve and to promote the welfare of the United States. It would be madness to say that if immigration did not come at the close of the war, we should open our gates to undesirables in order to invite and to encourage it. It would be folly to fear that if we enacted laws to exclude undesirables we should thus prevent the coming of a desirable class of immigrants.

There is another phase of preparedness for the return of peace which is perhaps the most important of all. That is, unity. If we were preparing for a great foreign war, with

armies and navies, we should instinctively recognize the necessity of united effort. The voice of faction would be hushed. We should all be Americans and nothing else. No less is the need of unity in preparing for the return of peace to the belligerents of Europe, for that may mean the beginning of a great war between us and them, a commercial and industrial war, with merchant ships and manufactories. If it does not mean that we may expect it to mean increased demands upon us for supplying the markets of the world with the goods which the war-disordered nations are unable to supply. In either case we need to compose the disastrous dissensions between labor and capital, which in strikes and lockouts and what not else do so much to impair our economic efficiency. Such things are to the industrial army what mutinies are to the military army.

We need, in brief, to prepare for the return of peace to the world by emulating the efficiency which European nations, and especially Germany on land and Great Britain on the sea, so greatly cultivated in their preparation for war. We do not know when peace will come and our preparation for it will be needed. Neither did they know when war would come and their preparation for it would be needed. But the war came, suddenly and unexpectedly, and in a way that had not been looked for; and its coming found the German Army and the British Navy ready to meet it. The radical difference between preparation for war and preparation for peace should be obvious. It is this: That preparation for war, if war does not come, is unprofitable and useless, excepting as it serves as an insurance against war; while preparation for peace is profitable and useful even before peace comes, and is certain to fulfill its highest usefulness and purpose since peace is certain sooner or later to come. Preparation for war is preparation for an uncertain contingency which we are hoping and striving never to have realized: Preparation for peace is preparation for an assured event which we are earnestly striving to bring to pass at the earliest possible moment and to maintain for the longest possible period of time. That contrast makes it all the more mandatory upon us that we shall prepare for peace with even more care and resolution and completeness than we or any nation would prepare for war.

THE CASE OF HIRAM JOHNSON

MR. IRVING MARTIN, Editor of the Stockton *Record*, reprints the following from this REVIEW for December:

Three hundred thousand majority for Hiram Johnson for Senator, and less than none for Charles E. Hughes, Johnson's avowed candidate for President! That is the one overpowering fact which dwarfs all explanations, whether of jealous progressivism or of petty pique, and which will hardly be forgotten *when the triumphant idol of California shall seek in Washington association with honorable men.*

—and chides us politely after this fashion:

It is quite possible for even an editor on an ordinary political daily, writing in haste with the compositor waiting for "copy," to use expressions he does not entirely mean, but so famed an editor of so famed a magazine as THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, writing deliberately to appear a month after the event, should be able to pick his words and not be carried away either by passion of a political nature or by misinformation. George Harvey owes an apology to Hiram Johnson for the wording of that last clause, and if there be no other way to ascertain his mistake and his misfit phrase, he should make a special trip to California to find out the truth.

When George Harvey has convinced himself that he has made a mistake, as he will, he should not only journey to Sacramento to apologize personally to Hiram W. Johnson, but he should publish an apology in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW just as prominently as he made the charge. Colonel Harvey's article in other parts shows that he does not comprehend California conditions, and cannot get an understanding without coming here for his viewpoint. His remarks about voting for Presidential electors in a State as a unit show that he does not grasp the California spirit, for here the electors never have had an equal vote, while in most Eastern States they are always the same, all on a par.

But the apparent injustice of the whole article is in the fact that in Kansas, Dakota and Washington he saw nothing strange in Wilson's carrying those States by good majorities while Republican candidates for other offices got tremendous majorities; but in California alone, possibly because it was closer and in the limelight longer, he finds such suspicion as to give expression to the objectionable clause.

Permit us to say to Colonel Harvey that in California some may not like Hiram Johnson personally; many do not like him politically; others may find fault with his methods and policies; but it would be difficult to find a man or any voter who would pronounce him "dishonorable" in any sense. California is far from being a "wild and woolly" State, if it is on the Pacific seaboard. Its peo-

ple will average up to those of any State on the Atlantic; and wherever you find in California the most intelligence, the highest culture, there you will find the greatest confidence in, the most trust for the sincerity and honor of, and the biggest vote for Hiram W. Johnson.

Elsewhere in this number we publish exhaustive analyses of the happenings in California which culminated in the loss of the State to Mr. Hughes and his consequent defeat as a candidate for President. One is from the brilliant pen of Professor Frederick M. Davenport of Hamilton College, New York, an ardent Progressive, former State Senator, nominee for Governor in 1914 and an earnest supporter of Mr. Hughes, whom incidentally he accompanied upon the campaign tour now become famous, thereby acquiring at first hand information of the utmost value for the performance of his present task. The other diagnosis is by Mr. Alfred Holman, the distinguished editor of the San Francisco *Argonaut* and an intellectual Republican leader of the first rank. A more authoritative presentation from either the Progressive or the Republican viewpoint could hardly be obtained. We submit the two exhaustive statements to the consideration of our readers with no comment further than that which bears directly upon the courteous demand of Mr. Martin for an apology from this REVIEW to Mr. Hiram W. Johnson.

Herein we find at the outset occasion for no little reflection of a timely nature. First we must inquire: Is all fair in politics, as in love still, according to all accounts, even though no longer in war as practiced in Belgium and Armenia? That is to ask, in practical fashion, can a man do things with impunity in furtherance of his political ambitions which he could not do in private life without impinging his honor in the estimation of his countrymen? Speaking generally, we suspect that the answer would be affirmative, as deduced from many instances of exceptional tolerance of derelictions on the part especially of those office seekers who happen to be successful.

But while misrepresentation, deceit and even downright lying as between rival candidates of like caliber are readily condoned or at least quickly forgotten, after the event, there is one point at which, so far, the American public has seen fit to draw a sharply marked line. That is where a candidate for the Presidency is concerned. In consequence probably of the extraordinary respect in which that great office

is universally held, betrayal or even reasonable suspicion of betrayal of such an one to serve a selfish purpose has been enough invariably to blast any reputation. There never appeared a shred of evidence and there was never any reason to believe that David B. Hill connived at the defeat of Mr. Cleveland and his own election as Governor of New York in 1888. Any one of half a dozen quite obvious causes sufficed to account for the small difference of a few thousand votes, but the vague doubt remained, to the ultimate undoing of one of the ablest statesmen produced by the Democracy in half a century. We advert to this memorable instance, perhaps we should remark, only by way of illustration and in no sense as comparative with the unique case now under consideration.

The question is not, as flippantly put by Mr. William Allen White, "who killed Cock Robin?" Nor except from considerations of future party management, in which we have no concern, has it do with possible reprisals. The whole matter, from the standpoint of the public, as we have suggested, resolves into a study of the present bearing of personal honor upon accepted political standards. Keeping this point constantly in mind, little difficulty will be experienced in avoiding the confusion which has been created by the innumerable charges and counter-charges and still lingers as a consequence of the very exhaustiveness of the analyses of our most capable commentators.

So it will be seen that, for our present purpose, it makes not the slightest difference who suggested or tried to postpone the ill-advised trip, who first met the candidate or who urged him to do this, that or the other thing. As evidence of Progressive depravity, Mr. Holman's account of burglary at the primaries through the use of machinery shrewdly constructed by Governor Johnson is interesting, but not important. Nor need Professor Davenport's mental shock at the quite obvious effort on the part of Mr. Crocker to retain control of the Republican organization be regarded too seriously.

The one and only vital fact bearing upon the preliminaries is that the conduct of Mr. Hughes himself was irreproachable. Nobody now maintains that he "snubbed Johnson deliberately at the behest of Crocker" or was at any time or in any way even tactless from the viewpoint of a rational human being. Members of the two factions may have had

ample causes for complaint at one another, but none had the slightest excuse for punishing their straightforward, high-minded candidate, unless through some form of distorted or vicious reasoning it was held to be proper that he should suffer, as he did suffer in the end, vicariously.

Whether in the bottom of his heart Mr. Johnson cherished animosity towards Mr. Hughes because Mr. Hughes necessarily declined the impudent suggestion of Mr. Rowell that he declare for Mr. Johnson before the primaries may be a question, but there is no doubt of his willingness to accept assistance after the nomination,—as witness the following telegram:

SAN FRANCISCO, August 30, 1916.

W. R. WILLCOX:

Johnson wins primaries at least fifteen thousand. This with Progressive nomination and votes three hundred thousand supporters not yet enrolled in party guarantee his overwhelming election, even without further effort on his part. Our task now to reunite forces on Hughes and to this if you think I can still be useful I wish to devote myself unreservedly for the remainder of the campaign. Johnson's nomination greatly facilitates this but impossible to undo mischief already done without some overt act from Hughes, which, forunately, he can now do without embarrassment, having accepted party status quo as determined by organization while in California there be no criticism if now accepts party status quo as determined by vote of people and new State organization which Progressives will now control. Best immediate step would be prompt telegram unreservedly congratulating Johnson and expressing hope for election. I strongly urge you advise such a telegram.

CHESTER H. ROWELL.

Responding to this request, Mr. Hughes performed the "overt act" desired, sent a telegram of hearty congratulations to Mr. Johnson forthwith and received a suitable acknowledgment. Simultaneously, as noted in the telegram, the management of the campaign, along with the very considerable sum of money collected by Mr. Crocker, passed automatically to the new committee headed by Mr. Rowell.

From that day forward to the day of election—two full months—Mr. Johnson exercised exclusive and undisputed control of the canvasses of Mr. Hughes for President and of himself for Senator, with this result:

Majority for Wilson over Hughes	3,420
Majority for Johnson over Patton	296,815
A difference, in a total of 928,452, of	300,235

"It may seem idle," writes Professor Davenport, "to go into the question of whether Johnson and his organization, after winning a victory at the primaries, were loyal to Hughes thereafter to the end."

With all due respect to our esteemed contributor, it may seem idle or even highly desirable to a Progressive leader, but not to us in our present inquiry, for the reason that in the answer to this very question is to be found the crux of the whole matter as it relates to political standards as affected by personal honor. We had in mind but the one query, Did Mr. Johnson betray Mr. Hughes? but Professor Davenport inferentially and perhaps unconsciously raises another, namely, Assuming that Mr. Johnson was not "loyal" to, or frankly *did* betray, Mr. Hughes (a matter of so slight importance that inquiry "may seem idle"), was his action justifiable? To the latter, we answer unhesitatingly in the negative.

Consider the circumstances. Shortly after the national conventions, and yet not so soon thereafter as to prevent the weighing of personal advantages, Mr. Johnson voluntarily pronounced Mr. Hughes his candidate, promised his unqualified support and obtained from Mr. Hughes public expression of his gratification and gratitude. Again when he had been nominated for Senator, as we have seen, Mr. Johnson sought and secured the aid of Mr. Hughes and assumed sole charge of the campaign in their joint behalf. From that day forward Mr. Hughes surely did nothing to merit the displeasure of Mr. Johnson and, of course, could have done nothing to evince mistrust of his loyalty without impugning his integrity. Of all men living Mr. Hughes, as everybody knows, is the last who would pass such a reflection upon one to whom he had accorded full faith and confided with complete confidence the fortunes of his party and of himself. It is quite impossible to find justification for betrayal, desertion or even lukewarmness in wanton disregard of a trust such as this from such a man.

But did Mr. Johnson betray Mr. Hughes? Professor Davenport, while giving less attention to this specific phase of the subject than we should like, apparently thinks not. Mr. Holman, on the other hand, speaking with full understanding of his own high position and unblemished reputation as the foremost independent journalist of the Far West and with no less certain appreciation of both the effect of

his words and of the grave responsibility which he assumes, declares from his intimate knowledge of all that took place:

"It was the deliberate treachery of Governor Johnson and Mr. Rowell which lost Mr. Hughes the electoral vote of California."

Whether the array of evidences adduced by Mr. Holman, with a force of logic and convincingness which we have to confess tends to relegate Professor Davenport's lively sketch to the entertainment class, fully establishes this stern and damning conclusion, our readers are quite competent to determine for themselves. For ourselves, we go only so far as to record a profound conviction that, whether Mr. Johnson did or did not connive directly at the defeat of Mr. Hughes in California, Mr. Johnson could have carried the State for Mr. Hughes with comparatively little effort and could have won for him a very substantial majority by putting forth all his energies. Furthermore, we are fully convinced that there is not a Progressive in California from Mr. Johnson and Mr. Rowell up or down the moral scale who does not in the back of his head coincide in that opinion.

Reverting now to the demand of the Stockton *Record* for an apology from this Review, we readily concede that "wherever in California you find the most intelligence and the highest culture," *i. e.*, for example, San Francisco, where Mr. Johnson is most potent, you will find "the biggest vote for Hiram W. Johnson," and incidentally the smallest vote for Mr. Hughes. Whether we fail to "grasp the California spirit" which impels citizens to discriminate between automatons of the Electoral College is probably less to the point than our inability to comprehend the bigotry or pettiness which induces such stupidity. As for the high standing of Mr. Johnson in his own community and the difficulty of finding a single "man or voter" who would pronounce him dishonorable, we would not feel warranted in saying more than Mr. Alfred Holman has politely intimated.

Is not the whole question, as we suggested at the outset, one of standards such as occasionally take form in a species of code among gentlemen? Some years ago a great ship struck an iceberg and went to the bottom of the ocean. The captain and nearly all of the officers perished, but the owner who was really responsible for the appalling risk taken was among the first saved. He still lives, strong, well and rich, but a Pariah on the west coast of Ireland, to whom no honor-

able man will extend a hand or speak a word in greeting,—which simply goes to show that in some walks of life, if not in American politics, it is really better and more satisfying in the end to go down with one's ship and one's captain.

Finally, it is not we, but the distinguished editor of the Stockton *Record* who is lax in "picking words." We never applied the term "dishonorable" to Mr. Hiram W. Johnson. We merely wondered mildly whether that little difference of 300,000 out of 900,000 votes would be recalled when in Washington he "shall seek association with honorable men." It may be, if we may paraphrase Professor Davenport, an idle speculation, but it is not devoid of interest and we shall hold to it for the present.

There will be no apology. Rather let us congratulate Mr. Irving Martin, Editor of the Stockton *Record*, whose proprietor, we understand, is a State Water Commissioner by appointment of Governor Johnson, upon having won the following high commendation of his earnest endeavors in the recent campaign:

> My Dear Mr. Martin: To you and to the Stockton *Record* I want to express not only my appreciation, but my deep sense of obligation for your constant, consistent and able advocacy of that for which I stand. . . . The loyalty of papers like yours . . . and of men like you . . . contributing so much to the result, have my heartfelt thanks.
>
> Very sincerely,
>
> (Signed) Hiram Johnson.

Whether or not Editor Martin received a like appreciation from "Cordially and Sincerely Yours, Woodrow Wilson," whom also he supported with might and main, we are not informed. In any case, there is no call for reparation, since the Seattle *Star* "advises" us authoritatively and peremptorily that "Hiram is a gent of strong peculiarities who does not require association with anybody, honorable or otherwise, to have a good time." So, without compunctions of conscience, we shall patiently abide events.

THE CASE OF HIRAM JOHNSON

GUILTY

BY ALFRED HOLMAN

THE total Republican registration of California at the last Presidential election was 581,939.

The total Democratic registration was 233,840.

The total Progressive registration was 45,119.

Moreover, this registration was a new registration beginning on January 1, 1916. A large percentage of it was recorded after the Presidential nominations had been made. It is reasonable to assume that if party registration means anything at all, it means that the electors who under such circumstances have declared their party affiliations purpose to vote at least for the Presidential candidate of their party. California has been a strong Republican State. No Democratic Governor nor other Democratic State official has been elected for more than twenty years. California cast its electoral vote for President Roosevelt by one hundred and fifteen thousand plurality, for President Taft by ninety thousand plurality; and when in 1912 the names of the Taft electors did not appear on the ballot, with all the bitterness which this engendered, but two of its electoral votes went to President Wilson. California also had suffered in especial ways under the Wilson Administration. The tariff on citrus fruits had been revised to its serious injury; the life of the great beet-sugar industry was trembling in the balance; the fleet of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and with it the American flag, had been driven off the Pacific ocean, and all American shippers had to submit to the preferences given by the Japanese lines to their own people. Moreover, California is a border State. Its citizens knew of the horrors of Mexico. They had lost heavily from their investments therein, and President Wilson's hopeless ineptitude in his

dealings with that country was as familiar as the expletives by which it was characterized.

Here, then, in the Democratic weakness, were elements of positive strength to any acceptable Republican candidate. And that Mr. Hughes *was* acceptable to California is not open to debate. In the Republican primary election held in April to elect delegates to the Republican National Convention an independent ticket won a decisive victory over the ticket openly advocated by Governor Johnson, which latter ticket was avowedly for Roosevelt and Johnson, and the delegation at Chicago voted for Mr. Hughes. So far as concerns the Progressives, Governor Johnson on returning to California declared that he intended to vote for Mr. Hughes. The grievance which he expressed was not over the fact that Mr. Hughes was nominated, but only that Colonel Roosevelt did not let the leading Progressives know that he would accept Mr. Hughes—so that the Progressive convention might have nominated him first, and thus have put the Republican party in the position of being compelled to accept the Progressive candidate. Chester H. Rowell, a Progressive National Committeeman and an ardent supporter of Governor Johnson, sought and obtained place as a member of Mr. Hughes' National Republican Campaign Committee.

Thus, on the face of the record was the assurance of a Hughes victory so positive, so overwhelming, that no one outside of the State ever thought of putting California in the doubtful column. Nor indeed did any one within the State, until so late that when suspicion grew into conviction, it was impossible to retrieve the situation.

What was the result of the election?

Hughes (Republican) for President...	462,516
Wilson (Democrat) for President.....	466,289
Johnson (Republican and Progressive) for United States Senate.....	574,667
Patton (Democrat) for United States Senate	277,852

The impossible had happened; and for it there were but two possible explanations. Either Mr. Hughes had in some amazing and unsuspected way sacrificed himself; or he had been sacrificed. Where lies the reality?

The truth of history calls for a plain setting-forth of the conditions and circumstances contributing to this result

which has given the Presidency during the coming four years to the Democracy, with effects likely to be reflected for many years to come in the political life of the nation. Under what influences and motives did California thus abandon established affiliations and so bestow its electoral vote as to support not its traditional sympathies but its traditional antipathies? How and why did Hiram Johnson, official nominee of the Republican party for the Senatorship—and California's political dictator—carry the State by more than 300,000 votes, while Charles E. Hughes, head of the ticket upon which Mr. Johnson was a candidate, was beaten by nearly 4,000? There is a discrepancy here which on its face presents an indictment of double-dealing and broken faith. *Res ipsa loquitur.* The purpose of this writing is to examine and appraise the facts of the case—to explain how and why it all came about.

It hardly needs to be said that in estimating the forces which enter into a general election many things must be taken into account. The outstanding fact in the immediate case is the political power of Governor (and Senator-elect) Johnson. The history leading up to Mr. Johnson's political ascendancy, the conditions and the means under which and by which he became the power that he is in the politics of California, make the basis of a tempting study. The story, regarded as a sidelight upon certain tendencies in popular government or as a dramatic episode in American political history, is well worth the telling. But it is sufficient for the present purpose to relate only such matters as have a material bearing on our subject of inquiry.

Governor Johnson is serving his second term. He was first elected in 1910 as a Republican. Every legislature has been the creature of his will. In 1912 he took to the Republican Convention at Chicago a delegation favoring Colonel Roosevelt for President. With his following he joined the revolting Republicans and became the nominee for Vice-President of the Progressive party. He thus became an active leader and seeker for office in a new national party of pronounced hostility to the Republican party, which, in deserting, the Progressives had anathematized. On returning to California Governor Johnson called a conference of his Progressive followers. By election laws of his devising the nominees winning at the primary election go into convention, dictate the party platform, the membership of the State

Central Committee, and in Presidential years select the men whose names go on the November ballot as Presidential electors. In 1912, the Republican Convention which would do these things would be composed of the Republican nominees to the State Legislature. These nominees it was certain would be controlled by the Governor. Therefore, the Progressive conference decided to call upon all Progressives to run for Senate or Assembly *not* as Progressives, but as Republicans; and, being successful, then as Republican nominees to go into convention and select as Republican Presidential electors men who should be committed to vote, *not* for the Republican Presidential candidates, Taft and Sherman, but for the Progressive candidates, Roosevelt and *Johnson.* This was the programme, and it was successfully carried out. Amazing as it may seem, Governor Johnson was easily able to secure Progressive legislative candidates who, registered as Republicans and seeking office as Republicans, were pledged to carry out the plot to destroy the party they were in honor bound to protect.

Enough of these men secured nominations to accomplish the desired end. They met in a so-called Republican convention; they put in charge of the Republican party organization for the four years to follow nobody but approved Progressives. They named as Republican Presidential electors Progressives, pledged to cast their votes in the Electoral College for Roosevelt and *Johnson.*

What, then, was the plight of the *bona fide* Republicans of the State, of the true Republican party, which, owing allegiance to the National Republican organization, sought to support the one and only Republican nominee for the Presidency, Mr. Taft? It was helpless. For relief, for redress, for the correction of this grave wrong, it could turn nowhere, could do nothing. To every effort made came the one inevitable reply, " So the law is written. The Republican Convention formed in accordance with law has named Republican electors. There cannot be two sets of such Republican electors. It is not a matter for the courts, it is not a justiciable question, whether those Republican electors if sent to the Electoral College will or will not vote for the nominees of the party they represent. That is a matter of personal honor and not of legal right."

By these machinations the result was accomplished that in the Presidential election of November, 1912, no names of

electors for President Taft were printed on the ballot; and while the names of Republican electors appeared on the ballot, each and every one of them was pledged to vote for Roosevelt and *Johnson,* and all of them (saving two lost to President Wilson) did so. Governor Johnson was not only the direct beneficiary of this intrigue, but actually stood sponsor for it. He issued a proclamation too long to be repeated in full. But here is the opening paragraph, his justification; and even the casual reader will note that what it lacks in ethical perception, is compensated for by its self-laudatory arrogance, not wholly concealed by the modest omission to state that this electoral vote is not only to be cast for Theodore Roosevelt for President, but also and equally for himself for Vice-President:

> At a conference yesterday it was determined that every legitimate effort should be made to cast the electoral vote of California for Theodore Roosevelt for President. Neither morally or equitably is Mr. Taft the nominee of the Republican party. Morally and equitably Theodore Roosevelt is. The Republican party of California is progressive and in this State the party was redeemed and made respectable by Progressives. California's Republican party resents the taint and the fraud of the Chicago National Convention and will not tolerate the alliance there demonstrated between crooked politics and crooked business. . . . It has therefore been determined that those candidates for the legislature in the Republican party who are progressive shall agree, if they are successful, to nominate candidates for Presidential electors who will vote for Roosevelt for President.

In the next event to be recorded Mr. Chester H. Rowell occupies the center of the stage. The Progressives continued to hold control of the Republican party thus obtained. They believed that they had destroyed that party in the State. The only question with them was whether it was worth while to hold that control for their own ends. In 1914, Governor Johnson was again a candidate for Governor, this time the Progressive candidate. Mr. Francis J. Heney was contesting with Mr. Rowell for the Progressive nomination for the United States Senate. Mr. Rowell wrote to a friend who wanted to know what the Progressive programme was to be and whether it embraced a continued holding of the control of the Republican party organization. Excerpts from the letter here follow:

> We are in possession of the (Republican) party and if nothing

but California were involved we would have as good a right to the name " Republican " as to the name " Progressive "; if we thought it worth while to keep it. . . . This is not a matter for any one man to settle, though in the final resort I suppose the Governor will have to be the arbiter, since he is the only one to whose judgment other people will cheerfully yield. . . . It may be entirely possible for local organizations . . . while maintaining the Progressive party intact to grab the Republican party also, whenever that seems to be worth while. . . . To me the procedure seems to be impracticable, illogical and inconsistent, and obviously it cannot be continued indefinitely. If, however, it should seem to be the practical method of meeting some local conditions and is the desire of the local people, I have no squeamishness about it provided the law permits.

Two things in these quotations are to be noted: the acknowledged dictatorship of Governor Johnson; and the lack of " squeamishness " upon the part of Mr. Rowell in continuing the rape of the Republican party with personal advantage to himself, provided he did not run foul of the law in so doing. This last was but a fear born of imagination since Mr. Rowell was well advised that a law of his party's own contriving did permit this very thing and had been successfully used to disfranchise the Republicans of California in the Taft-Wilson election.

The Progressives finally decided that they had killed the Republican party and so could leave it to be buried by public charity. Indeed they declared this in effect and almost in words, and after kicking the corpse turned it over to whoever cared to undertake its interment or its resurrection. In the primary Mr. Rowell was defeated by Mr. Heney for the Progressive nomination for United States Senate. In the State election which followed Governor Johnson was again triumphantly elected the Progressive Governor, but Mr. Heney was defeated for the United States Senate by Mr. Phelan, a Democrat, whose name had scarcely been mentioned in the campaign. The local shock of this election was second only to that of the present one. Mr. Heney publicly and bitterly charged Gov. Johnson with treachery to him—with treachery within his own Progressive party to a candidate who had honorably in open contest won its nomination against his favorite, Mr. Rowell. He charged that he was the victim of an understanding between Governor Johnson and Mr. Phelan, whereby Progressive support was given to

the latter in return for Democratic money and support for the former. Be that as it may, we have already learned from Mr. Rowell's ready pen the autocratic control which Governor Johnson exercised over his followers, and it is certain that Mr. Phelan could not have been elected without Progressive support.

Next to be noted is the defeat of Governor Johnson's effort to elect (for the California law requires an election of delegates to National Conventions) a delegation to the last Chicago Convention favorable to Colonel Roosevelt and *Governor Johnson.* This was strictly a Republican party primary, since the Progressives at that time were registered as Progressives and could not participate. Governor Johnson was himself a registered Progressive. His Republican ticket was defeated and an independent ticket was chosen.

There is now to be chronicled the home-coming of Governor Johnson and Mr. Rowell after the Chicago Conventions of 1916. Mr. Rowell had remained long enough in the East to secure a solicited membership on Mr. Hughes' campaign committee. No Republican in California knew of this before it was a fact accomplished and it came to them as a distinct shock, because they did know Mr. Rowell's self-declared lack of squeamishness and his hostility to the Republican party, and did know that his first and last political allegiance was to Governor Johnson, and knowing these things they feared for the cause they had at heart. This fear at the time was editorially expressed by Republican papers.

Governor Johnson signalized his return to California by calling a " conference " of the Progressive party. He addressed it. He announced that the Progressive party was nationally dead. He advised his followers to register in the old parties and endeavor to Progressivize them. He declared that as the situation then stood between Mr. Hughes and Mr. Wilson, he individually was going to vote for Mr. Hughes. He did not ask his people to follow his example and to give Mr. Hughes their support. He then launched his candidacy for the United States Senate.

Under State laws, put by the Progressives on the books, it is possible for a Progressive by the signatures of a handful of complacent men calling themselves Republicans or Democrats to become a candidate for the Republican or Democratic nomination for any office. His name is then voted on at a primary election and a plurality vote makes that Progressive

the Republican or Democratic nominee for the given office. Governor Johnson announced his intention thus to secure the Republican nomination. There was, of course, no opposition to him in his own Progressive party, so he and his aids called upon the Progressives to abandon their Progressive registration and re-register as Republicans. The design was first to secure for himself the Republican nomination for the Senate, and second once more to secure control of the Republican organization, as he had done in the Taft election. These purposes were openly declared, the method openly advocated. It should be remembered that the Progressives were not told to register as Republicans because they were Republicans, but as Progressives to register as Republicans to accomplish these ends. Daily Mr. Rowell in his Fresno newspaper advocated this, pointing out that "the law permits it"—a law put upon the books by Governor Johnson and himself, and characterized by publicists as unique in its corrupt design. It would appear that some dim perception of this penetrated Mr. Rowell's understanding, for he usually followed these appeals and demands with a conclusion like the following quoted from one of his editorials: "We are not urging any Progressive to do this, but are merely pointing out the practical advantage for such as are willing to change." It illustrates the absolute dominance exercised by Governor Johnson and Mr. Rowell over their followers when it is stated that in response to this call the Progressive registration—the registration of the dominant party in California—sank to nothingness. In precincts where the new registration had shown a hundred Progressives within thirty days there was not one. Thus padded, the Republican registration was enormously increased by the names of thousands of electors who thus showed their obedience to Governor Johnson's commands.

The real Republicans of California, those who had sent the Hughes delegation to the Chicago Convention, looked with alarm on this second open attempt to seize their party nominations and organization. Neither Governor Johnson nor Mr. Rowell was a Republican. Both were avowed and registered Progressives. The national Senatorial situation was close and critical, and it was the duty of the Republicans of California to send to the Senate if possible a Republican. Principle and prudence united in the demand that the Republican candidate should be definitely a Republican, pledged to

party doctrines and dependable in the Senate as a supporter of the Republican administration. Therefore the Republicans opposed Governor Johnson's attempt to capture their Senatorial nomination and the organization of their party. The last because Progressive success would put in Progressive hands the absolute control of the Hughes campaign, and they had witnessed what that meant four years before.

William H. Crocker, Republican National Committeeman from California, advocated the election of the one Republican candidate in the field, Willis H. Booth. For this he was arraigned by Mr. Rowell in the following telegram:

San Francisco, July 14, 1916.

To W. H. Crocker, etc.: Chairman Willcox has wired me and I understand also to you asking us to consult regarding Senatorial situation. It is given out here that you have instead gone to Los Angeles to consult only an anti-Johnson half of that situation, with a view by elimination to concentrate opposition to Johnson. If this is true I wish as your colleague on Hughes National Campaign Committee to protest most vigorously. If State committee wishes to narrow itself to factional organization that's its business, but national organization must not be put into this position, especially it should not be done by action of one national representative against protest of other and contrary to policy of Eastern leaders. Position of national leaders, as I know first hand, is definitely favorable to Johnson. I insist either that there be no elimination, or that if eliminating is to be done, proposition to eliminate in favor of as well as against Johnson be considered. Will be at Palace Hotel till Sunday.

(Signed) Chester H. Rowell.

This telegram sheds further light on Mr. Rowell's mental processes. He holds that Mr. Crocker, a Republican, merits criticism for endeavoring to help a Republican secure the Republican nomination for the United States Senate, while manifestly considering his own conduct impeccable, when as a member of Mr. Hughes' Republican National Campaign Committee he was devoting his utmost efforts to aid a man *not* a Republican to secure that nomination. But it does more than that. It contains a statement which had an important bearing on future events. That statement is "Position of national leaders, as I know first hand, is definitely favorable to Johnson." This statement meant and could only mean Eastern *Republican* leaders. It was so accepted, for no one doubted that the Eastern Progressive leaders favored Governor Johnson, as did Mr. Rowell himself. Mr.

Rowell was publicly challenged to name the Eastern Republican leaders who, at first hand, he knew favored Governor Johnson's candidacy. He failed to reply and never has replied. His silence was damaging. It fell just short of convicting him of tergiversation—to use no shorter, uglier word. But Mr. Rowell's criticism was not all nor half of what Mr. Crocker's commendable conduct brought down on him; for the Governor's wrath was aroused and was characteristically displayed by the vilification he unceasingly poured out on Mr. Crocker.

The Progressives at the time of this telegram were not sailing summer seas. They were seriously alarmed lest Governor Johnson might not win the Republican nomination. Should he fail, there was a likelihood, with the Progressive nomination alone, that he would suffer defeat in what was believed to be a strong Republican year. Governor Johnson, for California audiences at least, a skilled and capable campaigner, was using in his addresses, as evidencing Mr. Hughes' support, a telegram sent him by the latter before the Governor had announced his candidacy for the United States Senate. In this telegram Mr. Hughes thanked the Governor for his promise to vote for him and expressed pleasure that their political ideals were not dissimilar. It would be a valuable aid to Governor Johnson's campaign if Mr. Hughes could be brought to California before the primary election and exploited for the good of the Governor's cause. The Governor, by virtue of his executive position, would receive and personally conduct him through the State; the statement in the Rowell telegram would be justified; the people would see that Mr. Hughes favored Governor Johnson's candidacy, and all would be well with the world.

To the accomplishment of this Mr. Rowell bent his energies. Mr. Hughes long before had been invited to include California in his campaign tour, and Mr. Crocker and other Republicans had joined in the invitation. With the complications which had arisen over the Governor's after-announced Senatorial aspirations it was manifestly inexpedient that Mr. Hughes should visit California *before* the Senatorial primary. If he did so there was danger of the estrangement of the Progressives if it was charged that he "played up" too close to the Republicans, and on the other hand there was danger of antagonizing the Republicans if it was thought that he was unduly ignoring the members of

the party whose nomination he had accepted. The simple solution of the difficulty was to have Mr. Hughes postpone his visit until *after* the Senatorial primary, when he could tour the State with the successful candidate, Johnson or Booth, without the possibility of giving offense. This is no afterthought. It was thoroughly appreciated at the time by Mr. Hughes' wellwishers, and many telegrams to this effect went on to the chairman of the Republican National Campaign Committee, Mr. Willcox. It is said that the influence of these telegrams was entirely overcome by the force of Mr. Rowell's official position and opposing representations. On this I do not pretend to speak with knowledge, but the fact is certain that the only responses were answers from Mr. Willcox that Mr. Hughes' itinerary had been arranged and would not be changed.

Such were the local conditions when Mr. Hughes came to California ten days before the Senatorial primary. Mr. Crocker and Mr. Rowell had been asked by Chairman Willcox to meet him in Portland. Mr. Rowell went. Mr. Crocker declined to go. Mr. Rowell, the accredited spokesman of the Progressives, thus had Mr. Hughes' undivided attention for twenty-four hours before his arrival in California. It is inconceivable to one who knows Mr. Rowell that the California situation from the Progressive point of view should not have been adequately, indeed exhaustively presented. Mr. Crocker's declination to go to Portland sprang from his declared attitude, "I will not," he said, "say one word to the candidate about local differences unless he shall invite explanations." Mr. Hughes never asked for light on the matter during his visit, and such knowledge as he possessed therefore came from Mr. Rowell.

Mr. Hughes was met at the State line by a delegation composed in about equal proportions of Republicans and Progressives and Mr. Crocker and Mr. Rowell were both present. At his meeting in San Francisco Mr. Crocker presided, Mr. Rowell occupying a conspicuous position on the speaker's platform. His California addresses discussed national problems and party issues, and contained this and this only touching State matters, "I come to California as the spokesman of the National Republican party. With local differences I have no concern."

So Mr. Hughes came, spoke and went his way—but without meeting Governor Johnson. The Governor had refused

invitations to join in greeting Mr. Hughes at the State line and to be present at his meetings, notwithstanding the fact that his declaration that he would support him was never withdrawn. The conduct and utterances of Mr. Hughes as a candidate for the highest office in the nation, were from the standpoint of the gentleman, flawless; from the standpoint of the politician it is argued that he should have sought out Governor Johnson and curried favor with him. Whether a candidate for the Presidency should seek out a Governor of notorious vindictiveness, who has refused to meet him, to the end that he may solicit and obtain that Governor's political support, is a question that may be left to the *quid nuncs*. Whether if it had been done in this instance the candidate would have received that support on any tolerable terms, is a question which I have no hesitation in answering in the negative. For consider the situation:

Mr. Hughes had given no offense to Governor Johnson *before* he entered California, and yet the Governor refused to meet and greet him. Here was the first affront, and that was an affront put upon, not inflicted by, Mr. Hughes. Governor Johnson, though in the neighborhood, refused to attend Mr. Hughes' Los Angeles meeting. Governor Johnson knew of Mr. Hughes' presence at a hotel where the Governor was staying—Mr. Hughes did not know of Governor Johnson's presence. Governor Johnson neither called on Mr. Hughes nor made his presence known. The only explanation is that Mr. Rowell must have communicated to the Governor after his Portland interview with Mr. Hughes some message which fixed his antagonism. For of that antagonism there can be no doubt. The press commented on it at the time; and thereafter the answer which Governor Johnson sent to Mr. Hughes' telegram of congratulation when he had succeeded in securing the Republican nomination at the August primary, was in manner and matter designedly sneering and contemptuous and was so characterized by the newspapers.

Governor Johnson did, by thus padding the Republican registry with Progressives, win the Republican nomination for the Senate, and the control of the organization of the Republican party of California for the next four years. After the primary Mr. Crocker, ignoring the Governor's scurrile treatment of him, publicly declared that: "Past political differences in California must be forgotten. We must unite to elect the candidates of our party. Vote the ticket from top

to bottom." Governor Johnson's response to this was to refuse to permit Mr. Crocker to be named as a Presidential elector. Indeed he refused recognition on the Republican State Central Committee, which he named, to any true Republican. All were Progressives headed by Chester H. Rowell, chairman.

It was late in August when the management of Mr. Hughes' affairs in California was turned over under the law to this new Republican State Central Committee composed of Progressives named by Governor Johnson, and then and there died the Hughes campaign in California. During the two last important active months preceding a Presidential election a visitor to California would not have known that Mr. Hughes was a candidate. Governor Johnson, who says very truly that his election was assured when the result of the August primary was known, vehemently denies responsibility for Mr. Hughes' defeat, and protests that his State-wide campaign made after the August primaries was conceived and executed on behalf of Mr. Hughes. But he fails to explain many things. He fails, for example, to explain why, his election being assured, enormous sums of money should have been spent on his campaign; why the bill-boards should have been plastered with his picture as with circus-posters; why his posters should have called upon the people to elect him as the "man who does things" and should have contained no reference to the Republican party whose nomination he had sought and secured, nor to Mr. Hughes, the head of that party; why he never called on his organization to support Mr. Hughes; why he never called on his followers to support Mr. Hughes; why if he was touring the State for Mr. Hughes he did not do these things; why when he spoke in a town he did not speak for Mr. Hughes, and why shortly thereafter disturbing news would begin to come in that that town was "not so strong for Hughes as had been thought"; why in Los Angeles, but a few days before election, he carried words of cheer to the Democrats in a public interview published in the *Los Angeles Express,* in which he declared it "extremely doubtful" if Mr. Hughes would carry California and did not even then call upon his faithful to rally to the support of his candidate. For there is one thing which nobody in California questions for an instant. If Governor Johnson had desired the success of Mr. Hughes, one word to his organization of seven thousand office holders would

have been a guarantee of Mr. Hughes' election. That word was never spoken. True it is that in the last few days of the campaign he said more on the platform for Mr. Hughes than previously he had said in all the campaign. But by that time he had, after his complete tour of the State, succeeded in whispering Mr. Hughes' chances to death, and this belated advocacy was laughed at by his followers and characterized as designed "to save his face," and as a punishment to Senator Phelan for having broken the "gentleman's agreement" between them, under which Senator Phelan was to let the Senatorial situation alone and Governor Johnson was to do likewise as to the Presidency—the earlier understanding between them charged by Mr. Heney to which I have adverted, coupled with the fact that Governor Johnson's first espousal of Mr. Hughes came immediately after Senator Phelan had spoken in advocacy of Mr. Patton, lending some color to the characterization.

In all this two facts stand admitted: one, that the real Republicans of California ardently supported Mr. Hughes. Mr. Crocker, for example, turning over twenty-five thousand dollars to the Johnson Republican State Central Committee; the other, that the Progressives registered as Republicans and conducting the Republican campaign did not support Mr. Hughes. The grievance of the Republican party in the State and nation is not that Governor Johnson and Mr. Rowell did not support Mr. Hughes. They had the unquestioned right to support President Wilson and to call on their followers to do so; but they had no right to seize the control of the Republican party machinery by false registration, as they did, and then to use that control to encompass Mr. Hughes' overthrow. Mr. Rowell, as chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, had no right to still Republican fears by assurances, made up to the last moment and until it was too late to retrieve the designed disaster, that Mr. Hughes was sure to carry the State by 50,000.

It was the deliberate treachery of Governor Johnson and Mr. Rowell which lost Mr. Hughes the electoral vote of California. These are harsh words, but if their complete justification is not established by the facts set forth, add to their consideration the following: It was in the three cities and counties where Johnson's and Rowell's strength was greatest that Mr. Hughes received his deepest wounds: In San Francisco, where Governor Johnson lives and dominates the

city administration; in Sacramento, the capital and seat of the Johnson machine; in Fresno, where Mr. Rowell and his paper have their homes. The Republican registration in San Francisco was 105,467, the Democratic registration 38,161; yet Mr. Hughes lost San Francisco by 15,000 and Mr. Johnson carried it by 72,000. The Republican registration in Sacramento was 20,128, the Democratic registration 7,592; yet Mr. Hughes lost Sacramento County by 4,000 and Mr. Johnson carried it by 8,000. The Republican registration in Fresno was 14,813, the Democratic registration 11,369; yet Mr. Hughes lost Fresno County by nearly 3,000 and Mr. Johnson carried it by 6,000. Again, in the upbuilding of his political machine, Governor Johnson has not forgotten the press, and the campaign attitude of his subsidized papers merits notice. The proprietor of the *Sacramento Bee* holds a Johnson appointment on the State Board of Reclamation; emoluments, twenty dollars per day while attending to the business of the board and "necessary expenses." The *Bee* supported President Wilson and Governor Johnson with equal ardor. The proprietor of the *Stockton Record* is a Johnson appointee on the State Water Commission, salary five thousand dollars per annum. Like the *Sacramento Bee*, that paper supported President Wilson and Governor Johnson with unbounded enthusiasm, in recognition of which the proprietor received the following letter of commendation on November 15th, after the result of the election was certain:

> My Dear Mr. Martin: To you and to the *Stockton Record* I want to express not only my appreciation, but my deep sense of obligation for your constant, consistent and able advocacy of that for which I stand. . . . The loyalty of papers like yours . . . and of men like you . . . contributing so much to the result, have my heartfelt thanks.
>
> Very sincerely,
>
> (Signed) Hiram Johnson.

In this naïve statement we have the confession from the Governor's own pen. Mr. Martin "ably advocated" those things for which Governor Johnson stood. Mr. Martin "ably advocated" the re-election of President Wilson. What more is needed?

Once before, as I have been at pains to set forth, Governor Johnson and Mr. Rowell, in a slightly different way, betrayed the Republican party. The only reason the country

did not then ring with it was because, while locally successful, nationally they failed. Colonel Roosevelt and Governor Johnson were defeated. This time Governor Johnson and Mr. Rowell have succeeded nationally, and they are entitled to all the odium or praise which that success merits.

Still further confirmation of this conclusion is found in the shifty and shifting explanations which these men continue to put forth. Governor Johnson's defense that he toured California on behalf of Mr. Hughes has been adverted to. At first he was inclined to admit that the Progressives had been estranged because he had been slighted. He even included Mr. Rolph, the Mayor of San Francisco, in the arraignment, and charged Mr. Hughes with having also "slighted the greatest vote-getter of San Francisco." All San Francisco smiled at the suggestion that Mr. Rolph would have supported Mr. Hughes, or anybody else, in the face of organized labor's pronouncement for President Wilson. Also the Governor's first explanation embraced the admission that his personal grievance made known to his people had worked Mr. Hughes' defeat. This, on reflection, manifestly would not do. It was a tacit admission of treason coupled with a showing of autocracy over a blind following, and so Mr. Rowell stepped manfully forward and proclaimed that the slight put on the Governor was a negligible factor in Mr. Hughes' defeat. The real cause was the haughty arrogance of the "Old Guard" Republicans of California who were successful in creating the impression that Mr. Hughes was one of them. Mr. Rowell in this explanation graciously acquitted Mr. Hughes of intent to offend, excusing his conduct on the ground that he was ignorant of local conditions. But this explanation took no account of the fact that Mr. Rowell alone, and no member of the Old Guard, held uninterrupted converse with Mr. Hughes in Portland, so that all Mr. Hughes knew of local conditions came from the Progressives. Also this explanation failed to explain that the haughty arrogance of the Old Guard was put out of existence two months before the election, when the Progressives took full charge of the Hughes campaign; and finally it did not explain why Governor Johnson and Mr. Rowell did not disabuse their followers' minds of this utterly mistaken notion concerning Mr. Hughes' attitude. So this had to be abandoned. After these and many other shiftings Governor Johnson, with Mr. Rowell in accord, now tell the

nation that in his California campaign Mr. Hughes "failed to convince" the Progressives that he carried their principles in his heart of hearts. As though the Progressives of California, who once before seized control of the Republican party to destroy its candidate, President Taft; who just now, while Progressives, colonized the Republican party in the successful effort once more to take over its management, and did both of these things on the mere demand of Governor Johnson, needed any more convincing in this campaign than the word of their master!

Significant also is the fact that from neither Governor Johnson nor Mr. Rowell has come the slightest expression of the regret which a loyal follower feels over a leader's downfall; no word of repining even over the destinies of the nation committed for four more long years to President Wilson's hands. On the contrary, Mr. Rowell's joy over the result was ill-concealed, and it was with real jubilation that he pointed out that political lines had shifted; that the West and South had elected a President without the great Eastern and Middle Western States; that the Republican party of California was now thoroughly Progressive; that immediate effort would be made to Progressivize the national Republican party; that failing in this it was still to be remembered that Wilson was elected because he was believed to be more progressive than was Mr. Hughes; that what had been done this time could be done again; and that it was not to be forgotten that Governor Johnson was the great leader of the Western Progressives. Reflect on this for one moment! Mr. Hughes' election would certainly have meant his renomination four years hence, and Governor Johnson's hopes would suffer a necessary deferment of eight years—enough to make any aspirant's heart sick. President Wilson could look to no third term. In four years Democracy would be seeking a candidate. Who better fitted for it than this Lochinvar out of the West, who had given President Wilson his second term, and who could accept the Democratic nomination without sacrifice of principle, since, if the Republicans did not nominate him, it would be because they were not Progressive, while the Democrats were, and he above all else was, wedded to Progressivism. It will be interesting to watch Governor Johnson and Mr. Rowell's efforts to mould the Republican party a little nearer to their heart's desire by their familiar and practiced methods.

ALFRED HOLMAN.

THE CASE OF HIRAM JOHNSON

NOT GUILTY

BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

WHILE the returns were coming in, California floated into a psychological position where it appears to the mind of the American people as having definitely determined the late election.

No other State result has attracted such nationwide interest, and the theory about California has ranged from incredible treachery upon the one hand to unbelievably blind stupidity on the other. It is time for a show down on the facts.

The circumstantial evidence leading up to California indicates the keenest appreciation on Hughes' part of the value of Progressive support and clears him of the slightest intent to offend Johnson or his comrades. From the moment of his acceptance of the nomination Hughes was both desirous and insistent that the revolutionary faction of the Progressives should have high recognition in the fight. At the first meeting at Bridgehampton with Crane, Penrose, Smoot, Hemenway, et al., the executive group of the Republican organization, he urged the view that there must be an adequate representation of Progressives on the National Campaign Committee. And so cogently did he urge it that there was no opposition.

But it was no easy job to work it out. For example, the Progressive organization—through its leader Perkins—made its own selection of representatives and Ickes was appointed upon the campaign committee from Illinois, and no Old Guardsman at all. And on came Republican National Committeeman Thompson and Republican United States Senator Sherman by fast Twentieth Century, and wanted to know

who was who in Illinois. Hughes explained that the Progressive representatives were not appointed for leadership in a State, not Garfield for Ohio, not Ickes for Illinois, not Rowell for California. They were selected because of their supposed personal influence, for national service. The Republican National Committeeman was everywhere to maintain his titular position—the Progressive did not oust him from his relation to his State. But it was particularly the National Republican Committeeman's duty to make peace with Progressives within his commonwealth, for the sake of unity and harmony and victory. And the Republicans from Illinois, believing that Hughes meant what he said, went back home, took their coats off, and, in the midst of bitter factional disturbance, reached an agreement by which all wings of the Republican party were fairly and fully recognized and brought into unison, and hostility was swallowed up in remarkable national meetings and ultimate and overwhelming Republican victory in Illinois. Progressives in Illinois were not regarded as penitents or interlopers, but as fellow comrades in a great cause.

This was the attitude of mind in which Hughes approached California. The existing Republican National Committeeman was to be the official spokesman in the State and was to be responsible for peace and harmony therein. And this is where Crocker comes in. For some reason good or bad, financial, social or occult, the California delegation at the Chicago convention had selected Crocker to be National Republican Committeeman and to guide the destinies of the campaign in that State. The Hughes principle of organization recognized Crocker, but it also recognized the responsibility of Crocker and the group who surrounded him to bring about a fair working agreement in a State where above all things this was necessary to success, because the Progressive, Johnson, who had already announced his support of Hughes, had hundreds of thousands of followers. No stiff-backed Bourbonism, no narrow pseudo-aristocratic vision, no petty and outworn party philosophy, no personal pique, no long-standing rancors, were to block the way any more than they did in Illinois. It was up to Crocker. It was up to the Republican National Committeeman in every State to see the national end of it through, in a broad and generous spirit toward the Progressive organization and faction of the party. That was the Hughes understanding, the

Hughes point of view, the Hughes principle of organized action.

The course of events will now illustrate how well or ill the national trust for the Republicans was fulfilled at the Golden Gate. There were many telegrams exchanged in arranging for the Hughes trip to the coast which are illuminating. Upon the question of who was responsible for the early visit of Hughes, before the bitter factional primaries, on the 8th of July there is a telegram to National Chairman Willcox from Keesling, the Republican State Chairman of California, backed up by another from Crocker, requesting "a visit from Mr. Hughes to California as early in the campaign as possible. We assure you of a most cordial reception under the auspices of a reunited party." National Chairman Willcox replied on the same day—"Disquieting rumors are current here of lack of co-operation looking to the general support in your State of all forces opposed to the Wilson Administration. Particular attention has been called to the attitude of the Los Angeles *Times* and a reported political blacklist." This has reference to the alleged blacklisting of Johnson and his leading lieutenants by Crocker, Keesling, Mike De Young of the San Francisco *Chronicle,* the famous Harrison Gray Otis of the Los Angeles *Times,* John D. Spreckles of San Diego, and men of their type in the old Republican machine.

The wires now begin to disclose the fact that Johnson and the chief leaders in his Progressive organization are the bone of contention—especially Johnson who, though a Progressive, is a candidate for the United States Senate in both the Progressive and the Republican primaries. For ten days the wires fly about Johnson. Crocker contends that Republicans north and south maintain that Booth of Los Angeles, as a Republican and southern Californian, must have the nomination. "California must have a Republican Senator," says he; "my efforts will be judiciously and unreservedly so directed." Then all hands in California begin to wobble about the time when Hughes shall arrive. Three precious weeks have been lost and it is the twenty-eighth of July. Crocker pleads now in a telegram of the twenty-eighth for Hughes to come after the primary election, and Rowell the Progressive National Committeeman and chief lieutenant of Johnson has no objection to the change, but is evidently impressed that what is needed is a more virile and

generous handling of the party meetings for the national candidate, rather than a scurrying to cover the other side of primary day. National Chairman Willcox decides in a telegram of the 30th of July that it is impossible at so late a day to change the dates for Governor Hughes. Hughes must go at the time already fixed or run the chance of not going at all. The country is wide and the period of the campaign has already been greatly foreshortened by small controversy.

Trouble, as revealed in the wires, now shifts from Johnson directly to Johnson indirectly, in the matter of the arrangements for greeting Hughes. Who shall preside at San Francisco and Los Angeles and who shall represent the Progressives on the formal reception committees? Grave problems, uncharted perils! There is nothing that beats the California controversy for a study in human psychology! Johnson is the de jure and de facto Governor of the State with at least several hundred thousand followers, and is for Hughes for the Presidency. The customary courtesies would indicate such a man as a presiding officer. But *nefas dictu!* Johnson is a Progressive, an Outlander, a political pariah to Crocker, Keesling, De Young, Otis and Spreckles! And, worse yet, Johnson wishes to be the Republican candidate for United States Senator as he has the impious right to be under the statutes of the State. But why should a man who is a heretic and an alien dare presume to seek to qualify to lay impious hands upon the Republican ark of the covenant!

Here is the nub of the California fiasco. As it was argued by the conservative party formalists, it was purely theological and medieval, neither human nor political. But, of course, the real fact was that there was a struggle for control on again for the State leadership of the Republican party. Crocker and Keesling knew it as well as Johnson and Rowell. It was a fair and open struggle under the law of the State. That the opportunity had been made normal and easy by Johnson statutes was criminal only to the sacrosanct party habit of mind. The West generally makes provision for far more political flexibility than the East, and thrives under it.

Hughes and Willcox wished to travel the broad gauge line. Solely upon his own responsibility Rowell had urged that Johnson preside at the Hughes meeting in San Francisco, and Booth, the regular Republican candidate for

United States Senator at the Los Angeles meeting. Crocker was opposed. Willcox, under date of the 30th of July, wires Crocker—"It does not seem to me that the National Committee or candidate should be required to decide a matter of this kind. . . . I might say personally and not officially that I think there is some force in the Governor of a State, supporting the Presidential candidate, having the privilege of presiding at one of the meetings." This telegram was sent at the instance of Hughes himself.

The flow of telegrams between Hell Gate and the Golden Gate proceeds. Scene shifts from who shall be chairman to who shall have power over the general arrangements of the Hughes meetings, and, above all, who shall pick the representative Progressives who are to be allowed to sit on the platform and stand in the reception line and sip the campaign lemonade and bask near, but not too near, the sunlight of the candidate. And this in a State where for six long years it has been evident that Progressives of one sort and another outnumber the Crocker-Keesling-De Young-Otis-Spreckles faction by hundreds and hundreds of thousands! And there ensues a furious altercation over this, quite out of keeping with the way a similar situation was resolved in Illinois, where at the behest of Hughes and the National Chairman, the Progressive organization as well as the Progressives generally were placated into an overwhelming Republican triumph. On the 6th of August appears a wire to Willcox from Rowell, the eager representative of Johnson and co-member with Crocker upon the Republican National Campaign Committee—"Present arrangements . . . leave me no function but invited guest. To consent . . . is not truce but surrender. . . . I am not considering personal dignity in this but merely insisting upon minimum of authority necessary to enable me to carry out your request and prevent calamity to Hughes which Crocker's proposed exclusion and ignoring of Progressives will produce. THESE PLANS, IF UNCHANGED, WILL AROUSE SUCH WIDESPREAD RESENTMENT AS TO RENDER CALIFORNIA A DOUBTFUL STATE FOR HUGHES. . . ."

The Crocker-Keesling group went out of their way to be kind to individual Progressives provided they were not associated too strongly with the Johnson organization. Crocker had Progressives with him as well as Republicans when he met the Hughes train at the State line. He had Progressives

on the platform at San Francisco. After some pressure the regulars in Los Angeles picked a real Johnson man to introduce a real regular to introduce Hughes in that city. But generally throughout the State Johnson himself and the men and women who were nearest to him and had proved his ablest lieutenants—these for the most part were made to feel that they were outside the pale. What the Johnson group were fighting for was RESPONSIBLE participation such as had been granted in the makeup of the National Campaign Committee and in the whole conduct of negotiations in a State like Illinois. Again and again National Chairman Willcox in the telegrams urges Crocker to follow the spirit of Illinois and suggests for arrangements in California a large committee made up as in Illinois fairly and responsibly of all wings of the Republican party, so that factionalism may cease.

At this point in the telegrams Crocker's responsibility takes to the tall timber. Things are growing very uncomfortable between him and Rowell and in the situation generally. He invents the legal fiction that neither he nor Rowell, since they are national officials, has any right to interfere in a State matter, but that the Hughes affair must be managed exclusively by Keesling's State committee—which Rowell charges is merely an anti-Johnson Senatorial committee and has no national jurisdiction anyway. August eleventh—Hughes well on his way to the coast—along comes a telegram from Crocker to Rowell relayed to Willcox. Crocker says to Rowell—"You and I both know that as members of the Republican National Committee we have no authority over this purely California local situation."

And Hughes draws near the coast. The quarrel is not so close to settlement as at the beginning and has become menacing. Willcox wires Rowell and Crocker to meet Hughes at Portland in the hope that diplomacy in the presence of the Presidential candidate may still avail. Rowell fulfills the National Chairman's request and appears at Portland, and next day with Hughes goes over the controversy. Crocker does not accept the invitation for a quiet, detached conference with Hughes before all arrangements for California are completed, but turns up later at the State line with a numerous political retinue.

Meantime Hughes had listened to Rowell's urgent view, which in substance was as follows. Said Rowell—"You may decide that you will do nothing in the matter of the Cali-

fornia primary fight. That is formally and technically right. Of course you won't decide upon anything until you talk with Crocker. But personally I think it is a mistake to have nothing to do with the contest. You are pretty sure to be lined up with the old machine wing if you go through California under the Crocker program. Johnson is going to win this fight. He has the State back of him. He represents the Progressive movement for this section of the country and the politically wise thing to do is to directly recognize him or the Progressives in whatever way you think best. Such action will be taken symbolically in the West, and will determine the Progressive vote." In substance Hughes answered —" I think it would be unprincipled for me to take part in the primary fight. I have always stood for the right of the members of a party to thresh out their differences. The national candidate ought not to put himself into the scale, ought not to be involved."

The longer Hughes thought about it, the more certain he was of his position. Even if it were politically strategic, it seemed to him the wrong thing to do and he did not resolve the question on the ground of expediency. But there was clearly the gravest doubt in his mind of even the expediency of projecting himself into the business. He could not fail to remember his personal relation to affairs all through the East. There were many Republicans in that section who were saying that, if Hughes were elected, he would further break up the Republican party, that he had no real party feeling, that his action as Governor was antagonistic to party solidarity. They were saying that the elder statesmen were not being consulted in New York, that there was too much Progressivism at headquarters. If he now should espouse Johnson's cause in California, how would it react all through the East? There were hosts of perfectly good conservative Republicans who would cry—" There he goes again, he will throw us all the moment he gets the chance." It was not particularly necessary to consider the remaining Old Guardsmen, but it was at least proper to consider the three and a half millions of thoroughly sincere but strict party Republicans in the country who really give the Old Guardsmen their influence and power. As for Crocker, if the titular representative doesn't receive recognition for the time being, there is an end to organization. Any man in politics or business understands that.

Thus at least reasoned Hughes as his train drew near to San Francisco. That night at the Civic Auditorium before a great audience Crocker, Keesling, and Rowell sat on the platform with the candidate and Crocker introduced Hughes. As Crocker got up to speak, some fellow in the gallery arose and shouted—"Three cheers for San Francisco's favorite son." And there was a goodly volume of applause. Hughes was pondering, as usual, while he was being introduced, how he should get into his speech. And bearing in mind numerous friendly sentiments he had heard expressed, even by Rowell, about Crocker as a philanthropist and personally a man of good repute, and spurred on by Crocker's generous words of introduction which seemed to merit at least some slight expression of appreciation in return, Hughes began his speech as follows—"I salute with you San Francisco's favorite son." Now to the Progressive mind in California the very name Crocker, unfortunately enough for the present gentlemanly and philanthropic possessor, is symbolic of the long struggle with Southern Pacific machine rule, with all its corruption and tyranny. To the Progressives Hughes seemed to be saluting the dead hand, the ghost of power and dread which still stalks through the halls of the capitol at Sacramento. The Progressives seem not to have paused to consider that Hughes in New York and upon the Supreme bench was a living rebuke and menace to all the evil that was involved in Southern Pacific machine rule. But the next utterance was even more offensive to Progressives, and Hughes again fell into it naturally and innocently. "I come," said he, "as the spokesman of a reunited Republican party to talk to you of national issues—*with local differences I have no concern.*" It was straightforward and correct and logical, but to the Progressives it was offensive. He did not recognize the Johnson side of the fight. Why shouldn't he recognize it? That is the way Progressives reasoned. To the Progressives of California Johnson represented a creed of liberty and social amelioration with which his career as Governor was bound up. It was a matter of national import and not merely of local concern. What Hughes had in mind was entirely friendly to Johnson. He intended to keep out of the primary fight on principle and he had no notion of being aligned with the opponents of Johnson simply because he did not endorse Johnson. But to the highly temperamental and earnest Progressives of California, to whom men and

events are symbols, Hughes had said precisely what the Old Guardsmen wished him to say. And the jig was up before the tour of the State had fairly begun.

But Hughes was well received in the first great mass meeting at San Francisco and he got no impression, neither did any of the Hughes party, of frost or chill on the part of his great audience. The next day was crowded full of engagement and incident—at the Union Iron Works at ten o'clock, a great outdoor meeting with a high platform, from which Hughes climbed down and stood among the men and had them with him from the start—at noon before the Union League—and at one a luncheon at the Commercial Club, and Oakland at three. Crocker and Keesling appeared early, accoutered for the day and the fray. All waited for Rowell who arrived late and expressed regret that, because of illness in his family, he must quit the party forthwith. Hughes had only a moment with him in the hall of the hotel, but he listened with some disquietude to the frank recital which Rowell poured into his ear and which in substance appeared as an interview in the papers of the following morning. And this is what the National Republican Campaign Committeeman, who was also a Progressive, later detailed freely to the newspapermen in the hotel lobby. Speaking of the mass meeting of the night before—"With such a magnificent audience the roof should have been torn off. I feel that it was very unfortunate that Mr. Hughes made his statement about keeping his hands off local conditions. We didn't mind his saying that he saluted the chairman Crocker—that was a mere pleasantry. But his other remark was exactly what the Old Guard element was looking for. The address was not what we had hoped for either." Commenting upon what a prominent California Progressive had said to him over the 'phone—"Mr. Hughes is feeding the Californian Progressives pap; his Progressive utterances were milk for babes. The whole tenor of his speech was disappointing and unsatisfactory." And, continued Rowell, speaking now for himself—"It didn't get the crowd, and the campaign has not been what we expected. We still hope to carry the State for Hughes and I think we will. But we won't get the majority that we expected." Then he took up another phase of criticism—"John F. Neylan, head of the Board of Control of this State, is one of our best campaign orators. He has been campaigning

in six counties and he told me that his peroration was the best that he ever wrote. He got half of it from Cicero and half from Daniel Webster, and it ended with the words *Charles Evans Hughes.* He told me that at one meeting he got fifteen persons to cheer over his peroration, and that everywhere else there was no cheering except for Governor Johnson. Then Neylan referred to the stand Governor Johnson had taken for Child Labor legislation—legislation also adopted by the National Government. Neylan said he tried to get by it quickly so as not to give the crowd a chance to cheer, and he didn't even mention President Wilson's name, referring to him only as the Chief Executive. But he said his remarks were interrupted by cheering which was about the loudest he heard that night."

The Progressive pop valve had gone off. Rowell himself, an exceedingly able and efficient, even if strongly impulsive, Johnson lieutenant, who is now the Republican State Chairman of California, was quick to recognize the unwisdom and indiscretion of his utterance. It undoubtedly did harm at a critical time. But it undoubtedly also reflected over-frankly and unreservedly an unfounded but widespread Progressive opinion of the inner meaning of Hughes' course in the State.

But the worst is yet to be chronicled. And this time from the Bourbons. Between the upper and the nether millstones of the impetuous liberal and the blind Bourbon, the candidacy of Hughes suffered much at the Golden Gate. San Francisco has long been a center of fierce labor strife. The local arrogance of capitalism has frequently been met with the passionate violence of the workers. The industrial temper of the city is always on edge. Only a day or two before Hughes arrived, a strike of the Waiters' Union had begun for the right to organize and share in the control of the conditions of restaurant toil. The waiters at the Commercial Club were on the point of walking out, and Hughes was to eat there and speak there to a great gathering of the business men of San Francisco. What I am to say next Hughes knew nothing about, and I doubt if he knows it to this day. There was no attempt on the part of the Bourbon Republican escort of Hughes to pacify the situation relative to the waiters, although it was a situation charged with political dynamite. But a short time before the luncheon, when the gravity of the affair was brought to the attention

of the personal manager of Hughes, this manager went to the head of the Waiters' Union in San Francisco and asked him frankly to hold up the walk-out from the Commercial Club until after Hughes' appearance there. The head of the Waiters' Union saw the unfairness of entangling a candidate for the Presidency of the country in a local controversy with which he had nothing to do, and freely promised that the men should stay on their jobs during the luncheon, but said: "There is one condition. There is to us an offensive open-shop placard hanging in the window of the Commercial Club, as in a good many other places in this town, declaring against our hopes and purposes. All we ask is that that placard be taken down from the window of the club while our men are serving the luncheon."

The Hughes manager went at once to Crocker and Keesling about the placard and they said that they would see what could be done. Nothing was done. And the Hughes manager finding that there was a powerful Republican Bourbon on the committee with Crocker and Keesling who was barring the way, went at last to him also. He is a well-known Bourbon in San Francisco and I ought to mention his name. I would do so except that in a very unpleasant matter it would simply be the manager's word against that of an estimable gentleman! There was no third party at the interview. But this estimable Republican Bourbon blurted out to the Hughes manager—"Take down those placards? Not on your life. We have got these *labor bastards* in this town where we want them at last, and we are not going to let up on them at all." And nothing was done. All that the large number of "labor bastards" in San Francisco knew was that Hughes had affronted their class. They could not know that, surrounded by a Bourbon cordon, and harassed by the hardest kind of toil himself, he had no knowledge of the real inwardness of the affair, no knowledge that the luncheon was being served by those whom union labor regarded as nondescripts gathered from outlying scab restaurants. If you would understand Bourbonism in America, what it means and what it leads to, here is your opportunity. At a time when the nations of the earth as never before are recognizing the place and power of labor in the life of society, when Germany has made of labor a great vital patriotic national asset, and the new Premier of England frankly and fully acclaims the partnership of labor even in

the government of the country, when all the great nations now at war are looking forward to the further elevation and dignity of labor when the war is done, Republican Bourbonism in San Francisco thinks in terms of "labor bastards" and is out to fight them to the end.

California was lost to Hughes in San Francisco. There were other communities in the State which went against him by small or good-sized majorities, but the great discrepancy is in San Francisco and Alameda—around San Francisco Bay. Johnson received only a hundred and nine thousand more votes than Hughes in California. Johnson was fortunate in his Senatorial adversary and so obtained a vast plurality of nearly three hundred thousand over his opponent. But the distance between Johnson and Hughes, something over one hundred thousand, was not so great when all factors are taken into account. The "labor bastards" had their day in court on the seventh of November. Pete Kelly, who represents as a Republican the Twenty-First Assembly District in San Francisco, the most exclusive labor district in the city, where he has lived for fifty-one years, reported to the Republican organization long before election precisely what was going to happen.

Why didn't Hughes meet Johnson? They were at the same hotel for an hour at Long Beach near Los Angeles on Sunday afternoon. Hughes was eager to meet Johnson, more eager than Johnson was to meet Hughes. Johnson was outraged by what he regarded as the offensive treatment of himself by the Crocker-Keesling group before Hughes entered the State. These regular Republican gentlemen had made it plain to Johnson and to his friends that his absence from any responsible position in the vicinity of Hughes would be greatly preferred to his presence. Crocker invited him at last to the State line to meet Hughes, but of course Johnson regarded it as a supercilious courtesy which came very late. Johnson was the Governor of the State. Johnson was far and away the chief popular leader of California and an active supporter of Hughes, although not technically as yet a Republican partisan again. Johnson was indignant, naturally and inevitably indignant. He was not out looking for Hughes. He was on a campaign trip of his own in the southern part of the State.

And it must not be forgotten also that Crocker and Keesling formed a cordon about Hughes from the moment he

entered California. Hughes never appeared anywhere for as much as a half minute without Crocker and Keesling at his side. At Sacramento, where the woods are full of Johnson Progressives, the only men who sat on the platform were Crocker and Keesling and " Jack " Higgins who had been removed from the State printing office by Johnson. Hughes never got off the rear platform of his train, but Crocker and Keesling got off too. He could not ride in an automobile without Crocker or Keesling or both. They never let him go. They delivered him. Here, there and everywhere. And he could not control it. They were where they were entitled titularly to be. The one was the National Committeeman and the other the State Chairman. There was nothing but their own sense of the wisdom of it that could efface them. Hughes could not do it. It was of course irksome for him, but it would have seemed to him cowardly to say to them that he was with them on the side but did not wish to be with them in public. Nevertheless the Crocker-Keesling cordon united Hughes firmly in the popular imagination with the opposition to Johnson and sympathy with the *ancien régime*.

But about the Long Beach Hotel, why didn't Hughes and Johnson meet there? Upon the Hughes side the reason is obvious. Hughes came for an hour and went and never knew that his most useful supporter in the State of California was under the same roof. If he had known it, he would naturally and humanly and without ceremony have sought out Johnson. Johnson knew that Hughes was there. He was informed at the desk when he registered that Hughes was expected shortly. But he was not interested in piercing the Bourbon cordon to break into the Hughes party. The manager of the hotel, who is a regular of the regular California regulars, and one of the committee who had Hughes in charge at Long Beach, knew that Johnson was upstairs, but he never let on to Hughes or to anybody who would be likely to get word to Hughes. The fact of the business is that it was the play of the Bourbons every minute to dissociate Hughes and Johnson in the public mind of California, pending the primaries, where they expected a continuation of the victories which they had achieved in the Spring of 1916 and the Fall of 1915. Reaction was expected to keep on reacting until the Johnson overthrow, and that is where the Bourbons fell down.

Later in the evening at Los Angeles Hughes' personal

representative learned of Johnson's presence nearby at Long Beach. He persuaded Republican State Chairman Keesling to return with him to an interview. Crocker took no chances in the vicinity of the jeremiads of Johnson, and remained discreetly obdurate in his Los Angeles headquarters. At the interview the Hughes manager suggested that Johnson preside at the approaching meeting in Sacramento and that the former Governor of New York and the Governor of California exchange telegrams of friendship and sympathy. Johnson was vehement and decisive. He told the Hughes manager that he didn't need to preside at any meeting of the Presidential candidate; that the people of the State of California would not wish their Governor to break through the cordon surrounding Hughes in order that he might shine in the candidate's reflected light, and even if the people did wish this, he wouldn't do it anyway. He bitterly denounced Keesling to his face and Crocker in his absence. He asserted that from the moment Hughes' coming to California had been contemplated, the trip had been used by Crocker and Keesling and those acting with them, not for the benefit of Hughes but for their own petty ambitions, that they might again control California's Government " in order that the foul régime which controlled California prior to 1911 may again be fastened upon the State." I am quoting Johnson's own words. He declared that the Crocker-Keesling group had already done Hughes incalculable harm, had already lost him such a tremendous number of votes that it was doubtful whether all his own efforts and the efforts of his friends could win the votes back, that it would be his endeavor to win them back because he genuinely wished Hughes success and would do his utmost in his behalf.

As to exchanging telegrams with the Presidential candidate, Johnson finally informed the Hughes manager by wire that, although he had heartily wished, as Governor of the State, to extend to Mr. Hughes a cordial welcome to California, this had been blocked by the men surrounding the candidate who were much more interested, Johnson said, in his own defeat than in Hughes' election, and had been blocked after such fashion that " at this late day, when both our itineraries are full and fixed, and upon the eve of Mr. Hughes' departure from California, for me, even at your suggestion to wire Mr. Hughes and for him to reply, . . . would be misunderstood, misinterpreted and maliciously dis-

torted." The wire expresses kindest regard to Mr. Hughes and best wishes for his success.

It is easy for even casual reflection to discern at this stage of events and negotiations how deeply rooted and dominating in California the State situation was over the national. The long struggle between the old order and the new, which has been probably fiercer in California than in any other State of the Union, made both sides obstinate and hard to move. They were in the last political death clinch and neither side was eager for parleys or truces.

And there was another feature of the affair which was dispiriting and unintelligible to Hughes and that was the tendency in California to drag in issues of personal character. Every bit of fighting that Hughes did in New York was on a different plane. It was Hughes' political philosophy that, when you are involved in an issue of political conduct, it is in most cases folly to indulge in undiscriminating attacks on personal character. If you get into this, one side can talk as much as another, and you are at once in the midst of endless controversy over collateral matters—unless, having resorted to indiscriminate personal attack, you go further and adopt the methods of the demagogue to win. But if you are after clean, wise leadership, and then wander off into controversies over personal character, you simply develop a first-class row and don't get anywhere. In his whole public career, Hughes never attacked anybody except after personal investigation and certainty. But when he was certain, and it seemed to him wise, he never hesitated to strike. And he would not have hesitated in California if there had seemed to him to be need for it in any matter in which he had a right to be involved.

But it evidently appeared to Hughes a bewilderingly different political philosophy in California. To the one side Johnson was the last word as a demagogue. His enemies were unable to talk about him with rationality or patience. To them Johnson's defeat and overthrow were essential to the maintenance of the foundations of liberty and order. To the other side, the Southern Pacific crowd and their successors alike were objects of violent hatred. They were persons with whom you could not trust your silverware. They were out-and-out second-story men. Hughes seemed to himself to be introduced into an atmosphere where personal contact with others blackened one's own character, a fictitious and unreal

atmosphere, which it was hard for him to understand. The more he saw of it, the less he wanted to have to do with it. That is the way it affected him. And he took no further part in California, other than to send to Johnson, after the primaries, a message from Estes Park—"I heartily congratulate you on your nomination and I send my best wishes for your election. . . . I trust that there will be a complete union of forces, ensuring a thorough-going victory." To which Johnson formally replied.

Both groups of political hostiles dealt the candidate heavy blows during the preliminaries, the one through Bourbon arrogance and blindness, the other through a passionate sense of wrong because Hughes was following what seemed to himself to be the right principle of action, and would not openly express direct sympathetic recognition of their side of the fight. And the preliminaries really settled the contest, so far as Hughes is concerned, in the mind of the people of the State. Not much that was done one way or the other after that made much difference.

As for the speeches of Johnson himself after the primaries in Hughes' behalf, his enemies described them as fragmentary and lukewarm. So far as I have been able to examine them, they are not open to that charge. Sometimes Johnson went into the Hughes side of the discussion more fully than at other times, and your view of how much Johnson did for Hughes on the stump might easily depend upon which speeches you selected as a basis of comparison. And of course, after what happened in California in August from the Johnson point of view, there could not fail to be some lingering personal resentment on the part of Johnson himself and particularly on the part of members of the Johnson organization throughout the State. On the other hand, the responsibility of victory for the national ticket after the primary was up to the Johnson men, and most of them perceived what Johnson himself undoubtedly perceived, that only a measure of harm and loss could come to Johnson through Hughes' defeat in California.

That Johnson wanted Hughes out of the way so that he himself might run for the Presidency in 1920 is too flimsy a charge for rational consideration. Johnson could not know in advance that the result would hinge upon California. Johnson is of high-strung nature and sometimes over-imaginative about the depth of the malice of his foes, but

he is both astute and straightforwardly honest. And he is not cunning. That is the quality of the Bourbon rather than of the impetuous reformer. And Johnson in the recent contest was astute enough to know that right and self-interest ran in the same direction for him, so far as the result for Hughes in California was concerned. He is too practical to be led so early into the swamps of 1920 by political will-o'-the-wisps.

The foes of Johnson have made much of his valedictory speech on July 8th to the Progressives when he announced his own espousal of Hughes, but declared that he didn't seek to control the course of any other individual who had been in the Progressive party in the past. And also by the same foes Johnson has been roundly censured because two or three leading newspapers, such as the Sacramento *Bee,* whose editor holds an unsalaried office by appointment of Johnson, and the Stockton *Record,* whose proprietor holds a salaried office under the same auspices, were openly for Wilson. As for Johnson's valedictory to the Progressives, anybody who really knows the Progressives of California, knows well enough that Johnson followed the only course that would naturally attach the greatest number of them through his leadership to the Republican allegiance. Any other way of handling men and women of this free and independent minded type has failed wherever it has been tried. And as for the newspapers that didn't stay bought, as the political Bourbon would regard it, my own information about the proprietor and editor of these two particular publications is that they have frequently before had Democratic leanings, and anyway the attempt to control these truculently independent gentlemen would have resulted in readily foreseen disaster.

It must be remembered also that Johnson has been under the necessity during his long fight in his native State to declare and assume a more or less nonpartisan or at least unparty-like attitude of mind and policy of action. He could never have revolutionized the politics and government of his State to such a degree except for the support of many loyal Democrats. So far did he go in his nonpartisan planning, that he sought in 1915 to make California permanently a nonpartisan State, a policy for which the people were not ready and which gave Johnson his first serious setback and buoyed his enemies up with a false hope that this year

they might consummate his overthrow. It is not therefore so much to be wondered at that the bill-posting advertising of the recent Johnson campaign for United States Senator as well as paragraphs of the Johnson speeches, carried a nonpartisan flavor which excited the violent suspicions of men who are naturally party formalists. They saw in it only disloyalty and treason.

When all the factors are taken into consideration, when we reflect that the difference in the vote between Johnson and Hughes in California was slightly over one hundred thousand, and not three hundred thousand as many suppose, when we reckon up the irreducible minimum of Johnson Democrats, laborites, anti-Hughes women, and unreconstructed Progressives who were for Johnson but not for Hughes, when we consider the blows that were dealt the Hughes candidacy by the California antagonists in the preliminaries, the wonder is that the difference between the Johnson vote and the Hughes vote is not greater rather than less.

The root and source of the Republican catastrophe in California is the narrow party formalism of the Republican Bourbon. But when it comes to the four thousand votes or less, by which Hughes lost the State and the Republicans the Presidency, any one of a half dozen proximate causes will account for it—the peace vote, a slight indifference of the Johnson organization, leftover resentment from the Hughes tour of the State, the labor prejudice, the failure of several of the great reactionary newspapers to play the game fairly as between Hughes and Johnson—these and others. As for a corrective in time, an early outburst of plain brutal vigor and the swish of a club from the right sources upon the head of the Pacific Coast Bourbons for their narrow treatment of Progressive comrades in the fight, is an indicated remedy that might have been worth trying. That is, if it had been thought wise in so delicate and sensitive a national situation really to get at the root of Republican woe in California and in the country generally. For when you go right down to the bottom of it, California, with Kansas and Washington and Utah and Ohio and New Hampshire, in unison still acclaim distrust of some of the "old faces they used to shake hands with" around the council board of the Republican party.

FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT.

PILLAGING THE PRESS

BY DON C. SEITZ

THE 22,000 newspapers and periodicals published in the United States are facing not only complete extinction of profits, but in many cases confiscatory losses through the concentrated action of news print manufacturers imposing upon them a tax of approximately $45,000,000 a year. The war harvests reaped by the makers of semi-manufactured material find nowhere a richer or more undeserved rake-off than in this raid on the printing trade. After two languid years of moderate demand and reasonable prices, the print manufacturers, taking a leaf from the iron, steel, copper and chemical industries, decided to suffer no amazement at their own moderation, and following the annual convention of the American Paper and Pulp Association held in New York, February 24, 1916, began one of the most effective price-lifting movements in our history. The huge catalogue contract of the Chicago mail-order houses, amounting to some $3,500,000, having been safely adjusted, competition in the print-manufacturing trade came to a stop. The first line to test the printer's pocket was that of the blotting paper producers. Stock sold ordinarily at five and six cents a pound was incontinently marked up to ten and twelve cents, in some instances reaching thirteen cents. Fast on the heels of this elevation the book gentlemen discovered that demand exceeded supply and that raw materials were scarce. Book stock selling at three and three-quarters cents or less moved up to six and seven cents a pound! Special grades selling at five and six cents were abruptly lifted from four to seven cents additional. Jobbers were given little consideration and customers none at all. The improvidence of printers, and the quick deterioration of supplies, caused little stock to be kept on hand by customers, so the exploit of elevating was easy. It only required that

no dealer should supply customers other than those on his books. The few that failed to meet this condition were speedily without a stock to draw upon. The book and jobbing houses being safely cornered it remained to "handle" the newspapers. This was hardly so difficult a task as the earlier performance, though the load was heavier and handicapped by the fact that practically all roll paper, such as dailies use, is provided under contract. The first warning came when excess demand for paper above contracted quantities was called for because of the expansion of business in the Spring of 1916. For a brief period the rise was moderate. Affecting to be surprised at the "demand" the manufacturers first checked it by a moderate increase of two and three dollars a ton on the open sales. This about represented the early increase in cost as threatened by the price of wires, felts, colors and clay. Colors and clay soon became prohibitive and were eliminated from the news-making formulas. Fourdrinier wires advanced heavily in price, from 22 to 68 cents per pound and were of much poorer quality than before, requiring frequent replacement and so reducing production. But all these increases in the aggregate cannot and do not exceed $4 per ton. The Federal Trade Commission has shown that for the first half of 1916 the general cost of manufacturing news print was slightly less than during the same period of 1915, where war conditions also prevailed, but when publishers were fairly treated.

The news manufacturers were a little slower than their brethren in the book and magazine branch in perfecting their organization, but when completed it operated with a perfection that now promises to impoverish the great industry dependent upon it. Suddenly publishers who were short found that paper could be had only of jobbers and that these required $75 per ton for paper usually sold at $45. This was accepted as a necessity and as a temporary pinch. Soon $80 per ton was the price and then $100; in some instances of peculiar atrocity $120 and even $140 per ton was demanded and received. The smaller and poorer the consumer, as usual in this world, the higher the price and the more oppressive the conditions, for on top of these savage increases came the curtailment of credits and in many instances a policy of payment on delivery. Ordinarily where in the past such combinations were formed, when not broken legally, they went to pieces under the competition of the

mills making manila or other " craft " papers, which would turn their machinery to news making when prices rose. But, for the first time in the history of the trade, these grades joined the procession upward, going from 3½ to 7 cents per pound, with the effect that a considerable tonnage of news machinery went on the coarser product, thus curtailing a supply soon to be sufficiently scant if all the wheels were turning on its behalf. Writing paper followed suit swiftly, doubling and sometimes trebling in cost to the consumer.

The basic excuse for the rise in prices of grades outside of news was the shortage of sulphite pulp caused by the extinction of the German and the shortening of the Scandinavian supply, upon which many book, manila and writing mills relied, either as a complete resource, or as a check upon the American producers. Sulphite, which costs about $32 per ton to make, rose abruptly to $100 per ton—in some cases more. The expense of manufacturing the article did not increase. The sulphur monopoly, controlled by Standard Oil interests, did not raise its price. Most of the sulphite producers were covered in their wood, lime and coal contracts. There was, however, an insane pressure to buy, and quick advantage was taken of this and 200 per cent profits secured.

Nearly all of the news manufacturers, and all of the important ones, make their own sulphite. They also grind their own wood. The enhanced cost of book, caused a demand for ground wood stock to take the place of low-priced grades, and thereupon ground wood went soaring, reaching in some cases $45 per ton, at which price, of course, its cost was less than half that of sulphite. It also established another " basis " for estimating the value of news print.

One reason why the combination of news print mills delayed getting into complete operation was because of the time taken in " organizing " the Canadian competition. This was done by forming the " Canadian Export Association " to which customers from America were referred by the mills. In this way secret deals were prevented and the situation controlled. One Western publisher was notified in the morning that his mill could no longer supply him. In the afternoon an agent of the Association called to take his order at a price of about $25 per ton above the figure he had been paying. In the States the combination worked as neatly, but with rougher methods. Each mill was " sold

out" when asked to compete or to give a price. This left the publisher the choice of accepting the figure named by his existing source of supply, or going into the market where, despite the "shortage" and "desperate conditions," a supply can always be had at $100 per ton!

In mid-December the International Paper Company, a legitimate corporation, announced a uniform price in the 15-cent freight zone of $3.10 per 100 pounds, which with freight and cartage meant $66 per ton delivered, against the former average of $2.15, or $43 per ton, all charges being included, a net gain of $23 per ton. It should not cost the corporations, properly managed, more than $33 per ton to manufacture paper. Allowing $4 for freight and cartage we have a profit of $29 per ton. A twenty-nine dollar increment on a thirty-three dollar article may be modestly described as handsome!

What has happened to the small consumer is tersely described by Mr. H. B. Varner, publisher of *The Herald,* at Lexington, N. C., Chairman of the Paper Committee of the North Carolina Newspaper Association, in a complaint alleging conspiracy and extortion, laid before the Attorney General of the United States. He says:

> Notwithstanding the declaration of the paper mills that they have no paper to sell, such members of our associations as have no contracts have gone into the open market and secured paper, but at prices that are ruinous and extortionate; to wit, from 5¾c. to 7c. per pound. Members of our association who still hold contracts have been unable to renew them. The price which they are paying under existing contracts is less than $50 a ton, and the lowest figures at which such members have secured offers are from $65 to $140 a ton. This lowest price, so far as I have been able to learn, has only been made to one newspaper in the State, and represents a profit of not less than $35 a ton on the mill cost of making paper. The increased expense to one of our largest papers in the State, by reason of the prevailing prices in the open market, is $59,000, which increase will entirely absorb all of its profits.
>
> We have every reason to believe, and do believe, that a combination exists between the American and Canadian manufacturers, through which all competition has been destroyed. Newspapers can only secure their supplies from concerns with which they have been dealing, and they must pay whatever price is demanded.

It is pleaded on behalf of the manufacturers that the industry has long been on an unprofitable basis; that there

should be a high and permanent increase in the price of paper and that the one-cent daily should go, the increased income from circulation passing to the paper maker, and the diminished circulation resulting, usually from 36 to 40 per cent., insuring him against the need of expanding his business or otherwise exerting himself. It is quite possible, if the artificial situation created by the conspirators can be maintained, the one-cent paper of large circulation will have to go. The increase on such a sheet using 30,000 tons of paper a year is about $750,000 per year. There are six papers with a tonnage of this magnitude, two of which have no Sunday editions to help out, and none of which makes a profit sufficient to cover the tax. At least one of these faces a loss of $600,000 per year.

The 15,000-ton consumers are of course as badly, if not worse off, in proportion. It is a safe calculation that in New York City alone, where several of the larger papers are protected in their supply, there will be a net loss to the others of fully $2,000,000 per year, either in the form of extinguished profits or actual deficit, assuming that the one-cent price will hold for the next twelve months. Boston faces approximately $1,500,000 shrinkage; Providence $300,000; Chicago $1,500,000, and so on down the line to the pocket of the humblest printer in the country town.

There was, and remains, a just basis for some action on the part of the manufacturer. Evils, the result of his own practices, have tended to make his lot hard. When timber was cheap and grew near the edge of the rivers, where it could be rolled on to the ice and floated down with the current in the Spring, competition cut the price of paper delivered as low as $1.65 per 100 pounds, or $33 per ton, delivered. The late Hugh J. Chisholm, first President of the International Company, sold some paper from his Otis Falls mill as low as $1.60, or $32 per ton delivered in New York. There was a reckless, passionate desire to destroy the forests and sell their fibres for money, regardless of profit or the future. There was no thought of conservation, none of replanting. No forest trees were saved to allow nature to attempt a new growth. Instead thousands of acres went into useless brush, fires ate up the rich, damp soil in which the young conifers flourished, and the timber supply crept farther and farther away from the streams. The cutting was done in deep snow, leaving high

stumps, worth in the aggregate many tons of pulp. Often, indeed, floods came from the denuded lands, taking away dams, stopping mills and desperately revenging the outrages upon the forests. Labor, too, rose against them. Wearied with eleven or twelve-hour shifts, seven days in the week in lonely towns back in the woods, it forced three shifts of eight hours each, adding something to the cost, improving output and efficiency, but cutting out the Sunday run.

Prices therefore rose in steps. From $1.65 to $1.75 per 100 pounds was the move of the middle nineties. There were flurries, and during the war with Spain $2.50 was commanded in spots, then $1.85 became the standard figure; five years ago this became $2.00 and in another year $2.15. These raises, though considerable, representing $10 per ton in fifteen years, were in no way commensurate with the present extortion.

Beside the timber question, many mills were built with large bonuses of common stock to enhance the bonds and the preferred, leading to over-capitalization, which is now very much in evidence. A justly capitalized mill should not cost more than $20,000 per ton of output. There are mills, advantageously situated, representing much less than this. The International, organized in 1898, represents about $50,000 per ton! In its 18 years of life it has added but two new machines to its equipment, though possessing some of the best water powers and woodlands in the United States and Canada. When it is figured that consumption increases at the rate of about 6 per cent. per annum, it will be seen that when so great a corporation stands still it becomes a considerable factor in creating a squeeze.

On the side of the publishers there has been recklessness in size, in reducing price to the public, and in the taking back of unsold copies. This last wasteful and unwarranted custom is being blotted out by the crisis. Formerly "full returns" were almost universal. This meant an average waste of at least fifteen per cent.—fifteen per cent. of undue forest destruction and undue demand upon the manufacturer.

Extortion and oppression are not lightly endured in America. Enterprise and energy in the past have usually come to the rescue. That no excuse for existing prices exists on the cost side can be demonstrated by this table of the charges against a ton of paper at a modern mill:

Stock:	Cost per ton of Paper first quarter of 1916.
Ground Wood, 80 7/10 per cent.....	$13.58
Sulphite, 19 3/10 per cent.....	6.79
Clay	0.03
Alum	0.11
Size	0.005
Color	0.26
Wrappers	0.85
	$21.625

Conversion:		
Labor	$2.766	
Superintendence	.082	
Felts and Wires.....	1.037	
Belts	.103	
Lubricants	.110	
Repairs	1.164	
Coal	2.564	
Electric Power St.	.328	
Barn, Store House.....	.053	
Machine Shop	.030	
Cores, Finishing Material.....	.056	
R. R. Operation Maintenance.....	.160	
Demurrage	.009	
Miscellaneous Operating	.222	
Administrative Salaries and Expenses..	.44	
Insurance	.091	
Taxes	.129	
Interest on Notes, Bonds and Loans....	.910	
Wrapper and White Waste Loss.....	.361	
		$10.615
Total.....		$32.240

The crisis, real and severe, will prove a test for the newly created Federal Trade Commission. Created on the "live and let live" theory, it must determine in the inquiry now in progress how far conspiracy can be allowed to collect on behalf of incompetence and over-financing, and whether one industry shall have the unlimited right to destroy another.

Don C. Seitz.

THE PERILS OF SCANDINAVIA

BY JULIUS MORITZEN

After withstanding, for two years and a half, blandishments and threats and acts of provocation, the Scandinavian countries find themselves face to face with the most momentous period of the Great War in its relation to the neutrality declarations of Denmark, Norway and Sweden.

Will Scandinavia be able to maintain this neutrality for any considerable length of time? There are those whose judgment counts for much who declare it little less than a miracle that the northern nations are not by this time involved in the European struggle. A matter scarcely less remarkable is the fact that in spite of Norway and Denmark leaning toward the Entente Allies, and Sweden quite outspokenly in favor of Germany, their interests as neutrals in the northern waters so far have overtopped every other consideration. Scandinavia's united front, as based on the Malmö agreement, unquestionably went far toward causing the belligerents to respect the neutrality of the three nations up to the present time.

Recent events, however, have such direct bearings on Scandinavian affairs that their importance cannot be overestimated. First of all, the German submarine campaign, as directed against Norwegian shipping, constitutes a serious menace quite beyond the mere destruction of ships and cargoes and loss of life involved. The situation passed the danger mark only when Norway, goaded to a point where she refused to permit U-boats to enter territorial waters except under restrictive conditions, had to modify her opposition because to insist threatened the severing of diplomatic relations. But the German-Norwegian submarine controversy is by no means at an end. And the British Cabinet changes, involving the expectation that Lloyd George's policies will call for an intensified prosecution of the war both on land

and water, brings home to Scandinavia the possibility that there will soon come a repetition of the Jutland sea fight with the English fleet the aggressor, and even nearer the coasts of the northern lands. The consequences of Great Britain's determination to win the war at all costs must be left to the imagination.

While much has been made recently of a change in Swedish sentiment, Germany's submarine campaign in the Baltic having proved disastrous to Sweden's merchantmen engaged in trade with Russia, it would be well not to place too much confidence in this change as favoring the Entente cause. It is quite true that the Stockholm press, including some of the most pro-German newspapers of the capital, have stamped the U-boat warfare as now conducted in the Baltic as an "incomprehensible aggression." But Sweden is still very far from being reconciled to Russia as a friendly neighbor. If the die were cast to-day there is hardly any question as to where the Swedish people would stand. Between the two evils,—and war would be to any of the Scandinavian nations an unmitigated misfortune now,—Sweden undoubtedly would throw in her lot with the Central Powers.

As a matter of fact, diplomacy having proved a failure in the Balkans in so far as concerns the Entente Allies, no serious attempt to make it effective elsewhere is likely to be made from this date on. Force, and force alone, will be the decisive means. The writer is of the opinion that, notwithstanding the Malmö conference between the three Scandinavian kings, and the subsequent meetings between the ministers of foreign affairs of Denmark, Norway and Sweden, the northern pact is not sufficiently binding to place all Scandinavia in alignment with either of the belligerent groups in case the one or other nation becomes involved. As Sweden has least to gain from falling out with Germany, so Norway might calmly arraign herself on the side of England and rely on the British fleet to fight her battles for her. As for Denmark, her position as a buffer state is such that it imperils the nation.

Scandinavia's prosperity as a result of the prolongation of the war is as certain a fact as is danger that this very prosperity is a contributing cause to the perils confronting Denmark and Norway, and to some lesser extent Sweden. The sinking of Norwegian and Danish ships by German submarines in the North Sea and the Arctic Ocean

is a result of Germany's determination to impede as much as possible shipments of food and ammunition to Great Britain and her Allies. The Teutonic Powers, further, are exasperated beyond expression because importations into Denmark and Norway are regulated through agreements with England which stipulate that certain products sold to Danish and Norwegian houses can under no circumstances be re-exported to Germany. On their part, Denmark and Norway enter the complaint that this English restriction often leaves them without sufficient raw products for home consumption. The plentitude of money in Scandinavia rather points in the direction of a state of affairs where the war is blowing both cold and hot. Evidently the selling power of the Scandinavian countries is far from being impaired. If sky-rocket prices obtain for necessities in the northern lands, it is because both England and Germany are willing to pay abnormally for all sorts of products.

The Roumanian campaign has been watched from the Scandinavian capitals with no slight amount of apprehension. So long as Denmark, Norway and Sweden were essential to the Central Powers as valuable sources of supply, it seemed the best policy to base trade relations on friendliness. In the case of Denmark and Norway, however, there is no denying that the transactions were without the least show of sentiment. We have the goods, the Danes, for instance, say. If you do not buy at our figures, we shall sell to England.

But here is Roumania in the grip of the Central Powers. Vast granaries are said to be in the hands of the conquerers; oil and coal and iron abound in the land. Is it not possible, argue sagacious financiers of Copenhagen, that very soon the Germans will care little for what we can sell them? When Danish agricultural products no longer are as necessary to the Teutonic Powers as when the Balkan campaign was incomplete, what effect may this have on the military policy of von Hindenburg, as he contemplates what David Lloyd George may have in mind regarding the campaign in the west?

The Scandinavian outlook is far from reassuring. It is not at all surprising that Denmark, Norway and Sweden sent identical notes to the belligerents in support of President Wilson's request for information. The answer of the Entente Allies to Germany's peace proposal scarcely suits

Scandinavia, which believes that another year of war will undo all she has done for the maintenance of her neutrality. On the other hand, whatever may be the attitude of the American Government in its relations to the warring nations, there is reason to believe that it will shape also the course of Denmark and Norway. Here again it would be unwise to include Sweden, even though she, like her sister nations, is a party to the identical Scandinavian note. The Swedish problem in reality is one that calls for separate solution. Malmö conferences and ministerial meetings notwithstanding, the writer cannot conceive it possible that Swedish sentiment would sanction anything that would aid Russian expansion in any direction.

And yet there is just one possible chance that Sweden may be made to view her Muscovite neighbor in a different light. It is in regard to Finland. Of course, a recovery of this one-time Swedish province is not considered likely, but a change of policy by Russia regarding Finnish nationality may do much toward appeasing the uneasiness of the Swedes. With Belgian, Serbian and Polish nationalism of such great concern to the belligerents, why not come to a definite understanding touching Finland? is Sweden's query.

Now that the neutral nations have assumed an attitude of mediation, let the ultimate effect of this move for peace be what it will, it is not impossible that when negotiations finally get under way these neutrals will succeed in getting themselves heard at the council-table. Then may be the time for Finland to take her grievances before the unbiased opinion of the world. That the Finnish question is also a Scandinavian question there can be no doubt. It is entirely proper to consider the future of Finland in relation to the world-war and what is to come later.

We may as well be honest with ourselves and confess that the silence that encompasses the Finnish problem now is due to a distinct desire not to embarrass the cause of the Entente Allies. That may be a good policy from the standpoint of expediency, but, historically considered, such an attitude has its flaws. Since this terrific conflict of the nations is expected to settle many issues of long and vexatious standing, why not make it all-embracing enough to benefit a people which deserves a much better treatment than has been accorded it in the past?

In view of the Entente Allies' respect for the treaty

rights of small nationalities, at least a promise should be held out to Finland that at the conclusion of the war she will have restored to her the constitutional rights guaranteed by both the predecessors of Nicholas II. and the Czar himself. Perhaps the hands of Great Britain have been tied by virtue of an alliance that compels the strictest adherence to principles of understanding making for a successful prosecution of the war. But Russia ought to realize, without any foreign pressure being brought to bear, that when, early in the war, she promised autonomy to Poland, she would have been a gainer had she at the same time relaxed her legislative efforts to make of Finland a complete nonentity. It is not pleasant to refer to what some may argue bears not at all on the merits of the cause for which the Entente Allies stand. But, looking into the future, which all constructive writing must do at this juncture of the gigantic struggle, no element should be overlooked that may aid in clarifying the reasoning power of public opinion.

The *Manchester Guardian* some months ago contained a strong protest against the published Russian programme regarding Finland. It was in the form of a letter by the London editor of the *Afton-Tidningen,* of Stockholm. The writer regretted the course Russia was following regarding Finland, and he blamed the German propaganda in Scandinavia on the reactionary nationalism practised on the Finns. The Swedish "Activist" movement for participation in the war on the side of Germany almost became a success owing to the Finnish situation. History alone will tell what pressure Scandinavia as a whole has withstood in order to keep out of the European maelstrom. It is not yet too late for Czar Nicholas to play a trump card by promising to give Finland what she asks for—the restoration of the régime that was in force prior to the date of the celebrated manifesto of February, 1899, together with the modifications contained in the new laws extending the competence of the Finnish Diet in 1906. There is every ground for insisting that in case the neutral nations are to have a voice in the peace negotiations they must not consider the positions of any so-called oppressed peoples without according to Finland a share of sympathetic and material support. A wholly satisfied Europe will demand that nothing less be done.

There is a well-defined belief in informed European circles that in case England had gone to the assistance of

Denmark in the war of 1864, Schleswig-Holstein would not have been ceded to Prussia, and that, further, the present world-war would have been avoided. Be that as it may, it is quite certain that the foundation stone upon which Bismarck built the German empire was the war with Denmark. The Austrian war of 1866, and the overthrow of France four years later, completed the military structure of the Germany that the Iron Chancellor left as a heritage to the people of the empire. Now, the Kiel Canal, linking up the Baltic with the North Sea, was possible of accomplishment only when Denmark lost the southern provinces, forming two-fifths of the Danish Kingdom. The Danish grievance, however much time may have healed the wound inflicted half a century ago, is that there has never been a settlement of the duchies question. The treaty of peace between Prussia and Denmark stipulated that fifteen years after the transfer a vote should be taken among the Danish population of Schleswig with a view to ascertaining whether they should remain German or become again Danish subjects. But Clause 5 of the Treaty of Prague was later abrogated through the Treaty of Berlin. No plebiscite was ever taken.

Does Denmark expect that when the general settlement of European affairs takes place, the Schleswig-Holstein question will be allowed to ask a hearing? There are various opinions among leading Danes as to what may be anticipated in that direction. Georg Brandes, the noted critic and scholar, believes that the matter can be determined only by a referendum, the people of northern Schleswig themselves voting whether they want the change. To acquire the duchies on any other basis, Brandes affirms, would be most ill-advised, and eventually lead to discord, if not war. The population of Holstein and the southern part of Schleswig are absolutely German, and these would never willingly submit to a change of nationality, is the opinion of the Danish authority.

It is hardly necessary at this late day to reiterate what has been Germany's policy regarding Schleswig. Perhaps it would be just a matter of common justice to put into effect Clause 5 of the Treaty of Prague in order to complete the programme of the Entente Allies relative to what is due the smaller nations, and such of their former subjects as are now under foreign rule. Will Germany of her own volition

order a plebiscite for northern Schleswig? Is it the purpose of the Entente Allies to press the question around the peace board? Denmark is making no move toward that end now, satisfied if she retains her sovereignty under conditions that threaten her very existence should she make one false step at this fateful hour.

Since the inception of the war, Germany has kept close watch over the frontier separating her from Denmark. Despite Danish neutrality declarations, the Central Powers have been on guard against surprise attacks by way of the Jutland peninsula. The old fortresses in the former Danish territory were strengthened early, and everything possible done to safeguard the Kiel Canal. The greatest peril to Denmark lies in a possible invasion of the country from the south in order to prevent a hostile landing on Danish soil with a view to destroying the vital artery affording German war vessels free passage between the Baltic and the North Sea. Once this is gone, Germany's strength will be sapped beyond repair, according to the best military and naval opinion. With the Kiel Canal obliterated, England's predominance as a sea power would be even more complete than it is now.

The mining of northern territorial waters by the Scandinavian nations, as well as the further mining of the Baltic and the North Sea by the belligerents, constitutes no less a menace than a protection to the respective interests. To make effective their neutrality, Denmark, Norway and Sweden probably have done everything humanly possible considering their limited resources as military nations. Violation of Scandinavian soil will never be accomplished without a determined struggle to make the invader pay dearly for his effort. It is to be hoped that the three northern rulers and their advisers, who heretofore have exercised no slight skill as between Scandinavian interests and the belligerents', will continue to steer the ships of fate safely past the shoals and rocks that lie in the pathway of neutrality so long as the war lasts. If Denmark, Norway and Sweden come out of this warfare themselves unhurt, it will be a demonstration of what can be done under circumstances the most remarkable since Napoleon rode roughshod across the Continent.

Aside from the dangers threatening Scandinavian neutrality, however careful the nations of the north may be

in the observance of international amenities, a situation has been created within the countries themselves which constitutes a peril of far-reaching consequence. A speculative wave, caused by the creating of innumerable stock companies, has been sweeping across Denmark, Norway and Sweden. The influx of money has indeed been tremendous. It was a wholly unlooked-for thing that Scandinavia should assume such importance as an industrial and mercantile center at the service of the belligerents. But these comparatively small countries have displayed a power of productiveness really marvelous. Outputs have been quadrupled as compared with conditions prevailing before the war. As wages have risen to unheard-of proportions, so the cost of living to-day is beyond all former calculations. But there is money in circulation in unlimited quantities; the banks are overflowing with new-found wealth; the era of prosperity is such that most people in Denmark and Norway, in particular, shut their eyes as to what will come when the war ends.

For stock companies, many of the mushroom variety, flourish like the proverbial green bay-tree. The bourses of Copenhagen and Christiania have become centers for a trade in shares that remind one of Wall Street. It is to be remembered that before the war, stock transactions in Scandinavia were largely of the investment character. To-day, speculation is rampant, and paper is being absorbed quicker than the printing presses can furnish the newly organized companies with certificates. Shipping concerns, canning factories, machine works, many of them, it is true, of sterling worth, have increased their capital legitimately. But it is not these that constitute the danger within the countries of the north. It is the establishments of the paper variety; those whose promises rest on little more than the agitation of the hour, the desire for making money overnight. Here is a menace that Scandinavian financiers with foresight are working with might and main to combat lest the financial changes due to arrive with the establishment of peace overwhelm the countries. A situation has been created, therefore, quite analogous to that in the United States. Only, Americans have become accustomed to taking chances. In Scandinavia, on the other hand, the novelty of making money without direct effort is likely to be followed by a void so uncomfortable that the predictions are freely made that sud-

den peace would prove to the speculative element of the north a catastrophe of vast dimensions.

The Governments of the three Scandinavian countries have not been idle in view of what may impend at any time. Warnings have been issued from time to time against indiscriminate buying of shares the solidarity of which is problematic. A particularly popular form of enterprise is that of fishing concerns. A few trawlers are bought, and at once the newspapers are floated with advertisements inviting subscriptions. But, of course, there are great concerns antedating the war by many years, whose earnings have been tremendous within comparatively recent times.

Now, if it were possible to remove the present and future menace due to inflation and speculative greed, Scandinavia stands to gain much from the establishment of peace from the point of view of world-trade. There is a solid element in Denmark, for instance, which is now at work preparing for the moment when the war shall end. Let the consequences to the unwary be what they may, men of the caliber of M. Emil Glueckstadt, one of the leading bankers of Copenhagen, who, in association with other prominent financiers, has organized a trans-Atlantic shipping and trading company with a capital of 15,000,000 *kroner,* are not likely to make a mistake in anticipating great things for Denmark at the conclusion of the war. South America is to be included in the extensive programme mapped out by this Danish enterprise. And the Copenhagen Free Port, already of such importance to the country's trade and industry, is to be enlarged forthwith to meet the increased demand for steamship space.

So, while the perils of Scandinavia are very great to-day, a bright future awaits these neutral countries should they be able to weather the storms raging without. Is it any wonder that such strenuous efforts are being made by the respective Governments to retain the good will of all the belligerents? Scandinavia counts on being called upon to aid in rebuilding devastated Europe, with goods, with money; both morally and materially, Denmark, Norway and Sweden look for strained relations between the present warring Powers for years after the war ends. The go-between will be an essential step before anything approaching pre-war conditions is established.

Viewed as a whole, the Scandinavian horizon is not

without its bright spots. Politically considered, the international times are out of joint. But a reorganized Europe, based on equity and justness, cannot fail to leave Denmark, Norway and Sweden as they are to-day. The war has been the means of strengthening a bond whose foundation is due to both racial and geographical sameness. The rulers of the three countries built perhaps much better than they thought when that Malmö conference established a common basis to serve a common purpose. Of course, as already stated, a violation of Scandinavian sovereignty at any point could hardly prevent the northern alliance from falling asunder. But, as its purpose is good, perhaps the moral aspect of this union of related peoples will cause the belligerents to respect Scandinavia's neutrality throughout the war.

If, as has been declared, Socialism is to play a conspicuous rôle in the restoration of peace in Europe, the voices of the Danish, Norwegian and Swedish Socialists will be heard with full effect when the hour for negotiations arrives. The Socialistic régime in Denmark has assumed a strength calculated to make a deep impression throughout the Old World. President Wilson found Danish Socialists in entire harmony with his move for a stock-taking of belligerent claims.

All this, however, is quite beside the issue of the moment, —early peace, or war for an indefinite length of time. Each day makes the situation of the northern neutrals more fraught with danger. As yet the new British policies have not been put into effect to any noticeable degree in the theaters of war contiguous to Scandinavia. When once Lloyd George acts, the future will be more easily defined.

JULIUS MORITZEN.

JOFFRE, LYAUTEY, NIVELLE

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

Marshal Joffre, relieved of his arduous task of patrolling the western battle-front, several hundred miles long, now takes up a heavier task, as supreme commander. The work on the fighting line, which carried him ceaselessly along its whole extent, from Belgium to Alsace, is very largely one of tactics: of the detail and method of sectional fighting. But there are the supremely difficult questions of strategy also, and especially the strategical problem of correlating the whole vast system of Entente armies and Entente offensive, which includes Africa and Asia, as well as eastern and western Europe. And this correlation has not always been successful. For, while the rapid succession of offensives in Galicia—to relieve Austrian pressure on the Trentino; on the Somme—both to help Russia and to relieve Verdun; and then on the Carso plateau—to take rapid advantage of Austrian weakness, succeeded, there was serious failure at Gallipoli and in Mesopotamia, in Serbia and, lastly, in Roumania. And, while none of these failures seriously weakened any of the major Entente Powers, it is undeniable that success at these points, instead of failure, would have definitely forwarded the Entente cause.

Marshal Joffre is eminently qualified to give the wisest counsel here: no man better. For he has seen active service in both Asia and Africa; he knows Russia, the Russian army and its leaders well; he has seen the great English army expand under his eyes to twenty times its original size; he has visited the fine army of Italy. He has, moreover, the large and penetrating insight of a statesman, and his present position, a little removed from the smoke and noise of the conflict, will give him the opportunity, which he lacked before, quietly to weigh and consider the weighty problems which remain to be solved.

We do not sufficiently realize the splendid training that the generals of France have gained, in her great colonial possessions, which stretch from Tonking to Guiana. We have grown accustomed to think of the period following the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 as one of depression and shrinkage for France. In reality, it was the beginning of one of the greatest periods of expansion in her history; for while, in Alsace and eastern Lorraine, she was despoiled of territory covering 5,600 square miles, France built up, in the years immediately following, a colonial empire of nearly five million square miles, more than four times greater than the total of the German colonies at their greatest extent, and containing very rich regions like Tongking (310,000 square miles), some two-thirds of Algeria and Tunis (with a total of 267,846 square miles), the French Congo (553,000 square miles), Madagascar (226,000 square miles), and added greatly to her holdings in West Africa, which now total more than 1,600,000 square miles; there is also an area of a million and a half square miles, not included in the figures cited, in the Sahara and French Sudan, an area by no means all desert, since it has a population of 800,000. When we remember that France herself has an area of 207,000 square miles, we see how great an achievement this is, carried out almost in silence and without advertisement, during the very period we are inclined to think of as one of shrinkage and depression.

Not only has France occupied these vast territories; she has admirably organized and administered them, so that they have already a valuable import and export trade, each more than $150,000,000 yearly. France has shown herself to possess the golden hand, in dealing with subject populations, as England has, in her best work in the East and Egypt. Indeed, the extent, success and wealth of these French colonies was one of the baits which aroused German cupidity, as was made evident in the negotiations at Berlin, on the eve of the war, between the British Ambassador and the German Chancellor—the discussions which gave to the world the deathless phrase " a scrap of paper "; five days earlier, the German Chancellor assured Sir Edward Goschen that " provided that the neutrality of Great Britain were certain, every assurance would be given to the British Government that the (German) Imperial Government aimed at no territorial acquisitions at the expense of France should they

prove victorious in any war that might ensue." The British Ambassador " questioned His Excellency about the French colonies, and he said that he was ' unable to give a similar undertaking in that respect.' "

Particularly good work, in the colonial field, was accomplished by the late General Gallieni in West Africa, Tongking and Madagascar, as is recorded in his charming books; excellent work was done by Joffre, both in Tongking where, among other things, he organized a very successful industrial exhibition, and on the upper Niger, now linked by a railroad, in part constructed by Joffre, with France's very old colonies on the West African coast. General Roques, who succeeded Gallieni at the French War Ministry, and General Lyautey, who has just taken General Roques' place there, had the same training: the training that made so many great pro-consuls of the British Empire: so many men like the Lawrences, like Cromer and Kitchener.

There is one large and very valuable territory, now practically a part of France's colonial empire, though not yet formally incorporated in it, which has not yet been mentioned: Morocco, at the northwest corner of Africa, over against Spain and Britain's base at Gibraltar, and because of that position, of special importance to these two Powers. Morocco is surrounded on all sides by French territory, of which the old French colony of Algeria is the most valuable and important part; with the consequence that the frontier possessions of the French colonies have been perpetually menaced and disturbed by the chronic anarchy and brigandage which passes for " native rule " in this ancient Moslem realm; at the best, it is really armed tyranny; at the worst, it degenerates into atrocious cruelty. For, fine as the religion of Mahomet may be, in certain ways, it has never taught its devotees how to govern subject populations with anything like justice and humanity, whether in India, in Egypt, in Turkey or in Morocco.

It follows that France had certain interests, certain responsibilities, in Morocco, shared by no other Power. But Germany, and especially the German expansionists, were eager to oust France from Morocco, and make it a German colony. From this motive, two incidents arose, which gravely disturbed the peace of Europe, and brought France and Germany to the verge of war. The first occurred in the early spring of 1905, when France was bringing pressure to bear

on the Sultan, to introduce certain reforms which would temper that "absolute despotism, unrestricted by any laws, civil or religious," which was called the Government of Morocco. At this critical juncture, the German Kaiser suddenly descended, on March 31, on the port of Tangier, and made an inflammatory address, declaring that the Sultan was a free and independent sovereign, not bound to obey any foreign pressure; that sudden and sweeping reforms were undesirable in Morocco; and the German interests in Morocco must be safeguarded. This was followed by a demand for a general European conference to settle the affairs of Morocco.

Germany's action was, and was intended to be, deliberately provocative, the more so that Germany had previously admitted the rights of France to be paramount there. It was a brandishing of the mailed fist, as in China, five years earlier, with its result of rapine and murder of Chinese populations; it was a characteristic piece of sabre-rattling, like that three years later, when Austria violated the Berlin Treaty by seizing Bosnia-Herzegovina, and thus inflamed the already dangerous Serbian question; it was the kind of ill-mannered bullying which was rapidly making the international life of Europe intolerable, with the ugly shadow of German *Weltmacht*. It was an attempt to exercise that world-domination even before it had been established.

A conference was called, at Algeciras, close to Gibraltar, early in 1906. On nearly all the disputed points the majority of the Powers voted with France. Not only Great Britain and Russia, but Germany's ally, Italy, admitted the claim of France to special political interests; even Austria did not always follow Germany.

Germany had failed. It was necessary to try again. She found an opening when, in 1910, a year of constant unrest culminated in the rebellion of the tribes round Fez against the Sultan. By March, Mequinez had been captured by the rebels, a new Sultan proclaimed and Fez invested by considerable forces. On April 26, France, at the Sultan's call for help, sent a force to Fez and the rebellion was suppressed, the Sultan abdicating in favor of his brother, a few months later. This left France stronger in Morocco, and Germany immediately demanded compensatory gains, sending the gunboat *Panther* to the Moroccan port of Agadir to enforce her claims. It was the mailed fist once more. Un-

fortunately, the French Government, inspired thereto by Caillaux, who has more than once proven himself to be the evil genius of France, on this occasion yielded, and, in return for the recognition by Germany of France's dominant interests in Morocco, ceded to Germany the western part of the French Congo, on the frontier of the Cameroons, an area of 107,000 square miles. Happily, this strip has now been brought once more under the tricolor, by the combined French and British victory in the Cameroons.

It was in the midst of this dangerous and explosive Moroccan situation that General Lyautey, the new French War Minister, received his administrative training and accomplished a large and far-reaching success. Lyautey had earlier served under Gallieni, both in Tongking and Madagascar, and proudly boasted that he was "a pupil of Gallieni"; from that very able proconsul he learned the two cardinal points of Gallieni's system: to turn army officers into civil administrators, as soon as they had occupied a territory; and to handle all supplies on the principle which we have since learned, in this country, to call "efficiency."

In north-western Africa, Lyautey served first at Ain-Sefra, capital of one of the districts of Southern Algeria, where the ceaseless turmoil in Morocco across the border threatened to spread its flames into French territory also. He was given an independent command and a free hand, and did his difficult work splendidly. He showed talent of a very high order, not only as a soldier but even more, perhaps, as an administrator, a statesman who, even at that early day, clearly saw France's great opportunity in Morocco.

From 1908, two years after the Algeciras settlement, to 1911, when Germany once more disturbed the peace of Moroccan relations, Lyautey worked steadily and effectively on the Moroccan frontier. When, in 1912, the treaty of Fez created the French protectorate over Morocco (a settlement recognized by England, Russia, Belgium, Spain, Holland, Portugal, Denmark, Austria-Hungary and Germany), the office of Resident-General in Morocco was created on April 28, 1912, and General Lyautey was chosen to fill it, exercising civil and military powers; reporting directly to the Foreign Office in Paris; preserving the dignity of the Sultan, and safeguarding the interests of all nations concerned. The Sultan has palaces at Rabat on the Atlantic, at Mequinez

and Fez in the center of Morocco, and at Marakesh, and visits each of these cities periodically. The seat of the Resident-General is at Rabat on the west coast, where the Sultan for the most part resides. It is very like the British protectorate over Egypt, with a British High-Commissioner acting with the Sultan of Egypt, and is likely to prove as beneficent for the native population.

This was General Lyautey's position when the war was precipitated by the violation of Belgian neutrality on August 4, 1914. France was in the hands of a comparatively weak government, though her army had been splendidly reorganized and strengthened by General Joffre, who, for three years, had been at the head of the General Staff. The Government at Paris, in which the sinister influence of Caillaux (who had alienated to Germany the great Congo tract, since restored to France), was still strong, until Joffre summarily dealt with it, counseled Lyautey to follow a timid policy: to gather all Europeans in the coast towns; to withdraw his garrisons from the more distant southern outposts; and, at the same time, to send as many troops as possible to fight in France.

Lyautey was quite unable to see wisdom in this policy of cowardice, and quite unwilling to carry it out. Instead, while he did send troops, and far more than had been expected, to France, troops had included the gallant Askris who fought so valiantly at the Marne and in so many later battles, Lyautey determined to strengthen and extend his garrisons in the south and on the frontiers, instead of weakening them; and, while the armies of France were winning signal victories in Europe, the Resident-General was carrying on a vigorous campaign in Morocco, not only against refractory tribes of bandits, but against the inflammatory agents of the Kaiser, who, by scattering gold among the Moslems, were seeking, here as in Egypt, Persia, Tripoli and India, to stir up a Jihad, a " holy war " against Christianity, as represented by the Entente Powers. But, thanks to the vigor and wisdom of Lyautey, while the tribesmen grew rich on German gold, the Kaiser did not thereby profit. The strength and prestige of France steadily increased. German troops, in the famous *Feldgrau,* did indeed arrive in Morocco; but they came as prisoners of war, to build roads and railways for the French. The natives of Morocco are not fools; they were well able to grasp the true significance

of this fine object-lesson, displayed for their instruction by the wise Resident-General.

Thus, in General Lyautey's own words, did "Morocco take her place in the war." At a meeting with the leaders of the southern tribesmen, he thus outlined his policy:

> To bring to the country the maximum of progress, of security, of social and economic development; to make of Morocco in every way a great state with modern equipment, by utilizing the wonderful resources of her people, who are intelligent, laborious and open to all practical innovations; but, on the other hand, to allow the country to develop according to its own genius, scrupulously respecting its customs, its law, its traditions, its religion, and leaving intact the great ancestral influences which have spontaneously come to the assistance of the French, maintaining positions that have been won in the social hierarchy; in a word, leaving men and things in their places and carefully abstaining from dividing against itself the house of Moroccan society, which has hitherto rested on firm foundations.

This is exactly the traditional policy of England in India; and, as in India, it brought forth fruits of well-being and security to Morocco. So much so that, from September to November, 1915, while trench warfare was at its height in France and the great Champagne offensive was being fought, General Lyautey found time and means to organize an industrial exposition at Casablanca, the most considerable seaport, with a Christian population of 20,000, just as Joffre at an earlier date had organized an exposition in Tongking. The French Government sent two of its representatives, MM. Sarraut and Ferry, to survey the work the Resident-General had so ably accomplished in Morocco, and, in an extended tour of the great province, which is a trifle larger in area than France, they were able to judge of the solidity of the results he had gained. Large contributions of men, to fight in the armies of France, and of Moroccan wheat to feed these armies, confirmed an excellent impression, and, when the French Government was reorganized for victory, the portfolio of war was given to the great soldier-administrator, General Lyautey, who had builded so wisely and so well in Northern Africa.

It was in Northern Africa also, in Algeria, that General Nivelle first saw active service. A boy of fourteen at the time of the Franco-Prussian war, he was too young to take part, with Joffre, Gallieni and Pau, in the fight against the

invader; but not too young to feel deeply the defeat and spoliation of France. He studied both at the École Polytechnique and at Saint-Cyr, and fitted himself to serve with equal proficiency in the infantry, the cavalry and the artillery. He was particularly noted, as a subaltern, for horsemanship, and was a reckless rider in regimental steeplechases. But he finally found his way into the artillery.

In 1900 the Dowager-Empress of China, that magnificent and sinister old woman who was for so many years "the only man in China," counseled thereto, perhaps, by Prince Tuan, had skillfully transformed the semi-revolutionary Boxer organization into a force directed against the foreign residents in China, and had at least connived at their attacks on the foreign legations at Pekin. The killing of the German envoy inspired the Kaiser to his famous allocution advising his soldiers to emulate, in punishing China, the exploits of Attila and his Huns, and expeditionary forces were sent through Tien-tsin to the Chinese capital to free the besieged legations. France joined in this expedition, sending a considerable force under General Voyron, and to this force Major Nivelle, as he then was, was attached. The Frenchmen, absolutely setting aside all counsels to savagery, behaved with large constraint and humanity and, when they withdrew, left an excellent name in the Celestial Kingdom. But, before they went, they had a graceful duty to perform, and this duty was entrusted to General Nivelle. This was due, we are told, not only to his high reputation as an officer, but also, in an especial way, to his proved gifts as a linguist. Perhaps his accurate and fluent knowledge of English has been one factor in his choice for his new command. Like Kitchener, General Nivelle can "keep silent in ten languages."

By a singular piece of good fortune, Major Nivelle was moved to record the carrying out of the duty entrusted to him in a group of letters and, from them, we are able to glean a charming impression not only of the manner in which he fulfilled his mission and of the strange sights he saw, but of the character of Robert Nivelle himself, with his fine gift of observation, touched always with keen, gently ironic humor.

First, as to the nature of his mission. The Emperor of Korea had, it seems, supplied horses and cattle and much-desired cigarettes to the French expedition. The horses,

unfortunately, died of glanders; the cattle were eaten; but the cigarettes held good. It became necessary to convey the thanks of France to the Emperor and at the same time to repatriate the 150 Corean drovers, and this was Major Nivelle's double task. He passed, on his way, through the Manchurian harbor of Chinwan-tao. Theoretically, he writes, the harbor should remain ice-free. Practically, it is blocked, particularly when the temperature drops to 24 degrees below zero, as it did when he was there, in January, 1901. Behind a treacherous ice-pack, which ships can approach only at points that are constantly changing place, the sea formed a veritable stew of ice, a gigantic sherbet, which oars could not break into, while the screws of steam-launches churned it in vain. Twenty-four degrees below, and the "yellow wind," that terrible wind from the Mongolian deserts, against which all furs are impotent. Before them a crazy sea lifted the huge ice-blocks to prodigious heights and sent them crashing together with a sinister grinding; to the left and behind them a splendid panorama blurred by the thick yellow dust, the ancient Wall of China, which descends with a thousand capricious windings from the Manchurian mountains, and comes to die there, in the sea: "an unforgettable spectacle; we passed there, on that inhospitable coast, a few hard and beautiful hours which will remain forever present to my memory."

One is tempted to quote endlessly: his observations on Chemulpo, on Korea; but we come to other hours, hard and beautiful, which have made, we may well believe, a still deeper impress on his memory: the opening hours of the great war which has already brought France such undying glory. Colonel Nivelle was then stationed at Besançon under the Juras, in command of the Fifth Artillery, which is a part of the Seventh Army Corps. Ordered into Alsace, with the first French offensive, he was cited in the order of the day for a brilliant exploit: furiously bombarding a group of German guns, he put their artillerymen to flight and captured them all, 24 in number: the first considerable trophy of the war. At the Battle of the Marne, the Seventh Corps with its artillery formed a part of General Maunoury's army, nearest to Paris and facing General von Kluck's right, and Colonel Nivelle's guns had their share in the victory of the Ourcq, which gained such signal praise from the great Commander-in-Chief, as "the fulfillment of

forty-three years of waiting for retribution." When the German armies were driven back upon the Aisne, a specially obstinate counter-attack forced the Seventh Corps to withdraw again to the south of the river. Nivelle, with splendid vigor, seized the right instant, led his batteries out into the open space between pursuers and pursued, let the Germans come close in their serried ranks and then opened fire on them with such deadly precision that few of the 6,000 Germans ever returned to their trenches. In October, 1914, a few weeks later, Nivelle was made a General of Brigade. At the head of his brigade he broke a sudden Teuton drive on Soissons. He was rapidly promoted to the command of a division and then an army corps: the famous Third Corps of Normandy. In April, 1916, when Verdun was hard pressed by the greatest offensive a single army ever organized, General Nivelle was sent to succor the heroic fortress which General Sarrail had so finely defended during the great Battle of the Marne. So determinedly did he play his part there, and with such signal success, that he was, within a few weeks, put in command of the whole Verdun army, when he proceeded to break the back of the Crown Prince's army, at a cost, to Germany, of not less than half-a-million men.

But General Nivelle is no mere defensive fighter. His magnificent exploits, in retaking territory before Verdun, in fewer hours than it had taken months for the Crown Prince to capture it, and at a loss of only one French soldier for each five hundred Germans who had fallen there,—these magnificent exploits are fresh in all our memories. And now, when he tells his men that the method of attack is proven, that the victory of France is absolutely certain, we can see that he has more than made good his words by his acts. One doubts not that, in the early future, we shall see him deal terrible blows, terrible in their force and their precision, for the honor of France, for liberty, for justice, for humanity.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

POLITICAL IDEALS

BY THE HONORABLE BERTRAND RUSSELL

In dark days, men need a clear faith and a well-grounded hope; and as the outcome of these, the calm courage which takes no account of hardships by the way. The times through which we are passing have afforded to many of us a confirmation of our faith: We see that the things we had thought evil are really evil, and we know more definitely than we ever did before the directions in which men must move if a better world is to arise on the ruins of the one which is now hurling itself into destruction. We see that men's political dealings with one another are based on wholly wrong ideals, and can only be saved by quite different ideals from continuing to be a source of suffering, devastation, and sin.

Political ideals must be based upon ideals for the individual life. The aim of politics should be to make the lives of individuals as good as possible. There is nothing for the politician to consider outside or above the various men, women and children who compose the world. The problem of politics is to adjust the relations of human beings in such a way that each severally may have as much of good in his existence as possible. And this problem requires that we should first consider what it is that we think good in the individual life.

To begin with, we do not want all men to be alike. We do not want to lay down a pattern or type, to which men of all sorts are to be made by some means or another to approximate. This is the ideal of the impatient administrator. A bad teacher will aim at imposing his opinion, and turning out a set of pupils all of whom will give the same definite answer on a doubtful point. Mr. Bernard Shaw is said to hold that *Troilus and Cressida* is the best of Shakespeare's plays. Although I disagree with this opinion,

I should welcome it in a pupil, as a sign of individuality; but most teachers would not tolerate such a heterodox view. Not only teachers, but all commonplace persons in authority, desire in their subordinates that kind of uniformity which makes their actions easily predictable and never inconvenient. The result is that they crush initiative and individuality when they can, and when they cannot, they quarrel with it.

It is not one ideal for all men, but a separate ideal for each separate man, that has to be realized if possible. Every man has it in his being to develop into something good or bad: there is a best possible for him, and a worst possible. His circumstances will determine whether his capacities for good are developed or crushed, and whether his bad impulses are strengthened or gradually diverted into better channels.

But although we cannot set up in any detail an ideal of character which is to be universally applicable—although we cannot say, for instance, that all men ought to be industrious, or self-sacrificing, or fond of music—there are some broad principles which can be used to guide our estimates as to what is possible or desirable.

We may distinguish two sorts of goods, and two corresponding sorts of impulses. There are goods in regard to which individual possession is possible, and there are goods in which all can share alike. The food and clothing of one man is not the food and clothing of another; if the supply is insufficient, what one man has is obtained at the expense of some other man. This applies to material goods generally, and therefore to the greater part of the present economic life of the world. On the other hand, mental and spiritual goods do not belong to one man to the exclusion of another. If one man knows a science, that does not prevent others from knowing it; on the contrary, it helps them to acquire the knowledge. If one man is a great artist or poet, that does not prevent others from painting pictures or writing poems, but helps to create the atmosphere in which such things are possible. If one man is full of good-will towards others, that does not mean that there is less good-will to be shared among the rest; the more good-will one man has, the more he is likely to create among others. In such matters there is no *possession,* because there is not a definite amount to be shared: any increase anywhere tends to produce an increase everywhere.

There are two kinds of impulses, corresponding to the two kinds of goods. There are *possessive* impulses, which aim at acquiring or retaining private goods that cannot be shared; these center in the impulse of property. And there are *creative* or constructive impulses, which aim at bringing into the world or making available for use the kind of goods in which there is no privacy and no possession.

The best life is the one in which the creative impulses play the largest part and the possessive impulses the smallest. This is no new discovery. The Gospel says "Take no thought saying, what shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed?" The thought we give to these things is taken away from matters of more importance. And what is worse, the habit of mind engendered by thinking of these things is a bad one; it leads to competition, envy, domination, cruelty, and almost all the moral evils that infest the world. In particular, it leads to the predatory use of force. Material possessions can be taken by force and enjoyed by the robber. Spiritual possessions cannot be taken in this way. You may kill an artist or a thinker, but you cannot acquire his art or his thought. You may put a man to death because he loves his fellow-men, but you will not by so doing acquire the love which made his happiness. Force is impotent in such matters: it is only as regards material goods that it is effective. For this reason the men who believe in force are the men whose thoughts and desires are preoccupied with material goods.

The possessive impulses, when they are strong, infect activities which ought to be purely creative. A man who has made some valuable discovery may be filled with jealousy of a rival discoverer. If one man has found a cure for cancer and another has found a cure for consumption, one of them may be delighted if the other man's discovery turns out a mistake, instead of regretting the suffering of patients which would otherwise have been avoided. In such cases, instead of desiring knowledge for its own sake, or for the sake of its usefulness, a man is desiring it as a means to reputation. Every creative impulse is shadowed by a possessive impulse; even the aspirant to saintliness may be jealous of the more successful saint. Most affection is accompanied by some tinge of jealousy, which is a possessive impulse intruding into the creative region. Worst of all, in this direction, is the sheer envy of those who have missed

everything worth having in life, and who are instinctively bent on preventing others from enjoying what they have not had. There is much of this often, in the attitude of the old towards the young.

There is in human beings, as in plants and animals, a certain natural impulse of growth, and this is just as true of mental as of physical development. Physical development is helped by air and nourishment and exercise, and may be hindered by the sort of treatment which made Chinese woman's feet small. In just the same way, mental development may be helped or hindered by outside influences. The outside influences that help are those that merely provide encouragement or mental food or opportunities for exercising mental faculties. The influences that hinder are those that interfere with growth by applying any kind of force, whether discipline or authority or fear or the tyranny of public opinion or the necessity of engaging in some totally incongenial occupation. Worst of all influences are those that thwart or twist a man's fundamental impulse, which is what shows itself as conscience in the moral sphere; such influences are likely to do a man an inward damage from which he will never recover.

Those who realize the harm that can be done to others by any use of force against them, and the worthlessness of the goods that can be acquired by force, will be very full of respect for the liberty of others: they will not try to bind them or fetter them, they will be slow to judge and swift to sympathize; they will treat every human being with a kind of tenderness, because the principle of good in him is at once fragile and infinitely precious. They will not condemn those who are unlike themselves; they will know and feel that individuality brings differences and uniformity means death. They will wish each human being to be as much a living thing and as little a mechanical product as it is possible to be; they will cherish in each one just those things which the harsh usage of a ruthless world would destroy. In one word, all their dealings with others will be inspired by a deep impulse of *reverence*.

What we shall desire for individuals is now clear: strong creative impulses, overpowering and absorbing the instinct of possession; reverence for others; respect for the fundamental creative impulse in ourselves. A certain kind of self-respect or native pride is necessary to a good life: a

man must not have a sense of utter inward defeat if he is to remain whole, but must feel the courage and the hope and the will to live by the best that is in him whatever outward or inward obstacles it may encounter. So far as it lies in a man's own power, his life will realize its best possibilities if it has these three things: creative rather than possessive impulses, reverence for others, and respect for the fundamental impulse in himself.

Political and social institutions are to be judged by the good or harm that they do to individuals. Do they encourage creativeness rather than possessiveness? Do they embody or promote a spirit of reverence between human beings? Do they preserve self-respect?

In all these ways, the institutions under which we live are very far indeed from what they ought to be.

Institutions, and especially economic systems, have a profound influence in moulding the characters of men and women. They may encourage adventure and hope, or timidity and the pursuit of safety. They may open men's minds to great possibilities, or close them against everything but the risk of obscure misfortune. They may make a man's happiness depend upon what he adds to the general possessions of the world, or upon what he can secure for himself of the private goods in which others cannot share. Modern capitalism forces the wrong decision of these alternatives upon all who are not heroic or exceptionally fortunate.

Men's impulses are moulded, partly by their native disposition, partly by opportunity and environment, especially early environment. Direct preaching can do very little to change impulses, though it can lead people to restrain the direct expression of them, often with the result that the impulses go underground and come to the surface again in some contorted form. When we have discovered what kinds of impulse we desire, we must not rest content with preaching, or with trying to produce the outward manifestation without the inner spring: we must try rather to alter institutions in the way that will, of itself, modify the life of impulse in the desired direction.

At present our institutions rest upon two things: property and power. Both of these are very unjustly distributed; both, in the actual world, are of great importance to the happiness of the individual. Both are possessive goods; yet

without them many of the goods in which all might share are hard to acquire as things are now.

Without property, as things are, a man has no freedom, and no security for the necessities of a tolerable life; without power, he has no opportunity for initiative. If men are to have free play for their creative impulses, they must be liberated from sordid cares by a certain measure of security, and they must have a sufficient share of power to be able to exercise initiative as regards the course and conditions of their lives.

Few men can succeed in being creative rather than possessive in a world which is wholly built on competition, where the great majority would fall into utter destitution if they became careless as to the acquisition of material goods, where honor and power and respect are given to wealth rather than to wisdom, where the law embodies and consecrates the injustice of those who have towards those who have not. In such an environment, even those whom nature has endowed with great creative gifts become infected with the poison of competition. Men combine in groups to attain more strength in the scramble for material goods, and loyalty to the group spreads a halo of quasi-idealism round the central impulse of greed. Trade Unions and the Labor Party are no more exempt from this vice than other Parties and other sections of society; though they are largely inspired by the hope of a radically better world. They are too often led astray by the immediate object of securing for themselves a large share of material goods. That this desire is in accordance with justice, it is impossible to deny; but something larger and more constructive is needed as a political ideal, if the victors of tomorrow are not to become the oppressors of the day after. The inspiration and outcome of a reforming movement ought to be freedom and a generous spirit, not niggling restrictions and regulations.

The present economic system concentrates initiative in the hands of a small number of very rich men. Those who are not capitalists have, almost always, very little choice as to their activities when once they have selected a trade or profession; they are not part of the power that moves the mechanism, but only a passive portion of the machinery. In spite of political democracy, there is still an extraordinary degree of difference in the power of self-direction belonging

to a capitalist and to a man who has to earn his living. Economic affairs touch men's lives, at most times, much more intimately than political questions. At present, the man who has no capital usually has to sell himself to some large organization, such as a railway company for example. He has no voice in its management, and no liberty in politics except what his trade union can secure for him. If he happens to desire a form of liberty which is not thought important by his trade union, he is powerless: he must submit or starve.

Exactly the same thing happens to professional men. Probably a majority of journalists are engaged in writing for newspapers whose politics they disagree with: only a man of wealth can own a large newspaper, and only an accident can enable the point of view or the interests of those who are not wealthy to find expression in a newspaper. A large part of the best brains of the country are in the Civil Service, where the condition of their employment is silence about the evils which cannot be concealed from them. A Nonconformist minister loses his livelihood if his views displease his congregation; a Member of Parliament loses his seat if he is not sufficiently supple or sufficiently stupid to follow or share all the turns and twists of public opinion In every walk of life, independence of mind is punished by failure, more and more as economic organizations grow larger and more rigid. Is it surprising that men become increasingly docile, increasingly ready to submit to dictation and to forego the right of thinking for themselves? Yet along such lines civilization can only sink into a Byzantine immobility.

Fear of destitution is not a motive out of which a free creative life can grow, yet it is the chief motive which inspires the daily work of most wage-earners. The hope of possessing more wealth and power than any man ought to have, which is the corresponding motive of the rich, is quite as bad in its effects: it compels men to close their minds against justice, and to prevent themselves from thinking honestly on social questions, while in the depths of their hearts they uneasily feel that their pleasures are bought by the miseries of others. The injustices of destitution and wealth ought to be rendered alike impossible. Then a great fear would be removed from the lives of the many, and hope would have to take on a better form in the lives of the few.

But security and liberty are only the negative conditions for good political institutions. When they have been won, we need also the positive condition: encouragement of creative energy. Security alone might produce a smug and stationary society; it demands creativeness as its counterpart, in order to keep alive the adventure and interest of life, and the movement towards perpetually new and better things. There can be no final goal for human institutions; the best are those that most encourage progress towards others better still. Without effort and change, human life cannot remain good. It is not a finished Utopia that we ought to desire, but a world where imagination and hope are alive and active.

It is a sad evidence of the weariness mankind have suffered from excessive toil that their heavens have usually been places where nothing ever happened or changed. Fatigue produces the illusion that only rest is needed for happiness; but when men have rested for a time, boredom drives them to renewed activity. For this reason, a happy life must be one in which there is activity. If it is to be also a useful life, the activity ought to be as far as possible creative, not merely predatory or defensive. But creative activity requires imagination and originality, which are apt to be subversive of the *status quo*. At present, those who have power dread a disturbance of the *status quo*, lest their unjust privileges should be taken away. In combination with the instinct of conventionality,[1] which man shares with the other gregarious animals, those who profit by the existing order have established a system which punishes originality and starves imagination from the moment of first going to school down to the time of death and burial. The whole spirit in which education is conducted needs to be changed, in order that children may be encouraged to think and feel for themselves, not to acquiesce passively in the thoughts and feelings of others. It is not rewards after the event that will produce initiative, but a certain mental atmosphere. There have been times when such an atmosphere existed: the great days of Greece, and Elizabethan England, may serve as examples. But in our own day the tyranny of vast machine-like organizations, governed from above by men who know and care little for the lives of those whom they control, is killing individuality and freedom of

[1] In England this is called "a sense of humor."

mind, and forcing men more and more to conform to a uniform pattern.

Vast organizations are an inevitable element in modern life, and it is useless to aim at their abolition, as has been done by some reformers, for instance William Morris. It is true that they make the preservation of individuality more difficult, but what is needed is a way of combining them with the greatest possible scope for individual initiative.

One very important step towards this end would be to render the government of every organization democratic. At present, our legislative institutions are more or less democratic, except for the important fact that women are excluded. But our administration is still purely bureaucratic, and our economic organizations are monarchical or oligarchic. Every limited liability company is run by a small number of self-appointed or co-opted directors. There can be no real freedom or democracy until the men who do the work in a business also control its management.

Another measure which would do much to increase liberty would be an increase of self-government for subordinate groups, whether geographical or economic or defined by some common belief, like religious sects. A modern state is so vast and its machinery is so little understood that even when a man has a vote he does not feel himself any effective part of the force which determines its policy. Except in matters where he can act in conjunction with an exceptionally powerful group, he feels himself almost impotent, and the government remains a remote impersonal circumstance, which must be simply endured, like the weather. By a share in the control of smaller bodies, a man might regain some of that sense of personal opportunity and responsibility which belonged to the citizen of a City State in ancient Greece or medieval Italy.

When any group of men has a strong corporate consciousness—such as belongs, for example, to a nation or a trade or a religious body—liberty demands that it should be free to decide for itself all matters which are of great importance to the outside world. This is the basis of the universal claim for national independence. But nations are by no means the only groups which ought to have self-government for their internal concerns. And nations, like other groups, ought not to have complete liberty of action in matters which are of equal concern to foreign nations. Liberty de-

mands self-government, but not the right to interfere with others. The greatest degree of liberty is not secured by anarchy. The reconciliation of liberty with government is a difficult problem, but it is one which any political theory must face.

The essence of government is the use of force in accordance with law to secure certain ends which the holders of power consider desirable. The coercion of an individual or a group by force is always in itself more or less harmful. But if there were no government, the result would not be an absence of force in men's relations to each other: it would merely be the exercise of force by those who had strong predatory instincts, necessitating either slavery or a perpetual readiness to repel force with force on the part of those whose instincts were less violent. This is the state of affairs at present in international relations, owing to the fact that no international government exists. The results of anarchy between states should suffice to persuade us that anarchism has no solution to offer for the evils of the world.

There is probably one purpose, and only one, for which the use of force by a government is beneficent, and that is, to diminish the total amount of force used in the world. It is clear, for example, that the legal prohibition of murder diminishes the total amount of violence in the world. And no one would maintain that parents should have unlimited freedom to ill-treat their children. So long as some men wish to do violence to others, there cannot be complete liberty, for either the wish to do violence must be restrained, or the victims must be left to suffer. For this reason, although individuals and societies should have the utmost freedom as regards their own affairs, they ought not to have complete freedom as regards their dealings with others. To give freedom to the strong to oppress the weak is not the way to secure the greatest possible amount of freedom in the world. This is the basis of the Socialist revolt against the kind of freedom which used to be advocated by *laissez-faire* economists.

Democracy is a device—the best so far invented—for diminishing as much as possible the interference of governments with liberty. If a nation is divided into two sections which cannot both have their way, democracy theoretically insures that the majority shall have their way. But democ-

racy is not at all an adequate device unless it is accompanied by a very great amount of devolution. Love of uniformity, or the mere pleasure of interfering, or dislike of differing tastes and temperaments, may often lead a majority to control a minority in matters which do not really concern the majority. We should none of us like to have the internal affairs of Great Britain settled by a Parliament of the World, if ever such a body came into existence. Nevertheless there are matters which such a body could settle much better than any existing instrument of government.

The theory of the legitimate use of force in human affairs, where a government exists, seems clear. Force should only be used against those who attempt to use force against others, or who will not respect the law in cases where a common decision is necessary and a minority are opposed to the action of the majority. These seem legitimate occasions for the use of force; and they should be legitimately occasions in international affairs if an international government existed. The problem of the legitimate occasions for the use of force in the absence of a government is a different one, with which we are not at present concerned.

Although a government must have the power to use force, and may on occasion use it legitimately, the aim of the reformers to have such institutions as will diminish the need for actual coercion will be found to have this effect. Most of us abstain, for instance, from theft, not because it is illegal, but because we feel no desire to steal. The more men learn to live creatively rather than possessively, the less their wishes will lead them to thwart others or to attempt violent interference with their liberty. Most of the conflicts of interests, which lead individuals or organizations into disputes, are purely imaginary, and would be seen to be so if men aimed more at the goods in which all can share, and less at those private possessions that are the source of strife. In proportion as men live creatively, they cease to wish to interfere with others by force. Very many matters in which, at present, common action is thought indispensable, might well be left to individual decision. It used to be thought absolutely necessary that all the inhabitants of a country should have the same religion, but we now know that there is no such necessity. In like manner it will be found, as men grow more tolerant in their instincts, that

many uniformities now insisted upon are useless and even harmful.

Good political institutions would weaken the impulse towards force and domination in two ways: first, by increasing the opportunities for the creative impulses, and by shaping education so as to strengthen these impulses; secondly, by diminishing the outlets for the possessive instincts. The diffusion of power, both in the political and the economic sphere, instead of its concentration in the hands of officials and captains of industry, would greatly diminish the opportunities for acquiring the habit of command, out of which the desire for exercising tyranny is apt to spring. Autonomy, both for districts and for organizations, would leave fewer occasions when governments were called upon to make decisions as to other people's concerns. And the abolition of capitalism and the wages system would remove the chief incentive to fear and greed, those correlative passions by which all free life is choked and gagged.

Few men seem to realize how many of the evils from which we suffer are wholly unnecessary, and could be abolished by a united effort within a few years. If a majority in every civilized country so desired, we could, within twenty years, abolish all abject poverty, quite half the illness in the world, the whole economic slavery which binds down nine-tenths of our population; we could fill the world with beauty and joy, and secure the reign of universal peace. It is only because men are apathetic that this is not achieved—only because imagination is sluggish, and what always has been is regarded as what always must be. With good-will, generosity, and a little intelligence all these things could be brought about.

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

RELIGION AND ART:

SOME MAIN PROBLEMS OF RECENT ARCHEOLOGY

BY VERNON LEE

"*Non murato, ma veramente nato,*" "not built but in very truth *born,*" is the praise applied by one of the earliest of professional art critics to the Farnesina Palace. These words of Vasari's sum up delightfully one of the chief, and I believe, of the most essential, impressions produced in our mind by every excellent work of art: that of its being of a whole so satisfying that we experience some difficulty in imagining it in any previous and incomplete stage of its existence. This, which one might term the retrospective immortality of the work of art, has gradually yielded to our increasing scientific instincts. For, opposed in this to æsthetic contemplation, scientific curiosity is not satisfied with saying to the passing show "Stay, thou are beautiful"; but must needs ask how it came to be just what it is. The attempt to answer this question was made until recently by the very unscientific group of studies and speculations called *art-criticism,* or, in the more pompous phraseology of Hegel and Taine, *Philosophy of Art.* How has a work of art come to be just what it is and not what some other work of art happens to be? What is its origin? What the genealogy, the pre-natal history, the embryology of this wonderful thing which, at first-sight, seems sprung like Pallas Athene, fully equipped and irresistible, from the creative will of a kind of God?

The divinity playing the part of Zeus in this genetic, this seemingly partheno-genetic, mystery, is of course first looked for in the person of the Artist. Since it is from the artist's hands we receive each new work of art; and since also the only process concerned in a work of art's origin,

which is visible to our everyday and unscientific observation, is the material, mechanical process of changing so much clay or stone into a statue or an edifice; so much pigment and prepared surface into a painting; since what is offered to our senses is a poet covering paper with the ink spots registering a poem, a musician drawing sounds out of an instrument or directing others so to draw them.

Thus when the old-fashioned school of so-called artistic criticism[1] is asked to account for the characteristics of Michelangelo's frescoes and statues, or of Beethoven's quartets and symphonies, it answers with an account of Michelangelo's or Beethoven's private life and character, of which those masterpieces are supposed, indeed taken for granted, to be the direct outcome and expression. But curiosity respecting the work of art's *why-and-wherefore* does not rest here. Art-philosophers, for so they are apt to call themselves, disciples, even when unaware of being so, of Hegel and of Taine, look further into the matter and discover something of which the artist himself seems the product, even as the work of art had seemed solely his, namely, his *historical environment.* According to them, it is not the mere man Michelangelo, with his patriotic sufferings and domestic crossness, his mystic enthusiasms and nervous panics, who we find expressed in the *Dawn* and the *Dusk,* the *Prophets* and *Sybils:* it is the spiritually bankrupt Renaissance, the humiliated Italy, the despairing but regenerated Christianity of the sixteenth century. It is, similarly, the early nineteenth century, the ardent but melancholy romanticism following on the Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars, which is *expressing itself* (as the phrase goes) through the genius of Beethoven. Has not even the great innovating Danish archeologist, Julius Lange, informed us that the stereotyped smile, or as some would say, the smirk, of Æginetan and other immediately pre-Phidian statues is the expression of the cheerful heroism of the Greece which defeated Darius and Xerxes?[2]

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[1] Ste. Beuve is the type of this school of "critics" which originated in connection with literature. The examples of Michelangelo and Beethoven are taken from the two studies by M. Romain Rolland, the incomparable literary artist who has given us *Jean Christophe.*

[2] Hegel, *Æsthetik,* circa 1830; Taine, *Philosophie de l'Art,* 5 vols., 1865-6. Julius Lange was translated from the Danish into German about 1900. A recent popularization of this kind of view, indeed its *reductio ad absurdum,* is the suggestive and often delightfully appreciative *Works of Man,* by March-Phillips, 1911.

This onward step in the enquiry, "how a work of art has come to be just what it is," was hastened by two accidental circumstances which have tended to shelve the old "Philosophy of Art" and to substitute for it two separate branches of study and speculation, namely artistic archeology and what is usually called "connoisseurship."

The first accident in question is that Antiquity has left us comparatively few original works of sculpture, none at all of painting on a large scale, and very few copies documentarily certified as such; for are there not archeologists who refuse to give the Hermes to Praxiteles, and is not the authorship of the various Parthenon sculptures a subject of controversy? And the corresponding accident is that the Middle Ages and Renaissance carried on art in cooperative workshops, practicing a kind of authorized forgery, and were utterly unbusinesslike both in signing works of art and in inventorying them. For such uncertainty in what is technically called *attribution* prevented the explanation of a work of art's characteristics by the personality of a craftsman who might prove never to have gone near it; while it also emphasized the fact that works of art by different individuals may possess all their main features in common. This difficulty, often this utter impossibility, of ascertaining the true authorship of any work, has resulted in a classification no longer by individual artists, but by schools.

We have witnessed the pasting-over of museum-labels once bearing the single word "Giorgione" or "Leonardo" with others adding a humble "school of ——." And it is sometimes possible to read the half effaced word "Phidias" or "Polyclete" on statues or casts more recently designated as "Fifth Century Greek." This change of labels, of "attributions," has meant a tendency to refer the "style," the dominant characteristics, of a work of art no longer to the personality of the artist, but, as had already been done by Taine with such wealth of historical detail and such lack of psychological *why* and *wherefore,* to the characteristics (often tautologically derived from the work of art itself) of the men who had surrounded or begotten that artist, to his "Historical Environment," his "Civilization," his "Race."

Race! That great X which philology and anthropology are now reducing to little more than a phantom born of

the imposition of an invader's language and the acceptance of a subjugated civilization by men of mixed ancestry,— "Race" has of course done duty to explain everything because it flattered the prejudices and hostilities of that "Nationalism" which has worked such abominable havoc (Pan-germanism, Pan-slavism, British Imperialism, Italian Irredentism, and "*Défense des l'Esprit Français*") ever since the reaction against Napoleon's dream of universal monarchy and against the cosmopolitanism which the mediæval church had taken over from a greater world empire than his. But in proportion as investigation has proved that "Race," when not the mask for such political intolerance, is in itself the least fathomed of mysteries, the easy and dogmatic explanation of how a work of art has come to be just what it is, this explanation by "Race" has been left to the same naïve and popular critics who had formerly explained by Michelangelo's life the characteristics of his works, even of works which had been forged long after Michelangelo's life was ended.

The progress of scientific investigation has done much more than this. It has led to the recognition and the methodical study of another, a hitherto unrecognized factor of artistic style. And it has, at the same time, transformed into something scientifically ascertainable the overestimated but insufficiently defined factor of "Historical Environment."

The new and as yet far from adequately appreciated factor in the problem of style is no other than the Principle of Evolution applied to art. It means the recognition of the heredity and transformation of artistic forms; and this evolutional conception implies a method which deals with the types and elements embodied in every work of art as the biological anatomist deals with the organs and tissues of the body, and the embryologist with their pre-natal development. This is the greatest achievement of recent archeology, this is its contribution to the question of how any work of art has come to be what it is, and indeed how art has come to be at all; although the complete answer will be obtained only with the co-operation of another half-fledged but far different study: the experimental psychologic study of the variations of individual psychic types and their connection with variations in bodily functions.

It is the data of artistic evolution which have been and

are still being worked at by the spade and pickaxe of the great excavators, like Schliemann, Evans, Petrie and Morgan, laying bare the foundations and the treasures of unsuspected Minoan Greece and Crete, of pre-dynastic Egypt and undated Susa, nay perhaps by those who have taught us to know the palaeo-lithic carvings of the Dordogne and the cave-frescoes of Altamira, as many delighted readers may have learned second-hand from Mr. G. H. Spearing's *Childhood of Art.* And, similarly, it is at such problems of artistic evolution that have worked and are working, with the more delicate implements of eye and mind, those who like Semper and Riegl and Pottier, like Paulsen, von Sybel and Strygowski, like Wickoff and Löwy, have classified with microscopic accuracy the patterns on ornaments and potsherds, the mouldings of cornices and capitals, the structure of vaultings and ground-plan of edifices, let alone the modes of representing the human figure and of presenting the episodes of a story. The proximate object of their researches may indeed be whether architectural ornament is derived from weaving or wattling or embroidery; whether geometrical pattern precedes, or derives, from representations of plants and animals; whether Hellenic art originated in Crete or was influenced by Egypt and Phoenicia; or whether the Byzantine style should be thought of as a mere aftergrowth of Late-Roman, or a hybridization with Eastern elements. Indeed many, and perhaps the most scientifically valuable, of these investigation have doubtless been seeking for mere facts without attempting any far-reaching theories. Be this as it may, these embryologists and biologists of art have nevertheless all been working, consciously or unconsciously, at a great future science of artistic heredity, habit, adaptation; in short, evolution.

The bare possibility of such a science seems at present scarcely recognized. Yet meanwhile the method of those thus half-consciously contributing to its foundation have already modified the old theory already propounded by Taine, according to which the characteristics of an artistic style are due to its Historical Environment; and have already furnished that theory what it hitherto utterly lacked, namely, some sort of intelligible *why* and *wherefore.* They have insofar added what will prove, after due psychological revision, an important item in any hypothesis as to how a work of art has come to be just what it is.

Of this we have an excellent example in two recent works by two of the most gifted and most modern of our archeological writers, namely, Mrs. Arthur Strong's lectures on *Apotheosis and After Life* and Professor Alessandro della Seta's *Religion and Art.* Both undertake to explain the characteristics of certain styles of art addressing itself to the eye by the influence of religious beliefs with which they chronologically *coincide.* I have emphasized that word *coincide* because it will remind the reader of my contention that archeology has incidentally demonstrated that art has a life of its own, a quasi-biological heredity and evolution, between various stages of which and the stages in development of religious beliefs and social institutions we may expect to find a chronological coincidence and an interaction, but which forbids our accepting such coincident surroundings as the sole or chief explanation of the artistic characteristics constituting what is called a historical or local style. And I have emphasized this fact of *coincidence* also because both the archeologists I am dealing with, and especially Mrs. Arthur Strong, seem disposed to forget this independent life of an art and to consider the various historical styles as the result, indeed as the *expression,* of the religious habits existing in the same times and countries. Thus, considered superficially, both Mrs. Arthur Strong and her immediate predecessor, della Seta, would seem to be returning to the old naïve notions which Taine had popularized so brilliantly sixty years ago. But here comes in an all-important difference: Taine (and how much more Taine's more slovenly disciples, for instance, March Phillips!) had really proceeded by the same unscientific methods and in the same vicious circle, as the "critics" he had ousted and who had explained the main characteristics of the works of, say, Michelangelo and Beethoven, by the characteristics of Michelangelo's and Beethoven's private life and character. For Taine had started from the assumption that whatever emotional or imaginative impression is received from a work of art by the modern beholder, must necessarily answer to the emotional or imaginative intuition of the original artist, and to the effect produced on that artist's contemporaries; forgetting that the art of children and of primitives is apt to impress us as deliberately funny; and also, that we interpret as sad, cheerful, threatening, kindly, etc., a number of natural phenomena,

like sunset and sunshine, winds and rains, which science has shown to be purely material and soulless. Hence the old theory of the Historical Environment (Taine's "*Milieu*") was little more than the explanation of *our* interpretation of visible artistic shapes by characteristics which ourselves had selected among those of past civilizations, characteristics oftenest noticeable because in opposition to our own; and what was worse, largely deduced from the very works of art which they were supposed to explain: the "serenity," the "cheerfulness" of Hellenic life being mainly deduced from the "serenity" and "cheerfulness" we thought we recognized in Hellenic poetry and sculpture; and the "mystical passion" (sometimes described as "hysteria") of the Middle Ages deduced from the "mystical passionateness" which these critics had read into Dante and French cathedrals; nay the alleged impassiveness and stupidity of ancient Egypt from the impassiveness and stupidity for which shallow critics mistook the inevitably primitive character of Egyptian sculpture and architecture. Such naïve explanations are no longer put forward by first-hand students, least of all students of Mrs. Strong's and Professor della Seta's high standing. And it is instructive to note in their work how Taine's conception of the Historical Environment has been radically modified by the methods of modern archeology. These methods, as already pointed out, consist in the minute analysis, comparison and classification, often in historical series, of the shapes dominant in various styles of art. Accordingly we hear no more about "serenity," "cheerfulness," "mysticalness," "impassiveness," or any other "expressions" of this or that phase of art; nor of the corresponding moral and mental peculiarities of the people among whom it arose. Take, for instance, Mrs. Arthur Strong's fascinating lectures on Apotheosis and Late-Roman Art. Their thesis is not that the "character" or "expression" of late-Roman sculpture results from the "character" or "spirit" of late-Roman civilization, one vague something vaguely accounting for another vague something. It is that a definite kind of artistic composition is genetically explicable by the requirements of definite religious beliefs and practices. The artistic composition is that exhibited in the monuments of the later Roman Empire, or rather in the more and more orientalized Empire which Rome had taken over

from the Hellenistic-Oriental successors of Alexander. And the religious requirements are those of the worship of the Roman Emperor or of the Roman Empire deified in his person; a monarchical apotheosis itself taken over, as has been shown by many, and especially by Cumont and Alan Gardiner, from Egypt and the immemorial East, where (Dr. Frazer has made us familiar with the fact) the King long continued to be the Priest and the Priest to be the God. This state-religion of apotheosis, and indeed much of the ritual and theory concerned with after life, had been pushed into the shade in the democratic and rationalistic civilization of classical Hellas. The art of Hellenic Greece had indeed been predominantly religious, but in the sense either of votive offering or of epic commemoration:[1] whence its sharply defined division into an art of free standing statuary (*e.g.*, the Olympian Victors) and of serially-grouped fresco, vase painting and relief, both categories treated with an increasing concentration of merely human interest, and an utter indifference to scenery, indeed spatial whereabouts, by no means apparent in Greek poetry. Such being the case, and despite the acceptance of the anatomical types and athletic poses elaborated in Hellas, the schemes of artistic composition furnished by Hellenic art were unable to meet the requirements of the Oriental-Roman cult of the deified Emperor. This religion of apotheosis had no use for an isolated votive statue serving as a mere consecrated reminder of the worshiper's existence and wants, like the models of limbs or of ships hung up in some Catholic churches, and therefore representing not this person or that, but just a typical "youth" or "maiden" or "warrior" or "winner in the games." What had now to be shown was not the human being to the godhead, but the godhead to the human being. And that godhead was the reigning or just deceased Emperor; moreover, *that particular Emperor,* divinised indeed, but not to be confused with his often hostile predecessors and often rival successors: a God, but also an individual man: Trajan, Marcus Aurelius or Caracalla.

But this was by no means all. The emperor, who had received or would receive divine honors, was not to be looked

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[1] Professor della Seta, while pointing out this commemorative or epic character as a chief determinant of classic Greek sculpture, seems to leave out its *votive* side. Its importance has been brought home to me by Mr. Rouse's volume on *Greek Votive Offerings.*

at, or overlooked, by a busy crowd, as happened with the Greek votive statue on its isolated pedestal at Olympia or Delphi; he was to be worshiped; and worshiped, invoked, glorified not only in public but in private, as the mythical and mystically potent symbol of Rome's immortality. Hence, like every idol, he must be turned full-face to the beholder; there must be no walking round and examining him, as the votive statue is examined. And the better to separate him from the mortal world and show that his real presence is elsewhere than among men's business and pleasures, he must be placed in a tabernacle, a chapel, or in what is the artistic shorthand for such a shrine, in a *frame.* If I take Mrs. Arthur Strong correctly, it is this invention of the framed full-face image which chiefly distinguishes Oriental-Roman art; and which is the chief result of the Oriental-Roman religion of Imperial Apotheosis. For this enshrining frame meant a far closer interplay of architecture and sculpture than was known in Hellenic art. You remember Ruskin calling the Greek temple-gable a *box with figures stuck in it;* to which he might have added that Greek frieze-reliefs were merely so many yards of figure-tapestry tacked onto a wall. And this new relation led to the eventual fusion of architecture and sculpture as we see it in a Gothic façade; and also to the painted, the perspectival, interplay of figures and buildings in Renaissance frescoes like the Sistine ceiling and Raphael's *School of Athens.* Neither was this all: the use of framework introduced a perception of the artistic effects (unknown to all earlier art) of alternated light and shade, no longer variable as when outside illumination falls on a Greek cornice or capital, but prearranged and fixed once for all by such scooping and undercutting as made the pattern consist no longer in surface lines but in masses of light and shade. Add to this that in order to keep the Imperial Godhead's sacramental preponderance and aloofness, all subsidiary figures had to be grouped about it laterally and in profile, thus leading to the composition of medieval altarpieces, and eventually to the co-ordinated perspective which made Renaissance "histories" into something like "tableaux" on a stage.

Thus, according to Mrs. Arthur Strong's thesis, rather implicit than formulated in so many words, artistic style, meaning thereby the prevalent artistic patterns and compositions, would be determined by the demands of the religious

beliefs and institutions with which they chronologically coincide. Mrs. Arthur Strong claims more, or leads us to think that she claims more: namely that the works of art chronologically coinciding with that Oriental-Roman religion of Imperial Apotheosis are the *expression* thereof, much as old fashioned " art criticism " had supposed the works of Michelangelo or Beethoven to be the expression of Michelangelo's or Beethoven's personal life and character. Now if my reader will call to mind what I have just told him about the chief result of recent archeology being the recognition of the principle of growth, heredity and evolution in artistic forms, he will recognize that Mrs. Arthur Strong's claim is an example of the natural but misleading tendency to explain a complex phenomenon by a single one of its causes; or, in the effort of emphasizing one of the factors in a problem, to allow its other factors to drop out of account. Since no one is better aware than Mrs. Arthur Strong, the disciple and popularizer of Furtwängler and Wickhoff, that the whole trend of later Greek art had been towards such a transformation of artistic composition, towards such a gradual reversal of the original standards and aims of art as she has so brilliantly demonstrated in the monuments coinciding with Imperial Apotheosis. The fusion between the free standing statuary of Hellenic art and its serial and merely surface figure-arrangements on slabs and pottery, this fusion had already begun in the high relief of sarcophagi like the later Sidonian ones. And the fusion of the various orders of architecture and consequent application to relief of patterns originally in the round, had brought with it the use of light and shade, let alone the coordination of originally incongruous details by inserting boundary and framing patterns such as were familiar in embroidery and metal and enamel work. The artistic schemes of classical Hellas had served their day; they were inevitably broken up into their elements re-arranged and probably hybridized once more (since all points to a historical series of such fertilizing contacts in pre-historic and archaic times) with artistic elements traditional in the nearer Orient. The demands, or in plain English, the *orders* with which the religion of Imperial Apotheosis came forward, naturally influenced, both by the artistically invaluable influence of new suggestion and by the cruder power of economic pressure, the art which it found in this particular

phase of its life-history. Analogous outside influences have been brought to bear on art at all stages of its evolution; but according to the stage of evolution in which such religious demands and suggestions happened to find an art, the visible result has of course been different. No archeologist would deliberately maintain that the religion of Imperial Apotheosis could have left the same kind of monuments if it had met, not the art of say A. D. 100, but the art of B. C. 500 or B. C. 1500. Still less that the Christian religion, succeeding, as Mrs. Arthur Strong has shown so brilliantly, to the mundane pomps of Rome and Alexandria and Antioch, could have resulted in Byzantine churches and Gothic cathedrals, unless its selective action had fallen upon an art having reached just that particular phase, and no other, of its internal development.

This internal development of an art, which all recent archeology and even connoisseurship (poor thing though it still is!) have led us to recognize, and of which I have spoken in biological metaphors, is in reality of purely psychological nature. What plays the part of *heredity* in art is *tradition;* art's growth is due to *imitation* and *invention;* and the current of art's life is the relation between pupil and master; also between the craftsmen of each generation and the public whom their immediate predecessors have accustomed to appreciate and expect certain artistic effects and not others. And the variation in this very real though wholly spiritual life of every art, is due to the psychological necessities of human nature: the necessity for refreshing attentiveness by alterations in aim and means; the impossibility of seeing and feeling twice over alike; the new generation's imperative need to approve itself equal to the old one; the measureless powers of curiosity, of boredom, of wilfulness, of self expression; also of accidental suggestion; and last but not least, of genius perpetually conflicting with the safety and warmth of familiarity: in fact all the psychological necessities of life, which can reproduce itself only after having been produced and nurtured by other life. I have thus spoken of art in biological terms. It must be remembered, nevertheless, that whatever the limitations of bodily heredity, the heredity of spiritual entities like art consists precisely in the storage and transmission of *acquired* variations; and that the action of selection, in this case *social selection,* bears precisely upon

such perpetually recurring and perpetually transmitted potentialities of change. This *social selection* is carried on by the historical environment; which, in the case of art, means the aggregate of all the other spiritual entities, religion, law, manners, philosophy, science true or false, each subject (like art) to its own processes of heredity and variation, each acting on, and being acted on by, the other; and all united by that economic pressure which means that ideas and habits, styles and schools, even like concrete individuals, receive permission to live and reproduce only by accomplishing the tasks to which they are set.

Of all these branches of human activities, Religion, including therein magical ritual, is the oldest, the one which has contained most of the others in their earlier phases. Accordingly Religion has been till recent times the chief employer and paymaster of Art. Alongside of Mrs. Strong's lectures on *Apotheosis,* it is interesting to study Professor della Seta's *Religion and Art.* For instead of showing the influence of a particular group of religious beliefs, like that divinizing of the Roman Emperor which, according to Mrs. Strong, prepared the way for official Christianity, Professor della Seta has reviewed the whole field of visual art, from that of the Old Stone Age to that of medieval Catholicism, showing what were the orders given by Religion and in what manner they were carried out by Art. Like Mrs. Strong, Professor della Seta must be fully aware that the art he thus displays adapting itself under the selection of its religious taskmasters, owed the potentialities, among which this selection was carried on, to life-habits and necessities of its own, to its own psychological laws of heredity and variation. For Professor della Seta preceded the present very interesting and amusing book by a perhaps more scientifically valuable but also far less engaging study of the Genesis and Evolution of Foreshortening in Antique Art. But neither author has deemed it necessary to emphasize the fact that unless Art had its own growth, heredity and evolution, religious beliefs, however much armed with the life-and-death power of setting the artist his task, would never have elicited the particular response constituting the characteristics of various historical and national styles of Art.

It needs some equally learned and penetrating, some perhaps more synthetically thinking, future archeologist to

tell us not the share of religion, and of the rest of the Historical Environment, in selecting among Art's native possibilities and influencing its course; but the share of Art in determining, though in less obvious manner, the character and the attitude of that Religion and the rest of that Historical Environment. Of course the institutions, manners and beliefs summed up as Archaic Hellas or Periklean Athens conduced to make the Greek Epic, the Greek Drama and Greek Painting and Sculpture just what they became. But let us not forget that it was the Greek Epic and Drama, that it was Greek Painting and Sculpture, which elaborated the poetical and plastic shapes wherein immortals and mortals, life and death, came to exist for the Greek mind. And similarly, that if Dante and Giotto cannot be accounted for without the beliefs and institutions (Franciscanism and Scholasticism, Guelph and Ghibelline politics) of medieval Italy, the medieval Italian soul was in its turn shaped by their poetry and painting.

And here, after leaving it so far behind, we seem to be returning to the earliest and naïvest answer to the question "Why has a work of Art come to be just what it is?" namely that there is a special creative power in the Artist. In the artist, most certainly, if we understand thereby all the successive generations of artists. And then—but then only—in each special case, the individual endowment of each artist, in its turn selecting, rejecting, adapting, transforming, the traditions which he has received from his predecessors and the tasks he has accepted from his paymasters.

But that is another question; and one upon which archeology, dealing mainly with anonymous or undocumented works, and therefore rather with schools than with masters, does not promise much help. We have arrived in presence of the great, the mysterious question of the individual artistic endowment and its relation to the general temperament and life of the individual artist. This is a question for the psychology of *individual variations*, that, so to speak, new-born study, working, as it must work sooner or later, in concert with a more scientific development of "connoisseurship," that nowadays still rule-of-thumb comparison between the works of a master and his pupils.

VERNON LEE.

TO C—

BY STARK YOUNG

Strange, is it not, that I most prize in you
The one thing that the many would remove,
The ultimate beginning of my love
Be where they mark the change that should ensue.
It is that you see not as they must do,
And could not so, however much you strove;
It is the binding wings that close above;
The impalpable, bright fire before your view.

Look not from those immortal eyes away,
The invisible and gigantic scene is set,
The wild gods' laughter is up, their passion rife:
And though the unmolded figure of the day
Slip from your absent fingers, you shall yet
Breathe on to-morrow's dust the shape of life.

Stark Young.

A THEORY OF THE SHORT STORY

BY JAMES COOPER LAWRENCE

More than seventy years ago Edgar Allan Poe, in reviewing a volume of Hawthorne's tales, said some things about the short story that have been quoted by practically every man who has written upon the subject since. After discussing the technique of the novel, Poe declared:

> The ordinary novel is objectionable from its length, for reasons already stated in substance. As it cannot be read at one sitting, it deprives itself, of course, of the immense force derivable from *totality*. Worldly interests intervening during the pauses of perusal modify, annul, or contract, in a greater or less degree, the impressions of the book. But simply cessation in reading would of itself be sufficient to destroy the true unity. In the brief tale, however, the author is enabled to carry out the fullness of his intention, be it what it may. During the hour of perusal the soul of the reader is at the writer's control. There are no external or extrinsic influences—resulting from weariness or interruption.

In this statement Poe has given us the two distinguishing characteristics of all true short stories which set them apart in a class by themselves as a distinct literary type—brevity and the necessary coherence which gives the effect of totality. The only limitation upon the development of the type which can be established beyond question is the physical inability or unwillingness of the average reader or listener to keep his mind on any one topic for any great length of time. The limits to human patience are not very different today from what they were before the flood. A man will listen just so long to a story or read just so many pages and then the spell is broken; his mind demands a change of diet, and the effect of the story is lost. Every extraneous statement, every unnecessary word, must be eliminated in order to bring the tale within the bounds of patience. And any tale which fails to meet these funda-

mental requirements of brevity and coherence is not a true short story.

This negative statement eliminates a large mass of published matter from the field of our consideration and relieves us from the necessity of attempting to find a justification for that apparently inexcusable thing, an intended short story which is not short.

Further than this, Poe's statement not only furnishes a negative basis for telling what a short story is not, but it also offers a positive foundation upon which we can establish a definition of the short story which declares that *a short story is a brief tale which can be told or read at one sitting.*

This definition requires two things of the story: (1) that it shall be short and (2) that it shall possess coherence sufficient to hold the reader's or listener's unflagging interest from beginning to end. The terms of the definition are of necessity relative. It is, of course, impossible to draw a hard and fast line and say that any story which contains less than so many hundred words is short, while a tale which contains one word more than the allotted portion is long. The personal equation entering into the problem also renders it impossible to establish any fixed measure of the degree of coherence which is required to hold a reader's or listener's unflagging attention.

The more we look into the matter the more evident it becomes that the limits and distinguishing characteristics of the short story as we know it today are the limits and distinguishing characteristics of the spoken story as it has existed from the beginning of time. It is frequently possible to read at one sitting a story which is not brief, but it would be a physical impossibility to *tell* at one sitting any story of this sort so as to hold the unbroken interest of a group of listeners. Human impatience insists that a spoken story shall be brief and to the point; and no better line of demarcation than this can be found to set off the literary type with which we are concerned from its brethren, the novel and the novelette.

If we accept the test of brevity and coherence which this definition proposes, the only question which arises is as to its adequacy. Are brevity and coherence to be accepted as the sole distinguishing marks of a literary type? Or is it necessary to introduce some further limitations which will render our conception of the short story more concrete?

Poe, in his criticism already quoted, maintained that in order to produce a true short story an author must not only make his tale short and to the point, but must also fashion it with deliberate care so that it will produce a *single effect;* and this statement has been accepted with more or less unquestioning faith by practically every man who has written authoritatively upon the short story since Poe's time.

Brander Matthews[1] declares that "the short story is the single effect."

Professor Bliss Perry,[2] while rejecting many of Mr. Matthews's conclusions, agrees with him that the short story of the nineteenth century is set off from those that preceded it by the "new attitude of the contemporary short-story writer toward his material, in his conscious effort to achieve under certain conditions a certain effect."

Professor Canby[3] says that "Poe succeeded in his work by fixing the attention upon the climax of his story, so that the reader sees, feels, thinks of the 'unique effect' of the story and of nothing else. If the modern short story has a technique, here it is; if it is an invention, Poe invented it."

It is only natural that the way in which these men make a fetish of "effect" should lead us to inquire whether, after all, this striving to produce a single foreseen impression is the only manner in which the coherence essential to a true short story can be secured?

Even a casual consideration of the subject presents objections to the "effect" theory of the short story. If, as Professor Matthews declares, "the short story *is* the single effect," then most certainly such tales as *The Scarlet Letter* must be classed as short stories in violation of all of the canons of brevity; and if this cannot be done, the single effect definition will have to be modified. Dr. William J. Dawson[4] holds that the true short story treats "of one incident and only one," and Professor Matthews says that: "The short story fulfills the three false unities of the French classic drama: it shows one action, in one place, in one day." If these statements are accepted, ninety per cent. of the tales that are commonly regarded as short stories will

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[1] *Philosophy of the Short Story*, p. 17.

[2] *A Study of Prose Fiction*, p. 304.

[3] *The Short Story in English*, p. 233.

[4] *The Modern Short Story*—North American Review 190: 802.

have to be put in some other class of literature. The question naturally arises, what are we going to do with Kipling's *The Man Who Would be King,* which deals with four distinct episodes in as many different places, or with a story like Björnson's *The Father,* which covers a whole lifetime? The answer which suggests itself is that instead of trying to make every sort of tale a separate literary type, it may be easier and more satisfactory to attempt to frame a comprehensive definition of the short story which by its nature will be inclusive instead of exclusive.

Coming back for a moment to a consideration of the statement that the only way in which coherence in a short story can be secured is by striving to produce a single foreseen effect, it is altogether probable that even Professor Matthews would experience some difficulty in pointing out the single effect which Mr. Stockton aimed to produce with *The Griffin and the Minor Canon,* or which " Q " had in mind when he wrote *John and the Ghosts.* And the statement which applies to these tales of fancy would probably also hold true in a consideration of those tales whose sole purpose is to give a plain unvarnished statement of the facts in the case, without giving the slightest thought to any one particular effect which those facts may produce. In this class would come such narratives as the Biblical story of Joseph, Björnson's stories of Norwegian peasant life, and most of Kipling's soldier stories.

The best of these stories of fancy and fact are just as coherent as any tale ever told by Poe or de Maupassant with the idea of producing a single effect; and every one of them has just as much right to the name " short story " as is possessed by any other tale. The short story frequently deals with more than one incident, and does not by any means always produce a single foreseen effect.

These facts would seem to lead to the conclusion that any attempt to limit the definition of a short story beyond the statement that it is " a brief tale which can be told or read at one sitting," is for our purposes inadvisable, if not impossible.

The acceptance of this definition as it stands renders unnecessary any such efforts at classification as Mr. Matthews's rather futile attempt to distinguish between the " Short-story " (spelled with a hyphen and a capital S), " the story which is merely short," " the brief tale," and

" the sketch "; and leaves us free to include all short stories under one heading for study as a literary type.

For those who insist upon some further subdivision of the great inclusive short story group, it will then be possible to classify short stories in the following manner:

First, as to substance,

A—Stories of Fact.
B—Stories of Fancy.

Second, as to form,

A—Stories told *historically.*
B—Stories told *dramatically.*
C—Stories told *didactically.*

In the telling of a tale, what is not fact is fancy. Of course, the two classifications frequently overlap. Elements of fancy are found in fact narratives, while fanciful tales are constructed upon foundations of fact. It is possible, however, to throw all short stories into one group or the other in accordance with the element which makes up the substance of the story. Fact stories appear every day in the newspapers and in the narratives which make up the record of the historian. Stories of fancy have existed from the earliest time as one expression of man's desire to take himself occasionally far from the world of hard and inescapable facts. This classification brings us back to the basic truth in the child's division of his world into one part " really truly " and one part " let's pretend."

After short stories have been grouped as stories of fact or stories of fancy, another classification suggests itself based upon the way in which the stories are told. A story of fact or a story of fancy may be told in any one of three ways—historically, dramatically or didactically. The same story may be told in three different ways. The man using the historical narrative method seeks primarily to convey the impression that here is the matter-of-fact story of things just as they happened. The man using the dramatic method seeks a single effect; while the didactic method involves as the chief consideration, the effort to teach a lesson.

In the light of this classification it would appear that those who undertake to define the short story as " the single effect " are clearly striving to make a part greater than the whole.

All of these men whose opinions on the short story we have been considering regard the short story as distinctly a nineteenth-century type of literature, as a literary form which was first successfully employed by Poe and his French contemporaries. As a matter of fact, even the briefest consideration of the history of literature should be sufficient to convince us that the short story, far from being a distinctive product of the nineteenth century, is the oldest form of literature, from which all other literary types, with the exception of the lyric and the critical essay, have developed in the course of time.

Oral tradition begins with the first human family; and it is to this first oral tradition that we look for the genesis of the short story. Anthropologists assure us that primitive man was endowed with substantially the same imagination, pride in achievement, curiosity, and love of excitement and novelty which characterize the average man today. These are the attributes upon which the story-telling faculty depends; and hence we reach the conclusion that ever since human nature has been constituted as it is now men have been telling stories.

Professor Bliss Perry says:[1]

> Story-telling is as old as the day when men first gathered around a camp-fire or women huddled in a cave. The study of comparative folk-lore is teaching us every day how universal is the instinct for it. Even were we to leave out of view the literature of oral tradition, and take the earlier written literature of any European people—for instance, the tales told by Chaucer and some of his Italian models—we should find these modern characteristics of originality, ingenuity, and the rest in almost unrivaled perfection, and perhaps come to the conclusion of Chaucer himself, as he exclaims in whimsical despair, "There is no new thing that is not old."

As far back as research carries us in the history of any people, we find a well defined oral literature. Scholars of every nationality[2] in studying the epic and the ballad have traced for us the steps that mark the growth of the early national literatures. We find the great epics, the *Chanson de Roland,* the *Nibelungenlied,* Beowulf, the Odyssey, and the Iliad, developing from ballad cycles, centering about

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[1] *A Study of Prose Fiction,* p. 302.

[2] Notably Grimm and Paul in Germany, Child in England, and Gautier and those who have supported and opposed his theories in France.

national heroes, which are shown to have rested upon lesser ballad groups dealing with separate achievements of these heroes, which, in their turn, can be, at least theoretically, split up into their component parts—single isolated ballads.

With the processes of association, selection, and elimination by which the innumerable ballad groups and cycles which merged to form the epics were brought together, we are not concerned; but it will further the object of our inquiry to bear in mind the fact that the early ballads, which were merely short stories in rhythmical form, rested ultimately upon a basis of prose narrative—oral short stories.

M. Leon Gautier, in the introduction to his monumental work on the French epics,[1] accounts for the initial appearance of the lyric by declaring that the first emotions of the first man in the garden of Eden must have been such as could be expressed only in song; and in making this statement he is merely following a similar assertion found in Victor Hugo's preface to *Cromwell*. However, neither Gautier nor Hugo goes so far as to maintain that the progenitors of the human race continued to talk in lyrics after the novelty of their situation wore off; and it is an historical fact that the only conversations in Eden which have been recorded were carried on in prose.

In our earliest histories we find that the art of telling stories had reached a point where the existence of fully developed cycles of spoken stories is taken as a matter of course. Tacitus refers to "the peculiar kind of verses current among the Germans, the recital of which they call barding." Einhard, in his life of Charlemagne, tells how the great emperor "had the old rude songs that celebrate the deeds and wars of the ancient kings written out for transmission to posterity." And in the old Anglo-Saxon poem of *Widsith* we find references to cycles of stories centering about Attila the Hun, Chlodovech the Frank, Theodoric the Ostrogoth, Rothari the Lombard, and Gunther the Burgundian. These cycles of stories spread all over western Europe, and the written literature of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries developed out of this spoken literature.

This glimpse into the development of national literatures would seem to warrant the statement that while the epic is

[1] *Les Epopées Françaises*, T. I., p. 3.

a national contribution to literature, and the ballad is a communal product, the short story, which in the last analysis proves to be the base of all our literature, excepting only the lyric and the critical essay, is distinctly an individual contribution.

This theory of the development of an oral literature which makes the short story a primary unit does not rest entirely upon conjecture. Oral literature is to be found today wherever there is a more or less primitive state of race culture. In Hawaii, where even an alphabet was unknown until the arrival of the missionaries in 1820, a well defined oral literature, rich in truly epic material, still survives, and it is possible to observe in that Territory at first hand the actual process of literary development suggested and outlined above. The same statement holds true in a degree of the Voodoo tales current among the Southern negroes, fragments of a great body of spoken stories brought from the African jungles.

It is much easier to produce evidence to support a theory of the antiquity of the short story as a type than it is to unearth the connecting links to make complete the chain of evidence to prove that the short story as it is known today is not only the oldest of all literary types, but had also had a continuous existence from the very beginning of time to the present day in essentially the same form as we know it now. The difficulty of this latter task is due to the fact that until comparatively recent times the short story has been to a very large extent an oral *genre,* preserved as spoken and not written literature.

The reasons for this are not hard to find. The output of ancient scribes and mediæval printers was too limited to warrant the wasting of much of their time in the preservation of short stories, which everyone told and everyone knew. Such stories and ballads as were written, or at a later date printed, were as a rule valued so lightly by the scholars of the day that no serious effort was ever made to preserve them.

In the case of the literatures of Western Europe, with which we are most familiar, the wide gap existing between written and spoken languages, taken together with the fact that only a very small portion of the population was at all familiar with the written language, tended, for centuries, to set the folk literature far apart from the literature of

the scholars. The tales told in prose and verse by the people using the vulgar tongue were never considered as literature.

When the dialects of the common people became national languages the number of stories written down was greatly increased; but still it was only very rarely that any effort was made to preserve collections of tales. The attitude toward folk literature that had been built up through so many centuries could not readily be changed.

In this connection it is of more than ordinary interest to note the extent to which this popular conception of the short story as anything but literature moved Boccaccio, who thought so lightly of the *Decameron* that, although it was first given to the public in Florence in 1353, he did not submit it to Petrarch, his dearest literary friend, until after a lapse of nineteen years, in 1372.[1]

Practically no one could read, so that collections of stories, even in the popular tongue, were of little use. It was only occasionally, and then more often by a series of happy accidents than because of any recognition of merit, that the work of the masters of the short story was preserved. Nevertheless tales were told in those days just as they had been from the beginning and will be to the end; and we know that Boccaccio, Chaucer, and Rabelais, far from standing alone as exponents of their *genre,* were merely the master craftsmen in a host of story tellers. Even with our very imperfect knowledge of the periods when they lived and wrote, we are able to discover the works of long lists of forgotten lesser lights who preceded and came after them in the field of story telling. Modern students of the *Decameron* have succeeded in compiling a list of no less than twenty-eight collections of stories, the work of hundreds of authors—Greek, Latin, Oriental, Provençal, French, and Italian—from which much of the material for the immortal hundred tales was derived, while the list of immediate followers and imitators of Boccaccio is even more formidable than the array of his predecessors. These few early works which are still known to present-day scholars are, of course, but fragments of the great body of oral short stories which existed during the twenty centuries or more that they represent.

The tremendous growth in the numbers of the reading

[1] cf. Boccaccio's *Decameron* (Bohn). Notes by W. K. Kelly, pp. 541 ff.

public and the corresponding development of periodicals during the past two centuries, and particularly in the last one hundred years, has brought about the transformation of the short story from a spoken to a written type of literature. The great public, which was formerly satisfied to have its stories told to it, has become literate, and now reads for itself.

However, the attitude of the scholars of the Middle Ages, who regarded the short story as an undignified excrescence upon the body of literature, unworthy of recognition or preservation, still persists in some quarters today.

Having considered past and present conditions as they bear upon the general theory of the antiquity and continuous existence of the short story, it behooves us to examine the specific evidence which justifies the statement that the short story of the nineteenth century is in no essential way different from the tales which preceded it by a thousand years or more.

The declaration is frequently made that Poe created a new literary type when he laid down his rules for the short story. But Poe's rules applied only to one class of short stories, those told to produce a single effect. Professor Matthews, Professor Perry, and their followers, in accepting Poe's dictum, have treated one class of short stories as if they constituted the whole body of short-story literature; and, therefore, it is only necessary for us, in considering their declaration that the short story as we know it today is essentially a nineteenth-century product, to look up the antecedents of the tale that is told to produce a single effect. Is it possible that this one class of stories has developed so recently as to warrant the statement that it belongs exclusively to the nineteenth and twentieth centuries?

If the search back to the beginnings of things, through the cycles of medieval tales to the ballads which have been preserved as the oldest fragments of the great body of prehistoric oral literature, reveals not merely one method of telling stories or two, but every type of the short story, we have reason to believe that every type of the short story was to be found even in the earliest tales of all, the prose narratives from which the ballads developed.

There can be no question as to the antiquity of historical and didactic methods of story telling, and the examples of

" effect " stories in the most primitive literatures are numerous enough to warrant the conclusion that such tales have almost, if not quite, as ancient a lineage as the other forms of the short story.

There is not a literature known to modern research which does not contain ghost stories told to produce a single effect. The intensely dramatic story upon which Bürger founded his ballad of *Lenore* is found in the very earliest popular poetry of England, in different parts of Germany, in the Slavic countries, and in one form or another all over Western Europe. For compression, speed, and the skill with which a single effect is produced, this grim, primeval tale as it is told in the old ballads bears the same stamp of superlative excellence which is placed on the best product of Poe's pen.

The old Germanic ballad of Tannhäuser, published in the Arnim and Brentano collection of *Volkslieder,* is another example of the antiquity of the " effect " story. The *coup de théâtre* at the end of the story is just the sort of thing that we find in the work of the masters of the short story in the nineteenth century. Still another example of this same thing is to be found in the old English ballad of *Lord Randall:* and many pages would be required to give a complete list of the " effect " stories which might be selected from collections of English and German ballads alone, without any consideration of other literatures presenting the same features.

In Boccaccio and his imitators and in the numerous collections of tales brought into Europe from the Orient we find all of the essential variations of the story told to produce a single effect, along with tales told in accordance with the other methods of narration.

As the scope of the investigation becomes wider, it becomes more and more evident that as far back as it is possible to trace literary forms every type of the short story is to be found. The " effect " story has always persisted as a recognized mode of literary expression.

When the development of periodicals and newspapers created a demand for the printed short story, this form made its appearance along with the others. Poe, Pushkin, and Mérimée were all producing it at the same time; and the wide dissemination of Poe's dictum and of the rules of the successful French realists, through the newly established periodicals and other products of the constantly im-

proving printing-press, led to the wave of over-emphasis of the "effect" story which is still with us.

The facts and theories which have been cited above would seem to offer a pretty solid basis for the conclusion that the short story as it is known in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries is not a new form of literature, but is rather the elementary literary type, whose essential characteristics have remained unchanged throughout all the ages.

However, if the essentials of the short story are today what they were in the beginning, and if there is really nothing new or distinctive in striving to attain a given effect, the question arises, what is to be done with Professor Matthews's theory of the evolution of the short story, with Professor Perry's statement that the attitude of the modern story-teller toward his material is different from that of his forerunners, and with the numerous other authoritative utterances which treat the short story as a new literary type brought into being by Poe and his contemporaries early in the nineteenth century? What explanation is to be offered for the difference which exists between the stories which de Maupassant and Boccaccio told with the idea of producing a single effect, or between a story of horror as it is set forth in one of Poe's narratives and as it is told in an old ballad?

In order to account for and explain this difference we must first determine what it is, wherein it is to be found. If the best stories of today are put side by side with those of four hundred or four thousand years ago, the old stories and the new ones not only fall together into the classes enumerated above, but also prove to be alike in methods of treating plot, setting, and characters, and are on a plane of absolute equality so far as unity of action, originality, and ingenuity are concerned. The fundamental characteristics of the best short stories today are the features that have characterized the best stories of all time.

The only difference between modern short-story technique and that of the Middle Ages is a verbal one. The only development that can be traced is not an improvement in any distinctive essential of the art of story-telling, but is merely a general development in the knowledge of words and the ability to use them, which affects the framing of wills and the formulation of official documents much more vitally than it does the telling of tales. The average short-

story writer today can be a better craftsman than the man who told tales a thousand years ago, solely because he has better tools of expression at his command.

Extensive vocabularies are a product of the printing-press. The early short stories were told by men with comparatively few words at their command; and if the study of modern tales reveals in some instances a greater compression and a more realistic atmosphere than is to be found in the old stories, these things may be ascribed to the superior verbal equipment of the modern writer, which enables him to use exactly the right word in the right place, where his predecessor, piling up phrase upon phrase, could only approximate his meaning. Such development of the short story as there has been is due very largely to the development of the dictionary; and there would seem to be reason for holding that this narrow ground is the only one upon which any kind of an evolutionary study of the short story can be based.

The final test of a theory of the sort set forth in the preceding pages, after all historical requirements have been met, is its application to present conditions. During the generation that has elapsed since 1870 five men have stood out above all others as masters of every form of the short story. These five men—Alphonse Daudet, Rudyard Kipling, Robert Louis Stevenson, Frank R. Stockton, and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch—have not attempted to restrict their genius to any one channel, but have written fact stories and tales of fancy, telling these stories historically, dramatically, or didactically with impartial and unfailing skill. These men have, of course, their distinctive traits, their individual strong points and weaknesses; but they are alike in their conception of the fundamental characteristics of the short story.

The instinct for story-telling exists in substantially the same form in every race; all men recognize and insist upon the simple limitations of brevity and coherence; and hence, in this field of literature more than in any other, it is possible for an artist to produce masterpieces whose appeal, in spite of national lines and racial characteristics, is truly universal. The best short stories are not essentially French, English, Italian, or American, but are a part of the world's anthology.

JAMES COOPER LAWRENCE.

JOHN MARSHALL AND THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA

BY CLARENCE H. GAINES

WHOEVER in imagination turns back the pages of American history to those early chapters that record the War for Independence and the Administrations of Washington and Adams, must become aware of the fact that a somewhat regrettable change has come over our general way of thinking and feeling. It is not only the old three-cornered hat and the breeches that seem a bit queer to us now, but, less happily, the ideals, the enthusiasms, the faith in certain abstractions as well. "There were giants in those days," says tradition, but the modern mind—though conscious of the need for heroes to worship—is skeptical. Like "Mr. Dooley," who all too accurately interprets some of its commoner phases, the modern mind "wants its advice up to date." As for the "sages," it "believes in naming streets and public buildings after them." Washington, to be sure, is still quoted in debates about preparedness and neutrality, and conscientious efforts are made to determine what he really thought. But some of the magic has gone out of such phrases as "The Father of his country," and "First in war, first in peace . . . ". The words "political philosophers" or "eloquent orator" no longer thrill us in the old way.

The scientific spirit has cleared our eyes and elevated our standard of truth: it has also in no small degree weakened our idealism. It is to the literary spirit that we must look for the restoration of that something precious that we seem in some subtle way to be losing. For literature makes use not only of knowledge but of power. And though scientific history has shown us that much in our sentimental retrospect was delusive, it has not been so successful in building up a love of country.

If there be any justification for bringing forward these rather vague and commonplace considerations, it is that they give point to the conviction that the two volumes of the *Life of John Marshall* which Senator Beveridge has completed constitute an important addition not merely to the literature of knowledge but to the literature of power. The attribution of "power" to a writer of history may seem, I am afraid, like crowning that writer with undesired laurels or even charging him with an unhistorical temper. It would be uncandid, however, in the present case to fall back upon the distinction between biography and formal history. The *Life of John Marshall* is a valuable biography primarily because it is a powerful piece of historical writing; Senator Beveridge has written well of John Marshall because he has written well of America. And let me hasten to add that in extent and rigor of research, in precision of judgment, and in freedom from opinionative views, this biography of his fully conforms to the exacting standards that the modern scientific historians have set up. That a man in political life should turn aside from his public occupations and produce so scholarly and authoritative a work is remarkable. British statesmen, to be sure, have not infrequently done the like; yet it may be said that few have attained the breadth, the unself-consciousness, the mingled plainness and pregnancy of statement, that seem destined to make Senator Beveridge's life of Marshall not only an authoritative, but a widely popular treatise.

Thus, a notable characteristic of the *Life* is that its inspirational quality is maintained not through any ascription of high values to primitive conditions or of dignity to the pioneer character, but rather through an unsparing revelation of facts. In reading the early chapters of the narrative, one is simply compelled to give up complacency over the past, to tremble for the outcome of the Revolution and for the fate of the Constitution—perhaps to entertain some wholesome fear for the ultimate fate of the nation. For if we, as a nation, are to be saved, obviously we shall not attain salvation through the purity of our origins, but only, as our ancestors attained it, through effort.

The American backwoodsman is portrayed by Senator Beveridge as contemporary observers saw him. Unsocial, self-reliant, suspicious, impatient of "even those light and vague restraints which the existence of near-by neighbors

creates "—such in the main was the pioneer. There were, of course, exceptions. "Many families," wrote Crèvecœur, "carry with them all their decency of conduct, purity of morals, and respect for religion; but these are scarce." On the whole, the picture is a grim one for an idealist to contemplate. Of similar effect is the remarkable chapter upon that isolation of communities which existed in the United States between the close of the War for Independence and the setting-up of the present Government. This is a matter of prime importance and it is a subject that hitherto has been dealt with but vaguely. Senator Beveridge brings the facts into clear daylight, and shows their full significance.

"The roads [from Richmond to New York] thro the whole, were so bad that we could never go more than three miles an hour, sometimes not more than two, and in the night but one," wrote Jefferson in March, 1790. Travel by boat on the rivers was attended with equal discomfort and delay. "Having lain all night in my Great Coat and Boots in a berth not long enough for me," chronicles Washington of this same Presidential journey, "we found ourselves in the morning still fast aground." It would be easy to multiply instances. "A short time before the Revolution, General Wilkinson's father bought five hundred acres on the present site of the National Capital, including the spot where the White House now stands; but his wife refused to go there from a little hamlet near Baltimore, because it was so far away from the settlements in the backwoods of Maryland." The distance was forty miles! A few stories of this sort make interesting reading, but may fail to impress. It is by massing an abundance of striking and accurate details regarding the social conditions of the time that Senator Beveridge brings home to our business and bosoms, as perhaps no other writer who has treated the subject has done, the real nature of the setting in which the struggle for nationality took place. "Scattered from Maine to Florida and from the Atlantic to the Alleghanies, with a skirmish line thrown forward almost to the Mississippi, [were] three-quarter millions of men, women, and children, [who] did not, for the most part take kindly to government of any kind."

There was another element, of course, in the struggle; there was the leaven that leavened the whole lump. This influence was at work in the minds of men like Washington

and Marshall, and also—though in a different way—in the mind of Jefferson. How did the thought of nationality grow in Marshall's mind? To one who has fully taken in the American scene as presented by Senator Beveridge, this question becomes intensely interesting.

John Marshall was the son of Thomas and Mary Randolph Keith Marshall. His lineage on his mother's side was long and high. He was the great-great-grandson of William and Mary Isham Randolph—a couple among whose descendants are numbered, besides Marshall himself, Thomas Jefferson, "Light Horse Harry" Lee, Edmund Randolph, John Randolph, of Roanoke; George Randolph, Secretary of War under the Confederate Government, and Robert E. Lee. Through his mother, too, he was descended from the historic Keith family who were hereditary Earls Marischal of Scotland. His father's ancestry is more obscure, but goes back to sound middle-class origins. "When the gentle Randolph-Isham blood mingled with the sturdier currents of the common people the result was a human product stronger, steadier, and abler than either."

Except for one brief space, young Marshall "was never out of the simple, crude environment of the near frontier until his twentieth year." In all his life he had but three brief periods of schooling—the last, a six weeks' attendance at William and Mary College, where he took notes of Wythe's lectures on law. For books he had of course the Bible, Shakespeare in all likelihood, and certainly Pope's poems. The "metred syllogisms" of the *Essay on Man* with their reiterated lessons concerning the wisdom of order must have impressed the boy deeply. As a youth he studied Blackstone's *Commentaries*. But there were other influences. Thomas Marshall, himself a man of unusual ability, was a friend of Washington and through him made the acquaintance of that strange man Lord Fairfax, whose curious life-story Senator Beveridge has related in a manner that begets lively interest. The nobleman's "talk and teaching were of liberty with order, independence with respect for law." Scanty as were John Marshall's early opportunities there were in his life influences, strong if few, which would counteract the narrowing effect of the backwood's environment. So far as is humanly possible Senator Beveridge traces back the current of thought as he has traced back the current of blood.

Marshall was born almost in the shadow of Braddock's defeat, and this, "the most dramatic military event before the Revolution, was the theme of fireside talk" as he grew up. The idea of national solidarity which was thus made familiar to him from boyhood was strengthened and revised by his experience as a soldier in Washington's army. At the age of nineteen he marched away to battle as lieutenant of the famous Culpeper Minute Men. His first lesson in actual warfare was learned at the battle of Great Bridge—"the Little Bunker Hill"—and this with the attendant circumstances was enough to set him thinking upon the need for the organization of democracy. We see him as a soldier through many campaigns and during the bitter winter at Valley Forge. With the aid of Senator Beveridge we look deeply into the background of war and politics. All this is part of the consistent development of a great theme. For it is in his service as a soldier that "we find the fountain head of John Marshall's national thinking."

In connection with all this we are given numerous personal glimpses of Marshall—the soldier, the lover, the rising young lawyer. We are permitted to peep at the boyish scribblings of his sweetheart's name with which he marked his college note-book and at his private accounts. The striking figure and flashing eye, the lax and lounging manners, the slovenliness of dress, the personal charm and the impression of power that were characteristic of Marshall are always in the reader's mind. Perhaps no American great man with the possible exception of Lincoln has been brought closer to us, and certainly no biography has more subtly emphasized the worth of sturdy character and independent thought.

Now the great drama of the fight for nationality begins in earnest. The reader has been prepared to understand the social setting and the moral and intellectual forces at work. The account that Senator Beveridge gives us, first, of Marshall's experience in the Virginia Legislature, then of the struggle for ratification in Virginia, and then of the battle in the Great Convention forms a narrative of cumulative strength. From the literary point of view the performance is exceptional. The steadiness with which the author works up to the height of intellectual and emotional interest, never sacrificing the comprehensiveness and the coherence of his story, is surprising. Senator Beveridge's under-

standing of real politics, of parliamentary tactics, of party strategy, his familiar knowledge of every notable man who comes forward even for a moment in the narrative, enable him to tell the tale as few could tell it. The reader feels as if he had actually heard Patrick Henry—and all the while he is being instructed in the sober and sometimes sordid facts of a much-handled historic event.

The same bigness and the same grasp of particulars are characteristic of the remaining chapters—of the illuminating discussion, for instance, of the effect upon the people of the United States of the French Revolution. The account of the famous "X. Y. Z." affair is simply sober, well-reasoned historic narrative, and yet the volcanic eloquence of a Carlyle could hardly impress the meaning of the whole or the characters of the participants more deeply upon the imagination. With undiminished interest one follows the story of the conflict over nationality down to Madison's appointment of the "midnight judges," where the second volume ends.

The permanent value of national as of personal character—this is the thought that the author, always intent as he is upon sheer truth, upon realism and logic, constantly brings into one's mind. Most books that greatly move us refer thus to permanent values. The Bible does this, Plutarch's *Lives* do this, the older histories, with all their faults, did this. But the reference must be unobvious. Such values are not conserved without scientific regard for truth; nor are they furthered by much talking about them: they are learned in the earnest pursuit of other things. But it may be the office of a critic to make what is in its very nature modestly unobvious almost unmodestly plain. And it is the intention of this article to communicate the impression that *The Life of John Marshall* is a book to be prized as books were prized in the old days when they were few and when the best of them stuck deep in men's minds; a book for young men to grow up with and for old men to thrill to; a book that has power to restore to those who have in some measure lost it the sense of national character and destiny: not only a work of carefully sought knowledge, but a book of power.

CLARENCE H. GAINES.

DRAMA AND MUSIC

AN OPERATIC PAOLO AND FRANCESCA.—JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE AND MISS MAUDE ADAMS GIVE A BALL FOR CINDERELLA

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

IN the history of the art of music are involved at least two questions for which we should greatly like to discover answers. First, why is it that the solo music composed for the most eloquent of instruments, the violoncello, exhibits such a paucity of eloquence, though most of the great masters have concerned themselves with it? For this instrument that can so incomparably sing, there are few songs of the highest inspiration; and the 'cello comes into its kingdom only in the orchestra—where, necessarily, its reign is often contested. And here is the second and major question that puzzles us: Why is it that one of the supreme love-stories of the world, and of these perhaps the most moving and glamorous, has impelled scarcely more than a dozen composers to choose it as the theme of a music-drama? Of that small company, none is a composer of even the second rank; and not one of those operas engages the modern imagination.

The loveliest utterances that music ever attained deal with romantic passion in two superlative exhibitions; but neither of these concerns the case of Paolo and Francesca. Perhaps there have been only four men in the history of music who could have handled that great subject with adequate power. Wagner, it is superfluous to say, might have given us a *Paolo and Francesca* that would have been a thing of deathless wonder—what, indeed, could not that marvel of marvels have done, if he chose? Richard Strauss could show us a *Paolo and Francesca* that the world would not soon forget; so could Claude Debussy; so could Charles Martin Loeffler.

Not one of these masters of passionate speech (and in all music, of the past or the present, there is none whose command of passionate utterance has equalled theirs) is an Italian; not one is a man of the south. But now another than these, who is both a man of the south and an Italian, has tried his hand at an operatic Paolo and Francesca, as it was wholly fitting that an Italian should—and has failed in the endeavor. That event does not necessarily prove the unimportance of national relationship in the choice and treatment of an artistic subject. But it is certainly interesting to reflect that whereas we have here the spectacle of a typical Italian composer exhibiting unfitness in an engagement with a typical Italian theme, we can, on the other hand, look elsewhere and see another Italian, Verdi the rare comedian, handling with felicity and comprehension an unequivocally English theme in his *Falstaff;* and if you want the barbaric energy, the heroic stride and clamor, the very breath and color, of the Norse legends, you must go, not to the Norwegian Grieg, but to one of the sonatas of that profounder and nobler tone-poet, the New Yorker with the Celtic strain, Edward MacDowell. No more and no less than that does nationality count in the relation between a musical creator and his subject.

It counts, as we have indicated, for very little in the case of Riccardo Zandonai and his opera, *Francesca da Rimini,* which has just been added to the repertoire of the Metropolitan Opera House. It counts for little, we mean, because it has not produced either a special quality of sentiment or the heightened eloquence that may result from complete emotional saturation. Except for some pretty and appropriate effects of archaic color which are of merely decorative value, what one recognizes as characteristic in this score would better have been absent. We mean that peculiar kind of insistent melodic commonness that only an Italian, apparently, can achieve—that rank blend of triteness and blatancy which makes so much of Mascagni and Leoncavallo and their musical brethren an offense to the susceptible ear; that makes a good deal of the earlier Verdi a sore trial to those who love his *Falstaff* and can admire his *Othello*; and that crops out again and again even in the sophisticated Puccini. Of the contemporary Italians, Montemezzi has least of it. He is not original, he has no marked musical profile; but he has distinction and dignity of style—and

those are traits which are many miles away from the musical territory in which Signor Zandonai works.

Adequately to set the story of Francesca and Giovanni the Lame and his brother Paolo—that "handsome man, very pleasant and of courteous breeding"—a musician would need both distinction and dignity of style; and to come to this theme after Dante had touched it so briefly yet with so immortal a gesture, might, one would think, have caused a far more assured composer than Signor Zandonai to pause and take stock of his equipment.

In any dramatic setting of the story of Paolo and Francesca there are two scenes by which the entire expressional structure of the play must stand or fall. The first and chief of these, as Mr. Arthur Symons accurately observes in his preface to the tragedy of d'Annunzio which Zandonai has used (with modifications by Tito Ricordi) as his text, is the scene in which the lovers read together out of the old romance of Lancelot of the Lake. Mr. Symons seems to rank this as the crucial scene because in it the dramatist must "come into actual competition with Dante"; but, leaving Dante out of the matter, this still remains the scene which must tax most severely the capacity of the dramatist, and of the composer who undertakes to collaborate with him. The second of the great scenes of such a play is, of course, the scene of the discovery and assassination of the lovers by Giovanni. Of these two scenes, the first has provoked d'Annunzio in his play to a moment of extreme beauty and intensity—a passage that far excels the corresponding scene in the *Paolo and Francesca* of Stephen Phillips. We agree with Mr. Symons that the difference between this scene as contrived by the Italian and by the Englishman is the difference between "vital speech, coming straight out of a situation, and poetizing round a situation." But in the final scene, the difference, we think, is all in favor of Stephen Phillips. D'Annunzio kills his lovers in the full glare of the footlights, as Paolo struggles to escape through a trap-door, his robe catching in the bolt and imprisoning him. This is not even effectual melodrama; for the modern familiarity with treacherous coal-holes makes the plight of Paolo too suggestive of a sidewalk mishap to stir the heart with tragic pity. The discovery and death of the lovers is far better managed in the simpler, swifter, and more continent play of Stephen Phillips, where the final tragedy occurs behind the

scenes—invisibly, silently, without rant or a display of daggers; with the incomparably powerful effect of drama consummated behind closed doors. And, despite its power and its poetic splendor, there is nothing in d'Annunzio's version (*pace* Mr. Symons) that is at once so affecting and so simply produced as the scene in which the lovers are borne in dead upon a litter, with the brief speech of Giovanni as he bends and kisses them, quiet but shaken:

> . . . . She takes away my strength.
> I did not know the dead could have such hair.

Stephen Phillips had his limitations; but, after the beauty and dignity and feeling of that, the

> So, you are caught in a trap, traitor!

of d'Annunzio and his translator Mr. Symons sounds feebly melodramatic.

In undertaking to express these two great moments of the story, Zandonai has, by choosing d'Annunzio's version, been both hindered and helped. He has been hindered by the loveliness and intensity of the crucial scene of the reading from Galeotto; and he has been helped by the baldness and triviality of the finale. The effect upon an adequately expressive composer would, of course, have been precisely the reverse: he would have been stimulated by the drama at its best, and hampered by it at its worst. But Signor Zandonai, lacking emotional force, lacking the capacity for fresh and salient invention,—lacking, in short, the power to say anything in music that is really worth listening to, —can utter only platitudes when he should be speaking nobly and passionately of vital things: and so, at a great moment, is merely futile and tiresome and inept. In the finale, on the other hand, he is not required to be anything but conventionally violent and tumultuous; and that requirement he fulfills without difficulty.

It is a pity. Signor Zandonai is a competent music-maker; he is palpably sincere and high-minded; he has the ability to charm in unexacting circumstances. But he should have kept his hands off Paolo and Francesca.

It is possible to become merely fantastical and maladroit through a nervous dread of the bromidic; yet it has been our hope for years that in writing about Barrie we should be

graciously preserved from succumbing to the adjective "whimsical." In the face of a thousand capitulations on the part of other and better writers, we have believed that it could be done—we have continued to think so even after reading the comments of those other and better writers upon Barrie's newest deliverance, *A Kiss for Cinderella,* in each of which you will find that tyrannical epithet.

We see no help for it, however, but to grant that *A Kiss for Cinderella* is indubitably whimsical; that Miss Maude Adams (who, one need scarcely be told, plays Cinderella in her own unapproachable way) is whimsical; that the incidental music, "composed and arranged by Mr. Paul Tietjens," and implicating Chopin, Brahms, Debussy, and Mr. Tietjens himself, is also whimsical—we even have private reasons for suspecting that the ushers at the Empire are not unaffected by the epidemic of whimsicality. And now, having established the fact of its whimsicality, shall we consider whether this new piece by Barrie (we refuse to call him "Sir James"—one might as well speak of "Sir Ariel" or "Professor Puck") is anything besides whimsical? Of course, one could relapse upon the remoter synonyms, but that would hardly be playing the game: so let us set these synonyms up before our eyes so that we may avoid them. "Whimsical," says the *Century Dictionary,* means "having odd notions or peculiar fancies"; it means being "capricious," "odd," "fantastic"; and those synonyms for it which we are to avoid are: "singular," "odd," "notional," "crotchety," "fanciful," "grotesque." It is too bad: we could have used them all, except "crotchety," and perhaps "grotesque"—though, observing that memorable scene at the ball given by the King and Queen wherein Cinderella and the Prince are married by the penguin, we might even have used "grotesque" if we had been affected as was the classic lady who objected to *Alice in Wonderland* because it was "so improbable." But as it is, we shall always remember lovingly that most delightful of all stage weddings.

We should have little use for any one who did not enjoy this dream-ball of Cinderella's. Chiefly, of course, because Cinderella herself was there—Cinderella, no longer a bedraggled, shabby little drudge, a Cockney slavey doing odd jobs in Mr. Bodie's studio, and envious of the pulchritude of Mrs. Bodie, except for Mrs. Bodie's feet (Mrs.

Bodie, one should know, was a large plaster cast of the Venus of Milo). The Cinderella who came to the ball was a wondrous and ravishing apparition, fit for any prince to marry—even if the Lord Mayor had to take her temperature (which happily proved to be 99) before the King was sure of her availability. But not only was Cinderella there to glorify the occasion: the ball-room itself was supernal, being made entirely of gold, even to the rocking-chairs in which the King and Queen swayed comfortably back and forth upon their throne. The King and Queen themselves were dressed like the royal couple in a pack of cards, and spoke after the manner of Whitechapel rather than Mayfair, as it was proper that they should: for did not Cinderella dream this ball for her own pleasure, and was she not entitled to dream it as she chose? The Censor was there, too, all in black, with a headsman's axe; there was a multitude of lovely ladies and resplendent courtiers, and —the most awe-inspiring figure of all—there was Lord *Times,* to whom all the company deferred, and who was evidently a very great person: for as the King was making a gracious address of welcome, and promising every one a paper bag containing two sandwiches, buttered on both sides, a piece of cake, a hard-boiled egg, and an apple *or* a banana, Lord *Times* suddenly strode to the foot of the throne and sternly commanded, "Less talk": whereupon the King replied "Certainly," and sat down. But the best moment of all came when the flunkeys wheeled on a magnificent push-cart of solid gold, loaded with ice-cream cones, which, announced the King, no one was to touch "until one royal lick has been taken by us four"—meaning the royal party. "Us *five,*" amended Lord *Times,* and took the first lick himself, without waiting for the King, the Queen, the Prince, or Cinderella. But no one minded that, least of all Cinderella, who danced ecstatically until the very end, when the clock had completed its twelfth stroke, and the lights went out, and the dream was over.

But not really over: for the authentic Prince who held dominion over Cinderella's heart, David the Policeman, writes her a love-letter in the last act—a letter to be treasured forever, for in it he tells her that "there are thirty-four policemen sitting in this room, but I would rather have you, my dear." And he generously consents to propose to her twice, so that Cinderella may have the satisfaction of refus-

ing him once. "Tell me frankly," he asks Cinderella, "do you think the police force is romantical?" The general verdict, as David agreed, is No: "yet a more romantical body of men do not exist." And David proves it by setting a new fashion in engagement rings: "Instead of popping a ring on the finger of his dear, a true lover should pop a pair of beautiful slippers upon her darling feet." He says nothing about their being glass, but of course they are.

In the wit and gayety and delicate slyness of its writing, most of this play is beyond praise—at least it is so as shrewdly revised and given by Miss Adams at the Empire. In the original version—that which was seen in London—there are some areas of low pressure, stretches of un-Barrie-like murkiness; but Miss Adams has edited the play with nice discretion, and has supplied a few touches that are admirably in the vein of Barrie at his best. It is a pity that she did not more courageously reduce the dullness of the earlier scenes of the second act, where one is uncomfortably aware of the usually adroit and easeful Barrie striving somewhat too arduously to measure up to the requirements of his legend. But in the whole of the first act, in all of the third, and in the exquisite ball scene, you have Barrie very nearly at his triumphant best—not quite, to be sure, the superlative Barrie of *Leonora,* but a Barrie who reigns without a claimant in an inviolable kingdom where his consort is the Comic Spirit herself, in one of her most enamoring incarnations. Barrie, at his worst, hovers rather perturbingly near the brink of the sentimental abyss. In *A Kiss for Cinderella* his foothold is securer because it is more constantly aërial. The Barrie who will chiefly count to us in the end is, we believe, not the *vox humana* Barrie, but the Barrie who adored the Comic Spirit above all things: the unenvenomed and irrepressible satirist, the gentle ironist of incalculable and delicious wit.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

SIR OLIVER LODGE TAKES THE STAND[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

The most impressive feature of Sir Oliver Lodge's new attempt at a demonstration of the validity of post-mortem communication is the intellectual attitude of Sir Oliver himself toward the matter. One reads, say, the communication supposed to have been received through a medium from Sir Oliver's son Raymond half a year after he was killed in the trenches near Ypres: one reads, perhaps, with the reaction conventionally appropriate to the situation, the passage in which the "control" is conveying Raymond's description of the way the "spirit spheres" are built round the earth plane, and "seem to revolve with it": "Only, naturally, the first sphere isn't revolving at such a rate as the third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh spheres. Greater circumference makes it seem to revolve more rapidly. That seems to have an actual effect on the atmospheric conditions prevailing in any one of the spheres . . . that's why he felt a bit careful when he was on a higher sphere; in hanging on to the ground." At this point you come upon an interjected note by Sir Oliver which will variously affect the readers of *Raymond*. "A good deal of this," remarks Sir Oliver, "struck me as nonsense; as if Feda [the 'control'] had picked it up from some sitter. But I went on recording what was said."

The matter-of-fact air of that, the attitude of candor and detachment, is as characteristic of Sir Oliver's presentation as it will be reassuring and impressive to those readers who are neither flippant nor intolerant nor bourbonistic.

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[1] *Raymond, or Life and Death. With Examples of the Evidence for Survival of Memory and Affection After Death*, by Sir Oliver J. Lodge. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1917.

For the vacuous and indolent sensationalist, for those whose attitude toward this subject is merely one of bigotry and obscurantism, this trait will be disconcerting: for there is little sport to be derived from ridiculing the exhibit of an investigator who has been so unaccommodating as to checkmate you by ridiculing it himself. This calmly objective attitude Sir Oliver has maintained with a continuity which should make friends by the hundred for his "evidence" (our quotation-marks are intended to indicate caution rather than derogation). Anyone less intellectually honorable in his relation to the matter than Sir Oliver would have suppressed certain pages whose exhibition is as creditable to his candor as it is unmistakable in its declaration of a serene indifference to the braying of the herd at his expense. There is no more heartening aspect of this singularly touching book than its author's scrupulously impersonal attitude toward implications of the utmost personal concern to himself.

It needed courage and an exquisite order of faith to publish Chapter XVI of *Raymond;* for Sir Oliver must have known that these pages, necessarily indisposing to gravity of reception, would certainly be the ones that the inevitable buffoon would isolate and distort and gloat over; and he must have known quite as well that little attention would be paid, in the joyous excitement of the carnival, to Sir Oliver's own characterization of this type of communication as "very non-evidential and perhaps ludicrous." So he calmly gives us the opportunity, if we choose to take it, of having our fling of merry-making over the medium's report of information from the dead Raymond concerning his status on "the Other Side," and such details of his condition as that he has acquired a new tooth; that an acquaintance who had lost "a limb" when he first "entered the astral" had "got a new one"; that when any one has been blown to pieces in battle it takes some time "for the spirit body to complete itself"; that in the case of bodies burnt by accident, "if they know about it on this [the 'Other'] side, they detach the spirit first—what we call a spirit-doctor comes round and helps"; that even cigars are provided for the tobacco-loving dead: "it's not the same as on the earth plane, but they were able to manufacture what looked like a cigar"—not out of solid matter, but "out of essences, and ethers, and gases"; that these consumers of celestial Havanas also

call for whisky sodas—" don't think I'm stretching it when I tell you that they can manufacture even that." One knows what the general response must be to matter of that sort; yet Sir Oliver presents it without a qualm, merely observing that this talk, " which is at least humorous," has not been suppressed—as its kind usually is in reports of sittings—because he believed that " the evidence, such as it is, should be presented as a whole." He frankly confesses that he thinks the " control " may have picked up a good deal of this material from people who have read some of the cruder type of occult speculations; yet he believes, with Bergson, that, taken *en masse,* such " travelers' tales " should not be ignored, because of the possibility that they may ultimately, if properly studied, yield indications of value. He felt that, inasmuch as the other utterances of the control were often evidential, he had no right to pick and choose—" especially," he remarks, " as I know nothing about it, one way or the other." So, with an intrepidity for which even the most irreverent must salute him, he has compiled page after page of similar deliverances.

The communications relative to his son which Sir Oliver has seen fit to publish fill one hundred and sixty-odd pages of this extraordinary book, beginning several weeks before Raymond's death (in the form of a warning, referring cryptically to a passage in Horace, conjecturally sent by F. W. H. Myers) and continuing for nine months thereafter. Raymond Lodge, Sir Oliver's youngest son, a student of mechanical and electrical engineering, in his twenty-seventh year, was killed in Flanders September 14th, 1915, after serving in the 2nd South Lancashire Regiment for six months. He seems to have been an alert, attractive, high-spirited youth, with a robust sense of fact. He " read widely," says his brother in an introductory memoir, and " liked good literature of an intellectual and witty but not highly imaginative type—at least I do not know that he read Shelley or much of William Morris." He was fond of Fielding, Pope, Jane Austen, Dickens, Reade, Charles Lamb. His letters display the elaborate casualness and insouciance that is the traditional attitude of the Englishman under fire—in the trenches he is " enjoying himself very much ": if it wasn't for " the unpleasant sights one is liable to see," he writes, " war would be a most interesting and pleasant affair." Like the rest of Sir Oliver's family, he took no serious in-

terest in the problems of occult phenomena. He was, apparently, as little of a " sensitive " as the average young Englishman of his class and type. He had a passion for contriving acrostics; he was agreeably contemptuous of pompously conventional phrases like " the thick of the fighting " —he preferred to speak of " a hell of a shelling with shrapnel "; he was cool and able in danger, cheerful, industrious; and, says a brother officer, " a charming fellow."

The communications began to come to Sir Oliver and various members of his family almost immediately after Raymond's death, through several mediums and " controls." Their importance consists in the remarkable degree to which they seem to have satisfied Sir Oliver's exacting standards of evidential value. In substance they range from occasional examples of the triviality that is characteristic of such transpirations (by no means so mystifying and anomalous as it is usual to assume), to passages conspicuous for sobriety and feeling. Their prevailing tone is strikingly congruous with the qualities of personality and perception which one has erected into a psychic portrait of the dead lieutenant—they are for the most part the sort of communications one would have expected from him.

Only a fool or a fanatic would venture to comment dogmatically upon any phase of this impressive and (as we have already called it) most touching document of Sir Oliver Lodge's; and only a defective would titter in the presence of these stupendous issues. There is abundant incitement to ridicule in certain of Sir Oliver's more disaffecting exhibits, if, as he gravely observes, " any hostile critic thinks ridicule appropriate." That the casual reader should be persuaded of the validity of the evidence adduced is not important. That Sir Oliver himself has been persuaded is of extraordinary interest and significance. For none save the stupidly antagonistic can fail to perceive and respect the rigorously critical and challenging attitude of the recorder of these experiences toward their every aspect, and his freedom from emotional compromises. No sentimentalist traffics in Sir Oliver's soul. He is revealed throughout as unflaggingly skeptical, fearing every possibility of too sanguine acceptance. One of the most impressive demonstrations in the series he characterizes grudgingly as " a rather exceptionally good piece of evidence." Other sittings are " not especially evidential "; and " unverifiable " occurs

on page after page of the book. These communications from his son are, he says, "in many respects of an ordinary type." He has hoped that, in this time of unnatural and premature bereavement, their publication may give comfort to those who seek so passionately to know if "communication across the gulf is possible." But even without their tragic contemporary pertinence, the critical and scrupulous manner of their consideration makes this book a consequential offering; and you come to Sir Oliver's summarizing statement of what he calls "the case for survival" with a mind disposed to respect his conclusions.

It is no news to the world that Sir Oliver is convinced not only of the persistence of personality, but that he believes its continued existence to be more intertwined with the life of every day than has been generally imagined: that there is no real breach of continuity between the dead and the living; and that methods of intercommunication across what has seemed to be a gulf "can be set going in response to the urgent demand of affection." As to Raymond and his communications, Sir Oliver says that he considers his son has proved his personal survival and identity. The main thread which, he believes, links all the facts together in the present case is the hypothesis not only of continued or personal existence in the abstract, but a definite interlocking or inter-communication between two grades of existence—"the two in which we are most immediately interested and about which we can ascertain most: that of the present and that of the immediate future for each individual; together with the added probabilities that the actual grades of existence are far more than two, and that the forthcoming transition . . . is only one of many of which we shall, in some barely imaginable way, become aware."

He sees life as continuous and identical, without division or separateness. The change called death brings a change of circumstances to the individual, but only in the sense that he is now aware of a different group of facts: the change of surroundings is a subjective one. There is, he says, no "other" world; the universe is one. "We exist in it continuously all the time; sometimes conscious in one way, sometimes in another; sometimes aware of a group of facts on one side of a partition, sometimes aware of another group on the other side."

He is positive in his desire to make it clear to us that the

hypothesis of continued existence in another set of conditions, and of possible communication across a border, is not a gratuitous one made for the sake of comfort and consolation, or because of a dislike of the idea of extinction: "it is a hypothesis which has been gradually forced upon the author—as upon many other persons—by the stringent coercion of definite experience." His affirmation is of superb assurance: "I am," he asserts, "as convinced of continued existence, on the other side of death, as I am of existence here. It may be said, You cannot be as sure as you are of sensory experience. I say I can. A physicist is never limited to direct sensory impressions—he has to deal with a multitude of conceptions and things for which he has no physical organ . . . the theories of electricity, of magnetism, of chemical affinity, of cohesion, aye, and his apprehension of the Ether itself. . . . Yet these regions of knowledge are as clear and vivid to him as any of those encountered in every-day occupations."

It is one of his final meditations that "death" is not a word to dread, any more than "birth" is: "We change our state at birth, and come into the world of air and sense and myriad existence; we change our state at death and enter a region of—what? Of Ether, I think, and still more myriad existence . . . a region in which beauty and knowledge are as vivid as they are here: a region in which progress is possible, and in which 'admiration, hope, and love' are even more real and dominant."

These are immemorial and familiar thoughts, simply declared. Perhaps no one today could hope to imbue them with more of the dignity and earnestness they have here unless he were either a great dreamer or, like Sir Oliver, one who (in his own fine phrase) has never, through arrogance and dogmatism, "profaned the modesty of science." And when Sir Oliver asserts the essential unreality of death, he speaks, as well, in the voice of those who have dreamed greatly.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE NAVY AS A FIGHTING MACHINE. By REAR ADMIRAL BRADLEY A. FISKE, U. S. N. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1916.

The value of most books—always excepting dictionaries, cyclopaedias, and social surveys—lies not in their comprehensiveness, but in the fact that they hit the point. Admiral Fiske's book is not a book of wide generalities about war or about the nation's manifest destinies, nor yet a book of exclusively technical information. It admirably occupies a middle ground, and it effectively hits the points at which most readers in their thought about the navy are aiming. The purpose of the book is, in short, to answer the questions: "What is the navy for? Of what parts should it be composed? What principles should be followed in designing, preparing, and operating it in order to get the maximum return for the money expended?"

With a self-restraint and a common sense that are unusual in the discussion of the now controversial war-and-peace question, Admiral Fiske shows by a deliberate and clear-cut analysis that neither civilization, commerce, nor Christianity—the forces chiefly relied upon—have seemed capable of preventing war, or even of restraining it. The thing that has held back the logical outcome of the causes that make for war, that has averted an absolute Armageddon in which two enormous empires, dividing the world between them, should contend for mastery, has been very largely just the national decadence that follows upon success. But under modern conditions it seems entirely possible that "some monster of efficiency will have time to acquire world mastery before her period of decadence sets in."

Thus the more debatable and, in this particular year, the more often debated side of the preparedness question is dealt with somewhat summarily, but in a manner really elucidating. The view expressed is that of an earnest, practical, clear-sighted thinker, and it is impressive. What the public knows less about and is more immediately concerned with is the *use* of the navy. In regard to this important matter there are certain solid and pragmatically true principles which most persons imperfectly understand.

When the average person thinks of "naval defense" he commonly thinks only of defense against invasion, and he assumes that

to provide only for such defense has been the conscious and consistent military policy of this country. In regard to the latter point, it gives rather a shock to settled conviction to read the relevant passage in the Constitution: "The Congress shall have power to levy and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises, *to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare* of the United States. . . ." As Admiral Fiske points out, "the juxtaposition of the words 'common defense' and 'general welfare' could hardly have been accidental, or have been due to any other cause than the juxtaposition of those ideas in the minds of the Constitution's framers."

But apart from Constitutional questions it is a matter of practical fact that naval defense consists of three parts: first, defense of the coast against bombardment and invasion, second, defense of trade routes traversed by ships carrying the exports and imports of a country, and third, defense of the national policy, including defense of the nation's reputation, honor, and prestige.

In regard to all of these, misapprehensions are common. As to the first, it is commonly supposed that all that is needed is adequate fortifications and that it makes comparatively little difference whether the big guns and defensive armor be on land or on water. It is not perceived that a naval defense must be offensive; that it is the business of a navy to go and meet the enemy navy and destroy it. But still more radical is the misapprehension about the function of the navy as a defender of trade routes. Is this really necessary, queries the man in the street, even in the unlikely event of war? If a nation can be made self-supporting, it will not starve, even if blockaded—such is the hopeful theory. But "starvation has absolutely nothing to do with the case. If some discovery were made by which Great Britain could grow enough to support all her people, she would still keep her great navy—simply because she has found it a good investment." The fact may be unideal, but it is a fact, and it is based upon the constitution and nature of commerce. It is difficult to realize what would happen as the result of the sudden stoppage of the trade of the United States with countries over the sea. Even though the country would not starve, the sudden stopping or deranging of the whole huge mechanism of business would be disastrous. A sudden change of this sort would be a catastrophe comparable to the wrecking of a railroad train. These are points that the author explains and enforces with adequate and memorable illustrations.

The statement of these general principles, however, will not perhaps strike the reader so forcibly as the simple remark that "the United States has not yet made a correct estimate of the naval situation; she has not reached the point that Great Britain reached ten years ago."

This phrase "estimate of the situation" is significant. In a

general way this phrase expresses exactly what has been lacking in most of the debates and the discussions about preparedness that we have heard or read during the past year or two. In its strict sense the phrase denotes a logical, thoroughly-tried-out method of determining just what a military force has to do, what means are at its command, and what difficulties it has to overcome. It may be stretched to include in a general sense all that Admiral Fiske treats of in the second half of his book.

Practically the heart of the treatise is comprised in the author's chapters upon "Designing the Machine," "Preparing the Active Fleet," and "Operating the Machine." It is not upon the qualities of armorplate or the penetrating power of projectiles or the advantages of certain types of ships that the author enlarges, but upon the navy as a complex organism—as an instrument composed partly of flesh and blood and brains and partly of steel. Just why is it so extremely important that the number of "personal parts" in the machine should be exactly right? The question admits of something like a mathematical answer. "An insufficient number of men in the ratio of 9 to 8, may mean a falling off in the output of the machine much greater than in the ratio of 9 to 8." Why is a general staff so important a part of naval organization? "In order to direct the drills of a fleet toward some worthy end, that end itself must be clearly seen; and in order that it may be clearly seen, it first must be discovered. The end does not exist as a bright mark in the sky, but as the answer to a difficult problem." This, with the insight that the author gives us into the problems of strategy and into the actual methods of their solution, is a more than adequate reply to our query. Just how does skill in operating the naval machine "come in"? The author's explanation of the elementary principles of naval tactics and of the relative power of two fleets in action as the battle progresses, not only answers this question fully but impresses upon one, as nothing else could, the tremendous importance of dependable, correlated, highly developed skill in the navy.

Even if the navy were kept up only as an object lesson in efficiency, one would like to put Admiral Fiske's book into the hands of young men simply as a study of the way in which difficult practical problems containing many variables have to be solved—as a study, too, in the relation between duty and efficiency. But the book has an important practical and present message. It is an authoritative book, a simple book, a book that contains just the facts —technical or otherwise—that are needed for intelligent judgment.

LETTERS OF RICHARD WATSON GILDER. Edited by his daughter, ROSAMOND GILDER. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1916.

"Life is a tug." So St. Gaudens once remarked to La Farge, with whom he was collaborating in connection with the Church

of the Ascension. "Four words," wrote Richard Watson Gilder, "never conveyed more positive and truthful information with fewer syllables and a more downright presentation of the effect of inanimate nature upon the soul." The pithy little sentence expresses, indeed, one side of Mr. Gilder's life experience as revealed in his correspondence. The letters are in the main busy letters. Some of them reflect interesting social experiences; many refer to interests of importance. If one cared to do so, one could no doubt patch together from them an interesting supplementary narrative of various modern movements in which Mr. Gilder was concerned. Now and then the letters give form and body to enthusiasms or portray a relation such as the author's friendship with Cleveland in an appealing and fully satisfactory way. For the most part, however, the letters are valuable as a record of Mr. Gilder's abundant and varied activities, portraying the man thus worthily but somewhat more distantly than autobiographies or collections of letters sometimes do. The real self-revelations of the writer of these letters are, where he wished them to be, in his poems.

Civil service reform, international copyright, the Tenement House Commission, municipal politics—these are only a few of the concerns with which Mr. Gilder effectively busied himself, besides doing the exacting work of editing the *Century Magazine*. "One problem to which he gave particular attention was that of fire prevention. In order to understand the subject thoroughly he arranged to have Fire Chief Bresnan call for him whenever a serious fire broke out in the tenement house district, no matter what the hour might be." Can we imagine one of the subtlest poets of our time, dressed in a fireman's helmet and rubber coat, clattering through the streets at night to inspect charred and smoking ruins? It is a little difficult, but so it was.

"It has taken a good many deaths of friends among the poets (alas!), and a great many gray hairs," wrote Gilder in 1909, "to make people realize that my books of rhyme were *me*." Yet the same man could write in his editorial character: "I would rather have one article by Grant on a battle won by him, I would rather read it, print it, publish it, than twenty articles by Daudet on Mistral." And yet the many-sidedness of this variously active and variously expressive man did not result in any lack of unity or of conviction. The letters reveal no painful lines of cleavage. He would be a rash man who should try to define absolutely either "culture" or "personality"; but Richard Watson Gilder had them both with a certain wholeness—one proof of which is his power as a critic. To Lawrence Gilman, for example, he wrote (speaking of music and poetry): "While I am often under the spell . . . of the specialist in moods (like Poe, we will say), nevertheless the poet of mood, who is also the poet of action, seems to me the greater artist: Shelley (*Sensitive Plant*, etc.) or

Browning (*Childe Roland*), greater than Poe; Shakespeare or Keats greater than Verlaine or Yeats, however beautiful the latter may be. Yet the mood-specialist or expert has his place in poetry, and necessarily, also, in music." This is broad and suggestive without being vague or doubtful.

The comments of such a man upon others and the record of his relations with them are, naturally, of interest. Even his casual remarks have reality and distinction. Of Browning he wrote: "He reminds me of an india rubber ball, he has so much bounce, and is round and sudden; very jolly and kindly, though, and interested in things, especially in art." He could go deeper. "Paderewski!" he wrote. "He is quite by himself—reminding me of no one but the young Swinburne! His genius is altogether individual, and, if the individuality appeals, fascinating. It appealed to me immensely. He is not sublime, but most intensely poetic . . . there is a quiet alertness, like some queer new animal sure of its prey."

Undoubtedly he had the great grace of understanding. No mean proof of this is Bill Nye's remark that "he could return rejected manuscripts in such a gentle and caressing way that the disappointed scribblers came to him from hundreds of miles away to thank him for his kindness and stay to dinner with him!"

But it is not only in the richness of his sympathies and of his personal life as revealed in his relations to contributors and to a whole galaxy of notable persons—Cleveland, Joe Jefferson, Modjeska, a host of them; it is not only in the fact that he edited the *Century*, "not for a single number but for years"; it is not only in the manifold activities to which the "old ancestral conscience" drove him, that we see the man. It is in all of these. Here is pictured a man who led an intense intellectual, æsthetic, and moral life in full daylight, in purposeful contact with his fellows, supported through trials and perplexities Heaven knows how—never sacrificing his ideals. This is the significance of the *Letters*. And one admonition rings through the book: "Don't let literature and art make dilettanti of us!"

JOHN WEBSTER AND THE ELIZABETHAN DRAMA. By RUPERT BROOKE. New York: John Lane Company, 1916.

The dissertation about John Webster with which the late and truly lamented Rupert Brooke won his fellowship at Kings College, Cambridge, in 1913, is not only clever and penetrating, but also good criticism. These two correlative statements are not, in this empirical and disjointedly philosophical age, quite equivalent.

The clever, clear, negational thinking which makes the first part of Mr. Brooke's thesis a somewhat extensive essay on how not to criticize the Elizabethan drama, is valuable. It gives our old-fash-

ioned ideas of literary criticism a good shaking-up. Mr. Brooke's point of view is as empirical as that of William James. Extremely pragmatic is the author's discussion of Beauty in a play. "The situation seems to me as if men had agreed to say, 'The emotions caused in human beings by pins, walking sticks, feathers, and crowbars, acting through the tactile sense, are all of one unique kind. It is called Grumph. . . . Grumph is one of the holiest things in this melancholy world,' and so forth. And soon they'd say, 'But, philosophically, what *is* Grumph?'" The whole discussion is a delightful *reductio ad absurdum,* quite in the spirit, if not in the manner, of the great Pluralist.

Similarly Mr. Brooke takes a somewhat irreverent fling at the much respected historical school, at those who entertain us with delightful speculations as to the origin of the drama, and at the conventional ways of going at the matter generally. To take the plays by authors is good in its way, but is apt to end in the "our-Shakespeare business—an easy and unprofitable way of taking art." Then there is division by subjects, "the method of Professor Schelling and of Polonius." The author would prefer an arrangement under purely fanciful names, which would lead to such things as the "Brass-on-Tongue sub-division of the Leaves-a-Taste-in-the-Mouth group." Brooke's own method is eclectic; it aims to combine what is really worth while in the usual methods, and does so rather successfully.

Apart from his particular method of approaching his subject, Rupert Brooke is stimulating and broadening just because he is rather disillusioning and unkind to certain much loved theories. He suggests to us for instance that we simply do not know what those queer medieval people who lived in England before the spacious times of Elizabeth really thought or felt when they saw a "miracle play"—and that it is very important that we should know, if we are going to pretend that we know anything at all about the matter. For the test of a play is the effect that it has in its entirety, and as a sequence upon the mind of the hearer and beholder. Ideas "hang together by their edges," as some philosophers say, but they do not necessarily hang together by the same edges now as formerly.

All this might seem to be a preface to certain anarchistic criticisms—to the exposition of certain lawless ideas of beauty. On the contrary, Brooke's criticism of Webster, when it comes, is found to be of a good, sound, illuminating sort. If it would not satisfy Swinburne or Matthew Arnold, it does surely satisfy the taste and common sense of most readers and of most scholars. The fault, if there is one, is that the empirical method in criticism of plays seems to make the play as a whole a more significant and portentous thing than perhaps it really is. It is a little as if the critic didn't much care *how* the ideas in the play hang together provided we can suppose that they do in some way *effectively* hang together.

But Brooke's comments bring out quite wonderfully the grimness and ghastliness of Webster, with a kind of dour and terrible earnestness that was in him, "his bitter flashes," his startling psychological revelations. In this connection he analyses and in an illuminating way justifies in part the use of such things as asides and soliloquies, and shows the *raison d'être* of the playwright's habit of generalization. He makes one understand how Webster is good in spots and childish in spots, and shows how Webster's plays as wholes must affect us if we allow them to do what they were intended to do and do not simply look for mares' nests. Moreover, according to a system of his own, he puts Webster in what seems to be his right historic place and setting.

HENRY JAMES. By FORD MADOX HUEFFER. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1916.

If one were asked to tell just what it is in the writings of Henry James that is so disconcerting to the common mind, or to the Philistine, one would be inclined to reply that it is not the difficulty of Mr. James's style—a style which is not difficult to those for whom the exact apprehension of ideas just in themselves is not difficult—but in the conflict that they in their purity and logic represent between ideals and what we may call in this connection the scientific spirit. In his methods Henry James is as accurate as any scientist and as sternly resolved not to have to do with baseless presuppositions. But his subjects are ideals and values and the spirit of man—values fully realized, though treated in a wonderfully disillusioned way. "Mr. James," says Hueffer, "has limited himself to writing of what he knows." He writes of what he knows with a kind of psychological absoluteness—an absoluteness like that of his brother's "knowledge of acquaintance." It is just this absolute and unpresuming truthfulness in dealing with human subjects that the average reader can't stand. We—most of us—*want* our authors to be presuming, to bully us, if necessary, into good humor or tears or meditation. And this is just what James exquisitely doesn't do.

Mr. Hueffer is in one respect qualified and in part also disqualified to write of Henry James. He perceives the modern spirit, and that is well. But his sense of the modern spirit is more or less bound up with his reaction from the Mid-Victorian spirit. "I was browbeaten," writes Mr. Hueffer, "into trying to see, as if it were the ultimate end, the ultimate aim, the *causa causans* of our author's existence . . . the Profound Moral Purpose." To be emancipated from this capitalized enormity is doubtless a good thing, and Mr. Hueffer does not regret his emancipation. But more than Henry James, he seems to suffer from the spiritual unquiet of the times and to let it affect his work. He seems to be still so far Mid-Victorian

that his talent is really creative and constructive—a talent for conceiving quite beautiful or satisfying things. But he forces himself to think negationally.

Perhaps this is the reason that in the more general and less personal parts of his book Mr. Hueffer has rather the air of backing away from his theme with arms outstretched.

There is another phase of Mr. Hueffer's qualification as a critic which is possibly connected with the foregoing. That is the fact that he loves to make abstractions picturesquely and tangibly plain, as if there were no other way of surely seizing them; and by the same token he loves exaggeration and uses it, by no means with intent to deceive, but as a useful figure of speech. Thus Mr. Hueffer, when he wishes to tell us that Mr. James is not, in any exact sense, un-American, cannot refrain from saying that he doesn't mean that Mr. James, "arrayed in a top hat, with a shovelful of medals on his breast and decorated with a gaily colored scarf across his stomach, goes hurrahing through the streets because some one by buying up the Thirteenth Ward, has got in his nominee for district attorney." This is just a bit surprising, perhaps a little superfluous, in a work of serious criticism, and it may be that there is some danger that such a method may give false impressions to the untutored. It should be taken into consideration, of course, that the method in Mr. Hueffer's hands is sometimes illuminating even to the elect and really ought not to disturb or deceive any one.

It remains to be said that Mr. Hueffer has rendered three several points about Henry James extraordinarily clear. He makes one enthusiastically agree that James is one of the most exquisite and copious of truth-tellers—"the only unbiased, voluminous, and truthful historian of our day"; that his figures are just as wonderfully real as the figures that in life we actually hold for moments in the focus of our eyes, or see dimly in the background. He enables us to follow with proper aloofness James's search for "the Great Good Place." He throws much light on James's methods. Principally, he compels us to see that "Mr. James has carried the power of selection so far that he can create an impression out of nothing at all," and that this method is entirely true to life; that we get our impressions of horror, for example, in life, as in *The Turn of the Screw*, precisely from what we do not say or see. As perhaps no other critic has done, he shows how a story, though it has no action in the sense of getting on a horse and riding, may be every inch a story through its treatment of mental progressions: a treatment "so rare in Anglo-Saxon—and for the matter of that in Latin—fiction that the unsuspecting reader might well mistake the mood of *The Lesson of the Master* for the mood of Bielshin Prairie, which is a true sketch." The discussion of this point is really as subtle as the point itself and Mr. James' require.

Mr. Hueffer has written many books which no one who takes them

for just what they are intended to be can read without receiving intellectual benefit and without being moved to a kind of glee by the clearness and brightness of the thing. This volume is one of them.

APPRECIATIONS OF POETRY. By LAFCADIO HEARN. Edited by JOHN ERSKINE, Ph.D. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1916.

From Lafcadio Hearn, one would be inclined to expect something strange and exotic in the way of criticism. It is not, however, this sort of criticism that we find in the book of appreciations which Professor Erskine has edited. On the contrary Hearn's comments are marked by a simplicity and purity of thought, a patience and lucidity of exposition that are seldom met with in the writings either of scholarly commentators or of literary men who criticize. The fault, if we care to find fault, lies rather in a certain narrowness of vision and a certain extreme minuteness and curiousness of consideration than in vagueness of view or in over-personal enthusiasms. For the mere rhetoric of appreciation Hearn hadn't, happily, much use: everything in poetry had to be clear for him—had to have a more or less demonstrable value.

The genesis of the book is interesting. As a teacher Hearn undertook the seemingly formidable task of explaining the beauties of English poetry to Japanese students. He had faithful listeners. He lectured so slowly that the members of his class were able to take down his discourses in many cases *verbatim*, and from their notebooks it has been possible to compile this volume.

The plea for romance has been admirably put by Lafcadio Hearn in his discussion—so necessary from the point of view of the lecturer—of the fact that English poetry deals very largely with the passion of love. "What is the object of art?" asked Hearn. "Is it not, or should it not be to make us imagine better conditions than that which at present exist in the world, and by so imagining to prepare the way for the coming of such conditions? I think that all great art does this. . . . [The period of love] is essentially a period of idealism, of imagining better things and conditions than are possible in this world. . . . The time of illusion, then, is the beautiful moment of passion, it represents the artistic zone in which the poet or romance writer ought to be free to do the very best that he can."

This passage perhaps marks nearly the outside limit of Hearn's range as a critic—as indicated in these lectures. In Rossetti, for example, the critic sees simply "the mingling of religious with amatory emotion in the highest form of which the language is capable." Perhaps that is enough to see in Rossetti—neither too much nor too little. However that may be, the phrase, "of which the language is

capable," is significant. Neither Ruskin nor any other critic is on the whole more successful than Hearn in making his readers understand and feel the subtle fusion in poetry of the poet's " message," his significance and meaning, with his imagery and his magic phrasing—that fusion which conveys the sense of warmth and intimacy and conviction.

It is true that apart from the curiosity which lends interest to the careful exposition by another of our own quite simple and matter-of-course knowledge and ideas—the interest of seeing that what we have taken for granted needs to be explained and defended—certain passages in the lectures are a little dull. But the volume as a whole is remarkable in its power to make one feel the beauties of poets so diverse as Swinburne and Matthew Arnold. The lecture on Kingsley, for example, though very simple, is a revelation.

Professor Erskine has been criticized for words, published in a previous volume, which place Hearn as a critic practically on a level with Coleridge. It may be said, perhaps, that so far as the present volume is concerned, one who cares less for the reputation of critics than for the value of poetry will not seriously object to this estimate of Hearn's critical powers. No sharp line can be drawn between the criticism that interprets and that which enhances. All criticism must do both. Hearn's interpretations are a trifle narrow; those of Coleridge tended to branch out into metaphysics or into the subjective intricacies of his own mind. Both illuminate. The criticisms of Hearn have, so to speak, a pedagogical and also a personal value that is quite distinct.

Our Nation in the Building. By Helen Nicolay. New York: The Century Company, 1916.

The opening sentence of Miss Nicolay's preface—" it occurs to the writer that we take our history too seriously "—perhaps does a slight injustice to the book of which it gives the first impressions. It is not through any light disregard of vital ideas or through any uncontrollable love of romancing that the author makes history attractive to her readers. Her book is valuable primarily because it enables one easily to grasp those ideas and sequences of events which one must have a vital grasp of if one is to know, in any real sense, anything at all about American history.

The trouble is, not that we take our history too seriously, or even that we take it too technically, but that a high-school student, say, needs to be a prodigy of industry and of appreciation in order to derive a vital conception of history from the average school text, and a teacher has to be a paragon of tact and learning in order to do what the text-book simply can't do—give life to the subject. Collateral reading is necessary, but its results are somewhat uncertain.

The point of all this is not that Miss Nicolay's book would be a good one to put in a school library, but simply that as regards history many of us with our mature and presumably trained minds, and with our superior capacity for being interested, are really in the condition of the high-school or grammar-school student. We can not constrain ourselves to go to the school text-books; we can not read the scientific histories because we have not time; when we read in original sources we are interested, but we do not get anywhere. And we really want to know something about American history.

Miss Nicolay has realized the need that some one should tell the story of the building of our nation in a literary manner, untechnically but with grasp, coherence and fluency of style. She has realized too that it is quite impossible to be interested in reading about Washington or Jefferson without knowing in some detail what sort of men Washington and Jefferson were. Without details and anecdotes there is slight interest, and without interest little grasp. She has done what is not very often done: she has written a really "popular" book for persons of intelligence and good taste. From this volume almost any one may enjoyably refresh his knowledge of American history.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

GOD

SIR,—Your French correspondent, M. Quesney, in his talk about God, remarks: "I perceive only two manners of seeing the universe: In the infinity of time, matter is infinite and eternal, and transforms itself, following laws of which we know a small number; or, at a certain day, an eternal and immaterial something that we name God created, out of nothing, that matter and set it a whirling."

That is a pleasant, offhand fashion of settling much in a few words. It is a brilliant flight from nowhence to nowhither. God, matter, creation, infinity, time, eternity, law are here jumbled together, shaken as in a child's rattle, and thrown out among believing beings to explode and rend and shatter like a shell in the sanctuary of Rheims.

Man knows spirit, his own spirit; and he has some notions of other spirits. He has some notions concerning matter; but as yet is ignorant as to what matter is. Whether there be any chemical or other elements or atoms is a question quite unsettled at present. Man is hardly competent to affirm that there are but two possible manners of seeing sanely the universe. That would be to know; and hereabout man is remarkably ignorant; though, as our friend observes, man is absurdly vain of his conceptions.

There are thinkers who find it difficult to believe that either life or thought has been spontaneously produced by matter, especially in the absence of the least proof. They perceive in the universe about us the evidence of intelligent design. They are inclined to be skeptical as to the assertion that there can be thought without a thinker or design without a designer. Many such persons have become accustomed to see quite another manner of regarding the genesis of the universe from either of those mentioned by your correspondent. Whether matter be eternal is something man can not determine. To those who have difficulty in accrediting the origin of laws to insentient matter, the antiquity of matter is a negligible consideration. There are those who conceive of an Existence whom they worship as God, who has been originating and maintaining in being what we call matter, to which He has given the laws in accordance with which matter is developed, and in harmony with which are produced all the entities and phenomena which man observes.

M. Quesney would be the wonder of the ages if he could answer his question: "Why did God create the world?" If man were not pitiably vain of his powers, he would not fancy that because a being so ignorant as himself is unable satisfactorily to answer that question, therefore no conclusive answer can be given. This department, of course, has hardly

space for disquisitions. The concise note of the editor is admirably suggestive; but may there be sufficient space to submit to our friend the hint that as he has failed to conceive of all manners of seeing the universe, it may be that he may have failed in other perceptions more important, and that he may be losing time in groping after non-essentials. Many persons in France and elsewhere, like our friend, have done a little thinking on the world, and ended by putting God out of consideration. The chaotic fury of the present war has brought again the thought of God to the mind of multitudes. In the world of to-day there certainly is need of such a God as the Christian trusts. Multitudes indifferent or defiant until now have turned to the God of the Gospels and found peace.

Our friend has on his heart a cause which many of us believe is the cause of God. Perhaps if he should consider whether, since the world has come into being and is such a world, it does not stand in need of the God of the Gospels, it might be that he would find himself in the way to feel after Him and find Him.

JAMES CARTER.

LINCOLN UNIVERSITY, PA.

A MAN OF STRAW

SIR,—Your editorial in the January issue attempting to prove that there is such a thing as international law is confusing, and displays considerable ignorance of Anglo-Saxon and Continental jurisprudence. Law, properly so-called, must have a sanction, that is, there must be some superior from which it emanates and which will actively enforce it. Since John Austin, most Anglo-Saxon jurists have denied the existence of such a thing as international *law,* since nations are independent sovereigns and have no common sovereign; the rules of conduct which govern among nations are not laws, but merely standards of morality. Austin called these usages "positive international morality," and this view has been accepted by such jurists as Sir Frederick Pollock, James Bryce, John Chipman Gray and numerous others. Some have asserted that there is international law, and that there is a sanction in public opinion, moral pressures and the like. Elihu Root, for example, has taken this attitude. Continental jurists, on the other hand, preponderate in favor of the view that there is no international *law,* and seek to find somewhere the superior controlling force. Demogue, Duguit, Gareis and others discover this force in various facts, while Josef Kohler and a lesser number declare that there cannot be such law without a super-state. The only difference between the two theories is in the understanding of the meaning of the word "law"—whether to accept the rigid and easily comprehensible Austinian notion or to look upon law as something more vague, more indeterminate. But none of these writers on jurisprudence is so foolhardy as to deny that there are in fact certain principles of conduct, of morality, or whatever you want to call them, which govern nations in their international relations. All affirm that there are such rules, and merely seek to classify them as law or something else according to their own conceptions of law. What your editorial seeks to do is to prove that there are international standards of action, something which all thinkers and all statesmen admit—there is no suspicion in it that you ever heard of the intellectual combat as to whether there is *law*

under these circumstances; although you were probably "inspired" to dictate the editorial by reading somewhere that "there is no international law." In my opinion, the five-page editorial proves nothing but your own shortcomings.

MAXWELL STEINHARDT.

NEW YORK CITY.

[If our esteemed and learned correspondent had read the article which he so severely criticizes, beyond the title, he would have known what it was about, and would not then have expended his energies so profligately in bethumping a man of straw of his own creation. As all other readers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of course recognized, we in that article took for granted all the perfectly familiar principles, theories, contentions, truisms and what not of which our correspondent now reminds us, and gave our chief attention to urging the need of vindicating the integrity and validity of international law in spite of the flagrant violations of it with which this war is marked, so that it shall not be said that the consensus of the world's judgment, or the formal agreement of the great majority of nations, has been arbitrarily annulled by the act of a single belligerent. In our opinion an indispensable prerequisite to the conclusion of peace should be an acknowledgment by all the belligerents of the validity and authority of the Treaties of The Hague and other international conventions as they existed before the war, and a consequent acknowledgment that all violations of them were wrong and deserving of penalty. Nor can we concede that the taking of such a view argues any fatal "shortcomings" on the side of law and justice.—EDITOR.]

OUR FARMERS

SIR,—Your editorial in this month's REVIEW, entitled "Are Americans Poor Farmers," is one to make the judicious grieve. The fallacies of it pass so current everywhere in the metropolitan press, that it is small wonder that the man in the street believes that the American farmer is incompetent. The truth is that he is, taken as a whole, the most competent agriculturist in the world. Your errors are based on the assumption that, because the acre yield in Germany is greater than in this country, your hypothesis is proven. You should have investigated to ascertain which of the two nationalities produces the greatest yield per unit of producers. Had you done so you would have discovered that the American farmer produces three times as much per man employed as does the German. You advocate what you designate by that pretty term "intensive farming." That term implies the command of unlimited labor. Any farmer will put to rout your argument by demonstrating the fact that more labor than he now employs is impossible to obtain. This is why American farming is wholly "extensive"—scarcity of labor and its high price, as compared with European labor. So long as labor is both high priced and scarce just so long will extensive farming prevail in this country. Crowd one hundred million people into an area twice that of Texas and intensive farming would at once obtain. Scatter it over our present area and extensive farming would at once prevail. Why? Simply because, given those two elements you have presented conditions that will make the one or the other system profitable. So long as the extensive system is more profitable than the

intensive, so long will it be practised and no amount of preaching by ill informed editors, or presidents, will change the system. Systems, like laws, change only when the reasons for their existence cease.

The American farmer, considering the present supply and price of farm labor is practising correct systems of production, and is doing it as well as any other agriculturist in the world.

F. B. TIPRON.

SEWARD, NEBRASKA.

[There is doubtless much truth in what our correspondent says, and we certainly did not mean to say one word to the contrary. But our correspondent errs, as many other farmers do, in supposing "intensive farming" to mean simply the employing of more men, the doing of more work, and the spending of more money on the land. Some of the most successful "intensive farming" has been done with actually less labor and less outlay of capital. It involved such things as familiarity with the chemistry of soils, the kinds of soils and fertilizers needed for certain crops, and the principles of rotation of crops. It requires no more labor to plant potatoes where they will do well than where they will do ill. It costs no more to put on lime where it is needed and potash where it is needed, than to apply lime where potash is needed and potash where lime is needed. Of course, multitudes of farmers, like our correspondent, understand these principles and act upon them, to their profit. But it is a lamentable fact that other multitudes do not, but persist in the old happy-go-lucky way, and consequently get only half as much as they might from their land. This latter circumstance is the secret of the abandonment of so many farms in the eastern part of the country. We could cite notable examples of the rehabilitation of such farms through the application of scientific principles, with highly profitable results.—EDITOR.]

ONE HUNDRED AND SECOND YEAR

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

—

Edited by
GEORGE HARVEY

—

MARCH

AN ALLY OR A HINDRANCE?

OUR BREACH WITH GERMANY

A PASSIONATE PATRIOT

"I will study and prepare myself, and then some day my chance will come!"
—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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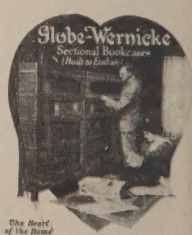

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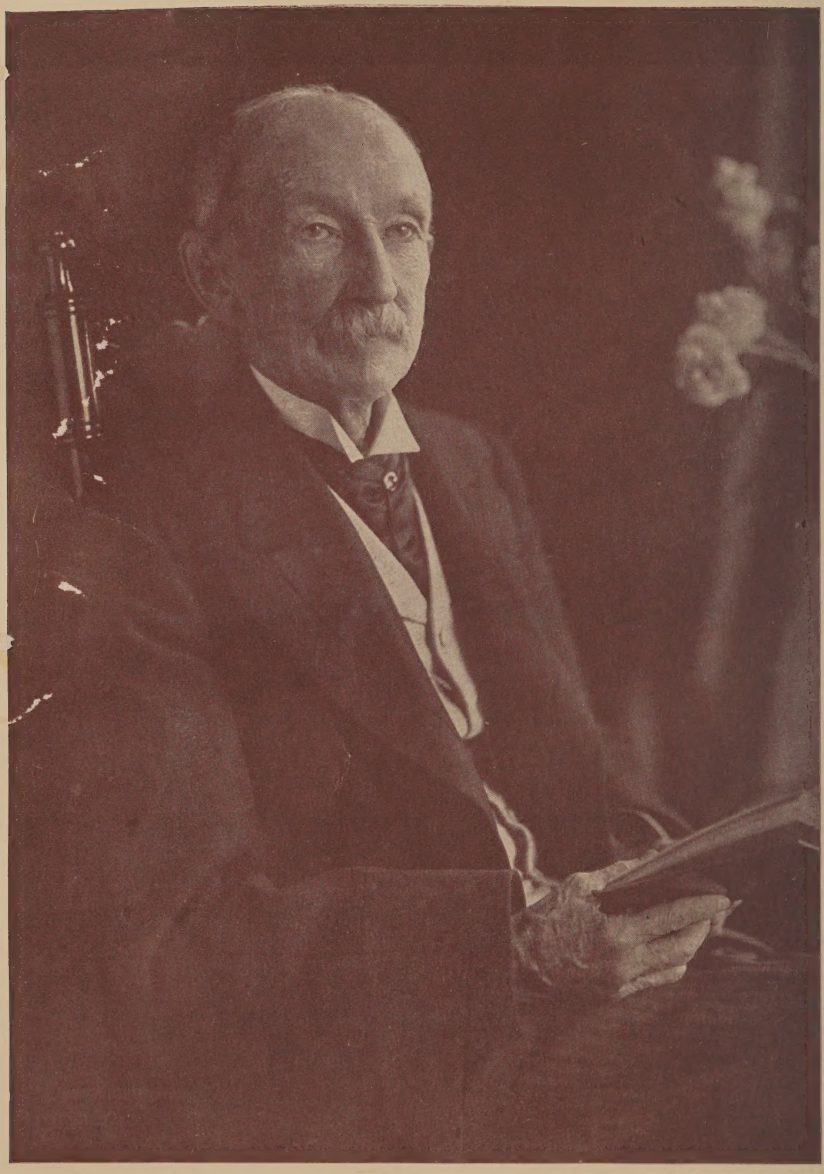
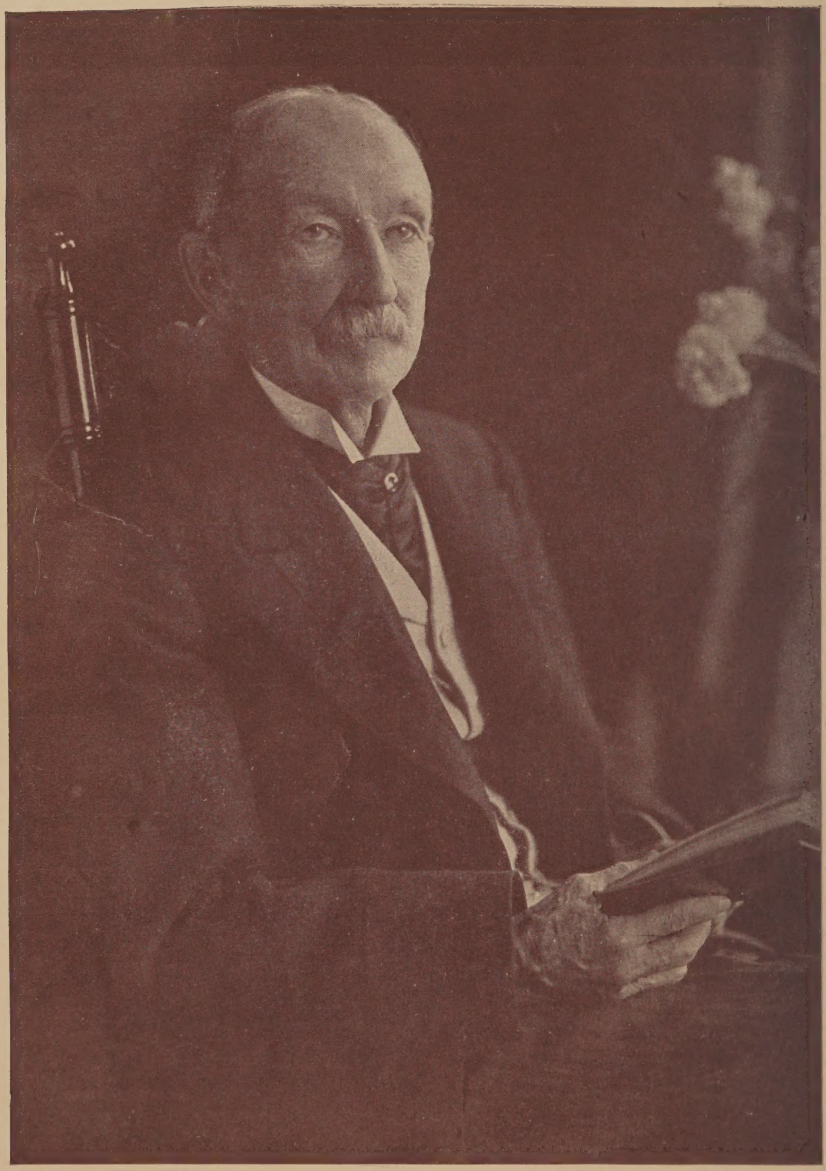


WAYNE MAC VEAGH

BORN APRIL 19, 1833 DIED JANUARY 11, 1917



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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

MARCH, 1917

AN ALLY OR A HINDRANCE?

THE severance on February 3 of diplomatic relations with Germany was an act that had two immediate consequences: First, it restored to Americans a country of which they could all be proud. Secondly, it rehabilitated the somewhat tattered prestige of the United States abroad. Not all Americans realize how vitally essential both these developments had become. So long as we remained a disunited people, with an uneasy conscience and a bitter sense that in this, the most moving tragedy in the world's history, we had played but a paltry part, our potential strength for justice and righteousness was as good as wasted and we could neither speak nor act as a nation. So long, too, as Europe, and especially the French and British democracies, looked upon us as negligible shirkers of a plain duty, Mr. Wilson's pleas for a world-league of peace were mere thrusts in the air. There was no clearer or more delicate task before us than that of regaining our own self-respect and the respect of the world. That task was accomplished when, in response to the most insolent challenge ever flung in the face of a great Power, the President broke off all official connections with the Wilhelmstrasse. America became instantly one and the outer world was surprised into the recognition that at a pinch we could act with dignity and decision.

Possibly even Mr. Wilson himself does not quite realize how greatly by that one firm stroke he has advanced the cause of universal peace and added to the beneficent potentialities of the United States in the future ordering of the

world's affairs. It is the stern condition of the stern times in which we live that international influence is impossible without either power or respect and a readiness to use the one and cultivate the other. We have the power, but it is latent and for all immediate purposes inoperative, and our instincts and traditions are against its employment outside the American hemisphere. But up to February 3 we had not the respect of either set of the belligerents. Our policy had forfeited it. Our moral standing, once our most potent and persuasive asset, had been lowered. The great force of American idealism had been allowed to rust. For lack of clear leadership we had fallen hideously, disastrously, in the scale of opinion. And it was plain that as a neutral we could never recover the ground we had lost. Had this war continued to the end, with the United States a wealthy and inactive onlooker, entrenched in a cold isolation and emitting from time to time well-meant but profoundly irritating suggestions for the improvement of the universe, the nations that had fought and bled and suffered for all that they hold most dear would simply have passed us by in the silence of scorn. To make ourselves felt in the future of the world we had first of all to enter it. To influence in any way the conditions of peace we had first of all to get into the war. Mr. Wilson might have thumped the cushions of his Presidential pulpit till the world was deafened and it would have been to no effect. Words without deeds, protestations without the force to make them good, aspirations without acts, policies without power—these are the instruments of the Age of Gold and not of the harsh, mad, jostling but invigorating world in which our lot is actually cast.

But now, thank Heaven, we have ceased to be neutral. We have now at long last taken sides, and the side we have taken is the side of democracy, of public faith, of all that makes for right-dealing between nations. It is the side to which from the first the sentiments of the vast majority of the American people have overwhelmingly inclined. Formally, deliberately, after the most patient efforts to avoid a rupture, we have been compelled to break with the Power that has brought this measureless cataclysm upon the world. And in doing so we have taken the one step that was indispensable if the President's dream of world-peace was ever to be realized and if the influence of the United States was to count at all in the final settlement. But a severance of relations, while

the strongest measure known to diplomacy, is also and essentially a negative act. If we stop with that, if we confine ourselves to the mere pronouncement of a moral condemnation, the effect of the stand we have taken will pass away and we shall have gained little for ourselves and have contributed even less to the cause of the Allies which henceforth is our cause. Having gone that far we must be prepared, when the call comes, to go still further. The President rightly for the time being restricted his reply to the German proclamation of a war of murder on the high seas to handing Count Bernstorff his passports and recalling Mr. Gerard from Berlin. But at the same time he intimated that if the Germans carried out their threat and American ships or American lives were thereby lost, he would come before Congress and ask for a declaration of war. That our relations with Germany can remain in a state of indefinite suspension is scarcely credible. Given an indiscriminate submarine campaign, such as the Germans foreshadow and such as the necessities of their position force upon them, sooner or later American citizens and American property will be destroyed and the United States and Germany will be at war. Even before this appears in print the inevitable may have happened and war may have been declared.

It is proper therefore that we should consider in what directions our resources can most profitably be employed for the benefit of all the Allies. With or without war some things are certain after the turning-point that was rounded on February 3. One is that our diplomatic heckling of the Allies must stop. Questions of blockade, of the censorship of mails, of the blacklist and of trade and property rights no longer interest us and cannot again be made the basis for representations by our State Department. It is notorious that the Allied blockade of Germany, close as it is, would have been far closer and far more effective but for the anxious consideration which the British and French Governments have shown for American good-will and American interests. We suggest that the State Department should now act as the British Government acted during the Civil War. Although at the beginning of the Civil War the naval forces of the North were manifestly and admittedly inadequate for the maintenance of the blockade, the British Government never once in any way questioned its validity. It constantly refused to support the claims of British traders whose ships

and cargoes were condemned by American Courts under the then novel doctrine of ultimate destination. On the contrary it time and again informed British traders that they must not look for diplomatic support, and even advised them not to carry on a commerce that was so likely to get them into trouble with the American authorities. A search some eighteen months ago through the records of the State Department failed to show a single protest on the part of Great Britain against the blockade of the Southern States. It did show, however, the acknowledgment of an instruction issued by the British Government to all British subjects to respect that blockade. We propose that the State Department should now, and whether we go to war with Germany or not, publicly intimate that so far as the United States is concerned the British Government may push its blockade as hard as it pleases, that all American citizens are henceforth expected to abide by it, and that no diplomatic assistance will be given to American traders who consider themselves injured by its enforcement.

Secondly—and this, again, is independent of whether hostilities actually ensue or not and follows naturally on the breach with Germany—the Government should do all that it can, within the limits of a benevolent neutrality, to facilitate the flotation of loans in this country for the Allied Governments. It should in other words withdraw the recent pronouncement of the Federal Reserve Board and issue in its place another statement from the same authority urging the American people to extend to Great Britain and France the credit facilities they desire. The financial as well as the moral power of the United States should from now onwards be definitely thrown on the side of the Allies. If Germany drives us to war, that will be done as a matter of course. But it ought to be done in any event, just as the submarines that were built for the British Government in the early days of the war and the delivery of which was forbidden by orders from Washington, should immediately be released and placed at the disposal of the British authorities. The question of finance, however, is urgent. Few acts of our Government have created a greater prejudice against us among the Allied peoples than the veto which the Federal Reserve Board virtually placed upon unsecured Allied loans. Few acts also have proved more injurious to American interests. It should now be made publicly and authoritatively known that the

veto is withdrawn and that no further hindrance will be offered to the placing of Allied loans, secured or unsecured, in the United States.

But war, if war comes, will raise other and far more momentous questions than these, questions not of expediency but of fundamental policy. It will raise in particular the question whether the United States is to become an Ally among the Allies or is to wage an independent war on her own account. Will she subscribe to the compact that the present Allies have subscribed to and agree not to make a separate peace, or will she insist on retaining her freedom to abandon hostilities the moment she thinks fit? It can hardly be imagined that we shall enter on any naval or military operations except in the closest consultation and co-operation with the Allies who for two and a half years have been shouldering the burden of the struggle. But how can that co-operation be effective, how can we or they measure the extent and form of our participation, unless the United States is bound by the same agreement as binds all the other Allies? Coming in as a free lance, pursuing undisclosed or indefinite aims, and liable at any moment to decide that we had had enough of it, the United States might be more of a hindrance than a help. Military policy and political policy at a time like this must march hand in hand. There is nothing that the French and British peoples would more heartily welcome than the appearance of a fully equipped American division on the soil of France. They would welcome it not so much for its material assistance but as a symbol of the brotherhood of democracy. But there might easily arise some awkward situations if the scope of its employment were not determined beforehand. It would have to fight, for instance, it could only fight, under the supreme direction of either the French or the British Commander-in-Chief; and he, naturally enough, in making his disposition, would like to have some assurance that the American forces placed at his disposal would be maintained at full strength and if necessary increased until the end of the war.

The position, in short, is one such as Washington contemplated when, in warning his country against permanent and entangling alliances, he emphatically advocated "temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies." The extraordinary emergency has arisen or must soon arise; and we hope there will be statesmanship enough at the capital to seize its

rich opportunities. We hope that Mr. Wilson, if and when Congress is compelled to declare war on Germany, will let it be known that, just as the United States can only take an effective part in the war by making its naval and military activities conform to the general scheme of Allied strategy, so the policy of the United States will be conducted hand in glove with the policy of the Allies. We hope that he will banish all half-heartedness, face the issues squarely and embrace the Allied cause without reservations and in the full light of the world. It would be unworthy both of our dignity and of his masculine intelligence if he paltered with this fundamental issue or allowed it to stand over in the hope that the course of events would solve it for him. There is much that the United States can do for the Allies in providing them with funds and munitions, in keeping the sea lanes open, and in hunting out the submarine bases that Germany has undoubtedly established on this side of the Atlantic. But in the necessities of the case, unless the war is prolonged beyond the present year, her main assistance must be moral. The best service she can render herself is to set about raising with the utmost possible expedition an Army of at least 1,000,000 men and grappling with the innumerable problems that such an enterprise would involve. The best service she can render the Allies is to range herself unreservedly on their side, to send outworn political prejudices to the scrap-heap, and to declare that she enters the war as an Ally among Allies, prosecuting it in conjunction with them and binding herself to make no peace except by the consent of them all.

OUR BREACH WITH GERMANY

It was a diplomatic, not a military, breach. That is the first point to be kept clearly in mind. To that we may unhesitatingly add that it was logical, just, and, so far as we were concerned, imperatively necessitous. For the more perfect establishment of these facts a brief review of its antecedents may be desirable.

It was based upon our note to Germany in the *Sussex* case. In that note, nearly a year ago, our Government told Germany in the most direct and unequivocal words that unless the submarine campaign as then conducted against merchant vessels was stopped, we should be compelled to sever all relations with that empire. The German Government replied with a promise that it would thereafter avoid

giving us offense in the way which we had complained of, but added that in return it would expect us to take certain action which it desired toward other Powers. Our perfectly proper and logical retort was that our dealings with other Powers were none of Germany's business, and that we could not concede the validity of any such condition. To this Germany made no reply whatever, but she tacitly conceded the justice of our position by abating the submarine campaign without waiting for us to act according to her dictation toward the other Powers. The United States, of course, never in the slightest degree withdrew or modified either the *Sussex* note or the rejection of Germany's impertinent condition of compliance with our demand.

Thus the case stood until a month ago. At that time Germany announced that she was about to resume the methods of submarine warfare against merchant vessels to which the United States had objected, in a still more extreme and offensive manner than before; and in fact she promptly proceeded so to do. There was thus no alternative but for the United States to fulfil the warning which it had given in the *Sussex* note; unless indeed it was to stultify itself and eliminate itself from the category of self-respecting and independent nations. The President accordingly severed all diplomatic relations with Germany. He did so promptly and inexorably, but in a particularly temperate manner, going out of his way to avoid unnecessary friction and to give Germany every possible opportunity to amend matters even at the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour. But Germany made no amendment: She persisted in her offensive ways; and the severance of relations was made complete.

The severance of diplomatic relations is commonly described in international law as one of the "measures short of war" to which nations may have recourse for the redress of grievances. As such it has frequently been practised by our own and other nations without the result of war. We need not go back so far as the famous Swedish plot against George I of England, when each country caused the arrest and imprisonment of the other's minister. As recently as 1848 a British ambassador was expelled by the Spanish Government and for two years diplomatic relations between the two countries were entirely severed; but no war resulted. In our own history it will be recalled that diplomatic relations with France were repeatedly severed, in the time of

Washington and Adams and in that of Jackson; that they were once completely severed with Russia, and that on another occasion the Russian minister was expelled from this country; that they were once severed with Italy; and that on at least two occasions a British minister was expelled from the United States. But in not one of these cases did war occur, or was there serious danger or apprehension of it.

On the other hand, not one of our three foreign wars since the Revolution was preceded by a breaking off of diplomatic relations, such severance not occurring until the actual declaration of war.

It was, then, perfectly obvious when the President dismissed Count Bernstorff and recalled Mr. Gerard that he was not declaring war—which of course he could not have done, anyway—nor committing an act which would necessarily lead to war; and that if war did follow it would not be because of that act, unless in the quite unsupposable contingency that Germany elected to regard as a *casus belli* something which no respectable international jurist or diplomat so regards.

It was, however, clearly recognized, doubtless in Germany as well as here, that if this "measure short of war" did not prove sufficient for the abatement of our grievance and for the vindication of our rights, and that if Germany in spite of it persisted in her objectionable and offensive course, then we should have to seek recourse to other measures which might be less pacific and which might involve the actual waging of war. It was this latter consideration which invested the incident with its most portentous gravity.

Our example was not at once followed by the other aggrieved neutral nations. They had suffered much from the German submarine ravages, and would suffer more from the renewal of them; and they had protested vigorously against such renewal. But they did not sever relations, as we did. This was disappointing to our Government, and was regrettable, but it cannot justly be regarded as at all surprising. The President doubtless hoped that they would follow our example. Otherwise he would scarcely have solicited them to do so. Doubtless, too, their doing so would have added much moral force to our act, on which ground their abstention is to be regretted. But it would really have been cause for surprise had any one of them immediately taken that step; for at least three reasons.

One is, that not one of them had threatened it and committed itself to it, as we had done. We were under moral obligation to fulfil our word, but they had given no such word and were therefore under no such compulsion. Another is, that the danger of war was in their cases immeasurably greater than in ours, on account of the difference in distance from Germany and the difference between them and us in military strength, and they realized that war would probably mean for them for a time the fate of Belgium and Serbia. While the act in question would not necessarily have meant war, the possibility of war's occurrence was too ominous to be incurred to any degree, if it could be avoided.

The third reason for their failure to follow our example is not pleasant to contemplate, but it is a fact and it will be salutary if humiliating for us to recognize it. It was their uncertainty concerning the subsequent course of the United States. They had watched with amazement and with apprehension the hesitant and vacillating course of the President. They had seen his "watchful waiting," and the hideous fiascoes of Vera Cruz and the Pershing expedition. They had heard his intimation that under the unspeakable provocation of the *Lusitania* infamy we might be "too proud to fight." They had heard him speak bravely of "strict accountability," and had seen all accountability neglected. In these circumstances it was only natural that they should hesitate to commit themselves to following his example, not knowing but that the next day he might himself repudiate and abandon it.

We were thus doomed to stand alone. But we stood alone on worthy and heroic ground, and that very isolation was not without some compensating advantages. There are those who rejoice because we were thus kept from even the slightest semblance of "entangling alliances." More to the point is it that we were impelled to a greater degree of self-reliance, and to a deeper realization of the necessity of holding our ground and of taking whatever subsequent steps might be found necessary. It was a vindication of our national manhood, belated but not yet too late. It entailed upon the President a colossal responsibility, but, as scarcely anything else could have done, it unified the nation in support of him and in readiness to bear with him responsibility for whatever else might come in a course thus justly and courageously undertaken. We have seen that in our history we have sev-

eral times hitherto severed relations with other Powers without making war upon them. But never before did we do it under so great provocation or with so weighty and convincing cause, and never was the potential sequel to our act comparable with that of the present time. Whatever may hereafter befall, we have done one straightforward, righteous act, entitling us, if we continue worthy of it, to confront the future self-reliant, confident and serene.

JAPAN IN ASIA AND AMERICA

Recent events are assumed to have given a slightly changed aspect to our Japanese relations, though whether for better or for worse may be a disputed question. The States of Idaho and Washington have followed the example of California of some years ago. At the entreaty of the Federal Government they have refrained from enacting legislation offensively discriminating against the Japanese. That is a distinct gain for amicable foreign relations as well as for that domestic spirit of nationality which we still so greatly need to cultivate; though we must regret that the National Government has been compelled again humbly to sue for that respect for treaties and for international obligations which ought to be given by the States as a matter of course. Seeing how instantly and how completely the States all look to the nation to protect them from alien aggression, it surely should be incumbent upon the States to give the greatest possible deference to the nation in all external relationships.

The passage of the Immigration restriction bill over the President's veto is also assumed by some to affect our Japanese relations, and to do so unfavorably, though it is not clear that that estimate is well founded. The bill contains no direct reference to Japan, but at most enacts by implication the principle which has prevailed for years under an unwritten "gentlemen's agreement" between the two countries. It does not seem that this should be objectionable to Japan, that nation having, of course, no thought of repudiating or in any way evading that agreement. Indeed, it might logically be argued that the new law has no reference to that agreement. It merely provides that all aliens who have hitherto been excluded from this country shall continue to be excluded. But that must obviously mean those who have

been excluded by law or treaty, and cannot refer to the unwritten agreement, which is something which a formal statute cannot take into cognizance. We may hope, therefore, that the apprehensions which have been expressed concerning the Immigration law will prove to be groundless.

Both of these incidents, however, call renewed and emphasized attention to the complexity of our "Japanese problem" so far as the Japanese in America are concerned. That problem involves the power of the United States to enforce treaties upon the States as supreme law—an issue as old as our Government itself. It involves the equity of our naturalization system, with its discrimination against all who are not either Caucasians or Negroes. It involves the interpretation and application of the "most favored nation" clause in our treaties. Each of these issues is to some degree dependent upon the others, and each is partly domestic and partly international in its nature.

The inability of the general Government to compel States to respect the treaties which it made with other Powers was one of the gravest and most fatal weaknesses of the old Confederation. It was hoped that it was overcome under the Constitution, with its declaration that treaties should be a part of the supreme law of the land. Yet again and again we have got into trouble over the refusal of States to obey treaty stipulations, or over their refusal to vindicate treaty rights. So now we are confronted with the problem of requiring a State to receive immigrant aliens to whom it objects, and to give them equal treatment with its own citizens. The treaty says that this shall be done; the State says that it shall *not* be done, if it can prevent it either directly or indirectly.

Shall Japanese be permitted to own land in a State which objects to their doing so? Generally speaking, the right to own land is established by State law. The United States legislates on that subject for only the Federal District and the Territories, and in them it declares that aliens shall not own land. Among the States the practice varies. Some forbid aliens to own land. Some forbid only non-resident aliens. Some grant permission to own land to aliens belonging to countries where similar permission is given to Americans. Some throw open the doors wide to all comers. It seems to be conceded that the Federal Government cannot compel uniformity. If it did, moreover, it would, to be con-

sistent, have to require all States to adopt its own rule, and to prohibit alien ownership. Unfortunately, all foreign Powers do not appreciate our dual system. They do not deal with the individual States, but with the nation; and when they find their people treated in one way in one part of this country, and in another way in another part, they do not understand it. They want to know if the United States Government is not equally sovereign in all parts of the United States.

Another objection is made by Japan to what seems to her to be a violation of the treaty stipulation that she and her subjects shall have the same treatment as the most favored nation. Granted, what the United States maintains and which Japan does not dispute, that a State has the right to exclude aliens from land ownership, Japan holds that under the treaty all aliens must be equally excluded. It will not do, she contends, to let aliens from one country own land, and to deny the right to those from another country. The State replies, or the United States replies for it, that the discrimination is made on the basis of citizenship. Aliens eligible to citizenship may hold land; those not eligible may not. Japan does not concede the justice of that. But if she were to concede it, the question would be shifted to another point and not answered. She would then demand, as indeed she now does, to know how we can reconcile our refusal to admit Japanese to citizenship with the treaty stipulation that Japanese shall enjoy all the rights and privileges here of the people of the most favored nation.

These views of the problem, which do not by any means exhaust all its phases and intricacies, suggest at once its difficulties and its importance. It is essential that it shall be solved upon a satisfactory basis of equity. True, we may be, in time, strong enough to dictate arbitrarily our own solution of it. But it would not be wise so to do at the expense of incurring the ill-will and animosity of the most powerful nation in that part of the world in which we look for the greatest expansion of our trade. Japan is the guardian of the gates of China. We may be stronger than she; but it would not be pleasant or profitable for us to have to fight our way past her, and to go constantly armed in our intercourse with eastern Asia.

There is another part of the problem, the importance of which it would not be easy to over-estimate. That relates to

Japan's policies and operations in Asia, and their relation to the treaty rights of this country. Despite the sympathetic and friendly interpretation which was put upon it by Dr. William Elliot Griffis in a recent number of this REVIEW, there is a widespread feeling that Japan's course toward China is calculated to gain undue advantages over this country through practical abrogation of the "open door" policy. The demands which Japan some time ago made upon China, and which have, so far as can be ascertained, never been withdrawn, unquestionably comprised special privileges and advantages for Japan over all other countries, and impairment of China's independence in dealing with American and other Powers. They required China to surrender police control of much of her territory to Japan: they forbade her to do as she pleases with her own ports and islands; they compelled her to make purchases from Japan rather than from any other country, and to take Japanese advisers for her Government rather than those of any other nation. It requires no argument to demonstrate that the granting of these requirements by China would at least partly, and in truth largely, close the "open door," and would altogether destroy "equality of opportunity." It would therefore violate treaties now existing among the nations—between America and Japan, between America and China, and between Japan and China.

Our Government has protested against any impairment of its rights, but it does not appear that its protest has been effective, beyond the promotion of some polite note-writing. Japan seems to be persisting in her demands, and to be exerting more and more pressure upon China for the granting of them, while China, left to her own helplessness, seems to be steadily inclining toward a complete surrender. Obviously, if China is to be saved, if the door is to be kept open, if equality of opportunity is to be maintained, those things should be done now, in advance of yielding. It would be unspeakable folly to let the door be closed and then try to reopen it.

THE DECLINING BIRTH RATE

Probably few people today have any recollection of Dr. Nathan Allen and his prophecy; even in Massachusetts. He made that prophecy just fifty years ago, and set all Massachusetts by the ears, from the Berkshires to Cape Cod.

Dr. Allen's prophecy had to do with what he called the degeneracy and diminution of the native stock of New England population. The native population, he asserted, was rapidly diminishing, as compared with the immigrant element, chiefly because of the decrease in its birth rate, and he predicted that with the continuance of that process the native population, in Massachusetts and throughout all New England, would dwindle to a small minority, completely overshadowed by aliens and the children of aliens.

The burden of his prophecy, and the feature of it which provoked the most criticism, denial and antagonism, was the evil of small families. Speaking of colonial days as contrasted with the present, he said: "Then large families were common—now the exception; then it was rare to find married people having only one, two or three children—now it is very common! Then it was regarded as a calamity for a married couple to have no children—now such calamities are found on every side of us; in fact, they are fashionable."

This was distasteful at that time; but it was undeniable. The records of early years, and the vital statistics of the State, bore witness to its truth. In one small Massachusetts town, which was settled in 1665, there were, seven or eight generations ago, 26 families with ten children each, twenty with eleven each, 24 with twelve each, 13 with thirteen each, one with fifteen, and one with twenty-one children. Thus in eighty-five families there were no fewer than 973 children.

In another town, of which the records had been scrupulously kept, the first generation after settlement averaged 9.50 children to a family, the second generation 7.31, the third 7.69, the fourth 7.64, the fifth 4.90, and the sixth only 2.84. Nor was this an exceptional town. In the entire number of towns the records of which were accessible and were examined the first generations had from eight to ten children in a family, the second, third and fourth generations had from seven to eight, the fifth about five, and the sixth less than three.

So low had the birth rate of the native population fallen, declared Dr. Allen, that it had actually become less than the death rate, so that the native element was actually dying out. On the other hand, not only were immigrants pouring into the State, but they were vastly more prolific than the natives; so that in the year 1860 the foreign population, though still

a decided minority, produced more children than the much larger native American population. In the counties in which there was a very small foreign element, there were many more deaths than births, while in those in which the alien element was large, there were many more births than deaths.

Dr. Allen was charged by his critics with making serious errors, partly in his statements and partly in the inferences and conclusions which he drew from them. It was also pointed out that some of his statements were based upon special and temporary conditions caused by the Civil War, and its drains upon the manhood of the State and its disturbance of domestic relations. Nevertheless his facts drawn from the history of the Colony and State were quite impregnable, and the real interest was centered upon the prospective fulfilment or non-fulfilment of his prediction concerning the continuance of the processes to which he had called attention, and their effect upon the population of the State.

To what extent that prophecy has been fulfilled, the last Federal census clearly suggests. Those processes have continued; until today, in Boston and in the State at large, the native white population, of native parentage, is a very small minority. These were the figures in 1910:

Native whites, of native parentage, in Boston, 157,870; in Massachusetts, 1,103,429. Percentages in the State, 33.1. Ratio of increase in the State in the preceding ten years, 6.9.

Native whites, of foreign or mixed parentage, in Boston, 257,104; in Massachusetts, 1,170,447. Percentage in the State, 35.2. Ratio of increase in ten years, 34.8.

Foreign born whites, in Boston, 240,722; in Massachusetts, 1,051,050. Percentage in the State, 31.6. Ratio of increase in ten years, 25.1.

Thus the native whites of foreign or mixed parentage considerably outnumber those of native parentage, and are increasing five times as fast; and the foreign born very nearly—by this time, probably, fully—equal the native stock, and are increasing more than three and a half times as fast. With the native stock forming less than one-third of the population, Dr. Allen's prophecy that it would become numerically overshadowed seems to be abundantly fulfilled.

The same conditions, practically, prevail throughout all New England, so far as the ratios of increase are concerned,

with the exception of Vermont, where the contrast between native and foreign growth is much less marked than elsewhere. In the first ten years of this century, the years for which we have already cited the Massachusetts figures, New Hampshire was by far the worst of all. There was in that State an actual decrease of 5.1 per cent. in the white population of native parentage, to an increase in the foreign of 28.5. Maine was next, with a native increase of 0.4 per cent. and a foreign of 27.1. In Vermont the native increase was only 1.8, but the foreign also was only 3.2. In Connecticut the native was 6.1 and the foreign was 32.7; and in Rhode Island the native was 10.2 and the foreign was 38.7. In the whole of New England the native increase was only 4.1 per cent. while the foreign was 30.

Now the consideration of widest importance is this, that it will not do to look upon these conditions and tendencies as confined to New England and the rest of this nation as exempt and permanently immune against them. In the Middle Atlantic States the same rule prevails, in a lesser degree; the native increase having been only 14.3 while the foreign increase was 27 per cent. Elsewhere, it is true, the native increase was still larger than the foreign, but by a steadily diminishing margin, but in the entire country the tendency is steadily toward smaller families. In fact, the average size of families in the United States as a whole is now actually smaller than in Boston and Massachusetts. In the United States the numbers of children in families, at decennial periods, averaged as follows: 1850, 5.6; 1860, 5.3; 1870, 5.1; 1880, 5.0; 1890, 4.9; 1900, 4.7; 1910, 4.5. These figures include both foreign and native elements, and it is doubtless for that reason that the numbers in Boston and Massachusetts, with their numerous immigrant families, are a trifle larger than in the whole nation, as follows: Boston, 1890, 5.0; 1900, 4.8; 1910, 4.8. Massachusetts: 1890, 4.7; 1900, 4.6; 1910, 4.6.

We must accept Dr. Allen's prophecy of fifty years ago, then, as substantially fulfilled for Boston, Massachusetts, and New England, and as in course of fulfilment for other States, while in one respect, that of the decline of fecundity and consequently of the birth rate, it is being fulfilled for the whole nation. We shall not forever be in a position to criticise France for her stationary population, or other European countries for their declining birth rates, but shall be com-

pelled to confess that we are undergoing the same processes, and that in some of the most essential respects self-vaunting Americans are after all "as common mortals."

For the birth rate is indisputably declining in almost every country in the world. That is to say, the fecundity of the human race is diminishing. That it will reach the vanishing point and the race thus become extinct is not, as we have said, supposable. In that nation in which of all the decrease has been by far the most marked there has been no such catastrophe. The birth rate has fallen to what appears to be an irreducible minimum, where it is just above the death rate, and there it remains fixed. The population remains about constant in numbers. But of physical or intellectual decay there is no symptom. Indeed that nation is at this very moment giving such a demonstration of unconquerable and even crescent vitality as the world has never seen before.

It does not seem fantastic, nor even extravagant, then, to contemplate the possibility of the whole world's approximating in this respect the condition of France. Whether that would be a disaster or a benefit would remain to be seen; with a tremendous responsibility for the answer resting upon practical sociologists and administrators. We do not need to recall Matthew Arnold's discourse upon "Numbers" to realize that quality is at least as essential as mere quantity, and it may be that some occult law of nature prescribes that the highest destiny of the race is to be worked out with a comparatively limited population, rather than with one teeming and overcrowding the earth.

A PASSIONATE PATRIOT

When, some thirty years ago, Matthew Arnold returned to England at the close of his last visit to this country and was asked in ordinary course whom he had found here worth an Oxford man's while, he replied unhesitatingly, "Wayne MacVeagh is the most interesting American." He was, too; though how Matthew Arnold made the discovery or how his precise mind was able to withstand the shock passes far the limits of one's comprehension.

It was not so long ago. Mr. Cleveland must have been President; yes, he was; and Mr. Bayard was Secretary of State, Mr. Whitney of the Navy, Mr. Endicott of War, Mr.

Manning of the Treasury, Mr. Vilas—but enough; lest we take care, we shall be suggesting comparisons calling for a ferruling. What we had in mind was that Mr. MacVeagh, although ripe in knowledge, in experience and in honors, was then only about fifty-two years old and by no means at the zenith of his powers. Precisely when, in point of fact, if to his dying day, he did pass that unhappy meridian, nobody living can tell. Fluctuations of mood so constant as to be almost regular signified nothing—merely whiling themselves away like affrighted puffs of smoke before the tempestuous gales of an unquenchable spirit. So it was to the very end.

Henry Watterson probably has known personally a larger number of Presidents than anybody else, chiefly because he began to make acquaintances while serving as a page in the House of Representatives and was present when John Quincy Adams dropped dead upon the floor; but Mr. MacVeagh was not far behind. One time, during the McKinley Administration, he took the young wife of a new Western Senator in to dinner at the White House and enjoyed himself hugely as "Mr. McKay" while the latest enthusiastic discoverer of Washington descanted upon its glories. It was the lady's first attendance at a State function. Had he ever dined in the White House before? Yes; oh, yes! But when? Ah, that would be telling; alas, it was so long ago. Nevertheless, he would answer the lady's question if she in turn would reply to one from him. She would. Very well, then. He had first dined in the White House when Franklin Pierce was President. Now frankly and honestly did the lady know that Franklin Pierce once was President? The puzzled lady hesitated but was not lost. Indeed, she was game. No, frankly and honestly, she did not know that Franklin Pierce had been President and, defiantly after a pause, what was more she did not believe he ever was.

Such, however, was in fact the case and from that beginning, as the guest of Mr. Pierce, when he was twenty-two or twenty-three, this most interesting American sat at table more frequently than any other citizen with Buchanan, Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison, McKinley, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft—with every President in sixty years except, of course, Mr. Wilson and possibly, though we are not positive, Andrew Johnson. Indeed, he served nearly all of these magistrates in some official capacity. He was a Captain in the Army under Lincoln,

Minister to Turkey under Grant, Chairman of the Louisiana Commission under Hayes, Attorney-General under Garfield and under Arthur, Ambassador to Italy under Cleveland, and Chief Counsel of the United States at the Hague under Mr. Roosevelt. It was as a trusted personal adviser, however, that he rendered the most valuable service to each.

The most ardent of Union men, Mr. MacVeagh was a sincere friend of the South and did more probably than any other one person to break up carpet-bag government, thus fetching upon himself the objurgations of Benjamin F. Butler who taunted the "reformer" with having married the brilliant daughter of the mighty but unregenerate Simon Cameron. The response was eminently characteristic. Mr. MacVeagh lamented this symptom of failing powers as likely to "go far to destroy that reputation for effective scurrility" which Butler had "so sedulously fostered for years." His chief purpose in continuing the controversy was, he explained to Butler, "to exhibit you as a warning to younger men, by showing them that, in spite of great ability and energy, you had become the leper of our politics, by reason of the general conviction that you habitually disregard the eighth and ninth commandments." And he added that he should not take the trouble to notice any more of Butler's attacks, "for those who know me will not believe anything you say against me, and those who know you of course will not believe anything you say against anybody."

We surmise that, whether at his best then or not, Mr. MacVeagh "got more fun" out of life during the second Roosevelt Administration than at any other time. The zest and vigor of the President in his dealings with "the interests" represented by the strong men in Congress was as exhilarating to his eager spirit on the one hand as the peculiar charm of the First Lady of the Land was captivating to his critical appreciation of social aptitude. One Winter in particular was made notable by a series of luncheon parties, which, as occasions for sprightly conversation, have hardly been excelled. Invariably the day was Saturday, when the work of the week had ended, and the party—well, the party was not always the same, but usually Secretary Root was there and Secretary Taft and Speaker Cannon and Senator Proctor (the drollest and driest of all) and Mr. Francis Sargeant and occasionally Senators Aldrich and Beveridge, Mr. Watterson, Major Hemphill or others who happened to be in

town and *always* Mark Twain and Mr. MacVeagh. The unvarying question, so Mr. Root was accustomed to remark, was, which will get started first today—Clemens or MacVeagh? And so, indeed, it was. Either was good for a monologue of two hours at least and neither would brook an instant's interruption even if anybody had been disposed, as nobody ever was, to check the flow of humor from the one or of wit from the other. As a preliminary of the encounter, it became a habit of the two to meet "at 1719" (Massachusetts Avenue) in the morning "to limber up," when to each other they were "Uncle Wayne" and "Uncle Mark" and spoke freely their opinions of the human race in general and of constituted authorities, political, literary and religious, in particular. And these talks, too, were far from spiritless.

But the truth is that, to put forth the full issue of their inspiration, both Mr. Clemens and Mr. MacVeagh required an audience—not merely a certain number of listeners but a congeries of minds upon a plane with their own, such as have been indicated. We have never known two men further removed from Charles Lamb in "loving a fool." And that is rather surprising, too, especially of a master of irony like Mr. MacVeagh if not of a humorist like Mark Twain. Even Matthew Arnold himself loved a fool "in a mortar," where he could pestle him to death. But not so with these, to whom time was precious and patience little known.

"I tell you, sir" (this would be in the morning) "that man is a fool." "No," would be the drawling response, "you are mistaken. Don't exaggerate. Be exact. He is a lunkhead." "Right, right; amendment accepted"—and so on to something else.

If one would have a true picture of Mr. MacVeagh, he has only to turn to any authoritative sketch of Voltaire. The two were alike as brothers, not only in thought and expression, but in every essential purpose of their beings. Both were perhaps most noticeably voices of protest, but back of every declaration of dissent, constantly stirring, agitating, inspiring, was revolt against any form of tyranny or autocracy, crystallized into two of the noblest individual fights for human freedom the world has ever known. The regal setting of his period gave more conspicuousness to the great François, but in persistent endeavor and tireless energy Mr. MacVeagh was quite his equal. From the time when he retired from active practice of the law hardly a day

passed on which he did not strike a blow somewhere, somehow, for personal liberty. It might be in the form of an anonymous communication to a newspaper, or of a signed article, or of a letter to a public official, or of bestirring, even belaboring, others into fresh activities, but whatever the means the sun seldom set upon nothing done to break injustice and to strike down unequal privileges.

If the old man Calas had lived in Chester, Pennsylvania, instead of in Toulouse, and had been executed for killing his son, we know very well what would have happened. Wayne MacVeagh would have done precisely what Voltaire did,—given of his time, his money, his skill and all of his powers of denunciation and savage wit till the wrong was righted and the memory exonerated.

We should, indeed, rather have expected him to address the judges of either Toulouse or Chester much as he did speak to the bench and bar upon his return from Italy to this effect, "When I look around me and see the many lawyers here who never can be judges and the many judges who never have been lawyers I realize that I am back again in Pennsylvania." But, of course, he could do and say things that from any other would have been unpardonable. Who else would have had the humorous audacity to pause in an argument before the Supreme Court and say calmly "May it please your Honors, I move that the court do now adjourn; I wish to take the four o'clock train for home"; gathering his papers simultaneously with the entering of the order, seemingly as a matter of course, by the Chief Justice?

Fascinatingly loquacious as he commonly was, Mr. Mac Veagh held certain subjects in reserve as sacred to himself. Never once did we hear him utter a word indicating his religious belief. It is a natural supposition, however, that he would have subscribed generally to the faith finally and masterfully declared by Voltaire, contrary to expectation and even somewhat to present-day understanding, in the existence of a God, a Father of all men. There was this odd difference: While both invariably spoke of the Christ with veneration and tenderness, Voltaire frequently used the name Jesus but Mr. MacVeagh (to the best of our knowledge) always referred with touching reverence to "the Saviour." But the main point of resemblance to our mind is this: If Benjamin Franklin had taken his grandson for

a blessing to Mr. MacVeagh a few weeks before he died at eighty-three as, in fact, he did take him to Voltaire a few weeks before he died at eighty-three, the words spoken to accompany the laying on of hands would have been the same—"God and Liberty!"

Just as surely as Voltaire, a full century before Henry James, Junior, appropriated the term, was the original Passionate Pilgrim, so Mr. MacVeagh was our Passionate Patriot. His was no ordinary love of native land; it was furious devotion, often stormy, not unfrequently in specific instances so excessive as to seem almost irrational. And in his later years, notably since the beginning of the mighty conflict between freedom and tyranny, the world became his country. Whether if pressed at the close he would have put France in the place of honor before America we cannot and would not know, but could there be a finer tribute than this from the last article that bore his name:

"And I must pause here to salute with reverence our Sister Republic of France. In all history I know nothing more sublime than the devotion to Liberty with which her sons have defended their country and the world against the overwhelming hosts of Attila and his Huns. 'Frightfulness' has not discouraged them; savagery, using poison as a new weapon in war, has not frightened them. They have stood in their splendid courage against all odds—God grant they may so stand to the end!—for they are fighting for our Republic as well as for their own."

The excerpt, perhaps we should remark, is from the extraordinary essay, "The Impassable Chasm," published in this REVIEW for July, 1915, beginning and ending with these simple words:

It is with the greatest reluctance that I find myself obliged, at my present age and with the health which naturally is its accompaniment, compelled by a sense of public duty, to take part once more in any controversy, and especially in one which has aroused so much bitterness of feeling and has led so many persons to transgress in my judgment the proper limits of loyal American citizenship. I had persuaded myself some time ago that I was released from offering further advice to others and justified in devoting the days remaining to me to securing, as far as possible, a conscience void of deliberate offense both to my fellow-men and to God for the change now so near me and which I await with cheerfulness and hope. When, however, I passed in review the innumerable kindnesses, so far be-

yond my deserts, which I had received during my long life from my fellow-citizens, I here felt constrained to make some further small return, however inadequate, by endeavoring to point out what seemed to me the plain line of duty of all living under the Stars and Stripes in the present appalling conditions which the Kaiser and the German rage for conquest have precipitated upon the world.

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No matter where a man is born or how he is reared, when he comes to manhood he instinctively prefers to be a *citizen* or a *subject*. Our fathers preferred, and we ourselves and our children all prefer, to be free citizens, but we do not for that reason deny to anybody else the privilege of preferring to be the obedient subject of a Kaiser and a Military Caste. We only ask them in all fairness to themselves and to us to make their choice,—to be loyal either to the fundamental principles of our Government or those of the government of the Kaiser, and to believe that they cannot be half loyal to the one and half loyal to the other. They must be wholly American, or wholly German, and if they really prefer the German system of government, they should return thither and enjoy it; but if they propose to continue to live here, then they must be loyal to the American system, and there is no possibility for them of mistaking what that system is. Thomas Jefferson declared it to the whole world when he said the just rights of all governments depend upon the consent of the governed, and Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg, in a few simple words, stamped it forever upon the history of mankind, in his immortal aspiration that government of the people, by the people and for the people should never perish from the earth. Whoever accepts without reservation those two principles of government is a loyal American. Whoever pretends to accept them and is at heart disloyal to them is unworthy of American citizenship and ought to be deprived of it, for it is an impassable chasm which those honestly on one side can never pass over to the other.

I can only repeat that it is with the greatest regret I have felt impelled to utter these words; but from the beginning of my long life until its close I have been treated with so much undeserved kindness by my countrymen of all races that I could no longer feel happy not to make this friendly appeal to those of German birth or descent who seem to me to have wandered from the true standards of American citizenship and clouded their conception of it with at least a quasi-allegiance to a military monarchy. And it will add to the peace of the closing days of a long and happy life to know that this last duty as God has given me to see it has been discharged, however imperfectly, and that I close what I felt obliged to say without a trace of ill-feeling towards a single one of my fellow-men—but with the conviction of all my life unimpaired that " government by the people " is the best form of government yet vouchsafed to the children of men.

Mr. MacVeagh designed these to be his last words to his fellow countrymen, and such technically they were, although subsequently—in June, 1916—he indited under the pseudonym "Historicus" a heartrending lament upon the anniversary of the sinking of the *Lusitania*.

The assassin Guiteau declared bitterly that the veins of Wayne MacVeagh held only ice water, and we have no doubt that the assassin Guiteau had most excellent reason for thinking so, since none could be more ruthless or more relentless than he in pursuit and punishment of criminals. It must, moreover, be confessed that, as so often happens, the satirist would occasionally pass the limit of reasonableness and the hater of injustice would be himself unjust. Indeed, one first beholding Mr. MacVeagh in the glory of intellectual conflict could not easily have been prepared for the revelation at close range of a nature so true, so considerate, so affectionate and so full of fun. But if any but a great heart could have produced his anonymous "Appeal to Millionaires" and his bold demand upon his friend President Taft to "Consider the Poor," then there can be no logical relationship between source and issue. A sturdy, fighting soul, yes; but withal the most compassionate of men. He had beautiful hands.

Mr. MacVeagh was more than a frequent contributor to this REVIEW; he became a sentient, vital part of it,—as its guide, impetuous; as its philosopher, inimitable; as its friend, invaluable. Well might Matthew Arnold, had he been speaking for us, have said of his most interesting American what he did say of another:

> Who prop, thou ask'st, in these bad days, my mind?—
> He much, the old man, who, clearest-souled of men,
> Saw the Wide Prospect, and the Asian Fen.
> . . . Be his
> My special thanks, whose even-balanced soul,
> From first youth tested up to extreme old age,
> Business could not make dull, nor passion wild;
> Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole.

THE EVOLUTION OF COMMERCIAL BLOCKADE

BY EDWARD STANLEY ROSCOE

SINCE the commencement of the Great War much loose discussion of the so-called "rights" of neutrals and of belligerents has taken place, and statements have been made in speeches and diplomatic documents which will scarcely bear an historical test. The fact is that without some knowledge of the early history of these subjects it is impossible to form a just and unbiased opinion. Within a comparatively small space it is useless to attempt to consider more than one of these questions from this point of view, and commercial blockade is that which seems of the greatest immediate importance.

Commercial blockades—blockades the sole object of which is to prevent entry into or egress from the territory of a belligerent of goods other than contraband from or to a neutral port, or from a port of his own in another portion of his dominions—are operations of war which have come into effective existence in comparatively modern times, for it is a necessary postulate to the creation of such blockades that ships should be large enough to remain at sea for some length of time and that there should be constant international commerce with a particular port. In a medieval age, therefore, blockades could not be part of maritime warfare, since vessels of war large enough to form an efficient blockading force were not built, and the amount of international commerce was not great. There was yet another reason why blockade was not required: contraband articles had from an early time been liable to seizure. For example, in 1293 ships of Germany and Frisia in some North Eastern ports of England were ordered to be arrested because they were understood to have on board horses, boards, armor and

other necessaries which were being carried to Flanders "in aid of our enemies."[1] Medieval belligerents were satisfied if military stores were stopped from entering hostile territory, such action sufficiently covered the necessities of the age, and so commercial blockade scarcely existed, because it was not required. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the form which the interruption largely took was the seizure of valuable enemy merchant ships sailing under convoy.

In primitive times such blockades as took place were naval operations in conjunction with operations on land with the object of reducing a town; that is to say, they were sieges in which ships played a part, the object of which was to oblige a particular place to surrender. In later times some of the most memorable blockades were also of a purely military character, such as the blockade of Lisbon, or rather of the Tagus, in 1650, by Blake with a view to the interception of Prince Rupert's fleet. Another and better known instance is the famous blockade of Brest in 1802 and the following years by Collingwood, who was endeavoring to attack and defeat the French fleet under Ganteaume.

For a long period of time the idea of a siege was the dominant one in the minds of belligerents in connection with blockades, even though there was no actual siege existing or in contemplation. It is apparent, for example, in a decree of the States General of Holland in 1630, by which it was declared that neutral vessels coming from enemy ports in Flanders, or which are so near to them that it is indisputable that they desire to enter, shall be confiscated. But there follows the timorous sentence, obviously with an eye to neutral interests, "because their High Mightinesses hold these ports under blockade by their ships of war at a great cost to the State in order to prevent commerce with the enemy and because these places are *reputed to be besieged.*" On the other hand the desirability of interrupting neutral commerce to or from a belligerent port or ports was present to the minds of belligerents from an early time, though such action was probably intended primarily to justify the capture of contraband rather than to prevent harmless merchandise from entering an enemy port. In the Proclamation of the States General of Holland of July 27, 1584, for instance, there is a prohibition against the transport by any person to the towns, ports and places of the Low Countries

[1] *Law and Custom of the Sea.* Navy Records Society, Vol. 1, p. 21.

under enemy control of any provisions, munitions of war, or any other merchandise or goods of any kind or quality. Here articles which are clearly contraband are mingled with innocent merchandise. The idea of a purely commercial and well regulated blockade was therefore, as one might expect, undefined as regards action, but it became in time more fixed and clear, gradually evolved as something quite separate from a maritime siege and based on quite different grounds, and also distinguishable from the capture of contraband goods. We see its inception in the extracts from the Dutch decrees of 1584 and 1630 already quoted, but it is visible at an even earlier date. For instance, when Edward III, in 1346, declared that any vessel which attempted to enter a French port should be captured and burnt he announced a commercial blockade, an imperfect one no doubt from a modern point of view, but as stringent in fact as the times would allow. With a rather perverse ingenuity some writers on international law have sought to discover in this Order the origin of the so-called paper blockades. But this early proclamation, and those of a later but still early date, were no doubt intended to be followed by as much maritime action as was possible at the time, and were not meant as assertions of a right merely to capture here and there a ship which sought to trade with a particular enemy port as distinguished from a right to blockade closely an enemy port. It is important further to note that in all these early documents the simple and elementary right of a belligerent to prevent goods from entering enemy territory is regarded as clear, and at the root of this right lay the fundamental idea that the action was to influence the result of the war. In early times a crucial effect could not be produced. Indeed the circumstances in which a commercial blockade could at any time have extensive influence were necessarily few. In the seventeenth century, however, there is the outstanding example of the first Dutch war between Great Britain and the States General when the interruption of the Dutch commerce—though there was no regular blockade of the Dutch ports but only interception at sea of the Dutch vessels from overseas—vitally influenced the result of the war.

Among early declarations of blockade the Proclamation of the States General of the United Provinces of 1630 deserves special attention. The effect of it was a much larger exercise of belligerent force at sea than a mere blockade of a

single port or of a number of ports on an enemy coast line, since it clearly intended to notify a purely commercial blockade sustained by a force sufficient to make it effective. The importance today of these and other early acts of blockade lies in the fact that they exemplify the gradual emergence of commercial blockade, as separate and distinct action, from the military operation of siege blockades and of the capture of contraband. They exhibit a practice expanding with the increase of international commerce, and they show that once it is admitted that neutral commerce with a belligerent may be interfered with, there cannot be any limits placed to its extension, it can in fact only be regularized.

By the beginning of the eighteenth century several circumstances had begun to make commercial blockades of greater importance. There were regular commissioned ships of war which were capable of remaining at sea for a long time and so could keep guard over a port for a considerable period both in bad weather and calm, though even in the Seven Years War (1702-1713) "fleets like armies went into Winter quarters" (Mahan). Writers on international law had become more numerous and had for some time been engaged on the rather unprofitable task of seeking to find principles on which this maritime action could be regarded as being based, and neutrals, since commerce was increasing, were endeavoring by any means to render this now well recognized operation of war as little injurious as possible to their interests. One result of these academic discussions was to give greater prominence to the idea, based on medieval experience, that blockade was a maritime siege, a quite erroneous view, as has been closely shown, for example, by Professor Oppenheim—"Blockade," he writes, "must not be confounded with siege, although it may take place concurrently with siege. Whereas siege aims at the capture of the besieged place, blockade endeavors merely to intercept all intercourse, especially commercial intercourse, by sea between the coast and the world at large."[1] Strategic blockades of ports in which hostile fleets were lying were also in the minds of some writers on this subject, from whose views it followed that a blockade was not legal unless it was effective, for, as a town is not in a state of siege unless all

[1]Oppenheim—*International Law*, 11, 451.

access to and from it is cut off, and it is useless to try to keep a fleet interned without adequate forces, so a blockade, it was argued, could not be regarded as a legal blockade unless in like manner communication by sea was completely interrupted. This idea applied in practice was favorable to and was seized on by neutrals, for it tended to limit blockades, and it also had a look of equity, since to capture and condemn one ship for breach of blockade if another was able to enter without let or hindrance seemed unjust. On the other hand belligerents were not altogether averse to the idea. That a blockade should be effective expressed a truism—for a blockade which is ineffective is worthless. It may cause the capture of a neutral ship from time to time, but unless a blockade be effective, its object is not attained, for it cannot influence the issue of a war. Yet because blockade—even if ineffective—causes loss and irritation to neutrals it was natural that they should desire to have the principle of effectiveness admitted by belligerents as a definite rule of international practice. It thus formed one of the four points to be obtained, which was the object of the Northern Powers who united in the Armed Neutrality of 1780 and 1800. The principle, if one may so term it, was never, however, really contested by the British Government. In the debate in the House of Commons on February 2nd, 1801, neither the Government nor the Opposition, neither Mr. Pitt nor Mr. Grey, as he then was, did more than casually notice the point, after which they passed on to the main subjects of contention—the seizure of enemy goods in neutral ships, and the visit and search of neutral ships under convoy.

The climax of these various disputes and treaties in regard to blockade was Article IV of the Declaration of Paris, by which it was laid down that a blockade in order to be valid must be effective, and, as far as Great Britain was concerned, a series of regularizing legal decisions dating from the time of Lord Stowell to the end of the Crimean War. As influencing operations of war the above declaration was of small value, for, as already stated, an ineffective blockade is useless as a military operation; and the rule did little more than give opportunities for the release of neutral ships on the ground that a blockade was not effective.

The true basis and justification for the maritime operation of blockade is not that it is action similar to a siege by sea of a single port with a view of compelling it to capitulate,

or a means by which a hostile fleet is confined in a particular harbor, but the larger ground that it is a definite hostile action which conduces to ultimate victory. This ground was, as already stated, at the bottom of all interruption of commercial intercourse, and, so long ago as 1689, it was stated in a treaty between Great Britain and the States General of Holland in their hostilities against France, which pointedly justified this maritime action because it was undertaken in order to injure the common enemy and to obtain an honorable peace:

> Seeing that it is important to the King of England and the States General to injure the common enemy as much as possible in order to obtain a just and honourable peace and conditions which will re-establish the repose and tranquillity of Christendom, and that for this object it is necessary to employ all their powers and particularly that all commerce and traffic with the subjects of the most Christian King should be effectively broken off and prevented so that the said King and his subjects should not have materials for carrying on a war which by its length may cause great loss of Christian blood.

—then follow the clauses of the treaty. That these declared something beyond the blockade of a series of ports is not material in relation to the reasons on which the proposed action was based.

The stoppage of neutral commerce by a belligerent is a high exercise of belligerent power, an immense advance on primitive acts of maritime warfare—the seizure or destruction of vessels which are the property of a belligerent, or of the seizure of contraband, even if it is the property of a neutral, and it is not at all surprising therefore that jurists and diplomats should have been much concerned with the regulation of blockades and have sought to make this operation, one in any case oppressive to neutrals, as little burdensome as might be consistent with its effective exercise. The main point, however, to grasp is that acquiescence by neutrals in the principle of blockade at all is an admission that a belligerent has a right to prevent the entrance, from any quarter, of any goods to enemy territory. The perception of this ground is vital because once it is admitted that the object of a blockade is to interfere with the entry of commerce into a hostile and belligerent territory it follows that, however inconvenient it may be to neutrals, a belligerent is entitled to take whatever measures he may think fit with a

view to this end, so long as they are within the limits recognized as dictated by accepted ideas of humanity. For a port in belligerent territory is only the door which admits to the whole area of hostile territory or it may be to a portion of it. The blockade of such a port was, from an historical point of view, a considerable increase in the exercise of belligerent operations and a considerable diminution of neutral trade. No operation could better exemplify the fact that so far from increased civilization and increased national intercourse diminishing the inconveniences of maritime warfare to neutrals, it has positively increased them. Nor could any action by a belligerent be a better proof of the supremacy of belligerent necessity over neutral convenience. It is equally clear also that under different conditions and under changes of time the principle could not be limited by so-called rules inapplicable to new conditions; every modern rule—it should be noted—has acted as a modification of the general principles in favor of neutrals.

In the eighteenth century the prevention of direct access to a port in the territory of an enemy was in practice the utmost exercise of hostile maritime action in the nature of a blockade which a belligerent desired, and jurists, whether judges or writers, were naturally satisfied to discuss and elucidate the law of blockade on this basis. The principle that a belligerent may interfere with neutral access to a hostile port being admitted, it was desirable that there should be certain restrictions and rules, the whole object of which was to diminish the inconvenience which the operation lays on neutrals, while safeguarding the power of the belligerent. If and when, however, commercial international intercourse became of such a character that the mere stoppage of access to a port in enemy territory was not a sufficient exercise of belligerent power in regard to commercial intercourse with a hostile nation, clearly the application of the principle would necessarily be extended, but again under restrictions and rules by which neutrals should be protected as far as possible from inevitable inconvenience.

The Crimean War raised no vital questions in regard to blockade, nor did the Russo-Japanese War. Only in the American Civil War were there some indications of an extension of the application of the basic principles of blockades, in other words of continued evolution. The American cases are somewhat troublesome because contraband and non-con-

traband cargoes were found on the vessels seized, and contraband is subject to seizure though it is not going to a beleaguered port. The main point, however, placed beyond all doubt, was that a cargo sent to a neutral port which was subsequently and actually intended for an enemy port was subject to condemnation. This was established both in regard to contraband and blockade: the ultimate destination being the test of the right of the belligerent to interrupt the transit of the goods of a neutral. Never before had this point, one obviously based on sound sense and on the object of a blockade and of the seizure of contraband goods, been thus clearly decided. The principle was nominally based on some decisions of Lord Stowell in reference to the Colonial trade in the eighteenth century, but there was sound reason to support it. On the other hand when it was attempted to apply the same principle to an ulterior destination with part of the transit overland, the courage of the American Judges failed them and they decided that such transit could not cause an interference with the goods. They rested their decision not on principle but on cases decided by Lord Stowell, in one of which (the "Jonge Pieter"), at any rate, the statement that goods going to a blockaded port by land from a neutral port were not subject to confiscation was not required for the decision, which turned upon whether the goods were the property of British or American owners. The fact is that Lord Stowell never seriously considered the question at all, a circumstance which need cause no surprise in view of the state of international commerce when he was Judge of the British Prize Court; and, as has already been pointed out, the Bench of the American Supreme Court was content to rest its decision on judgments which possessed less than the usual authority of Lord Stowell's decisions, and which were delivered when commercial intercourse was in a very different state to that of the present time. In ordinary municipal law in progressive nations there is a gradual evolution, in prize law changes are spasmodic and may be even violent, because warfare is an exceptional phase of international existence occurring at long intervals. Enormous commercial changes have taken place in the world since the Napoleonic wars came to an end in 1815, but international usage in regard to blockade in the interval between 1815 and 1914 had been comparatively stationary.

It was, therefore, not in the least surprising that in the

Great War new conditions having arisen which were wholly unforeseen by past generations, it should be extraordinarily difficult to apply the principle of blockade under present circumstances, and that the permanent conflict between neutrals and belligerents should once more have become acute. But if the basis of blockade as stated in the treaty of 1689 is the true basis, it cannot be doubted that the Allies were justified, to use the words of the Treaty of 1689, "in employing all their powers that all commerce and traffic" with Germany "should be effectively broken off and prevented."

But just as it was natural that neutrals should again try to limit the action of belligerents, so it was equally natural that belligerents should also endeavor to make new applications of old principles as palatable as possible to neutrals. Probably it was thought that if a blockade was not distinctly announced, and if the proposed action was primarily based on the illegal practices of the German Government, the action of the Allies would be less distasteful to neutrals. In substance, however, the British Order in Council of March 11th, 1915, is a declaration of a blockade of Germany, and from the day of its issue its real character became more and more clear. Yet the preamble states that the action to be taken under the Order is a form of retaliation:

> Whereas, the German Government has issued certain Orders, which, in violation of the usages of war, purport to declare the waters surrounding the United Kingdom a military area, in which all British and allied merchant vessels will be destroyed irrespective of the safety of the lives of passengers and crew, and in which neutral shipping will be exposed to similar danger in view of the uncertainties of naval warfare; and whereas in a memorandum accompanying the said Orders neutrals are warned against en trusting crews, passengers, or goods to British or allied ships; and, whereas, such attempts on the part of the enemy give to His Majesty an unquestionable right of retaliation. . . .

Then follow two sentences which are of historical importance:

> And whereas, His Majesty has therefore decided to adopt further measures in order to prevent commodities of any kind from reaching or leaving Germany, though such measures will be enforced without risk to neutral ships or to neutral or non-combatant life, and in strict observance of the dictates of humanity.

In these words we find an interesting similarity to those which were used in the Treaty of 1689. The operative articles which follow the preamble are a distinct notification of the blockade of Germany.

For historical purposes, however, whatever phrases are used in an Order or have been employed by statesmen, one must look at the consequences of a treaty or Order; and reading the operative articles of the Order of March 11th, 1915, and also taking note of the maritime action which has followed, we find that the result of the British Order in question and the similar French Order was an effective blockade of Germany by the interruption of commercial access to it through neutral territory. This has been called a spasmodic and violent change—but it was so for the reasons above stated, though we have also noted that the beginning of it was apparent in the American Civil War, and that it is only the last phase in a process of evolution. For if it be allowable to prevent neutral goods, not contraband in character, from entering hostile territory through a blockaded port in a neutral ship, it must be equally allowable to prevent similar goods on a similar ship going to a neutral port from entering a belligerent country if they are destined for it. But until it was made definitely clear that goods shipped to a neutral port, if their ultimate destination was to a belligerent port, could be rightly seized, a necessary step in the train of events was wanting. If that was admitted, to endeavor to limit the right of seizure only to cases of sea transit was obviously to prevent an inevitable evolution by an archaic application. The transit through the neutral country is only one link in the chain of connection between shipment and ultimate destination. "Successive voyages," said Chief Justice Chase, "connected by a common plan and a common object, form a plural unit." This sentence appears accurately to cover, for example, the transit of goods from New York to an inland German town via Rotterdam. If then it be once admitted that one belligerent is entitled to prevent the admission of neutral goods to the territory of the other belligerent, which is certainly an inconvenience and often a cause of pecuniary loss to neutrals, the only question which can properly arise in regard to the stoppage of the transit of the goods through neutral territory is: How can it be carried out with the least inconvenience to commercial neutrals and to the people of the neutral State over which the transit

is interfered with? For is it likely that a belligerent nation will be satisfied to forego an ancient right simply because it has to be exercised, if at all, in a new manner?

This question brings us logically to a consideration of the British methods of applying the blockade modified in the Order in Council of March 11, 1915. At the outset one notes the varying and immense difficulties of the task of applying a plain principle in a new and delicate international situation, and the equally great difficulty of legal proof of a violation of this blockade. But these phases are outside the scope and object of this discussion, which has endeavored to trace briefly and without technicality the historical evolution of the usage of commercial blockade and to show how the latest phase has been reached. Whether the place of entry be an enemy port or neutral territory, raises only questions of convenience and inconvenience to the neutral merchant or shipowner and the neutral country, and it does not introduce a new principle, since international usage has long sanctioned the prevention of the entry of goods, whether contraband or non-contraband, to hostile territory.

Edward Stanley Roscoe.

OUR DEFECTIVE MILITARY SYSTEM

BY MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM HARDING CARTER, RETIRED

THIS nation may not be justly charged with parsimony in its provisions for the existing military establishment and for the pensions and claims of past wars, but we have never evolved any system capable of quick expansion to meet the first emergencies of a great war. The appropriations for the current year, ending June 30, 1917, make those of twenty-five years ago seem like kindergarten work, but we had not then spread our wings as a so-called world Power. A recent report of the Secretary of War shows that there have been appropriated for the period July 1, 1916 to June 30, 1917:

Support of the army, including pay of Reserve Corps and National Guard	$232,586,080.10
Military Academy	1,225,043.57
Militia	200,000.00
National Guard	30,685,450.00
Civilian military training	2,330,000.00
Fortifications	26,947,550.00
Arsenals	5,214,395.00
Military posts and miscellaneous	3,727,859.99
Total military establishment	$302,916,378.66
Civil establishment	
The War Department, including salaries, contingent expenses, national cemeteries, homes for disabled volunteers, etc., exclusive of river and harbor works	9,689,561.61
Grand Total	$312,605,940.27

If we are to have a military force sufficient for war purposes, organized and administered on correct principles and subject only to Federal authority, it will be necessary to repeal much of existing legislation and to reform in the most radical manner our centralized system of army administration. The

regular army is incapable of being expanded into a great war army. As now organized it is useful to meet the demands of small expeditions and to maintain correct models for the organization and training of citizen armies. Such armies as those now engaged in the struggle in Europe can only be created and maintained under a system of compulsory military service. This involves universal training in peace of such character and dimensions as will make available, instantly, the entire manhood of the nation of military age for service in the ranks, the munition factories, the ship yards, the transportation lines and agriculture, scientifically directed by government agencies. The complications involved in the training required to meet these war obligations have not been seriously considered by many of those who are urging action on the primary question of universal military training.

In some States there is a wide dispersal of population and a minimum of concentration in municipalities. Selecting examples at random, Rhode Island has 464,713 of its population in municipalities and 77,897 outside of municipalities, while Vermont has only 61,544 in municipalities and 294,412 outside of municipalities. Arkansas has 119,362 in municipalities and 1,455,087 outside of municipalities. Texas has 684,684 in municipalities and 3,211,858 outside of municipalities.

It should be obvious that so large a territory as the United States, with a comparatively sparse population, requires different treatment from that which prevails in European countries of great and uniform density of population. Economy demands that whatever system of military training may be established shall be made available without unnecessary cost for transportation to and from home of those summoned annually for instruction. The more sparsely settled the district the less can the able bodied men be spared and the greater the difficulties of assembling them.

There is a very serious side to universal military training when applied in the Southern States. Our Anglo-Saxon civilization is too precious an inheritance to be jeopardized by hastily considered schemes for producing a nation in arms. The critical nature of the situation is disclosed by the relative proportions of whites and negroes. The census estimate for 1916 shows the white population of Alabama to be 1,371,973 and the colored 960,635. Louisiana has a white

population of 1,074,038 and colored 755,092. Mississippi has a white population of 877,215 and colored 1,074,459. South Carolina has a white population of 755,456 and colored 870,019. Florida has a white population of 535,612 and colored 357,881. Georgia has a white population of 1,589,295 and colored 1,266,770.

Whether compulsory military training in peace and service in war shall be established by State laws or by acts of Congress, the serious questions arising from such conditions should be faced and settled frankly. The problems of fifty years ago, arising from haste, radicalism and the political animosities engendered by the serious issues of that period, were thrust upon the Southern people at a time when they were about to begin rebuilding of States from the ashes of defeat. The negroes, just emerging from slavery and wholly unqualified to exercise authority and administer affairs of state, were rapidly mortgaging the future of former great commowealths. Something had to be done for the sake of future generations of descendants of those English, Scotch, Irish, French and German immigrants who had been the pioneers of the South. To prevent their being submerged politically and ruined financially it was necessary for the white population to band together and act without the pale of the law. Then followed a course of State legislation, which, right or wrong, has saved the Southern commonwealths during half a century from the ignorance and lack of political morality of recently liberated slaves.

Legislation for compulsory military training in peace and service in war, without special treatment of the festering sore in the South, will produce inevitable race conflict. It may be accepted as certain that universal training of the overwhelming masses of negroes in some Southern districts will set in motion the very natural and justifiable thought, that, if the negro is to be called upon to fight for the country —his country—along with millions whose ancestors arrived in America two hundred and more years after the forebears of the present generation of negroes, he is entitled to a voice in the affairs of the nation. In the final analysis the question of war or peace is determined under the Constitution by Congress, elected by the people, and, if deprived of suffrage, the negro may be called upon to fight the battles of the dominant race without the privilege of expressing his view of the righteousness of the conflict. The North is in honor

bound to accept its share of responsibility in the safe and sane adjustment of all questions arising under such conditions.

The most serious questions now before the American public involve the plans for national defense. The so-called National Defense Act approved June 3, 1916, establishes the regular army and the National Guard as the force to meet the requirements of peace and the first emergencies of war. The vital question first to be determined is how much of an army we should have to meet the sudden contingencies of any probable war, and whether the Regular Army and National Guard, as now established, are able to meet the requirements of a first line.

The National Defense Act is a compromise measure throughout. The manner of its preparation is not creditable to our usual business sense. The enactment of the recent legislation was preceded by a series of hearings by the military committees of the Senate and House of Representatives, during which the widest latitude prevailed. Congress had previously created a General Staff for the express purpose of studying the military policies of the nation and formulating plans to meet them. It soon became evident that the National Guard, as represented by its committee in Washington, had no intention of presenting its needs through the Secretary of War, but relied upon its political influence to secure the legislation drawn up by themselves.

The War Department was created solely to look after the national defense, and it is desirable that all legislation concerning the maintenance of armies, to come under control of that department, should meet with the approval of the Secretary of War acting for the President in so far as relates to practicability of execution. The committee representing the National Guard Association in Washington signified their lack of confidence in the War Department and secured the insertion in the bill before Congress of provisions to install National Guard officers in the War Department, and in the General Staff with a view of operating in reality as a co-ordinate military branch and not as a harmonious and subordinate element of the common defense. Fortunately for the nation, and for the patriotic and unselfish element which comprises the rank and file of the National Guard, the unwise provisions were eliminated in the conference between the Senate and House committees.

As finally approved the National Defense Act established the regular army, for the first time in its history, upon a basis of organization adapted to war and makes it a model for the greater volunteer armies upon which we have always relied in war. Hereafter the Regular Army will comprise the coast artillery corps, to man the harbor defenses, including those of Hawaii, the Philippines, Panama and other outlying possessions, and a mobile force of seven infantry and two cavalry divisions. Under existing plans three infantry divisions will constitute the mobile garrisons of the Philippines, Hawaii and Panama, leaving four infantry divisions and two cavalry divisions for service within the continental limits of the United States. All these organizations will have a peace strength of about two-thirds war strength.

As the increase authorized for the Regular Army is to be made in five annual increments, under the provisions of the National Defense Act, the total authorized peace strength will not obtain until 1920. When the reorganization is complete the Regular Army, at peace strength, will comprise 11,327 officers and 208,388 men, including 45,177 non-combatant troops. When raised to war strength there will be 11,942 officers and 287,846 men. Deducting the overseas garrisons this will provide, after 1920, a peace strength within the United States proper, of less than 100,000 fighting men. After the beginning of hostilities the possibility of increasing overseas garrisons to war strength will depend entirely upon the ability of our navy to hold command of the sea. For this reason the overseas garrisons should be maintained always at war strength.

The National Defense Act has several items of entirely new legislation, undertaken with a view of providing for the shortage of officers which always becomes marked as soon as the army takes the field. The Officers' Reserve Corps is intended to provide during peace a reserve of officers available for service in the line and staff of the Regular Army in time of war. To accomplish this the President is authorized to establish and maintain in civil educational institutions Reserve Officers' Training Corps to consist of senior and junior divisions. The senior divisions are to be organized at universities and colleges which require four years of collegiate study for a degree, and in military schools specially designated by the Secretary of War. Junior divisions may be organized at all other public or private educa-

tional institutions. The courses of theoretical and practical military training for the Reserve Officers' Training Corps are to be prescribed by the President. Graduates of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps may be appointed in the Officers' Reserve Corps upon satisfactorily completing the training prescribed. Many colleges and some universities have taken up the scheme and are patriotically endeavoring to make it a success, but the absence from the list of Yale, Harvard and other great institutions of learning which furnished so many valuable officers during the Civil War is marked and most regrettable. The failure of the great universities to take up the work is not to be accepted as showing lack of interest or of patriotism, but must be credited to reluctance to change the collegiate courses which have marked the the broad educational highway of those institutions. Any system of procuring officers which fails to enlist the active co-operation of such institutions cannot be accepted as satisfactory and final.

The grafting upon our military system of the Citizens' Training Camps is excusable only as a means of arousing public opinion as to our shortcomings. They are of great value to those who participate in them, but without some form of permanent military organization, or enlistment, they constitute no available military asset and will die a natural death as soon as the enthusiasm incident to the present world war conditions wears away. In urging an appropriation of several million dollars for the current year, the Citizens' Training Camps Association felt justified in assuring the Congress that 30,000 men would attend during 1916 and be prepared to sign any enlistment required to assure of their availability for future service. The results fell far short of promises and when any proper military policy which provides real military assets is adopted the training camps will, and should be abandoned so far as voluntary services are concerned.

The recent mobilization of the National Guard along the Mexican border has attracted attention to the National Defense Act throughout the country, and been the basis of unfair criticism, much of it improperly based on the technical reports of army inspectors. From the first joint camp of Regulars and National Guard in 1902, the improvement and progress of the National Guard has been marked. Failure, except of a few city regiments, to reach an effective strength

has been the main drawback to National Guard efficiency. The organizations are better equipped and trained than ever before, but in recognition of past failures to secure proper strength, the National Defense Act provides compulsory military service for the State forces, in connection with the National Guard reserve and reserve battalions for recruit training. The provision states that: "If for any reason there shall not be enough voluntary enlistments to keep the reserve battalions at the prescribed strength, a sufficient number of the unorganized militia shall be drafted into the service of the United States to maintain each of such battalions at the proper strength. As vacancies occur from death or other causes in any organization in the service of the United States and composed of men taken from the National Guard, men shall be transferred from the reserve battalions to the organizations in the field so that such organizations may be maintained at war strength."

A great many societies have been organized with a view to inaugurating compulsory training, while here we already have the plain statute providing for compulsory military service in war in the National Guard. What then may be inquired is the trouble with the National Guard as a part of the first line?

The National Defense Act requires that in order to participate in the appropriations for its support, organizations of the National Guard shall have an initial strength of two hundred men to each senator and representative in Congress, and be increased fifty per centum each year until a total of not less than eight hundred men to each Senator and Representative has been reached. Under this plan the National Guard should comprise, at the end of five years, 17,000 officers and 440,000 men with the colors, enlisted for six years, three of which are to be spent in the reserve. If all survived there would be eventually 440,000 in reserve making 880,000 active and in reserve. It requires an optimist of supreme type to believe that the National Guard can ever develop, through voluntary enlistment, the strength required. It should be remembered that compulsory service in the National Guard applies only in time of war. Based on past experience it may be definitely asserted that not one-half of the total strength proposed for the National Guard will ever be reached by voluntary enlistments.

The American General Staff has recorded its opinion that

troops should not be considered fit for war service with less than twelve months' intensive training. Other nations generally require two or three years' training with the colors before passing to the reserve. The period of training prescribed for the National Guard comprises fifteen days' field service, including target practice, and forty-eight armory drills of not less than one and one-half hours, which, if fully complied with, would result in seventy-five days of training during the three years' service with the colors. Enlistments are individual, and not by groups as under a policy of conscription. It will be seen, therefore, that National Guard organizations will never have in active service during peace a reasonable proportion of trained men ready for a call.

An analysis of the recent mobilization shows that of those borne on the rolls at the time of the call, 47,657 were lost through various causes during the period of transition into the Federal service. Many of the organizations that reached the border were comprised mainly of men recently joined. Of those borne on the rolls at the time of the call 7,258 failed to respond and 23,721 were rejected for physical disability. Of those who reported or volunteered after the call, 63 per cent or 81,263 men had had less than three months' military training of any kind and of these more than 60,000 had no training at all and 56,813 men had never fired a rifle. These facts are not to be wondered at. The amazing thing has been that in face of local indifference and often ridicule and animosity, so many thousands of young men should take upon their shoulders the military duty of the whole community and devote their time and means to qualifying to render the State some service at the risk of health, business opportunity and of life itself. Just criticism lies not upon the organizations and men in the National Guard but rather on those citizens who have never fired a rifle nor offered their services. These are not the issues that determine military policy but are sidelights which may serve to guide us aright.

If our object is to create a modern military establishment then we should begin all over again. The whole scheme of attempting to create a proper military force by transposing the National Guard back and forth from State to national service, and the reverse, is wrong in principle and defective in practice.

In the employment of the National Guard, as a part

of the first line with the Regular Army, there has arisen a condition which should receive immediate attention whether or not the whole system is revised. In the present mobilization National Guard organizations were permitted in many instances to select officers of the regular army for appointment by Governors of States, to high offices in those organizations. Rank in the National Guard carries the right to command all officers of lower grade when regulars, marines and National Guard serve together. In this way regular officers were jumped over other officers in service with them along the border, without any consideration as to relative efficiency. In no known instance did the National Guard consider the efficiency records at the War Department, but elected officers, generally, who had performed inspection or other duty with their organizations in a satisfactory manner. Such a system is repugnant to any military code. It may be further remarked that the National Defense Act confirms the generals of the National Guard, appointed by Governors of States, often for political reasons, in their seniority over all the tried and experienced colonels of the regular service when operating together. If this is a satisfactory way to obtain generals to command our joint forces of regulars and National Guard in our wars then the Military Academy at West Point, the Post Graduate Service Schools for officers and the Army War College, all maintained at great expense, may as well be abolished.

Criticism, unless constructive, merely serves to confuse. What then are the means of remedying defects in our military system? We have become accustomed to military blunders and have usually contented ourselves with investigating commissions whose reports are seldom read. When the emergency has passed we lapse into a state of indifference, hoping that the same things will not occur again.

For more than a hundred years the Act of 1792 authorized compulsory military service in the militia. The Congress has recently provided it to maintain National Guard organizations at war strength. Nothing short of compulsory service will meet the needs of any great war.

The most practicable method of procedure under our system of government is not through a council of national defense, but by a joint committee of the Senate and House of Representatives. This committee would have no need for the tedious and unprofitable hearings of those who advo-

cate and those who oppose appropriations for military purposes. The majority of the committee would be ordinarily of the same party as the President, and Secretary of War who acts in military matters for him. The Secretary of War has the General Staff and bureau chiefs to study all questions in detail and frame policies. The Administration and the Joint Committee having agreed upon the military policy to be recommended to Congress, it should be left to the General Staff, to work out all details and the results should come to the committee as approved projects. No individual staff or line officer should be heard by the committee as to their branches. All such hearings should be by the Secretary of War who should finally determine debatable questions within the service and harmonize conflicting views not infrequently based on pride in one's bureau or arm of service or desire for power.

The recorded experience of the army recruiting service leaves no room for dreams concerning the average number of recruits obtainable under our voluntary system. If it continues impracticable to maintain existing organizations at the legal strength we do not have to wait for the test to be applied to a much greater number of organizations. Experienced army men have been slowly but surely reaching the conclusion that our overseas garrisons should be maintained under the existing system of volunteer enlistments and that the organizations within the United States may well be divided into two classes, the one with organizations on a basis of readiness for immediate call, and the other to comprise skeleton organizations for use as schools of instruction under a system of universal training of young men for prescribed periods, during their minority, to remain available for active service in war, during a prescribed number of years.

The term "National Guard" should be abolished and that force should revert to the status of State militia, with the distinct understanding that married men could remain in such organizations, which would be used to preserve order, and suppress insurrection during peace, or while the National or Federal army proceeds with its business of making war. The officers and men of the Federal force would be entirely under control of the President. The militia or Home Guards would be reduced in numbers and remain solely under the authority of the Governors of States, except for the

temporary and infrequent employment in the Federal service, contemplated under the provisions of the Constitution.

When the nation is ready to embark upon these new but not wholly untried waters, we should hark back to some of the wise provisions of the old Militia Law of 1792, and create military districts, wherein shall be recorded the names of all young men due for military training or who have completed it and have been passed into the reserve. This suggests a decentralization of the War Department system, and the placing of more authority in the hands of territorial commanders. This is the only reasonable way to create a body of trained citizens immediately available for the defense of their liberties, without the burden of large standing armies. Under our present system the nation is not getting fair value for its enormous expenditures. The total force of Regulars and National Guard provided for will not be sufficient for the first line and nothing short of compulsory service will serve the purpose. Under a system involving compulsory service there would be no class of ex-volunteers, and willingness to vote for pensions would no longer be the key to the suffrages of survivors of our wars.

Whether or not the existing crisis shall involve the nation in the horrors of war, the lesson of our unpreparedness has at last been driven home. We owe it to our intelligence and abiding common sense to take up the matter of the common defense now, and solve it once for all for the nation's sake, without that tender solicitude for special interests so often observed in past legislation. Americans should all stand together now for a National army and cease to give thought to the separate interests involved in a conglomerate army of regulars, National Guard and volunteers.

WILLIAM HARDING CARTER.

OUR NAVAL PROBLEM

BY LIEUTENANT COMMANDER LYMAN A. COTTEN, U. S. N.

THERE is probably no considerable faction among the various elements that go to make up the American public that does not now actively or passively favor an adequate navy for our Government. However, as to what constitutes an "adequate" navy there is the greatest divergence of opinion. The peace-at-any-price faction considers a few antiquated gun boats an "adequate" navy, since they can protect our citizens in revolution-ridden ports, or take them away to places of safety. At the other extreme, our militaristic faction can see adequacy for us only in a navy more powerful than the navy of any other nation or even any possible combination of nations. Between these two extremes, may be found what constitutes in reality a navy adequate to the needs of the United States, i. e., a navy capable of properly performing such duties as may logically fall to the lot of the navy of a rich, careless and ill-prepared country.

As to what constitutes an adequate navy in the above premise even expert opinions differ, and non-expert opinions run through the entire gamut from reason and moderation to impracticability and freakishness. One self-appointed authority demands a thousand submarines, and nothing else, to satisfy his idea of adequacy; another a fleet of battle cruisers, or a myriad air craft.

That our navy is our first line of defense has been long recognized. Let us see then what we have to expect of our navy; how important to the country is the duty that may fall to its lot, and what would be the probable result of a failure on the part of the navy to measure up to expectations. In general terms, "What is our naval problem?" We are not so much concerned now with the functions of navies in general, but we are very vitally interested in the

practical question as to the function of our own navy, and, so far as can be deduced from this, its necessary size and its desirable composition.

It is frequently stated, as a broad proposition, that in case of war, our navy must keep our enemy from landing on our shores, at least until we have had time to organize and train an adequate army to meet him when he does land. This statement is frequently followed by another citing the miles of coastline of our country, and comparing it with the coast-lines of other countries. This is all very interesting, perhaps, but unfortunately the difficulties of defense can not be measured in miles of coast-line, nor does the necessary size or composition of a nation's fleet vary with any known property of its coast-line. It *is* the task of our navy to keep our shores free of invaders, and more than that, for we can hardly abandon to our enemies, from the beginning of the war, our outlying dependencies—Porto Rico, the Philippines and the Hawaiian Islands, not to mention the Panama Canal. The problem that will tax the energies of our navy in war is to keep our normal naval frontier inviolate, at least in its vital parts.

The naval frontier of a nation may be defined as the geographical sea limit of its military power. It *includes*, but is not necessarily conterminous with, the coast-line of all territory facing the sea that is under the political control of a nation; it matters not whether this territory is contiguous or remote; and it incloses such parts of the sea as are occupied or controlled by its naval forces or are necessary to the military security of its territory.

Under this definition our naval frontier on the Atlantic, beginning near the easternmost point of Maine, sweeps down outside our eastern coast to the Straits of Florida, juts out to the eastward around Porto Rico, then back by Jamaica and south to the Panama Canal. Continuing on the Pacific, it stretches out, southward and westward, to the Samoan Islands, on around the Philippines by way of Guam, back to the Midway Islands, up around the Aleutian Islands and north to Behring Strait. Of course, this frontier includes certain territory not under the political control of the United States, but its relations to the United States are such as to place it, navally, in a special category. Without in any way anticipating or desiring political control of any territory between the Rio Grande and the Panama

Canal, all of this territory falls within our naval frontier for defensive purposes and as herein defined. In other words, it is as vital in a naval sense to keep an enemy out of Mexico as out of Texas.

It may interest those fond of comparing miles of coast-line, and other purely physical properties, to point out that our naval frontier extends from longitude 65 degrees west to 120 degrees east, approximately half way around the world, and in latitude it extends from 18 degrees south to 70 degrees north. The length of this naval frontier of ours is approximately 21,000 miles, a distance that makes our extensive coast-line seem scarcely more than a Sabbath day's journey.

A nation's naval frontier is exposed to the military force of all other nations touching the sea, for only the high seas intervene and these are free to all those that can maintain their rights thereto. At one time distance was reckoned on as a considerable factor in defense, but today the sea is a convenience rather than a barrier, *unless the way be barred by naval power*. Extreme distance, it is true, introduces difficulties, but so long as these may be overcome it is extremely unwise to count upon mere distance from possible enemies as an element of actual strength. When the difficulties of distance *have been overcome*, force is applied as though these difficulties had never existed.

We see that for an enemy to reach us he must penetrate our naval frontier (the danger to our two land frontiers may for the moment be disregarded), and so long as we can keep it intact we not only prevent invasion of our home shores but also keep our possessions from falling into the hands of an enemy. Thus the maximum that we can demand of our navy, whatever its size or composition, is the preservation of our naval frontier inviolate. Let us see how much of a problem this involves, and from this deduce the size and composition of the navy needed to handle adequately this problem.

Before considering our naval frontier, as it is today, let us for a moment look at it as it was in 1898, before the "hand of destiny," imperialism, or common sense, as you choose, stepped in and stretched it to the east around Porto Rico, to the west around the Philippines and other Pacific islands, and to the south around Panama: Then it merely skirted our coast-line in a modest and unassuming manner, and only struck into remote waters as it rounded Alaska. This may

be termed our coast-line naval frontier, and its problems were simple compared with the problems of our present far-flung naval frontier, joining the new West with the old East, the tropics with the frigid zone. This may be termed our naval frontier of destiny, or simply our naval frontier, for this is the one with which we are now concerned, the one the defense of which constitutes our problem.

It will be apparent to the most untrained military eye that our present naval frontier is far more difficult to defend than our former one. Destiny does not confer unmixed blessings, and one cannot enjoy increased authority and opportunity without shouldering additional responsibility.

Other things being equal, an exposed or projecting portion of a military area is the more vulnerable part, and the same is true in naval warfare. This is because such a part is less easily supported or succored by other parts, is more detached physically, is more accessible to an enemy, and is farthest removed from the main sources of friendly supply, both of men and material. If the vulnerable part be also an area desired by an enemy, by virtue of location, trade possibilities or strategic reasons, the danger of its vulnerability being tested is, of course, vastly increased. Also if through such an area another and more important one may be reached more easily, the first becomes increasingly desirable for an enemy; the question of its defense involves both areas equally and the vulnerable one cannot be abandoned without involving the other.

With these few elementary principles, and without attempting to investigate extensively the offensive and defensive characteristics or the complications of naval strategy, let us look at our naval frontier. We find an exposed area in the Atlantic, another in the Pacific, and a third where the Atlantic and Pacific are joined by the Panama Canal. These three areas, Porto Rico, Panama, and the Philippines, are thrust forward, as it were, and are remote, as compared with adjacent areas, from the strengthening bases of our mainland; they are all most valuable commercially, as well as strategically, and they are in many ways most enticing to an enemy. Alaska is also exposed geographically, but climate and physical characteristics are a bulwark of defense, and this area is not in the same category as the other three we have mentioned.

In the Atlantic, the Porto Rico region and the adjoining

Panama region together form the Caribbean area, that frequent scene of maritime warfare and fruitful field for easy spoils since the days of Drake and Raleigh. This is an area of great interest to many nations, and one in which a number of European nations have territory. It may be noted how our naval frontier skirts the shores of Jamaica, so aptly termed by Admiral Mahan "The Key of the Caribbean," and how other European-owned islands extend to the southward and eastward from the very shores of Porto Rico. All of this tends to complicate matters from our point of view, and, together with our avowed purpose of maintaining the countries bordering on the Caribbean free from the political control of European nations, makes of the Caribbean an area of paramount importance to us from every point of view. The fate of the Monroe Doctrine and the control of the Panama Canal may be said to center in our ability to maintain inviolate our naval frontier in the Caribbean area. Incidentally it may be pointed out that the fate of the Monroe Doctrine will be determined by the nation that controls the Panama Canal, to stand if that nation so desires, to fall if it so wills. This and other more generally recognized functions makes of the Panama Canal itself a prize of the first magnitude, that would give the highest strategic value to the surrounding area.

The exposed area in the Pacific, the Philippine-Guam area, has not for us perhaps the vital interest that the Caribbean has, but it is not devoid of value for us and appeals with particular force to some other Powers. It occupies an important, if not a commanding, position in the Orient and its influence cannot safely be ignored by us. Still it is a long way from our home shores, and our Far Eastern interest is, after all, very largely one of sympathy. We speak of our trade with the Orient, but it is so small a fraction of our whole trade that its loss would scarcely be missed, and we do nothing year after year to increase it. These few passing thoughts are prompted by the inevitable query as to whether our interests really justify us in attempting to maintain our naval frontier almost to the shores of China. However, this is a question for the people of our democracy to settle.

We see from our cursory glance at our naval frontier that we have three areas of natural vulnerability, one in the east, one in the west and one in the south. In reality there are

but two separate areas, since the Panama Canal and the Porto Rico region merge into one, as they stand or fall together. These areas, for the reasons briefly stated above, may be considered as naturally the weakest part in our naval frontier. This *natural* weakness, of course, may be counteracted by artificial aids to defense; and these are what we are now seeking in general terms.

Do our people wish to abandon either or both of the naturally vulnerable areas in our naval frontier in case of war? If so, we need not take into consideration the defense of these areas in attempting to determine what constitutes an adequate navy for our country. The Caribbean area is so intimately connected with our country, is so close to our shores and is so rich in possibilities that it seems hardly necessary to consider the voluntary abandoning of it. It may be mentioned that this area in the possession of some other Power would constitute a menace to our actual coast-line that could be met only by greater defensive measures than are now needed to safeguard the area in question. From what we have said of naval frontiers it should be apparent to anyone that with our naval frontier contracted to our frontier of 1898, and the Caribbean in the control of possible enemies, Florida at once becomes our exposed area, with possible threatening positions in close proximity thereto. Also with our abandonment of the Caribbean area would go the loss of the Canal, unless we had power enough subsequently to retake a large portion. It is safe to say that our people wish the Caribbean area defended to the last resource.

As to the Philippine area, the wishes of our people are not so easily deduced from reason. Of that portion of our people that is not absolutely indifferent, it is probable that the majority would see us abandon the area in question with absolute equanimity. Certainly we have known now for seventeen years that this region would be a source of weakness to us in war, and it is no violation of confidence to say that we have done but little to correct that condition. To save a possibly long and profitless inquiry that at the end would probably lead to nothing definite, let us assume that we are willing to fall back in the Pacific to the Aleutian Island-Hawaii-Panama line. This shortens up our naval frontier immensely and brings it in nearer to our coast-line, yet does not omit anything of vital importance to our country.

What constitutes a navy "adequate" for the defense of the retracted frontier that we have here sketched? This, in a democracy, each man may decide for himself and may back his decision with all the force that is his, but it would seem the part of wisdom for each citizen to demand that the trained experts of the Government work out the details of such a decision for him and that the proper branch of the Government be forced by popular will to see these details authorized and executed.

The following may be taken as the outline of an adequate navy, based upon the defensive demands of our naval frontier. It makes no claims to being authoritative, and reasons can necessarily be given but briefly. At any rate it is founded upon certain military principles that are thought to be correct, and it does not claim to be the only possible answer that will meet the conditions of adequacy.

First we will have to indicate what we conceive to be the constituent parts of a navy, since these are not generally recognized in our country. In America, prospective naval effectiveness is measured in dreadnaughts, or great guns, or total tonnage, but all of these are utterly false standards of measurement. War efficiency is primarily a question of men, not of material. What men are to business and success ashore, so are the officers and men of the navy to the business of the navy, which ultimately means victory. In discussions of our navy in print, on the platform and in Congress itself the question of personnel is rarely mentioned, and personnel is always the last element provided in "increase of the navy." Yet since man first went to sea in rough "dug-outs," sea-battles have been decided by personnel and not by material.

Besides personnel, a navy consists of many classes of ships, with their various weapons, and of bases from which they can operate and to which they can return for repairs and replenishment. Each class of ship has its own function to perform in the complicated business of war on the sea, and in many cases the function of one is as different from that of the other as are the functions of the five human senses. As a dumb man may converse on his fingers, so in some cases may one class of ships take the place of another, but a make-shift is never so effective as the real thing. The advocates of submarines only, or air craft alone, must realize that they are viewing but one pattern in the rug

of naval warfare, and the whole is made up of many complicated patterns.

The most pressing need of our navy is increased personnel, both commissioned and enlisted, and this is regardless of whether there is any further increase of ships. The ratio of personnel to ship displacement is dangerously small even now, and it is more important to keep this ratio sufficient than it is to add new guns or new submarines. With the personnel-displacement ratio too small, the work of preparation for war piles up ahead, instead of being completed in the present, until those responsible (every person in the navy in his own sphere) are borne down physically and in spirit.

Let us see what our navy needs particularly to protect its Atlantic naval frontier. If we wish to hold our position in the Porto Rico-Panama region we need, and need badly, a first-class naval base in that area. We have an excellent location for such a base at Guantanamo and have had it since 1898, but the naval base is not there. Nature has done its part, but the size and location of appropriations would seem to be determined by other than strategic reasons. We knowingly accept a big handicap in the defense of this region so long as we have there no first-class naval base.

In the Pacific we will consider as abandoned from the outbreak of war all regions between our present naval frontier and the Aleutian-Hawaiian-Panama line. It is better to be prepared to do this than to attempt to hold the more extended line with insufficient power. On our modified frontier, we have been more provident than in the West Indies, for here we have the beginnings of a first-class base.

Now to defend our frontier we need three fleets: an Atlantic fleet, a Caribbean fleet, and a Pacific fleet, and the three should be approximately of the same composition. In case of war in the Atlantic, the Atlantic and Caribbean fleets would work together and the Pacific fleet would be drawn upon and handled as the Pacific problem permitted. In case of war in the Pacific, the Caribbean fleet would pass through the Canal to the Pacific, and the Atlantic fleet would be drawn upon and handled as the Atlantic problem permitted.

The composition of each of these three fleets should be such that by a junction of two of them we could hope to meet, with fair prospect of victory, any force that could, in reason, be brought to bear against our naval frontier. This condition would seem to be met by a main fighting strength, for

each fleet, of two squadrons of dreadnaughts and one of battle-cruisers, each squadron composed of nine ships; one fast scout for each dreadnaught, to locate the enemy and work with destroyers, and two destroyers for each capital ship. When this ideal is attained (if ever) we could bring to bear in either ocean a minimum effective fleet of 36 dreadnaughts, 18 cruiser-battleships, 36 scouts and 108 destroyers. Of course, in addition to these there should be a more or less extensive fleet of auxiliaries, fuel ships, ammunition ships, food ships, repair ships, hospital ships, mine layers, transports, tugs and tenders.

There remains to be determined the number of submarines and air craft needed to complete our defense. The scope of activity of *naval* air craft is still largely problematical, but we are safe in assuming that we need at least two effective machines for each scout and that probably three machines are necessary to insure that one may always be effective. This would give us in all a very modest air fleet of 324 machines, or an effective fleet at all times of 108 machines.

When we come to discuss submarines we take up a vast subject. Much that has to do with submarines is confidential, much is guesswork and much is faith. Yet no one denies that they are a powerful and increasingly influential weapon of warfare, but chiefly in defense. Submarines should not be required or expected to work continuously, and probably one day in three on duty is sufficiently taxing.

If one will glance at our naval frontier he will see behind it at various places points of manifest strategic value, as New York Harbor, Delaware Bay, etc. Each of these points should at *all* times be covered by not less than three submarines, which will make nine, based on each of these strategic points, that could come out when summoned to actual attack. Of these strategic points that really go to make up our naval frontier (leaving out Guam and the Philippines) there are twenty, which gives us for our required number of submarines, 180.

The outline here given of what constitutes for us an adequate navy may seem to many Americans extreme, but there is only one standard of comparison for navies, and that is other navies.

LYMAN A. COTTEN.

HOW TO RAISE ARMIES

A Lesson for America from British Experience

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

The imminent possibility of a war with Germany imposes upon the United States the necessity of testing very thoroughly her military organization and of assimilating and applying the lessons of the European struggle. In this article I propose to show, by particular reference to Great Britain, the scope and character of just one of those lessons—the lesson of how to raise, and incidentally also of how not to raise, the largest armies that a commercial and non-military nation can produce.

The United States has much to learn from all the belligerents, but most of all from Great Britain; and if and when Americans are forced, as we in England were forced in 1914, to fight a sudden and supreme fight for national existence, to gather up all their resources of men and material, transform them to military uses, and hurl them in a single thunderbolt against a long-prepared enemy, it is to British experience in the present war that they will turn both for the guidance and for the warnings to be extracted from it. That is not because Great Britain has managed her part in the war with a faultless and mechanical perfection. Her people have, indeed, accomplished marvels. In less than two and a half years they have built up a military organization which in efficiency and equipment equals, if it does not surpass, the machine that it took the Germans forty years of unswerving effort to construct. But though the achievements that stand to the credit of the British side of the account are prodigious and indisputable, they might have been attained more expeditiously and with a much smaller expenditure of money and energy. Great Britain has had to grope her way, painfully, with many stumblings

and strayings, to that summit of power which is now securely in her possession. But therein, precisely, lies the value of her record to Americans. You can learn from her successes; you can learn almost as much from her mistakes. If I were an American—and the past twenty years have made me very largely one in sympathy and sentiment—I should be inclined to urge, as the first step towards national preparedness, a thorough study of British problems and performances since August, 1914. For in the fundamental conditions that determine a country's attitude towards war and its capacity to wage it, Great Britain and the United States are so similar as to be virtually one and the same land. Neither nation is organized for war, as Prussia for instance has been organized for the past hundred and fifty years. Neither nation regards war as the chief end of its existence. Neither in normal times and as a regular item in its policy enjoys universal military service. Both are busy, commercial democracies, armed for defense but meditating no aggression upon any other Power, with a strong bias of individualism in their composition, much more concerned with the factory than with the camp, firm in their attachment to representative and responsible government, suspicious of all State control and particularly suspicious of anything that tends to exalt the military over the civil power. Both have been accustomed to rely for their protection upon a small efficient professional army with larger but much less highly trained reserves of militia in the background. We in Great Britain found in 1914 when the storm broke upon us how utterly inadequate was such provision to the demands of modern war and that nothing less than the arraying of the entire nation in arms would meet the needs of the crisis. Were a similar crisis to confront Americans they too would make the same discovery. They too would have to face on the spur of the moment the vast and varied problems of enrolling and training the whole manhood of the country. In that event I hope they would duplicate our triumphs while avoiding our blunders. I hope they would profit by our experience instead of by their own errors. Indeed I cherish a greater hope than that. There is no reason why Americans should not apply the lessons taught them by Great Britain in such a way that even the gravest emergency will find them ready to cope with it, fortified with ample knowledge of how to set about the business,

provided beforehand with a plan of action and the necessary machinery for its execution. We were caught two and a half years ago largely, grievously, unprepared. An Englishman can have no dearer wish than that Americans should never find themselves in any such predicament. They need not unless they wish to. With a little forethought, a little application, a little energy, a little common-sense, they can succeed, not only where we succeeded but also where we failed.

In this article I propose to bring out, if I can, some of the lessons to be learned from the tale of British recruiting. When the war broke out the utmost we could put into the field was 550,000 men. The regular army with its reserves accounted for 300,000 and the Territorial Force, corresponding to the American National Guard, only partially trained and not liable, except as volunteers, for foreign service, contributed a further 250,000. But of these 550,000 men over 100,000 were serving in India or other foreign stations. For the defense of the United Kingdom, consequently, and for the dispatch of an expeditionary force, only about 400,000 men were available, more than half of whom were not fully trained. And not only was our army a small one but it had no arrangements for expansion. Its recruiting machinery and personnel barely sufficed to collect the customary annual quota of 30,000 recruits. Indeed only a month before the outbreak of the war the military authorities were solemnly debating how best to improve the methods of obtaining these 30,000 a year. The recruiting offices were as a rule hidden away in poky back streets, with one medical officer in attendance; and an elaborate series of questions had to be administered, and a prodigious number of forms filled up, and each new recruit was compelled to have a bath before the King's shilling was handed to him and he became a duly enrolled member of His Majesty's forces. In those leisurely days some 500 persons comprised the total recruiting staff of the country. Today there are all but 7,000 engaged on nothing else. Great Britain declared war on Tuesday, August 4. On the previous Saturday the officer in charge of Great Scotland Yard, the principal recruiting office in London, attested only eight men. On Sunday and on Monday the office was closed. On Tuesday he found a seething mass of men outside the doors and it took nearly half an hour and twenty policemen to force

a path to his desk. For the whole of that day and for many days to come he was attesting men as hard as he could. So it was all over Great Britain. Men waited in thousands under a broiling sun the whole day long for their turn to come and were then, as often as not, told to come again next day. In the country districts they walked twenty miles and more to the nearest recruiting station and after enlisting would quietly lie down in a ditch for the night. Lord Kitchener on August 8 called for 100,000 volunteers. He got them in a fortnight. Instead of 30,000 recruits in a year more than that rolled in in a single day. In the fifth week of the war 175,000 enlisted for the Regular Army alone; many more joined the Territorials; and the full total of those who offered themselves in that one week can hardly have been less than 250,000.

Naturally the old machinery for recruiting broke down. But civilian volunteers quickly rushed to the rescue. Members of Parliament, armed with a scrap of Lord Kitchener's handwriting, spread over the country, assuming unheard-of responsibilities, turning the city halls into recruiting offices, engaging the necessary doctors out of hand, abolishing one by one the old formalities of enrollment, and improvising accommodation and a commissariat for the attested recruits, and explaining the cause for which Great Britain was fighting to huge and excited audiences. Getting the men, it was soon seen, was easy enough. Indeed it was fatally easy. The preparations that had been made and the reserves of material that had been accumulated on the basis of the pre-war establishment proved utterly inadequate to feed, house, clothe, equip, arm and drill these scores and hundreds of thousands of new recruits. The food was to be had, indeed, but there was no machinery for its proper distribution; there were no barracks, no huts, no tents to deal with so huge a host; the most essential items in their equipment would have required under normal conditions years to produce and even under the highest pressure could not be turned out at anything like the rate at which the men were coming forward; and as nearly all the officers and N.C.O's of the Regular Army had left for the Front there was next to nobody available for the drilling and training of the New Army. Very much the same situation arose in the American Civil War. Flooded with far more men than he could handle Stanton at the end of the first year of the

war stopped recruiting and dispersed his staff. It was a suicidal policy but we came near to repeating it in England two years ago. The War Office did not actually put up the shutters of the recruiting offices but on September 11, being at its wits' end how to deal with the 500,000 men who had then joined up, it raised the standard for recruits. The device was but too successful. In the first week of its adoption the number of recruits for the Regular Army fell to less than a third of the figures for the previous week. A little later they were less than a ninth. But the falling off of recruits was only part of the evil. The nation got it into its head that enough had been done, that the War Office was satisfied and that no more men were needed. The splendid enthusiasm of the opening days and weeks of the war was severely checked and its subsequent restoration required a titanic effort.

The second phase of recruiting in Great Britain is really the history of this effort. When the primal instinctive rush to the colors had been deliberately dammed by the War Office the people rather tended to infer that in this as in previous wars Great Britain's main functions would be not to supply fighting men but to keep the seas and furnish the Allies with the sinews of war. The country, it must be remembered, had never known conscription; it was not invaded; there was little to bring the war visibly home to it; and the sluggish, unrealizing cast of the national temperament made it difficult for the mind to grasp what the eyes did not see. On the morrow of some German atrocity, like the bombardment of undefended ports, there was always a big flow of men into the recruiting offices; but though the standard of height and chest measurement and physical fitness was lowered in October and the age-limit extended, and no further step was taken to limit the number of volunteers, it was clear that a special campaign would be needed if the nation was to put forth its full strength. This campaign was undertaken by the united organizations of all the political parties. They deluged the country with speakers, they covered the walls with posters, they filled the newspapers with advertisements, they sent out something like 8,000,000 letters of appeal, they utilized the services of wounded men home from the front, they turned the cinematograph into a most effective agency, they organized recruiting bands and parades, they conducted, in short, a campaign that was

more like an American Presidential election than anything that had ever been seen in Britain. Over 54,000,000 posters and leaflets were issued, over 12,000 meetings held, over 20,000 speeches delivered. Meanwhile cities and counties and private individuals began raising local battalions, making themselves responsible for the clothing, feeding, housing and initial training of the units, subject of course to future reimbursement by the War Office. These local battalions, each recruited from its own neighborhood, caught the popular imagination and evoked an immense amount of local patriotism. No less than 243 of them have been raised, including a whole Division of "Bantams" of men, that is, between 5 feet and 5 feet 3 inches in height who had hitherto been excluded from the army.

By these methods more than 2,000,000 men had been enlisted within a year from the beginning of the war. But they were wasteful methods. They were wasteful because they were indiscriminate. They made no distinction between the men who ought to be in the army and the men who would be more usefully employed in making munitions, on the railways, on the farms, or in industries that it was vital to maintain if the national wealth was to stand the strain of the war. It was to bring about a more judicious and a better organized system of recruiting as well as to tabulate all our remaining resources of man and woman-power that the National Registration Act was passed in July, 1915. Under its terms not only had the actual occupation of every male and female between the ages of 15 and 65 to be declared, but also their capacity for any other business which might be serviceable to the country. More than 150,000 volunteers, mostly women, quickly offered themselves for the work of collecting the cards and checking and collating the information contained in them; and in a very few weeks and without a single hitch or the creation of any new machinery, a complete survey had been made of the whole country and of every man and woman in it between 15 and 65. At the same time various committees were busily at work weighing the comparative needs of the army, munition works, and agriculture and other civil industries. Their recommendations, when placed side by side with the results of the Registration, made it possible to draw up lists of trades in the order of their national importance and to decide in the case of some of them that no workers, even though of military

age, should be drafted from them into the Army. These trades were known as "reserved occupations" and the registration cards of the men employed in them were "starred" as a precaution against their being taken away for other purposes.

Everything was now complete for a final effort of the voluntary system. Each recruiting office was supplied with the registration cards giving the names and addresses and occupations of all the men of military age in its district. There was a great outburst of posters and advertisements on the boardings; the party organizations redoubled their activities; recruiting marches composed of troops of all arms, headed by the regimental bands, paraded the country, one of them, and an extremely successful one, being no less than 8,000 strong; the Germans came opportunely to the assistance of the War Office by a series of Zeppelin raids; and Lord Derby was appointed Director-General of Recruiting. Lord Derby's outstanding innovation was the system of group-recruiting. Those who wanted to enlist at once were still allowed to do so. Those who preferred merely to attest their willingness to fight if called upon and in the meantime to remain undisturbed in their civil employments were immediately placed in the reserve under one of 46 groups according to their age and married or single state—the first 23 groups consisting of single men between the ages of 18 and 41, a group for each year, and the second 23 groups being similarly allocated to married men. By this arrangement the War Office could always reckon on being able to call up a given number of recruits just as and when it wanted them. Two stipulations were attached to Lord Derby's campaign. One was that if it failed after a two months' trial to produce enough men for the Army's needs, some form of compulsory service would be introduced. The other was that no married men were to be called up until the groups of single men had been exhausted and that if the single men were found not to have attested in satisfactory numbers compulsion would be applied to them before the married volunteers were summoned to the colors.

On December 11, 1915, after two months of incessant effort, the lists were formally closed. The campaign had proved a big success. It had brought 275,000 men directly into the army; it had induced 2,250,000 men to attest their readiness to join up when called upon. But it had also

shown that a considerable number of single men of military age had neither attested nor enlisted. A Bill was rapidly passed through Parliament in January of last year applying compulsion to these reluctant bachelors; but before it was put into operation the group-tests were reopened, a great rush of recruits followed, and comparatively few single men were left to be gathered in by compulsion. The principle of compulsion, however, having thus been established it was only a question of time before it was enforced universally. On May 25 all men between the ages of 18 and 41 in Great Britain became liable for military service. At the same time tribunals were set up in every recruiting area to pass upon individual cases, to decide, for instance, whether a given individual for business or family reasons was not entitled to temporary or permanent exemption, to examine, or rather to re-examine, the position of the men in the "reserved occupations," to hear the pleadings of the conscientious objectors who, however, in spite of the attention they have attracted, only number two per cent. of the total claimants for exemption, and to comb out all the employees, manual or clerical, in industry or the Government offices or anywhere else whose work could be done at a pinch by boys or women or men above military age. There are nearly 1,500 of these tribunals in Great Britain. They are all composed of busy men who receive no pay and precious few thanks for their unenviable but most necessary labors. On the whole they have deservedly earned the confidence of the country. Only about four per cent. of their decisions have been appealed against; and they are still at work putting the finishing touches to their task of distributing the burden of military service as widely and equitably as possible. But it is worth noting that before either they or the compulsory system came into existence over 5,000,000 men, or more than 11 per cent. of the total population of the British Isles, had voluntarily joined the Army—a record of patriotic eagerness and sacrifice unparalleled, I believe, in the history of any land. It seems probable that, with the additional numbers brought in by conscription, at least 6,500,000 men of the United Kingdom will have served with the colors before the war is over.

The lessons to be derived from such a record lie on its face. It was our great fault in Great Britain that we had never thought out the recruiting problem in advance and

that the war found us utterly ignorant of the number of eligible men that we might reasonably hope to enlist. That, I say, was a grave fault. But it will be nothing less than a crime if the United States duplicates our error. There is no clearer injunction laid upon Americans by British experience than this—that they should take stock of their man-power betimes; that they should know beforehand how many men at a time of crisis would be at their disposal. If I were an American I should certainly seek to lay the foundations of preparedness by urging upon both the State and the Federal Governments the necessity for a census of all the able-bodied men between 18 and 41, with a list of their occupations. In no other way, as we have found in Great Britain, can recruiting proceed on a scientific basis and a just proportion be observed between the claims of the Army and the claims of industry. To enlist everybody who offers himself and who is physically fit means in practice crippling trades that are vital to victory. I do not know exactly how many men we have had to discharge from the Army simply because, however excellent they were as soldiers, they were still more useful to the nation as foremen and skilled artisans; but they can hardly by now be less than 60,000. It was not until we got the National Registration Act, nearly a year after the commencement of the war, that the waste and misdirection of energy involved in training men to fight who had afterwards to be reinstated in their civilian occupations was obviated. Were each State in the American Union to pass a Registration Act of its own, to prepare, in other words, and to keep up to date, a muster-roll of its potential recruits, the main difficulty in the way of raising, if necessary, an American army of 10,000,000 men would be removed. You would know where you were; each State could tell almost at a glance which men could be spared for the army and which ought to be retained in the trades that support the main fabric of the nation's commerce or furnish the infinitely varied paraphernalia of modern war; you would obtain, in short, a bird's-eye view of the whole situation. That preliminary survey, if British experience goes for anything, is absolutely indispensable when there is any question of recruiting men on so large a scale as to affect the proper balance between military and industrial needs. Without it you lose time—and time is the most precious of military commodities; you squander

energy—and energy in a life and death struggle is precisely what you cannot afford to squander; you grope and fumble in the dark when the imperative necessities of the hour call for brisk and confident progress in the light; you take steps that have afterwards to be retraced, you do work merely to find yourself later on compelled to undo it, you bungle a business that with a little prevision you might have dispatched with a clear-cut swiftness and efficiency. I doubt whether there is today a single Englishman who would not assert that for a country like the United States the first and essential starting point in any programme of preparedness is the compilation of a roster that will show at once the numbers, addresses and occupation of all the men of military age in each State. The information thus collected would naturally and automatically find its way to the War Department, there to be studied and classified. And it would be no small gain if the Federal Government lent its assistance by adding military statistics to the other objects fulfilled by the decennial census returns. In Great Britain at any rate I shall hope to see the day when special cards to be filled up by all men of military age are sent to every household in the land whenever a national census is taken.

Another lesson that is very forcibly impressed by British experience is that recruiting is or should be a civilian business. That is to say the military should prescribe the general terms and conditions of enlistment, but the actual raising of the volunteer armies should be left in civilian hands. Americans in this respect have a very great advantage over the people of Great Britain in the fact that theirs is a Federal system of Government, that each State is a self-contained entity, and that the natural recruiting-sergeants of the country are the forty-six Governors of the States, who have at their instant command not only all the necessary local knowledge and experience but also the machinery of administration. Were I an American I should most strongly urge upon the Governor of my State the necessity of preparing a plan of recruiting without one day's delay. Such a plan would include, first, the selection of the most prominent buildings in the cities and villages as recruiting stations; secondly, the designation and enrollment of an adequate staff of doctors and clerks; thirdly, the choice—in consultation, of course, with the military authorities—of sites for camps and training grounds; fourthly, the regis-

tration of the local firms that could be depended upon to furnish huts, tents and food supplies; and fifthly, a survey of the private dwelling houses adjacent to each camp on which recruits could be immediately billeted. With the ground-plan thus completed, all the rest would follow in orderly sequence. If it were necessary, for instance, as we found it to be in Great Britain, to explain the issues to the people and to rouse their patriotic enthusiasm, an American Governor, using the unequalled organization of the political parties throughout his State and having within arm's reach the most expert writers of advertisements and designers of telling posters in the world, would quickly achieve results that would throw our British efforts into the shade. And just as the War Department would throw upon the Governors of the States the main responsibility for recruiting, so the Governors of the States, if they had profited by British example, would pass it on as much as possible to the Mayors of the various towns. A measured devolution is the essence of successful recruiting; and the most fruitful plan that can be adopted is that which enlists troops on a strictly territorial basis (so that men of the same neighborhood train and fight together), which elicits the greatest amount of local interest, and which encourages wealthy men to raise at their own initial expense special battalions in their own localities.

But all recruiting is conditioned by two factors. The first factor is the supply of officers. The second is the supply of armaments. It is of no use enlisting men by the hundreds of thousands unless there are officers to train them and rifles and other equipment ready for their use. If the civilian authorities hand over to the military authorities more men than the latter can possibly absorb and turn to account, the result is a breakdown. That, as I have described, was what happened to Great Britain. To get round it we adopted the disastrous expedient of checking enlistment by artificial expedients, with the consequence that an immense effort was subsequently necessary to start the flow of recruits again. There is a much better way. It is the way that we ultimately adopted ourselves, and that Americans, I think, would do well to copy. It consists in accepting every fit man who comes forward but in not calling him to the colors until he is wanted, until, that is, the military are ready to receive him. The moment he enlists

and the doctors have certified him as sound, he becomes a soldier and receives a soldier's pay. But instead of instantly entraining him for the nearest camp or depot, he is sent back to his civilian employment and told to remain in it until the military authorities need him. The system works very smoothly. It is decided, for instance, that the military organization in New York State is in a position to handle 100,000 recruits. When that total is reached men ought not to be, as they were in Great Britain, discouraged from enlisting. On the contrary the door should remain wide open and every inducement held out to enter it. But those who do so should be placed on the active reserve, sent home, urged to resume their normal life, and wait until a summons from the Commanding Officer tells them that they are wanted. In this way the disturbance to civil life and business is reduced to a minimum and the military authorities are enabled to cut their coat according to their cloth, to plan ahead, and to take stock from day to day of the resources at their disposal. In no other way, indeed, can recruiting in an unprepared nation that does not possess a system of universal service and that is called upon to develop its utmost fighting power on the spur of the moment—in no other way can it proceed without an infinity of waste, confusion, and needless dislocation. We have paid in Great Britain during the past two and a half years a heavy and bitter price to assimilate that simple fact.

With the well-nigh innumerable problems involved in producing munitions and material on the scale demanded by modern war—problems on which British experience throws a light of the highest power—I cannot deal in this article. But there is one factor intimately connected with recruiting on which a word or two should be said—I mean the supply of officers and their training. We were badly off in both respects in Great Britain when the war broke out. Outside the Regular Army, which of course was dispatched to the Front, and the Territorials, we had very few officers and such as we had, while keen and intelligent, knew next to nothing of what soldiering was. What saved the situation was the Officers' Training Corps founded by Lord Haldane and attached to practically all our universities and our great public schools. The officers who were members of, or had graduated from, these Training Corps and had then passed into civil life knew at any rate the rudiments of drill;

and with the help of retired N. C. O's and a few officers on the active list of the Regular Army and a considerable array of dug-outs they proceeded to put the new armies through their paces. But so engrossing was this work that they had no chance of carrying on their own military education. Until the end of 1914 there was practically no training whatever for the officers of the new armies. The first batch were put through a month's hurried course, but even this had to be dropped, so urgent and overriding was the necessity of licking the raw recruits into some sort of shape. Gradually schools for the instruction of officers in musketry, signalling, telephone, engineering for trench work, and the use of grenades, mortars and machine guns began to spring up. But it was not until the opening of the year 1916 that their training was thoroughly organized. No officer now gets a commission unless he has served six weeks in the ranks. Then he goes to a cadet corps for four months. After that he is posted to his unit for three months. The most efficient men are then sent to a Senior Officers' Corps for a further three months. It is only, in short, after a year's severe training that a lieutenant is now considered fit to go to the Front in charge of his men. In all this, I imagine, there is more than one hint that Americans might usefully bear in mind, and more than one question they would do well to revolve. What steps, in particular, are being taken by the American Universities and by the large private schools that have become in recent years so distinctive a feature of American education, to establish Officers' Training Corps and to instruct the youth of the country in the elements of soldiering I do not know. But I do know that if, when your time comes, and you have to grapple with the tremendous task of raising armies that run into millions, you are forced to depend for their training upon the officers of the Regular Army and the National Guard and have no outside source of supply, it will go desperately hard with you. And I also know that, short of universal service, there is no factor in preparedness more vital than the steady pouring forth from the schools and universities of batches of young men who are not unversed in the duties of an officer and who are ready, when the call upon them is made, to take charge of hastily-raised recruits with everything to learn and turn them into soldiers.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

A DEFENSE OF THE CONSTITUTION

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

In the last three years there have been proposed in Congress ninety-nine amendments to the National Constitution, involving twenty-seven different subjects. Some of these may not be altogether unreasonable, but others are of a positively revolutionary character, which if adopted would completely change the nature of our Government. The amount of public attention given to these proposals in the press of the country is very slight. If mentioned at all, it is only in a casual manner, yet powerful influences are at work to procure the adoption of these changes. What is most alarming is that a general disposition exists to try political experiments, some of which might prove fatal to the existence of any fundamental law whatever. From places of the highest authority at Washington utterances are publicly made which not only disparage the Constitution of the United States as an archaic document, but set up the casual judgments of a mere majority of the voters, formed without serious discussion, as the ultimate standard of right and as the sole authority of law. In fact, for political purposes, wholly undefined conceptions of "humanity"—which has become a word to conjure with—are regarded as more valid than any laws; and the fundamental law in particular, which guarantees to every citizen a "due process of law," is held in slight esteem.

Underlying this movement of destructive criticism is a popular ignorance of what the Constitution really means for the common man. It is not realized by the average man that all he holds most dear is wrapped up in the doctrines of the Constitution, and that if it were swept away the palladium of his liberties would be destroyed. Trial by jury, religious liberty, the right of free speech and free assembly—all the personal immunities of free men are a part of its guaran-

tees. It has never been demonstrated that any defensible forward step toward social justice is prohibited by it, and most of the proposals for changing it turn out upon close examination to be the furnishing of means to destroy some form of personal liberty and to force upon others, either States or persons, some surrender of their present constitutional rights.

It is timely, therefore, to restate the philosophy on which the Constitution was founded. It was, in fact, the first attempt in history to lay the foundations of government in the deep setting of human rights. This the great empires and even the republics of the past had not even attempted to do. They were embodiments of predominant military force, the result of struggle on the field of battle; and all the so-called theories of the State were framed after the event, frequently with the purpose of imparting an appearance of reasonableness to a system that was, in effect, entirely the work of a dominating person or a dominating class.

To this there is one apparent exception—the English Revolution of 1688, with which the writings of John Locke are closely associated. But, in fact, Locke's "Treatise on Civil Government" was not published until 1690, after the reform of the English Constitution had been effected. It formulated after the fact the principles on which the English Revolution had proceeded, but it cannot be said to have produced the result, or in any way to have affected the actual form of the English Government.

Nor can it be said that any single writing determined the form of the American Governments, State or Federal. They grew quite naturally out of the conditions of the time; and yet there was in their formation a philosophy that is both coherent and original, the distinct product of reflective thought.

That which was really original in the American Constitutions, State and Federal, is not to be found in their mere machinery, but solely in the purposes they were intended to realize. There was nothing new in the fact that the Constitutions were written, for so were the royal charters of the Colonies; which probably suggested the idea of a written form of fundamental law. There was nothing new in Representative Government, which was an inheritance from the Saxon Witenagamot. There was nothing original in the division and distribution of public powers, the importance

of which Montesquieu had emphasized. Nor was there anything novel in the idea of a Bill of Rights, for similar guarantees had been secured in Magna Charta.

The one really original idea in the American Constitution was the conception of liberty as a strictly personal prerogative to be secured by a fundamental public law. I say as a *personal* prerogative, because liberty had previously been regarded as something belonging to the people in the mass, as a trophy extorted from royalty; but the American conception was that liberty is something inherent in each individual as a moral personality, and not a concession made to the people by a government.

This liberty of the individual, this inherent right of the person to exercise his faculties and obtain and enjoy the rewards of such exercise, this prerogative to be and to become all that Nature had provided that the individual is capable of becoming,—was to be protected by public law; which should, therefore, accord to every man the same security in the exercise and enjoyment of his powers of action.

If we ask what created this conception in the American mind, the answer is, I think, that it was the result of the effort to comprehend the nature of the State in the light of moral and religious convictions. If every human being is responsible for what he makes of his life, liberty is the necessary precondition of self-realization. From this point of view the Absolute State does violence to the most sacred principle of human nature. By subjecting the individual to external control beyond the necessities of social order it nullifies and extinguishes all the natural impulses and all the aspirations of personal development. Such a State could find in the intellectual and moral nature of man no reason for existence. On the contrary, it was regarded as a mere usurpation resting entirely upon external force.

A true State, then, must be an extension, and not a suppression, of liberty. It must be a friend and not an enemy to personal self-realization. It must be an affirmation and not a negation of the rights inherent in personality. The purpose of government, the men of the Revolution thought, was not to repress but to elicit the powers of the individual by creating the conditions for their peaceful and profitable activity. In effect, government, in this conception of it, could be nothing else than the legal organization of liberty. Laws

there must be, yet there must be a limit to lawmaking. Liberty demanded conditions of personal activity, while government from its very nature imposed restrictions upon personal action. The real problem was to reconcile government with liberty by the enactment of just and equal laws, at the same time prohibiting the enactment of laws that were not just and equal. What the Revolutionary Fathers held to be most fundamental was the idea that there exists nowhere in human society an unlimited and absolute authority. They did not accept it as possessed by others, nor did they claim it for themselves. They denied that it inhered in the Crown or in the Parliament. In truth, they could not admit that it existed anywhere. No majority could ever rightfully suppress the liberty of a minority; and while the power to do so might be possessed and exercised, even the whole people possessed no such authority. It was precisely that notion of unlimited authority against which they were in rebellion. To them mere power did not confer authority.

It is a noteworthy fact that the word "Sovereignty," which has given rise to so much controversy, is not contained in the Declaration of Independence. It is not there in any way referred to as the foundation of government. The doctrine set forth in the Declaration is not a doctrine of Sovereignty, but a repudiation of the common acceptance of it. The foundation of government there delineated is the personal possession of certain "unalienable Rights,"—to use the exact language employed,—"among which are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness." These Rights are not bestowed or in any sense derivative. They are inherent in personality as a free, self-conscious, and self-determining entity. The design of government is not to create or obtain them, but only to "secure" them; that is, to give them a social guarantee. It is for this purpose "that governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." And in declaring the Colonies to be States, there is no assumption that they were Sovereign in the sense of possessing unlimited authority over the people, which no one even dreamed of at that time. All that was claimed for the liberated Colonies in the Declaration was that "they are, and of right ought to be, Free and Independent States."

It is deserving of emphasis that the idea of Sovereignty —a law term then for more than two centuries in current

use to express what was esteemed the essence of the State—first emerges into use in our great public covenants only with the establishment of external relations between the separate Colonies or with foreign Powers. In the Articles of Confederation of 1781 it is said: "Each State retains its sovereignty, freedom, and independence." The meaning here is that no central Power claiming sovereign authority in the absolute sense could be allowed to imperil local liberty. In the Constitution of the United States, however, the idea of Sovereignty is not thus brought forward and expressed in the instrument itself. In it "The People" "ordain and establish" a government of prescribed and limited powers for precisely defined purposes, all other rightful powers being reserved to the States or to the people.

It is of the highest importance to consider how, in these attempts to formulate the thought of the time, the word "Sovereignty" is intentionally avoided, until the fear had arisen that the People might be inadvertently creating a virtually Sovereign Power that would eventually destroy their liberty; and then to compare and contrast this earlier silence with the heated controversies of a later period over this word and the powers associated with it.

It may well be imagined that "Sovereignty," so long regarded as an attribute of kings, was to the men of the American Revolution a hated word, which they did not care to apply to themselves, and finally resorted to only as a bar to an encroachment upon their rights and means of self-protection. If there was to be anywhere a claim to Sovereign Power, they preferred in 1781 to attribute it to the States rather than to the Confederation; but when in 1787 it came to the question of a closer union, rendered necessary to their prosperity, they proceeded in effect to set limits to it as an attribute of the States, and instead of speaking of "We the States" preferred the safer and yet more potent formula of "We the People."

It was, however, only in a qualified sense that the men of the American Revolution accepted the doctrine of the "Sovereignty of the People" as laid down by Rousseau. He had simply transferred the idea of "supreme power" from the king to the people, still identifying supreme power with supreme authority. But the men of the American Revolution never imagined, as the men of the French Revo-

lution did, that the people, although they were the ultimate political authority, possessed unlimited authority to do, and to compel others to do, whatever might be their good pleasure. They esteemed themselves under a still higher authority, the authority of moral law. For what, in fact, were they attempting to do? They were engaged in establishing a government, which, they declared, was founded upon "unalienable Rights"; and it was from these rights, and not merely from "supreme power" that the authority of government was to be derived. How, then, could they claim an authority to override, or to ignore, these "unalienable Rights," which belonged to men as responsible moral beings; and how could they establish a government without restricting its powers in such a manner as to prevent its encroachment upon these "Rights"?

It was altogether a new philosophy of the State. It gave to government a human foundation instead of a merely dynamic foundation. Physical means might be necessary to the enforcement of law under any government, but this new type of government was not derived from physical force. It was not the embodiment of the arbitrary will of any number of men. Majorities, sometimes even pluralities, might prescribe the courses of action permitted under the Constitution, but the very idea of a constitution was so to limit the powers of government as to protect liberty; that is, to "secure" the rights of the individual. Of sovereignty, therefore, in the sense of absolute and unlimited authority, there is no trace either in the Declaration of Independence or in the Constitution of the United States.

The Declaration was, without doubt, the boldest and most radical expression of the power of the People ever made in the name of American citizenship. It is interesting, therefore, to note that, in enumerating what these "Free and Independent States" might do, after affirming their power "to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, and establish Commerce," it was added restrictively, "and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent States *may of right do.*"

Here is no pretense that governments may assume absolute powers. Even in their external relations, they must be governed by the rule of right; and this is not a self-willed rule, but a body of principles derived from reason, with full respect to the equitable claims of liberty.

When, therefore, in 1787, it came to the drafting of the Constitution of the United States, the political philosophy that was embodied in it was not only unique but in contradiction with the practices of Absolutism. Instead of producing a covenant which accorded rights to the People, as the royal charters had done, the People accorded rights to the Government they intended to create, and these were explicitly enumerated and precisely defined. The procedure was a complete reversal of the ordinary method of constituting a government. Hitherto, kings and emperors had granted "rights and liberties" in royal and imperial charters, sometimes bought with tribute and sometimes extorted from them by force of arms. This time it was "The People," already claiming possession of complete liberty as an inherent attribute of personality, that prescribed and limited the powers of government. Henceforth, government was to exist for the protection of liberty. It was a new procedure in an age given over to Absolutism. Europe, startled, opened its eyes with astonishment. It was the beginning of a movement destined to envelop and transform the world. Here was a conception fertile in possibilities, for it pointed the way to the perfection of national existence and the development of peaceful international understandings by resting the whole framework of civilization upon the dignity of the human individual as a free and responsible being.

II

The American solution of the problem of reconciling government with liberty consisted in the acceptance of four fundamental ideas, which constitute the corner-stones of the structure which we now call our National Constitution.

These four corner-stones of American Constitutionalism are:

1. Representative Government;
2. Division of Public Powers;
3. Guarantee of Personal Immunities; and,
4. Judicial Protection of Constitutional Guarantees.

What gives special interest to the consideration of these four fundamental ideas at this time is that every one of them is now hotly assailed as an obstacle to social justice and to that progress which the present and coming generations

ought to desire and make possible. This attack upon our existing institutions, and especially upon the Constitution of the United States, although made in the name of "progress," does not proceed from any coherent conception of the true nature of the State, and it offers no new foundation principle upon which such a conception could be erected. It cannot, therefore, be dignified with the name of a new philosophy. It is, in fact, a protest against principles of any kind; and would make of Law an instrument of expropriation in the interest of predominant desires. Against Representative Government it pleads for Direct Popular Action. Against Division of Public Powers it demands predominating Executive Authority to sweep away the system of checks and balances, in order promptly, without discussion, to realize what is believed to be the popular will. Against the Guarantee of Personal Immunities, it claims the superiority of the will of the majority to which there is no limit. Against Judicial Protection of Constitutional Guarantees it sets up the judgment of the mass. Against all of these constitutional ideas taken together, it opposes the immediate decision of the moment. It would sweep away all barriers to change and leave the whole social structure to the unlimited power of a majority of the voters.

The devices to be substituted for constitutional limitations are the initiative and referendum, to be employed upon all subjects without distinction; the reinforcement of executive authority, in order to procure prompt action; the elimination of constitutional guarantees, such as the prohibition of taking away property without "due process of law"; the popular recall of judges, or of judicial decisions; and the affirmation of majority judgments in matters of law. Finally, the amendment of the amending clause of the Constitution, in such a way as to secure the easy alteration of the fundamental law, to the end that no court shall be able to declare any act of legislation unconstitutional. In short, the aim is, in effect, to destroy constitutionalism altogether by effacing the difference between a fundamental law and any ordinary statute.

It hardly needs to be pointed out that this is a complete repudiation not only of the philosophy by which the Constitution of the United States has been framed, but of the whole conception of a fundamental law. It is a scheme for a radical revolution in our form of government.

Claiming to be progressive, this scheme of government is in no sense constructive, but totally destructive. It lays down no principles whatever. It presents no vision of what the State would ultimately be, or of what it is desired that it should be. It offers no guide to indicate to us what it might, if these doctrines were accepted, ultimately become. The only prospect it opens before us is a pathway to complete State omnipotence—the entire effacement of the individual, the creation of a mechanism of expropriation, the reign of sumptuary laws, the reduction of the citizen to a mere slave of the State.

But upon what ground can it be claimed that a majority of theoretically co-equal citizens—or even a minority, where there are several parties of which only *one* controls the government—is entitled to absolute dictation regarding the life and property of the community? And how very real this subjection might become is evident from the revolution already accomplished by the Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which empowers the Congress of the United States "to lay and collect taxes on incomes from whatever source derived without apportionment among the several States and without regard to any census or enumeration." Here Congress is already absolute sovereign. It may increase the tax and change the exemption from it in any way it pleases, even to the limit of confiscation. By this means the State may become the owner of all the property of the people and the sole dispenser of the means of livelihood.

The example cited is only an illustration, and it is not here intended to present any argument against a reasonable income tax. But it may serve to remind us how easily, in the silence of the night as it were, almost without our observation, if once we begin a series of changes in our fundamental law, the whole spirit of our free institutions may suddenly vanish away.

But the thought I would emphasize is, that the liberty we have loved and cherished is forever in danger; and that we cannot hope to retain it for ourselves and our posterity without regarding our fundamental law. A State that is not based upon defensible general principles is built upon the sand.

David Jayne Hill.

CARRANZA'S NEW INDUSTRIAL POLICY

BY ROLAND G. USHER

A DECREE issued by Carranza on September 14, 1916, in regard to mining concessions in Mexico may well mark a new point of departure of the utmost significance in the relations between the two countries. The substance of the decree, as quoted in the *Mining and Scientific Press*, declares that all mining concessions must be worked continuously under penalty of forfeiture, and shall be liable to forfeiture if work be suspended for longer than two continuous months, or for more than three months in the aggregate during each year. Any grantee, believing that he possesses a valid reason for the suspension of work without incurring the penalty of forfeiture, may present his reason to the Secretary of Fomento. The decree explicitly states that such pleas will be accepted only when "well founded and proven," and that the period during which work may allowably be discontinued will not then exceed three months, unless a cause should be "proven" to exist rendering operation "absolutely impossible." The Secretary of Fomento further shall designate for all concessions, new and old, "the number of laborers which as a minimum must be employed thereon." The old concessions "must employ the same number of men that have been or were employed at the time operations were suspended," though a right is reserved to the Secretary to alter this number. Further, whenever the Secretary of Fomento forfeits a concession, he shall immediately call the attention of the Secretary of Hacienda to the fact, who shall then decide "whether the annulled concession shall thenceforward be opened to public denouncement or be worked and operated under the auspices of the Nation." The decree was to go into effect from the moment of publication. There were practically no other qualifications.

The ostensible purpose of this new law is the entirely laudable object of preventing foreigners from obtaining mining concessions, holding them for years for speculative purposes, without working them in *good faith.* It is also intended to prevent the retention of title by a mere nominal working of the mine, and to this end attempts to provide a definition of the minimum, which shall be considered to be working the mine in good faith. Naturally, the Government could not very well say that every mine shall employ ten or fifty workmen, and discretion in the hands of the officials who are to apply the law is defensible and necessary. A third object, which will also commend itself to liberal minds, is the attempt to provide a means by which the Mexican people can regain title to the mining concessions which have in some cases been abused and to announce in all cases that the eventual title itself rests in the Mexican people.

At the same time, the equally obvious result of this decree is to make all American mining property in Mexico liable to forfeiture at the discretion of Carranza's officials. The salient fact is not in doubt. All mines will be forfeited which are not legally worked for a full ten months in the year. The conditions of legal work are to be defined in each case by the Secretary of Fomento at his discretion, without appeal. All exceptions, excuses, and variations shall be defined and determined by the Secretary of Fomento at his discretion and without appeal. Practically, the alien mine owner loses control of his own property, ceases to decide the conditions of work under which it is profitable to carry on the business. He must either continue to operate under such conditions as the Mexican Government may decide are expedient, whatever they may be, or he must forfeit his concession, his machinery, and his whole working capital. There is no recourse to the courts provided; there is no administrative appeal mentioned.

Even if we suppose this law to be administered in perfect good faith, what would be more natural than a clash of opinion between the Mexican official and the mine owner as to the number of hands which can be profitably employed, or as to the conditions of work which the decree also allows the Government to dictate? It should be sufficiently clear that American operators of Mexican mines lose control, under these conditions, of work and labor, to an extent which no employer does in this country, and they must submit to

a degree of supervision which the Government does not attempt in the United States, and which, so far as I know, no European country attempts, even Germany, and this too under a severity of penalty unexampled in civilized countries. Is it not, moreover, true that in the United States no such autocratic power in the hands of one official over a whole industry would be tolerated, and that such hampering of individual initiative under the dire penalty of losing the whole property in case of a failure to comply, would be considered nothing short of legal tyranny of the worst type? When now we reflect that the official who is to wield this extensive autocratic power will be appointed by a military chief whose Government is hardly stable, against whom revolts are still endemic, and upon whose actions and policies there can be no normal check from publicity and public opinion, does not this decree become suspicious and inimical to American interests to a very grave degree?

While we must again be cautious and not leap before we can walk safely, is it not clear that this decree may be (I did not say is) intended to be a legal method of crippling all legitimate mining business in Mexico and of forfeiting the concessions to the State? The veriest tyro is aware of the fact that conditions in Mexico in the last four years have been such that the continuous operation of mines has been difficult in the extreme, and that very few of them have been at work ten months in the year without interruption, or have employed the full complement of labor in their pay before the civil wars broke out. A temporary scarcity of labor, lasting some weeks, has happened a good many times. An inability to work the mine at full time profitably has been due more than once to the inability to export the product by railroad and to the inexpediency of piling up ingots which could be easily stolen by a marauding army. The existence of civil war, the disorganization of the transportation system, the disorganization of the currency in Mexico, the present probability of a régime of irredeemable paper depreciating from week to week, all these have made it seem expedient to many mine owners to operate only at intervals and only with part of the working force normally employed. The Government now issues, at a time when such conditions seem not unlikely to continue, a decree which practically states that unless the mine owners are able to accomplish what the very conditions in Mexico make extremely difficult

and often very unprofitable to attempt, the concession will be forfeited.

There would seem to be no end of excuses which could be used by a Government anxious to confiscate the property. The machinery breaks down in the mine; conditions of transportation make it impossible to procure a new part from the United States with promptitude; the official inspector declares that the mine was unnecessarily idle, that the breaks in the machinery should not have taken so long to repair. He declares the mine forfeited. What is to be done? He demonstrates that (under other circumstances) such repairs had frequently been effected in one-third the time. The officials in Mexico City uphold him, and the mine is lost. If water floods the mine in the Winter or Spring, there would always be room to argue whether or not due precautions had been taken by the mine owner, and whether the flood was due to his negligence or was really unforeseen. Then when labor is lacking, it would be always possible to hold that the employer had not done all he should to attract the workmen, that he had paid them too little, or abused them, or in one way or another failed in his part. If the owner pleads that civil war in the neighborhood frightened his men, who took to the hills, how much of an engagement will he be required to prove to make good his case? Suppose that, after all, his men fled at the rumor of trouble and no trouble came. He may not have been able to help it, and yet a good case can technically be made against him. There was no real war there, and yet his mine was not worked. Again, an infinite amount of argument might take place over the question of what was a cessation of work: a total suspension of all work or anything less than the legal minimum. When we count months shall we count thirty-one working days, or shall the calendar months be used? The possibilities are infinite.

The ease with which this system may become the most lucrative engine of corruption ever known in a corrupt State should be apparent. It depends for its workability in any country upon the utmost discretion of the officials, upon their high scientific intelligence, and upon their entire probity. It vests this power in the appointee of a Government which has been, under all its forms, for two or three centuries, notoriously corrupt, notoriously venal in demanding bribes of corporations, notoriously without technical training, and notoriously hostile to foreign interests. Even supposing that

Carranza has no intention whatever of really forfeiting the property and of really doing more than levy a sort of illicit taxation upon mine owners, the result may well be to create a situation extremely difficult to handle and exceedingly hard to bear. Assuming furthermore that nothing but a definitely honorable intention lies behind such legislation, what chance is there that a Government based only on makeshift, headed by a man until recently an adventurer, surrounded by a train who have attached themselves to his fortunes in probable expectation of reward, can administer with justice and operate successfully a direct control of the conditions of private enterprise which would be regarded in Europe and in the United States as an exercise of executive authority too difficult in its administration to be successful?

At the same time, the difficulty of securing redress from the United States Government will be very great. Once the decree is accepted in principle at Washington, the probability that any real redress can be secured will become small. One sovereign Government in its dealing with another must always assume, in the absence of a type of proof which rarely exists, the absolute good faith of the other's officials and grant the entire honesty of the other's legislative policies. It is most difficult for the United States Government, even granting its entire willingness to undertake the task, to recover for an American corporation a bribe which it is forced to give in order to retain its rights. How can our Secretary of State negotiate with the sovereign state of Mexico in regard to the number of laborers A ought to employ in his mine, or as to the length of time which a breakdown of machinery justifiably allowed B to suspend his operations? This sort of technical issue is commonly dealt with in the courts and is not a subject for diplomacy. Indeed, such issues between sovereign states are commonly left to the discretion of the Government making the regulation. Carranza evidently feels that the recognition by the United States Government guarantees him this legal assumption of his good faith at Washington, and will cause our Government not to question the decree, nor to proceed in cases arising under it. Without attempting to borrow trouble, have we not here in this decree of Carranza's a definitely new departure in his attitude toward Americans in Mexico, and is it not one fraught with difficulty and trouble for the future?

ROLAND G. USHER.

CONSCIENCE AND THE "CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR"

BY SIDNEY WEBB

THE British Government, which never troubles about how to climb the fence until it comes to it, is just now struggling with the Conscientious Objectors to Compulsory Military Service, of whom there are, at this moment, nearly a thousand in gaol. The problem is one which the Australian and New Zealand Governments have had to grapple with, and one which may presently face the Government of the United States. It may therefore be of interest to examine what conscience is, and how we ought to regard it.

Now this is emphatically one of those questions in which we must begin by a definition of terms. We must, to begin with, distinguish sharply between conscience, the inward monitor, the intuitive moral judgment, the instantaneous appreciation of rightness or wrongness; and conscientious action, or integrity, the doing of what we decide, on whatever grounds, to be right.

Let us consider first conscience itself, the flash of the mind by which, independently of any ratiocination or argument, we recognize, as we say, whether anything is right or wrong.

One of the most attractive descriptions of conscience—attractive because of the absence of self-consciousness—is the *Journal of John Woolman* the American Quaker of the eighteenth century, which has so frequently been reprinted. John Woolman was a tailor who began to get rich, but he says he felt a "stop in his mind," which made him give up his shop and return to work at the board. For the rest of his life with an exquisite simplicity he kept on having a "stop in his mind" about one thing after another, about the then respectable practice of negro slavery, about all

kinds of personal luxury, against the use of silver vessels, against any but the common share of private property or a mere subsistence income, finally even against all dyes or artificial coloring in clothes, insisting on the use of natural colors exclusively, so that "people might come into cleanness of spirit, cleanness of person and cleanness about their houses and garments."

Now what is this Stop in the Mind? I find in myself, as John Woolman did, an immediate weighing up of things; strongest about my own acts and thoughts, but also evoked by those of others; a decisive estimation of them as either right or wrong—in short, a moral judgment. When applied to my own thoughts or actions, as is generally the case, I find that the flashes of moral judgment that I call my conscience are accompanied by feelings of a pleasurable or a painful kind. When the estimation is that of right, I find the sensation pleasant. Alas, such is my human nature, at any rate, that I am most aware of my conscience as a monitor or a critic. I do not propose to trouble you with any confessions. But speaking from my own experience, conscience seems much more frequently, on weighing me up in the balance, to find me wanting. Perfection is *not* attained. I am more often and more poignantly aware of a bad conscience than of a good conscience. The feeling is uncomfortable. I gather that I am not alone in this, because Conscience is often identified with a sense of sin. For this, I suspect, there is a psychological explanation. Perhaps the reason why we so generally identify Conscience with a bad conscience or a sense of sin is that when we have a good conscience there is generally no conflict, and therefore no mental disturbance —we have inward peace, and even a diffused sense of joy, but there is no upset—whereas a bad conscience means an internal battle or struggle or upheaval, which cannot fail to make a deeper mark on our self-consciousness, which is very often made manifest to other people in the form of bad temper or acrimony. This leads me to the remark that although I can know directly only my own mind—and that very imperfectly—I can infer from people's statements and actions that they have self-consciousness of much the same kind as my own: in short, that conscience is as common to all men as is thought; though, as minds differ enormously one from another in their development, so consciences may presumably also differ—we have much reason to think that they do—in

the range of their activity, in intensity, and in the persistence of their importunity. Moreover, and this is of some significance, there are exactly the same grounds for attributing Conscience to some species of animals as there are for attributing them to other human beings than oneself. Dogs certainly have moral judgments and a consciousness of sin. So apparently do horses.

Yet another attribute is that, according to the same evidence, Consciences differ very greatly, not only in their range, intensity and persistence, but also in their judgments. Not only are different things deemed right in different centuries, but also in different countries in the same century, and—what is most disconcerting of all—by different people in the same country, in the same city and even in the same family. We note differences in the scope and content of Conscience according to the degree of education, the state of health, the social class, the vocation, and, perhaps, even the sex.

So far for the mere description of Conscience—so to speak its Natural History. But we are nowadays not content with any such mere description. We go on to enquire of conscience as of every other phenomenon, what is its explanation, its causation, its origin. In this age of ratiocination we demand, so to speak, an Analytic Chemistry of Conscience, before we are satisfield to decide how we shall regard its judgments. Now upon the origin and cause of conscience I distinguish four hypotheses, each of them widely held—which I call respectively, the Religious, the Rationalist, the Mystic and the Sociological.

To the sincerely religious person Conscience is the direct message of God to the individual—not in the earthquake or the thunder—not even in argument or in ratiocination—but in the still small voice is the divine instruction to be found: and when it is found its authority is supreme. It is above conventional morality, above the law of the State: even, as Cardinal Newman asserted, with a good deal of support from Catholic theology, above the precepts of the Church or the decisions of the Pope himself.

I do not want to criticise this view. I would, however, point out that it carries conviction only to those who are already convinced: whilst to those who are not, it comes with no authority at all. It is, to say the least, suspicious that the Divine Authority that is today claimed for Conscience was

yesterday claimed also for dreams; and even for that modern evidence of insanity—the hearing of voices. Moreover, this hypothesis fails, in practice, to solve any problem, because if your Conscience is a message from God, so is mine; and when they do not agree, how are we to decide? We see, in fact, that the theologians have found it necessary to invest the voice of God theory of Conscience with a great and bewildering elaboration. We learn from them that what seems to be Conscience may be a mere manifestation of ignorance, self-conceit and self-will; we find praises of a humble conscience; we are warned of the need for an instructed conscience. The phrase "an instructed conscience," by the way, is open to a dangerous misinterpretation. Conscience, say the theologians, cannot decide rightly in ignorance or misconstruction of the facts. Now if we resort to some other source for what we call the facts, and so instruct our conscience, the process comes uncomfortably near that of tampering with the Judge. I am afraid that the magnificent glow and certainty of Mr. Gladstone's exuberant Conscience was due to this process of instruction.

The Rationalist view of Conscience seems to be that it is an attempt on the part of the individual, in the light of reason, to judge his own life according to some accepted axiom —e.g. "the Golden Rule"; or "the greatest good of the greatest number"; or "act always in such a way as you would wish to have universally followed." Such a conscience is clearly within the realm of argument and discussion. We bring a disputed point before the bar of Reason, and Reason, not Conscience, may produce strange stops in the mind. When, in defiance of social law and custom, it leads to experiments on higher planes of conduct, this conception of Conscience corresponds to what I understand to be the meaning of Conscience to the modern mystic, viz. that it is the outcome of the life-force initiating, independently of ratiocination, moral judgments of supreme validity, from which arise, through the spiritual genius of individuals, new social organization of the greatest value to the race.

On what I call the sociological view, Conscience is the unconscious reflection in the mind of the individual of the customs and laws and conventions of the race. Three-quarters of a century ago, before we thought much about heredity or knew much about evolution, Alex. Bain could say without hesitation that Conscience was merely the reflection

of the customs and laws and conventions of the community—from which it followed that the individual Conscience could not practically be in conflict with the Law of the Land. If it was, it was merely a diseased conscience, and might be disregarded. But we believe now that, not merely the laws of today, but the laws of all the past ages, not only the conventions here and now, but the lessons of the tribe from which we have sprung, have left their impress on our minds. The judgments of Conscience, on this view, represent a compendium of the experiences of the race—an extremely generalized and abbreviated summary of many diverse experiences, but one which, however imperfect, we may assume to have been useful to the race in the struggle for existence and therefore to have, on the whole, made for correspondence between the individual and the environment.

Putting it in another way, Conscience on this hypothesis may be ascribed to the Herd Instinct in Man. It is the outcome of that gregariousness which is as original and as invariable a characteristic of man as his erect stature. That which has served the needs of the Herd becomes enshrined in the minds of all its members—inspires in them intuitive moral judgment, in highly generalized form, slightly varying with the different experiences of each line of descent, and even each individual, and thus produces today the Individual Conscience. In a remarkable book of distinct originality, lately published, *The Instinct of the Herd in Peace and War*, by W. Trotter, this sociological explanation of Conscience is developed with great power.

Now the drawback to this sociological explanation of Conscience is that it fails, as it seems to me, to explain what I call the emergence of Moral Genius. A conscience derived exclusively from the herd instinct would seem to be a very conservative Conscience, not to say an atavistic or reactionary Conscience, incapable of progress. I do not think we can deny that there is a good deal of conservatism in Conscience. "Here's a stranger—heave a brick at him," is what we are all apt to say to any moral idea to which we are unaccustomed. But we have got to explain how it is that the common Conscience is also progressive—how it is that the common Conscience condemns today as wrong what the common Conscience in past ages approved as right. This is where the mystic explanation of Conscience—or perhaps the rationalistic explanation of conscience—comes in. Some individual

whose Conscience differed in its judgments from those of his contemporaries must have begun for the first time to feel a stop in his mind with regard to something which they regarded as unobjectionable or even as laudable—such as cannibalism, human sacrifices, the putting to death of the useless aged, infanticide, gladiatorial contests, chattel slavery, dueling, cruelty to warm blooded animals or what not. This raising of the level of the common Conscience is the service to humanity of those whom we revere as moral geniuses. The process usually takes a long time, perhaps centuries. Probably in all cases the first half-dozen of such moral geniuses at each advance get stoned as cranks or executed as criminals. Jesus of Nazareth was not the only Christ who has been crucified, and whose new moral judgments have risen again from his death, and spread throughout the world. Unfortunately there seems no way in which the average sensual man can be sure of recognizing the emergent moral genius when he meets him. Or rather, perhaps the moral genius exists very rarely, or not at all, as a complete person. The light of the new moral judgments that is about to be born breaks through in chinks in the crusted minds of a whole generation. What history seems to point to is the appearance in men's minds of faint glimmerings of new light. We may all have these glimmerings and in some they may amount to flashes. By and bye, after more or less delay (and probably a lot of martyrdoms of various degree), what were scattered glimmerings in individuals, and occasionally flashes, become a faint general glow in most people's minds, and Conscience is new born. It is interesting to speculate with regard to what subjects we are today in the early stages of such a rebirth, and how prolonged will be the labor in each case before we all feel a stop in the mind —not only about war—but also about living unproductively on rent and interest (that is to say, consuming that which one has not produced); absorbing to oneself more even of what one has helped to produce than can be allotted to others, instead of "choosing equality"; desiring to exercise power otherwise than as a form of service; the whole conception of revenge and punishment; omitting to revolt against ugliness as if it were really what we now call sin; and even that almost universal form of lying which is more accurately distinguished as indifference to the discovery of truth.

However, I have said sufficient about Conscience, which

is one of those things, like wealth and beauty, about which we all feel we know enough for practical purposes. I come now to Conscientious Action—that is to say, to what I prefer to call Integrity, the resolute execution by each individual in his own conduct of that which he believes to be right. I beg you to notice that this Conscientious Action is not the same thing as the intuitive moral judgment that we call Conscience. I do not find in myself, nor do I see in others, any evidence that Conscience—that is to say the intuitive flash of appreciation of rightness or wrongness—is by any means the only source of the judgments that guide the action that commends itself as right. Of course, I don't myself always do right. I find I am continually being impelled by impulses, which may be instincts or appetites, or for that matter voices of the Devil, to actions which do not commend themselves to me as right. I don't always yield to these influences. In fact, I flatter myself, as we all of us do, that I very often do right. But I cannot discover that all those of my actions that commend themselves to me as right derive their inspiration from anything that I can call Conscience. When I observe the rule of the road in walking or driving, as I habitually do, often resisting an impulse to go in the opposite direction, I don't regard my keeping to the right or to the left, in one country or the other, as inspired by Conscience. Generally speaking, we accept the Law of the Land as sufficient warrant for our obedience; or it may be the authority of our particular Church; or it may be the outcome of our reasoning faculty, as when an engineer after prolonged calculation decides what is the right arrangement of stresses and strains for the railway bridge that he has to build. No doubt in each case there is an intuitive moral judgment, a dictate of Conscience, that we should do that which *on other grounds* we have already decided to be right; but this is not the same thing as the intuitive moral judgment as to *what* is right—which is what I call Conscience. Thus, the man of integrity, which is what we mean by the conscientious man, may be relied on to do what he thinks to be right; but the particular course of action that he will decide to be right will, in many cases, be merely that which the law commands, and merely because the law commands it; sometimes his course of action will be that which his Church or the public opinion of his particular social class, or of his vocation, or that of his family prescribes; and really for no other reason (whether he

recognizes this fact or not) than that it is "the thing" to do; sometimes again, it will be the outcome of deliberate calculation or ratiocination; it may be prolonged and scientifically verified according to the facts within his knowledge and the principles by which he guides his life. Finally, I think in a relatively small minority of cases in each man's normal life—it will sometimes be none of these things but the dictate of that intuitive normal judgment, that stop in the mind, that convincing flash of moral insight that we call Conscience.

Now the man of integrity sometimes finds himself deciding on a course of action contrary to that desired or approved or taken by his family or his neighbors, or the partners with whom he finds himself associated in a common enterprise. It may be merely that he wants to obey the law because it is the law, whereas other people of equal integrity take a different view of the law. It may be that his knowledge of facts, or his powers of ratiocination, or the principles on which he guides his life, lead him to the belief that a certain course is right, whereas other people, of equal integrity, but deciding on other evidence, or in accordance with other principles, consider some other course to be right. In both these cases we may have two equally conscientious persons coming to diametrically opposite conclusions, and perhaps therefore contending against each other, each being conscientiously persuaded that he is in the right.

What is interesting to us today is the case in which the man of integrity feels that his right course is one that brings him in conflict with the law of the land, or the opinions and desires of the mass of his fellow countrymen. We have come so thoroughly to believe in the expediency of private judgment that no Government, and practically no Church, troubles to interfere with any man's belief, if he keeps it to himself; and there has come also to be an enormous increase of tolerance even as regards the expression of heretical beliefs. But the Government—that Grand Committee to whom we have perforce committed the conduct of the collective activities of the nation—makes certain demands upon the individual citizen, sometimes in the way of contributing taxes, and sometimes in the form of personal service, with which demands the individual citizen now and then thinks it positively wrong actively to comply. He thereupon sets up his own private judgment against that of the community,

and conscientiously objects to that which the majority of his fellow men equally conscientiously require.

I want you to note again that the decision of the Conscientious Objector as to the wrongness of the action may not always be inspired by that intuitive flash of moral judgment that I have called Conscience. It may not be a stop in the mind. We say to this objector that, although he may quite conscientiously hold those opinions, which may possibly one day be found to be accurate, we cannot recognize that they warrant him in an objection of conscience to the action required of the individual citizen. The individual citizen has committed the conduct of the nation's collective affairs to the Government, and whether the Government acts as he thinks wisely or as he thinks unwisely, his obligation and duty as a citizen is, so far as action is concerned, to acquiesce in their judgment at any rate until the next Election Day comes round, even if he "lets off steam" by public criticism. His dissentient private judgment in such a case is one of ratiocination and argument in which he may quite possibly prove to be right, but it is not a case of that flash of intuitive moral judgment that is correctly termed Conscience.

We have, therefore, still to deal with the real Conscientious Objector—the man whose decision rests not on any rival authority, or on ratiocination and argument upon facts, but is the dictate of an intuitive moral judgment, a flash of convincing moral insight. When such a man presents himself and says he has a stop in his mind, the question arises, what is the community, and the administrator to whom the community gives the conduct of its affairs, to do about it?

Now there is one easy way out of the dilemma that must occur to all of us. It was the course advised by Dogberry to the watchman when the man whom he challenged to stand, simply refused to stand. We may let him go. I believe that among certain tribes of Mexican Indians, as among other primitive communities, a lunatic—that is to say a man who acts in ways that the tribe cannot comprehend, flagrantly opposed to all that they think normal and rational, and apparently without the same basis of ratiocination that guides their own conduct—is regarded as inspired by the Great Spirit, and is left unmolested to indulge in such strange antics as he pleases. Let no one speak disrespectfully of our Conscientious Objectors. But it is impossible to ignore the fact that the claim occasionally made on their behalf, that

they should be left free to do or not to do exactly what their several consciences dictate—because these dictates may be the special messages of God, or the mystic inspirations of a morality superior in authority to that of the mass of the community—bears a very close resemblance to primitive man's bewildered adoration of the lunatic. How are we, in practice, to distinguish between one Conscience and another?

And there is another difficulty, which we must not refuse to face. To put it quite frankly, it is even more easy to pretend to a conscientious objection than it is to pretend to sciatica. It is unnecessary to enlarge on this very awkward fact. It is clear that, on more than one ground, no one can complain of the reality of his conscientious objection being tested, and its exact nature ascertained. Here the British Government and the House of Commons completely broke down. Naturally the War Office was at sea in the matter. We are not told whether the Archbishop of Canterbury was asked for advice, but the Protestant Churches have for centuries so completely neglected the pathology of Conscience and indeed, all mental hygiene, that it is doubtful whether even the Anglican Bench of Bishops could have helped in the dilemma. They were not, in fact, consulted.

The Roman Catholic Church, which has uninterruptedly accumulated experience in what may be called the pathology of Conscience, knows much more about it. The Conscience of the sincere believer is, we are told, a humble conscience, free from intellectual pride, aware that some issues are too complicated for any simple solution. You can't immediately decide what is the length of a crooked stick by looking at it; or even by measuring it with your umbrella. The path of a Government is often more crooked than that of the most crooked stick. Moreover, the moral validity of the dictates of Conscience depends on its being in the best sense an instructed conscience, aware of the facts at issue. Is the objector sure that the limited range of facts present to his consciousness, on which his Conscience is intuitively pronouncing a moral judgment, comprise all the facts necessary for his decision, and that his impression of them corresponds sufficiently accurately with their objective reality? The Catholic Church, whilst admitting the supreme authority of Conscience, reminds the objector of the necessity not only of a wholesome humility in face of all the complications of the issues, but also of an adequate knowledge of the circum-

stances of the case to which he is with so much presumption applying his private judgment. Would it not be well, the experienced Church warns him, not immediately to assume that the stop in your mind is the authoritative verdict of a divinely inspired Conscience, but humbly to reflect, with prayer and fasting, whether it may not be, unconsciously to yourself, the outcome of some natural reluctance to abandon the course of action to which you are prone, it may be even some natural shrinking from the sacrifice that is demanded, obscured by a measure of that self-conceit from which no human heart is exempt. There is, too, such a thing as self-will, an obstinate resistance to a command, merely because it is a command; and this may enter into what seems to be conscience. Thus, though the Catholic Church gives great weight to a conscientious objection to the performance of a public duty, it does not demur to such an objection being closely scrutinized and tested.

There is a rough and ready test which the man of the world applies, and to which, for reasons not those of the man of the world, I am disposed to give a certain validity, although it cannot be claimed as conclusive. Is the course of action dictated by Conscience in any way more pleasurable or more advantageous to the Objector than that to which he conscientiously objects? I am not now endorsing the course and stupid abuse of the Conscientious Objectors as mere shirkers and cowards. But unless we are to adopt the uncritical attitude of primitive man in adoring as divinely inspired the vagaries of the lunatic, our principal reason for respecting an individual Conscience which differs in its judgments from the Consciences of the rest of the community, is the "larger expediency" of always leaving open the door to the emergence of moral genius, by the influence of which the common conscience of humanity will gradually be raised to new heights. Thus, on this view, we may fairly ask the Conscientious Objector, if not to transcend the highest flights of the existing world-morality, at least not to sink below its normal level. It is clear that he is not warranted by his Conscience in claiming the privilege of a "soft option." The man who is really moral will certainly, in the two thousand years old phrase of Menander, "choose equality" with his fellow-citizens, even more when it is a question of equality of sacrifice than when it is one of equality of reward; and it is surely a very halting Conscience which dic-

tates abstention from fighting in the trenches, and does not inspire the rendering of something like an equal sacrifice of personal comfort in the service of the community. However much we may think our country to have erred and blundered, it needs our help, and we owe it a debt.

There is, accordingly, to say the least of it, some sense in the idea of alternative service—even in the idea of a special Non-Combatant Corps—however clumsily the idea may have been applied by the British War Office. There should, of course, be no question of using the alternative as punishment. The really conscientious Conscientious Objector will, we may assume, ask for the alternative, as his way of "choosing equality." And though it is scarcely possible to imagine any useful alternative which is so horrible as what Mr. Masefield has so brilliantly described in Gallipoli, or even of a winter in the trenches of the Somme, we can gladly accept such sacrifice as the really Conscientious Objector will be ready to make, as his special contribution to the service of his country. The matter is of more than momentary importance, because, although this war will pass away, and the British Military Service Acts will be repealed, neither England nor America will probably escape (for the sake of an effective "preparedness" of national defense) some form of universal compulsory training in the use of arms; and to this there will always be a certain number of Conscientious Objectors, with whom we shall have to deal. Some members of the Society of Friends realised this aspect of the question a few years ago; and just as William James was proposing to the world a "Moral Equivalent of War," so they proposed to their fellow-Quakers a "Moral Equivalent of Compulsory Military Service"—an equal stint of useful work for the community, under conditions as onerous and uncomfortable as those of service in the ranks of a conscript army. Now, there will be no difficulty in arranging for some form of alternative service, of marked utility to the community, that would require a personal sacrifice equal to that of Compulsory Military Training in peace time. I can imagine quite good and useful results from a year's service as a coalhewer by the Conscientious Objector in the Government Coal Mines set apart for that purpose.

Finally, I come to the Conscientious Objector who deliberately takes up the position of the anarchist; and refuses to obey the command of the State, even where what is com-

manded is not in itself open to conscientious objection, merely because it is a command. I do not see how, in principle, we can allow this claim at all. But I shall recur in my conclusions, to what is substantially much the same case as that of the anarchist.

It is worth while at this point considering how the principles that I have been suggesting can be applied to the various groups of Conscientious Objectors in the history of the last three centuries. The leading case is of course that of the Society of Friends who have, by their steadfastness, by the purity of their lives, and—may I say—also by the remarkable self-discipline which they have taught themselves to apply to their own consciences, won for themselves the respectful admiration of all the world. There is much that is instructive to the Conscientious Objector in what I may call the evolution of conscientious objection among the Friends, from the time when George Fox felt called upon actively to object to other people worshiping God in any building with a steeple, and some of his contemporaries occasionally felt a stop in their minds about wearing any clothes at all—through the time when they merely refused to proffer the taxes levied for purposes of which they disapproved and let the State distrain—down to their extremely influential habit of "taking counsel together" in all difficulties, with its resulting frequent acquiescence of the individual in "the sense of the meeting." The Society of Friends has shown a high degree of practical wisdom—more than I fancy it is willing publicly to admit—in the way in which it now deals with the Conscientious Objectors in its own bosom; full of reverence for the possible emergent moral genius, and yet full of practical common sense in its encouragement of humility. For my part I should always advise the Government to call upon the Society itself to work out a scheme of its own for dealing with those of its members who threatened to be Conscientious Objectors to any Government requirement. I should feel quite sure that the scheme would be a shrewd one, likely to meet all the necessities of the case; and, *once the point had been mentioned to the leaders,* I should rely confidently on the community getting quite a good equivalent both of service and of sacrifice. It is open to consideration whether some other denominations or communities or societies fostering Conscientious Objectors might not usefully be dealt with in the same way.

But there are other cases. Have we, for instance, any right to enforce by law, medical attendance and treatment on the "peculiar people," with whom it is a matter of Conscience to abstain from such carnal aid. I do not know how far the sincere devotees of "Christian Science" take up the same position. This case is, however, not one of serious practical difficulty. The claim of Conscience can be admitted only in respect of the treatment of oneself. We simply refuse to listen to the thug, in the India of the last century, whose Conscience bade him commit an endless succession of coldblooded murders. We equally lay it down that a parent who wilfully deprives his or her child of medical attendance, runs the risk of punishment for the crime of cruelty, or in case of the child's death, for that of manslaughter. But we do not insist by law on the adult person taking medicine, or submitting to a surgical operation if he has a stop in his mind about it. He may die if he likes. In the United Kingdom, we do not even, by the criminal law, compel a man to get physic for his wife if his Conscience—not hers—forbids it!

We have gone a step further with regard to vaccination, in which we not only allow a man and his wife to refuse to be vaccinated if their consciences so dictate. They may, if they like, in the United Kingdom, endanger all their neighbors by remaining susceptible to smallpox. But they are permitted also to refuse to allow their infant children to be vaccinated. Personally, I do not see how this exercise of judgment can be regarded as within the scope of Conscience as I have defined it; and if we all believed in the efficacy of vaccination as implicitly as most of the doctors, I think the law would be altered. The fact is that we believe less and less.

Equally outside the scope of Conscience to my mind, though not for that reason any the less worthy of respect, are the refusals of conquered peoples to recognize the authority of their conquerors; the threatened resistance of Protestant Ulster to a Home Rule Parliament; the objection of particular householders in Victorian England to pay the ancient parish revenue that was unluckily termed the Church Rate (when it was really the Democratic parish rate) on the ground that certain expenses for religious services had come to be paid from it; the "passive resistance" offered in England between 1903 and 1906 to the payment of that part

of the Poor Rate or General District Rate that was supposed to meet the expenses of the religious instruction given in the Non-Provided Schools; the refusal of some of the advocates of Woman Suffrage in the United Kingdom to pay taxes because women (like 40 per cent of men) have no vote for Parliament. All these acts and resistances were manifestly the outcome of ratiocination and argument. They may have been right—certainly those who acted in these ways were convinced of their rightness. But in my views these decisions can no more be ascribed to the intuitive moral judgment, the flash of moral insight, than any other action that commends itself to the individual as right. To describe acts and resistances of this kind as the dictates of Conscience is, in my judgment, to misuse the term.

The case of the Conscientious Objector who refuses to take part in war stands, to my mind, on a different footing. That there exists in many minds an intuitive moral judgment against deliberately killing men, I can have no doubt. I am inclined to think that Conscience on this point is pretty common. After all, it is now a long time since the emergence of that moral genius who taught a religion of love; and in spite of all the ingenious perversions of this teaching, some of it has got embedded in the Caucasian mind. But most of us argue successfully with our Consciences on the point, and believe that there is such a thing as a moral right of self-defense, and a righteous war. The National Conscience, with the support of the authoritative exponents of Christianity, very effectively, in most of us, instructs the individual Conscience. Whether those who refuse to be thus instructed, and who persist in accepting as supreme in this matter the dictates of their own intuitive judgment, are wiser or more moral than the plain man, I do not feel able to decide. I gather that the Anglican Church, like most of the Protestant Churches, hesitates to pronounce on the point. The Roman Catholic Church, which is more candid, refuses explicitly to condemn war as war; thoroughly upholds the right and duty of a nation to defend itself by force of arms; says "it cannot lawfully turn the other cheek to the unjust aggressor;" it has both as much right and as much duty to raise armies as to maintain a police force and Courts of Justice; it may as justly call on men to be soldiers as to fulfil any other legal obligation; and the individual is no more entitled to refuse Compulsory Military Service than

he is to refuse to obey any other properly enacted law of the land.

Well, there are some people who decline to accept the authoritative teaching on this point of the organized Church of Christ; and who insist on their own interpretation of the religion of love. They are immune to argument—in fact, they generally get the better of their opponents in logic. They have on the face of it a strong case. War is clearly horrid—not in the least what we associate with Jesus of Nazareth, or even with Herbert Spencer. They can quote against the Church its own insistence that its ordained ministers shall not themselves be constrained to fight; if fighting is wrong for the deacon and the priest, how can it be argued that it is right for the humble member of the Church whose Conscience rejects it? Moreover, the Conscientious Objectors to Compulsory Military Service have on their side in the United Kingdom even more than in the United States a long course of "established expectation"—they have been brought up to believe fighting to be wrong, at any rate in those who feel it to be wrong, and the State has endorsed that view not only tacitly, but by its past exemptions from service of Quakers and Ministers of Religion. The argument of "established expectation" is a strong one. I remember that Mr. Balfour justified the threatened resistance of Protestant Ulster to the putting in force of the Home Rule Act by distinguishing between the law as it has existed up to now, which he said it was a positive duty to obey, and a law introducing new obligations and duties, which he declared that any one who conscientiously objected to it was fully entitled to resist to the death. Certainly the Military Service Acts of 1915 were, in Great Britain, of all laws the most innovating, and accordingly on Mr. Balfour's own showing only three years ago, laws which we were as individuals fully entitled to resist.

On the other hand, Mr. Balfour's argument, as we must admit, was demonstrably a very bad one; and was plainly one adopted by him as a politician in a desperate intellectual difficulty. I do not myself see how we can deny to the State, acting through its constitutionally formed Government—still less to the Democratic State ascertaining the General Will by the machinery of popular elections—the right to put any duty whatsoever on the individual citizens, irrespective of their personal opinions, or of their individual Consciences.

If the State has the right forcibly to prevent aggression at home, and to maintain Criminal Courts and executioners as well as a police force—armed when necessary with rifles and revolvers, bringing into play field artillery and asphyxiating gas as at Sidney Street and Fort Chabrol, it must be admitted to have at least an equal right forcibly to suppress piracy on the high seas, and to resist aggression by the armed forces of any other State. Nor can we logically maintain a right in the individual citizen—who is born into the State, nurtured by the State, protected for the State, cared for by the State in sickness, even fed by the State—to turn round on the State whenever the State does anything, or commands anything, of which he disapproves. Is this abstract right of the State to put a new duty on the citizen quite absolute? In extreme necessity I think we cannot but answer in the affirmative. If we are on a leaking ship, and the captain in authority declares that only by the most strenuous labors at the pumps, of every person on board, can the company be saved, I should not myself have any patience with a man who announced that he felt a stop in his mind about taking his turn at the pumps—I could not logically refuse to apply all the violence and inflict all the pain necessary to coerce the will of that very inconvenient Conscientious Objector.

Speaking practically, however, it seems to me that the abstract right of the State to put upon its citizens new and additional personal obligations to which any of them strenuously object, whether on conscientious or other grounds, may equitably be limited by the requirement of giving such reasonable notice as the case may allow, so as to give Objectors time to rearrange their lives; and secondly by the concession of permission, and effective opportunity, for Objectors to abjure the State and go permanently into exile—perhaps even at the expense of whatever pecuniary penalty they can afford, by way of repayment in cash for the benefits they have hitherto derived from the State. I am not sure that we shall not come, in really Democratic States, to a formal induction into citizenship—say on arriving at 21—a sort of secular Confirmation Service involving a direct and conscious personal acceptance of the obligations of citizenship—a real Social Contract of the kind dreamt of by Hobbes and Rousseau—the alternative to which would be immediate emigration.

I have left one case to the last, perhaps it is the one most typical of the Conscientious Objector of to-day. What he may have in view, what may inspire his action in resisting, is not so much the avoidance for himself of the accursed thing, not the keeping of himself unspotted from evil, but destroying the evil altogether, making it impracticable for the Government to do that against which the individual Conscience has revolted—as one Conscientious Objector has expressly said, "driving a nail in the coffin of the war." This is really of the nature of the Anarchist revolt against the State itself. The sacred right of rebellion is doubtless part of the British Constitution. But then, so is the equally sacred duty of repressing the rebellion, by whatever force is necessary. This sort of Conscientious Objector—the Conscientious Objector with ulterior aims—cannot reasonably complain of the punishment which he incurs. Martyrdom is, indeed, to him as it was to Jesus of Nazareth, a necessary part of the game he is playing. Only when the object of the Conscientious Objector is political propaganda, two can play at the game. A wise Government will sometimes say, like a shrewd administrator of the past (was it not Abraham Lincoln?) "Such and such a person is determined to be a martyr; and I am equally determined not to let him be one." There are more ways of silencing an agitator than killing him, or than putting him in prison. But even when the "Higher Command" is as wise as this, its subordinates can seldom be trusted with the like discretion. Accordingly the State will always do well, first to abstain as far as possible from direct personal coercion—it can nearly always get what it wants by allowing everybody the widest freedom of choice, giving the necessary inducements, *and deliberately "weighting the alternatives;"* secondly, to avoid wherever possible any infliction of martyrdom—ridicule and public shams is a much safer instrument than punishment to use with those objectors in whom we cannot recognize moral genius, and thirdly, to provide for the fact that men have all sorts of Consciences, by offering the objectors all sorts of alternatives. I do not disguise from myself that the application of these principles to the circumstances of a national crisis may demand the highest Statecraft.

SIDNEY WEBB.

WHAT ARE THE CHURCHES TO DO?

BY REV. S. D. MC CONNELL, D.D.

It is only forty years since the great Bishop of Natal was tried and excommunicated by his church for saying publicly that he did not believe that the count of the Israelites and their cattle as given in the Book of Exodus was true.

There was a bishop of Natal
Who had a Zulu for a pal;
Said the Zulu, Look here
Aint the Pentateuch queer,
And converted my lord of Natal.

In the judgment thus flippantly recorded by *Punch* practically the whole Christian world agreed. For many generations the Church had been living within a ring fence of dogma. One of its pannels was the doctrine of the Inspiration and Infallibility of the Bible. It believed that if a single rail of the fence should be loosened the whole interior would be exposed and threatened. Dean Burgon and Canon Liddon, the two foremost ecclesiastics in England, declared that "if the Bible is not infallible in every chapter, verse and syllable, then is our faith vain and Christ died in vain." The Presiding Bishop of the American Church agreed with them and urged the prosecution, and so did the Pope, and the General Assembly, and all the rest. And this was only forty years ago.

Since then that particular pannel of the ring fence has been removed bodily. The matter now concerns the central dogmas which the fence enclosed. Can the Churches insist upon these, and at the same time win and retain the allegiance of intelligent men? It is noteworthy that there is now an almost complete absence of open antagonism to religious dogma or church order. No Huxley is today firing hot shot

into the theological camp; and no Gladstone is discharging heavy and ill-directed artillery in its defence. We who are not old can remember when the issue of the latter's book, *The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture*, was regarded as an international event. Who cares about such things now? Apologists and the religious press accept the situation with much satisfaction. The Warfare of Science and Religion is over, they say; thank God for the victory! They are mistaken. Religious dogmas were in infinitely less danger while men cared enough about them to attack them than when they have ceased to regard them at all. That is the situation today. A great and increasing multitude of the best and most intelligent men silently turn away from the churches and go their own way. They are not irreligious. On the contrary, judged by any fair test of life, they include the best among us. We can count them by the dozen among our acquaintances. They used to go to church; they do not now. They are silent upon the subject. If pressed they are likely to adopt Disraeli's answer. When asked what his religion was he answered, "That of all sensible men." When asked farther what that was, he replied, "Sensible men never say." Twenty years ago John Burroughs wrote:

> The religious skeptics today are a very large class, and they are among the most hopeful, intelligent, patriotic and upright of our citizens. Let us see; probably four fifths of the literary men of this country and Great Britain; a large proportion of journalists and editors; half the lawyers; more than half the doctors; a large per cent of the teachers, and a larger per cent of business men. They find the creeds in which they were nurtured no longer credible.

This was true twenty years ago, and it is still more true today. Surely this is a fact of which the churches must take account. Time was when their task was to win bad men; now the task is to retain the good ones.

For many centuries the Church has been organized around dogmas. Let us admit in passing that it was not so at the beginning. During the first and second generation of Christians few of the dogmas since held to be vital had been formulated. But it is so now, and has been so for many centuries. It is often asserted by those who solicit good men to join their churches that subscription to doctrines is not essential. This is not true. In most cases a declaration of belief is either positively required, or it is so plainly implied

that an honorable man must feel himself so bound. Probably the minimum demand is that for membership in the Episcopal Church,—" Do you believe all the articles of the Christian faith as contained in the Apostles' Creed?" If he becomes a member he must either join with the congregation in reciting that creed, or become conspicuous by his silence. If he join another Protestant church he must listen with tacit assent to hymns, prayers and sermons, the very stuff of which he does not believe to be true. If he goes to Rome he must assent in advance and in bulk to whatever the Church has in the past or may in the future declare to be true.

Let us ask plainly, What are these beliefs? and what attitude toward them the churches can take in order to secure the allegiance of the class of men we are considering?

The beliefs of the Church arrange themselves within concentric circles. Occupying the centre is the " Incarnation," i.e. the belief that on a certain date A. U. C., in a remote district of Asia, God took upon himself the form of a man, that that man lived as a man for thirty years or more, was put to death as a malefactor, rose again from the dead three days later, and returned to heaven.

But this belief cannot stand alone. It is meaningless until its purpose and intention are interpreted. Thus we pass into the second and wider circle. Then we learn, in rough outline, something like this: All mankind are descended from a common ancestor generally known by the name Adam; this man sinned; all his posterity are sinners, either by inheritance of his nature or transmission of his guilt; without shedding of blood there is no remission of sins. Thereupon the " Second Adam " offered himself and was accepted by God as a " Sacrifice " sufficiently valuable to placate the anger of God, and to make possible the " safety " of any who will make the proper terms with the Redeemer. As to just what these terms are there is much difference of opinion among the various Confessions, but in substance, all mean that apart from a belief in the things stated above there is no forgiveness or eternal safety for any human soul.

These are the fundamental tenets officially announced, held and defended by ninety-nine hundredths of the churches, in confessions, articles and creeds, are promulgated in hymns, prayers, sermons and press. In addition to these,

and within a wider and ever widening circle, are belief in the miracles which attended upon the human life of Christ, also those wrought by his immediate followers, also those recorded in the Hebrew Scriptures, and possibly those continuing to occur at shrines and holy places. These are the things which the men instanced above by Mr. Burroughs confront when they approach the church.

We may ask the question,—Why does this class of men exist so numerously now, and Why did it not exist in times past?

If Mr. Burroughs, or the late Goldwin Smith were to reply, the answer would probably be something like this:

We are not unappreciative of the solicitude of the churches toward us. It would be a pleasure for us to join with them in their good works. Nor are we indifferent to the obligations of religion. We face the deep mysteries of existence and destiny seriously. We endeavor to conform our lives to duty. We do what we can to help our fellow men. We believe in God. And in this connection, we bow with unfeigned reverence before the incomparable person of Jesus Christ. But we cannot join any church. Let us frankly state some of the reasons:

First, we do not believe to be true many of the things which that action would imply that we do believe. Within our own lifetime we have seen beliefs which the Church claimed to be vital attacked, defended, defeated and abandoned. For example, the "Infallibility of the Bible"; the "Fall of Man"; the Old Testament miracles; the historic accuracy of the Gospels, and such like. We have seen the dogmatic outposts surrendered one by one and the Church retiring within the citadel of the "historic creeds." We neither rejoice nor lament at this, except in so far as we are glad to see error disappear and truth prevail. We really have no interest in these dogmas. We do not think they have any necessary connection with religion.

But the conception of God and of nature which has now been finally accepted by the human intelligence, and which has made the dogmas instanced above untenable will, we believe, render all belief in the "miraculous" impossible, if it has not already done so. We do not know whether the things stated in the "historic creeds" are true or not. We neither believe nor disbelieve them. They are human words about things and in a region where words have no meaning.

But our chief obstacle is a more practical one and more impassible, inasmuch as it has to do with the eternal distinction between right and wrong. We would not be offensive, but we think that the very central tenet of the churches' teaching is profoundly immoral, "atonement," "redemption," "propitiation," all these conceptions belong as we believe to a low and savage stage of evolution. We hope and humbly believe that our moral sense is too far developed to allow us to traffic with them. Moreover, we are persuaded that they misrepresent and defeat the work of Christ whom we hold in reverence. We would rather be with Simon the Cyrenean helping to bear the cross along the via dolorosa than to hang like lazy lurdanes adding to its weight and singing, "Simply to the cross I cling!"

For these reasons, therefore, because our intelligence and our conscience both reluct, we must decline the invitation.

Now, what ought the Church to do in these premises? The answer would seem to be plain,—throw overboard all obsolete dogmas, admit frankly that the great mass of "miracles" are unbelievable, purge hymn-books and liturgies of "blood," preach salvation by character and not by grace.

This would appear the palpable thing to do,—if it were not for the fact that wherever any such thing has been tried it has entirely failed. It has offended and alienated those within the fold and attracted few sheep from outside. The so-called "liberal" churches—inspired with sweet reasonableness and filled as they are with noble souls, have made practically no impression. For, after all, the satisfaction of the religious need is not to be found in sweet reasonableness. There must be something in the problem which we have overlooked. Can it be that the religious need of the soul requires for its satisfaction something which the intelligence and the moral sense both cry out against? Why is it that the Catholic Mass and Billy Sunday's "sawdust trail" grip as they do? They are essentially identical, although apparently so unlike, both being the exhibition of the same idea, "propitiation"—the crassest and crudest theology, acceptance by "faith" of wonders which the intelligence rejects, a trust for salvation to a goodness which is not one's own but imputed. We are perplexed when we see men of high intelligence kneeling in adoration at the Mass, believing that they

See God made and eaten every day!

We are amazed when we see thoughtful and clear-minded men flocking to hear a mountebank evangelist hold forth in terms which the intelligence retches at. But there it is. These are the places where men are found when the religious emotion stirs. The truth is we confront here one of those perplexing and exasperating antinomies of human nature. The intelligence is forever summoning the religious instinct before its bar to justify itself, and the instinct pays no heed to the summons. It is its own justification. It mocks at logic. It beckons, drives, promises and comforts without the least thought of consistency. Here is an instance of it in action,—a field hospital behind the fighting line, told by a Scotch Chaplain:

> They had brought the two brothers quite close together, and the one with the bandaged eyes had a hand of the other in his own. The dying man took mine in a grip of ice. "Padre," he whispered, "I am going home. And I wanted you to come to me again. Write to my people. This will break their hearts. And pray that my brother may be spared." There is no ritual for a moment like that, one could only ask Him who was broken also for others to be near this broken man whose body was pierced unto dying for those he loved. We whispered together a few lines of "Jesus, lover of my soul," and a verse of that immortally wonderful, "Lead, Kindly Light." And then he put his arm about my neck and drew me closer. "I tried to do what was right," said he. "O Christ receive my soul." I heard a man near me in the dark say "Amen." Then I said, very quietly, the last verse of the hymn he had whispered:
>
> So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it will
> Lead me on,
> O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
> The night is gone,
> And with the morn those angel faces smile,
> Which I have loved long since, and lost a while.

What incredible inconsistencies,—and what amazing truth! First, the Chaplain's presentation of the "redeeming" suffering of Christ; then the dying soldier's acceptance of that, and in the same breath resting his hope in his own character, "I tried to do what was right"; then priest and soldier both alike resting their confidence in the religion which is as old as humanity, the blind trust in the goodness of God, worded in the great Cardinal's hymn, a hymn which contains no trace of specific Christianity and might have

been penned with equal fitness by Marcus Aurelius. Professor Huxley or General Booth!

Is there any way then by which the religious man and the intelligent man, or rather the religion and the intelligence in man, can get together? And can the Church state that way and guide its policy accordingly?

The churches all agree that they rest upon the life and teaching of Jesus Christ. John Burroughs, Goldwin Smith, and the others are eager to say that they bow in reverence before that incomparable personality. Now, it is too much to expect, on the one hand, that such as they can ever subscribe to the interpretations of that life which have been formulated in creeds and confessions. It is too much to expect, on the other hand, that the churches can renounce those dogmas which are entangled with their very being, the moulds in which their religious life has been run, and which are hallowed by a myriad sacred associations. No; the *rapprochement* cannot be effected by surrender of intellectual integrity on the one hand or of venerable creeds on the other.

In the search for a workable policy it is to be noted also that the Roman and the Protestant churches do not stand in the same situation. The Catholic Church is not organized around doctrine, but discipline. It is open to it therefore to lay little emphasis upon individual belief, indeed to disregard dogmatic subscription altogether. The problem is for the Protestant churches. But what can they do? I answer: reasonable men would not expect them to abolish their confessions or expunge their creeds. All that is needed is a far simpler thing. It is only to declare formally, officially, and in a way which cannot be misunderstood by honorable men, that membership in their body does not imply and is not understood to imply a subscription to their dogmas, and to conform their regulations to the statement. Even so the class of men we have in mind would not find life easy in the churches. But being the reasonable men they are, they could and would be willing to join with them in the activities of the Christian life, and to wait for time to clear the churches' atmosphere of the oppressive vapors still clinging to it from primitive paganism and medieval superstition.

May we venture to hint another reason, even more timely, why the Protestant churches should envisage afresh their doctrinal formularies? They were all "made in Germany."

Even those formulated in England and America are only reconstructions of German fabrics of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. May not the question soon come to be whether, as they were all made in Germany, they may not have had much to do with making Germany what it is? The Germans believe this to be so.

In the fiery furnace of a world's war men's religions are being fused together and the dross is being melted out of them. French priests, Scotch ministers and English chaplains, face to face with the ultimate realities, find that at bottom they are one. And the soldier in the trenches writes home deploring the futilities of his church.

Let the creeds and confessions alone. But let them be openly and avowedly displaced from their place as organizing principles and conditions of membership. Then they will live or perish according to their fitness to survive.

Unless and until something like this is done the falling away from the churches of the best and most desirable will continue. When it is done, or even when an honest desire to do it is shown, we may believe that multitudes of men who are lonely, each within his isolated religion, of which he rarely speaks, will be eager to be enrolled and find companionship within the Brotherhood of Christ,—which, after all, was the original name of the Church.

S. D. McConnell.

DREAM-LIFE

BY M. SENIOR

You ask me what you've been to me this while?
Well, I shall tell you.
I never knew you half so well, before we parted, months ago.
You were a stranger then, almost—and now, I fear I know you far too well.

You've been (it's hard to say, you know)—but this:
I've fancied you have been my lover—or the father of my child . . .
And more than that, you've been at times *my* child . . . you know? . . .
No, you can never quite imagine that strange fancy . . . no.
It was, perhaps the best—to feel I knew you, had you to myself
Before a single other could.

Well, that and more you've been.
You've haunted every thought.
We've walked, hands joined and naked thigh to thigh,
Along the ridge of hills—wind blown like those sad willow-leaves;
Or we have dived together into dark wood-pools. That night
The moon shone, and you said, "I see a lily, white,"
And pointed straight to me . . .
And once I traveled far, being a figure-head upon a ship and you the sea.
I held my head up high to be embraced by such a noble lord,
And, tho' you burned me in the sultry Chinese Sea,
Or lashed me round the Horn,
Laughing, I held my head up high, and dashed the well-loved spray about my throat . . .
Well, that's not all:
For we've been sea-gulls, skimming wing to wing across the waves;
And we've been leopards crouching in the jungle . . .
That's queer, you say?
Why, you have been my god, and I have bruised my lips against your cruel bronze hand.

Nor is that all:
Waking I've dreamt of you and dreaming lived with you.
Once we drifted in a copper boat below a cliff empurpled by the
setting sun;
We floated on forever—or till the ending of the dream . . .
That was a dream. But *this* I tell you happened:
I walked out to the fields to gather lilies,
Gold, black-spattered ones, the lilies of the field.
I held them close, great armfuls, and brought them toward the beach;
And there I spread the lilies deep like rushes on a floor,
And sought you out to show you this new bridal bed . . .
Was I awake?—O, yes.
And once while walking by the sea, the mist uprose and floating
Settled down upon my shoulders
And I started, for I tho't you'd thrown your arm lightly about
me . . .

And more . . . and more . . .
Were these not strange thoughts that left me neither day nor night?

And now I see you and I find there's nothing left for us,
At least for me.
I've dreamed love's all and real life seems so pale,
And you must go—so go.
I've lived with you as we could never live together,
And if you'll only go—yes, leave me now, I think I still can live so.

M. SENIOR.

THE ENTRANCE REQUIREMENTS TO PLATO'S REPUBLIC

EDWARD A. THURBER

An English scientist said recently that, in the space of eighteen months, a generation's period had been traversed. As a small instance, he observed, "Shaw's plays, that claimed to be the intellectual novelties of their day, are dead! Bergson spoke of them in London the other day as no longer readable, as of '*une mode démodée, une affectation passée.*' Certainly they would bore every one now, and it is difficult to trace in what their interest lay—so tedious they are become."

I quote these phrases not as entailing of Bernard Shaw's plays any discussion with which I intend warmly to agree or to disagree. Some of Shaw's plays, to be sure, are readable and are likely to be readable for a good many years to come. What I wish to emphasize, however, is the fact that in great crises, such as a terrible war, the minds of reflecting people are likely to be thrown back upon themselves; their meditations come swiftly; they take council of first and last things, and rehearse in their minds what their imaginative writers have given them of late or aforetime that they think worthy to attach to their deeper experiences. Thus sharp crises, if well considered, confirm to many people the great truths of ages; they aid the thoughtful in taking stock of what they consider will be most liberating. Wars, then, for those who are not too physically engaged in them, produce often a state of mind that may be called *academic,* a condition to which a celebrated Frenchman has given the phrase, "Above the Battle."

And I employ the word *academic* partly because I am thinking of Plato and his attitude toward imaginative writers. It is said that his views are not wholly consistent,

that in some later writings, he wavered from the dogmatic position of the Republic. Be that as it may, my present concern is with his discussion on this ideal state of his. "With the single exception of hymns to the gods," he says, "and panegyrics of the good, no poetry ought to be admitted into a state." "For if you determine to admit the highly seasoned music of lyric or epic poetry, pleasure and pain will have sovereign power in your state, instead of law and those principles which, by the general consent of all time, are most conformable to reason." "My dear Homer," he entreats, "tell us what city owes a better constitution to you, as Lacedaemon owes hers to Lycurgus, and as many cities, great and small, owe theirs to many other legislators? What state attributes to you the benefits derived from a good code of laws? Italy and Sicily recognize Charondas in this capacity, and we Solon. But what state recognizes you?" "Will Homer," Plato asks, "be able to mention any?"

"Is it reported of Homer," he queries, "that though not a public man, he nevertheless in his lifetime persuasively conducted in private the education of certain disciples, who used to delight in his society and handed down an Homeric way of living?" "Is it conceivable," Plato asks, "that, if Homer and Hesiod were really capable of improving men in virtue, they should have been suffered by their contemporaries to travel about reciting? Is it not more likely that they would have been hugged more closely than gold, and constrained to stay at home with their countrymen? Or else, if this favor were refused, that they would have been escorted in their wanderings, till their disciples had received a satisfactory education?"

Plato, we know, included the dramatists in his score of outcasts, and if, in his day, there had been novelists, he would have included them also: all imaginative writers, poets of every description—unless, indeed, some of these novelists or poets had made their writings hymns to the gods or panegyrics of the good; or were actively interested in the state and in persuading their fellow-men to live righteously.

But here, it would seem, Plato has left an immense gap, an opening through which, I imagine, many of our modern writers would leap with tremendous bounds. I am not aware that Shaw has written hymns to the gods, but I am quite

certain that if he were asked whether or no he had written panegyrics of the good he would maintain uproariously that he had written little or nothing else. The welfare of the state has been with him a brawling preoccupation, and he gathers many Shavians about him whom he educates to righteous living and who hug him more closely than gold. And with him would flock a whole troupe of latter-day novelists and pamphleteers, men who are most importunate that their views of society are of alarming consequence.

Plato, however, would, I think, still be contentious; he has yet a second string to his bow. "The peevish temper," he says, "furnishes an infinite variety of materials for imitation; whereas the temper which is wise and calm is so constantly uniform and unchanging that it is not easily imitated: and when imitated it is not easily understood, especially by a general gathering of all sorts of persons collected in a theatre. For there people witness the imitation of a state which, if I am not mistaken, is far from being their own." "Hence it is clear," Plato argues, "that the imitative poet has, in the nature of things, nothing to do with this calm temper of soul, and that his wisdom is not set on pleasing it, if he is intended to gain a reputation in the world; but his business is with the peevish and changeful temper, because it is easily imitated." Plato challenges the profit of feeling pleasure and bestowing praise instead of being disgusted with a man who behaves as one would scorn and blush to behave oneself. The element, he holds, which prompts us to think of and grieve over our misfortune and which has an insatiable appetite for lamentation, is irrational and idle and the friend of cowardice; the peevishness of imitative writers waters and cherishes the emotions which ought to wither with drought, and constitutes them as our rulers when they ought to be our subjects, if we wish to become better and wiser and happier instead of worse and more miserable.

If, therefore, the most widely read, the most disputatious, the most naturalistic, of our imaginative writers of about the year 1914 could be conceived as knocking at the gates of Plato's Republic, I fear none of them would stand much chance of finding lodgment there. Many, indeed, would scorn to knock at all. But it wouldn't matter; no more than Homer or Shakespeare could they get in—not even if the Republic had a thousand portals. For to enter Plato's Re-

public, a poet must not only lead a life which men strive to emulate, but he must keep his writings constantly away from what is peevish and changeful and paltry. As Walt Whitman has it: "The great literatus will be known, among the rest, by his cheerful simplicity, his adherence to natural standards, his limitless faith in God, his reverence, and by the absence in him of doubt, ennui, burlesque, persiflage, or any strained or temporary fashion."

The inhabitants of the Republic, indeed, are in a condition of resolute purification. Living is with them an enchanting crisis. It is as if great battles were being fought below them, and they, in an Olympian atmosphere, were watching, and sifting, and debating,—straining mightily to reject and to retain. In other words, they are celestially academic. And *this,* I have assumed, has been our state of mind for over two years; at least, this is the state of mind of one who thinks of Shaw as *démodé,* or of Wells as—but I shall not speak for Wells, for I think I hear him even now knocking at a gate of the Republic.

Plato's rigorous tests of a great poet are of course not the tests generally approved; indeed, in his ideal state, he is far less lenient than the venerable arbiter, Time. I have been thinking of late, however, how curiously what Plato maintained has been restated by a few eminent writers, and interestingly enough, these writers have been productive in seasons of violence.

Not many years ago—it was before the war—I heard the statement that Milton was altogether *démodé:* had gone the way, perchance, of the Goncourts, who, George Moore says, were the fashion of yesterday and today are older than Herodotus; or the way of Shaw, whose writings, we are told, have become so tedious. For this modern, Milton had nothing; and his passing was a clinching refutation of Plato, for of all the English poets I can think of Milton is the one most certain to have gained admittance into the Republic. He alone, perhaps, can withstand every Platonic challenge. And as Plato rather archly suggests that Homer be given a chance to defend himself, I have been wondering if we might not summon Milton for a moment or two to hear him debate his right of entrance.

Extended arguments will be quite unnecessary. I have in mind two studies of Milton, which have appeared within a year or so, two academic studies by American professors,

Thompson and Sampson, in which the case of Milton is rehearsed with sufficing energy.

Milton's poetry, I assume, is beyond cavil. He not only soared in the high reason of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him, but his lyric poetry was always either hymns to the gods or panegyrics of the good. And the traces of wilfulness or peevishness in his imitative poetry are so incidental that I assume Plato would readily have forgiven them. Even the Republic is not composed of divinities.

Milton's life also fulfills the Platonic ideal. The expression of it, that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem, is as exalted as anything in the Dialogues. Milton was no wandering minstrel nor an investigator of emotions, but one who sanctified his whole being to the good of his country. From the year he stayed his wanderings in Italy to the final overthrow of the Commonwealth, he left no word unspoken that he thought might contribute to an ideal state. Plato insists that we make such a demand of our poets. They must be lawgivers, and must hand down a way of living. The student of Milton is invariably quite as interested in his life as in his poetry; indeed, the more zealously Milton is studied, the more ardently do the essential features of that bitter, impassioned, yet serene life burn into one. His disciples go about with him in his mental journeys, and will not let him escape them until they have caught his spirit; they hug him more closely than gold. Plato demands just this.

Galsworthy, in one of his fugitive essays, says: "Unlike the followers of any other occupation, nothing whatever compels any one of us [writers] to serve an apprenticeship. We go to no school, have to pass no examination, attain no standard, receive no diploma. We need not study that which should be studied; we are at liberty to flood our minds with all that should not be studied. Like mushrooms, in a single night we spring up—a pen in our hands, very little in our brains, and who-knows-what in our hearts." Such words would sound strange in the mouth of one who had served Milton's apprenticeship, of one who maintained that "labor and intent study" were his portion, or that "if faith mean aught, if there be any reward for the righteous, I shall stand among the ethereal deities in Paradise, whither labor and a

pure mind, and righteousness that burneth as a flame, carry the souls of men."

I shall leave Milton in his paradisiacal Republic with but a note of his on the present war. An outraged Frenchman cries: "A piece of architecture like Rheims is much more than one life; it is a people—whose centuries vibrate like a symphony in this organ of stone." The substance of that had been said many years before in the simple phrase: "He who destroys a good book kills reason itself."

It would be unprofitable, I imagine, to debate many cases of aspiring candidates to the Republic. We might perhaps declare a limbo for the doubtful, Goethe, Dostoievsky, Racine, Whitman, and leave them there for the advent of a seasoned dialectician. On the other hand, this much should be said. If we leave out of account the writings of the great Hebrew prophets—an important omission—the scales of our judgment would incline, I believe, to those who could not join Plato's state. Homer and the Greek dramatists are explicitly denied entrance; Cervantes and Shakespeare would find no welcome there; nor would Chaucer and Turgenev. For one reason or another, none of these poets could make a valid claim to be elected, and that in spite of the fact that the spiritual immortality of each of them seems undeniable. A surfeit of Dante, a surfeit of Pascal, too much of Tolstoi, drive the best of people straight to these vagabonds.

But Plato, as I have insisted, presupposes a crisis. "We shall be gainers," he says, "if poetry can be proved to be profitable as well as pleasurable"; and by profitable he means nothing short of Hebraic.

In his life of Tolstoi, Romain Rolland speaks of the immense vogue of the Russian among the young men of his circle. It was not enough for them to admire Tolstoi's presentation of life, Rolland says; they lived it; it was their own. Theirs it was by its ardent love of life, by its quality of youth—theirs by its irony, its disillusion, its pitiless discernment and its haunting sense of mortality—theirs by its dream of brotherly love and peace among men. And now, in his latest book, a by-product of the war, Rolland affirms: "The brightest geniuses of the earth, like Walt Whitman and Tolstoi, chant universal brotherhood in joy and suffering; or else, like our Latin spirits, pierce with their criticism the prejudices of hatred and ignorance which separate individuals and people."

Tolstoi is undoubtedly a brilliant candidate for the Republic; notwithstanding the marked difference in temper between the ancient Greek and the modern Russian, there are also striking resemblances. Plato discarded Homer and the Greek dramatists; Tolstoi discards Shakespeare and himself. And the thoroughness with which this feat is accomplished is no more amazing in the one than in the other. Tolstoi gives many reasons why Shakespeare's plays and his own great novels are anathema, but his deeper reasons are after all pure Plato. What city owes a better constitution to Shakespeare or to *War and Peace?* What state attributes to them the benefits derived from a good code of laws? Are they really capable of improving men in virtue? Did disciples ever visit Shakespeare for guidance in their lives? Does one go to him for any religion worth fighting for? "Bunyan, a better than Shakespeare," Shaw answers.

In a way Tolstoi drives Plato to a logical conclusion; for when he denies that beauty, a quality so dear to the Greeks, is an essential characteristic of art, he makes the value of art rest solely on its import. Beauty may be a precious embellishment, but art is without virtue which does not breathe the spirit of brotherly love. "God mingles not with man," says Plato in the Symposium; "but through Love the intercourse and speech of God with man, whether awake or asleep, is carried on. The wisdom which understands this is spiritual: all other wisdom, such as that of arts or handicrafts, is mean and vulgar." Tolstoi did not enter the Republic until the great novels of his maturity were behind him. Then came *Master and Man,* the parables, and *Resurrection;* his spiritual crisis was over, and in life, philosophy, and writings, he joined the celestial academy.

The ancient quarrel between philosophy and art is forever smouldering. "You are poets," the philosophers say, "and we are poets and rivals of yours, and our hope is to perform a play which is the creation of perfect law. Come then, soft sirs, children of the Lydian muse, and present yourselves first to the magistrates, and if they decide that your hymns are as good and better than ours, you shall have your chorus, but if not, not." And the magistrates, I apprehend, have held many a long and stormy session. And now and again a new figure among them voices its protest: "Are we indeed so august as to remain indifferent to the spectacle of life?" it asks. "Are we to close up forever

those instruments of thought called feelings? Is law the one inexorable establishment? Must the lives of men be unceasingly perfect and noble, unhalting, unresting, untiring? Come, bright sirs, are not you, yourselves, conscious of being enchanted by poetry? There is indeed a shape of personality very dear to many—which likes the play of strongest lights and shadows: where the good, the heroic, although never attained, is never lost sight of, but through failures, sorrows, temporary downfalls, is returned to again and again, and while often violated, is passionately adhered to as long as mind, muscles, voice obey the power we call volition. The great poets are wont to emerge when the state is at peace; they are the interpreters—the searchers for the riddle, Beauty." "Nay, sirs," reply the elder magistrates, and they raise their hands mournfully, "it would be a sin to betray what seems to us the cause of truth; it is wrong to be heedless of justice; in our Republic there is no peace."

And the magistrates are still sitting; but the great poets have gone their way. There comes elbowing in their place at the portals a crowd, a host of golden propagandists. "Would you have short stories?" they shout, "we preach imperialism; plays? we vindicate socialism: a man cannot be wise enough to be a great artist without being wise enough to be a philosopher; a man cannot have the energy to produce good art without having the energy to pass beyond it. If you want art tolerably brisk and bold, admit us doctrinaires." A stir of vexation seizes upon the magistrates; they arch their brows amazedly. The hubbub increases. There is a scuffling of impatient feet before the iron portals; the babble of strident voices; and the winds of many doctrines are let loose. "We stand for the superman," the voices call; "we reveal the neurotic; we worry the complaisant. The field of science is ours, ours the realm of psychology. We know all gestures, all attitudes; through lamentation, through disenchantment, we seek for wisdom and truth. Come, sirs, in these bustling times, let us grapple together; who ever knew truth put to the worse in an open and free encounter?"

Over the tumult there rose an austere presence; some say it was Plato himself; others say it was a prophet. He lifted his arms toward the concourse and spoke in stern accents: "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain. We know too well your phrases, O scrutinizers of

the fleeting, unlearned doctrinaires, barterers of pleasure and fears, psychologists without judgment. Your virtue has no freedom, nor health, nor truth. True virtue is a purification from all these things, and temperance and justice and courage, and wisdom, itself, are the purification. Are you looking to be held together by lawyers? Or by an agreement on paper? Or by arms? Nay, nor the world, nor any living thing will so cohere. Reason remains—reason and love. If indeed truth be in the field, then affection, whatsoever things are of good report, shall abide in this place. Except the Lord build the city, they labor in vain that build it."

The spokesman ceased, and twitched his mantle about him. He stayed for a moment, and peered wistfully over the heads of the rabble; he made as he would beckon, but presently turned and withdrew, he and his company, debating.

EDWARD A. THURBER.

WILLIAM DE MORGAN

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

It was in August, 1911, that I first saw William De Morgan. The meeting—ever memorable to me—took place at Church Street in Chelsea, in his own home, a building filled with specimens of his tiles and graced with his wife's paintings. After some time, we adjourned to what the English call a garden and what is known in America as the back yard. He fetched the manuscript of a nearly-completed novel, *A Likely Story,* and read aloud many of the detailed chapter-headings, chuckling with delight (even as a diplomat) over the apparently candid profusion of language with the successful concealment of the writer's intention. For example (*A chuckle after each sentence*):

How Fortune's Toy and the Sport of Circumstances fell in love with one of his nurses. Prose composition. Lady Upwell's majesty, and the Queen's. No engagement. The African War and Justifiable Fratricide. Cain. Madeline's big dog Cæsar. Cats. Ormuzd and Ahriman. A handy little Veldt. Madeline's Japanese kimono. A discussion of the nature of Dreams. Never mind Athenaeus. Look at the prophet Daniel. Sir Stopleigh's great-aunt Dorothea's twins. The Circulating Library and the potted shrimps. How Madeline read the manuscript in bed, and took care not to set fire to the curtains.

Mr. De Morgan was then seventy-one years old. He was tall and thin. The latter adjective comes near to expressing his entire physical presence in one word. Everything was thin. His body was thin, his beard was thin, his voice was thin. But his nature and his manner had all the heartiness and geniality we commonly associate with rotundity. He was in fact exactly the kind of man that the author of his novels ought to have been. What more can one say?

In the Spring of the following year, I saw Mr. and Mrs.

De Morgan again, this time in their apartment on the Viale Milton in Florence. It was deep in the afternoon, and a pile of manuscript a foot high rested on the table, the ink on the summit not yet dry. "The American people do not like my last two books," said he with a cheerful smile, "but perhaps they will like this one, for it is the most DeMorgany novel I have yet written." His hope and his statement were both justified, for the manuscript was the first part of "When Ghost Meets Ghost." Unlike many writers, he found the morning hours unfavorable for original composition. "I am an old man, and my vitality does not reach much strength until late in the day. I do my best writing between tea and dinner."

We talked of the *Titanic,* and of the war that Italy had carried into Africa. At that time he and I, with all the difference between us that the possession of genius gave to him, had one thing in common: we were both pacifists. Knowing his passionate love of Italy, I feared that he would approve of the war, and glory in the certainty of Italy's victory. I was happy to find that his love for the country and for the people did not blind him to the wickedness of that selfish and greedy war. . . . It is only fair to him to say that his pacifist principles failed to survive the early days of August, 1914. He was aggressively for England to his last breath, and his letters showed constant surprise at his own thirst for blood. Yet while rejoicing in English victories, he could not help deploring the loss of many brave enemies of his country. In October, 1914, he wrote to me:

> I am sorry to say that I am barbarous by nature and catch myself gloating over slaughter—slaughter of Germans, of course!—half of them men I should have liked—a tenth of them men I should have loved. It is sickening—but . . .

Again, in December, 1915:

> I put aside my long novel, because, with *Kultur* in full swing, I felt I should spoil it. I took up an old beginning—sketched in immediately after Joe Vance—and have got about half-way through, with great difficulty. The trail of the poison gas is over us all here, and I can only get poor comfort from thinking what a many submarines we have made permanently so. All the same, one of my favourite employments is thinking how to add to their number—a grisly committee—coffinsfull of men very like our own. For all seamen are noble, because they live face to face with Death.

In our London conversation he told me the now familiar details of his becoming an author. Never during his long life had he felt the least flicker of literary ambition. In his letters he was always insisting on the additional fact that he had never *read* anything: "I scarcely looked in a book, unless it was about pots and mechanism, for forty long years. There's a confession!—a little exaggerated in form from chagrin at the truth of its spirit, but substantially true for all that." As a matter of fact, he knew Dickens as few readers have ever known him, and he had many of the shorter poems of Browning by heart, though he never read *The Ring and the Book.*

If he had not taken a slight cold in the head when he was sixty-four he might never have written a novel. This cold developed into a severe attack of influenza, and as he lay in bed, he amused himself by writing the first two chapters of *Joseph Vance.* "If I had not had the 'flu,' I should not have thought of writing a book. I started *Joseph Vance* 'just for a lark.'" He had in mind no scenario, no plot, no plan, no idea whatever of the course of the story, or of what would become of any one of the characters. He just began to write, and his writing ceased—forever, as he thought—with his recovery. The world owes his completion of the story to Mrs. De Morgan, who insisted on his continuing. Then he came near destroying the early chapters, for they seemed to him to be too much like Dickens. In 1905 he was half-way through *Joseph Vance,* and it was published in July, 1906, when he was sixty-six years old. Its rejection by a publisher, owing to the appalling size of the manuscript, its subsequent acceptance by Mr. Heinemann, who saw it only after it had been typewritten, and its instant success, are now matters of general knowledge.

In an article I sent him he was impressed by the "sudden" opening of a story by Pushkin, Tolstoi's delighted comment upon it, the immediate challenge of a friend to imitate it, with the result—the first page of *Anna Karenina.* In 1910 he wrote to me:

> I must give you a parallel case to yours. *Somehow Good* began thus: I had written a good deal of another story, and liked it. I read it to my wife, and she didn't. She said, "Why can't you write a story with an ordinary beginning?" I said, "What sort?" and she answered, "Well—for instance: 'He took his fare in the two-penny tube.'" Said I, "An admirable beginning!" and put my

story in hand away, and began writing forthwith what is now Chap. 2 of the book. Chap. 1 was written long after, to square it all up. But the incident was substantially the Tolstoi story again, and chimes with all your comment on it.

The above account of the origin of *Somehow Good* is the more interesting because, of all his novels, this has the most orderly and best-constructed plot, and, viewed merely as a story, is his masterpiece. Which does not mean that I would trade it for *Joseph Vance*. To my mind his finest novel is the first one, and his greatest character is old Christopher Vance. With all my heart I hope that the latest book he was working on was completed, for he wrote me that it was even more "demorganatic" than the demorgany *Ghosts*.

He was deeply interested when I told him that the John Hubbard Curtis prize at Yale University in 1909 was offered for the best composition on the three novels which he had published before that year. He asked if he might see the successful essay, which was written by Mr. Henry Dennis Hammond, an undergraduate from Tennessee, and published in the *Yale Courant* for June, 1909. Two copies were sent him; one he returned to the young author, with highly diverting (and important) manuscript marginal notes. These notes were accompanied by a cordial letter, from which I make the following extracts:

I have scarcely an exception to take. What I have is to be found among some jotted comments on the margins of the *Courant* that I return to you. I daresay you will see that your irreverence (shall I call it?) for Dickens has occasioned some implication of cavil from me. But all you young men are tarred with the same feather nowadays.

Your remark about the red cap in *David Copperfield* made me re-read the chapter. I am obliged to confess that the red cap is absurd—a mere stage expedient! He would have seen the hair, like enough. But, oh dear! What a puny scribbler that re-reading made me feel!

Here follow some of the marginal annotations, which explain themselves:

I am a successful imposter about music—I know *nothing* of it—but am a very good listener . . . I must have omitted some distinguishing points in these folk, to leave the impression of similitudes. You see, I know them intimately still, and can assure you that they are, as a matter of fact, quite different. Dear, good old Mrs.

Heath was worth both the others twice over. . . . Come, I say—isn't it quiet, wise, and lovable to smoke cigarettes? *Very!*—I think: Still, it's true poor Janey died before English girls took to 'baccy. . . . But then Dickens was my idol in childhood, boyhood, youthhood, manhood, and so on to a decade of senility—even until now. . . . Concerning realism and idealism, I'm blessed if I know which is which! . . . the attempt is to found the ghosts only on authentic ghost stories with the same explanations, if any . . . The first meeting of David C[opperfield] and Dora covers any number of sins. . . . Anyhow, folk read the stories, and there will be another Sept. 23.

Merely to call the roll of Mr. De Morgan's works is impressive, when we remember their size, their excellence, and the short period of time in which all were written: In eight years this wonderful old man published over a million words, and left several hundred thousand in manuscript—every word written by hand. The mere mechanical labor of writing and proofreading on so gigantic a scale inspires respect. *Joseph Vance* appeared in 1906; *Alice-for-Short* in 1907; *Somehow Good* in 1908; *It Never Can Happen Again* in 1909; *An Affair of Dishonour* in 1910; *A Likely Story* in 1911, *When Ghost Meets Ghost* in 1914.

The romantic revival in modern English fiction, which negatively received its impelling force from the excesses of naturalism, and positively from the precepts and practice of Stevenson, flourished mightily during the decade from 1894 to 1904. Unfortunately no works of genius appeared, and it was largely a fire of straw. Then just at the time when three phenomena were apparently becoming obsolescent—painstaking realism, very lengthy novels, and the "mid-Victorian" manner—William De Morgan appeared on the scene with *Joseph Vance,* a mid-Victorian realistic story containing—after William Heinemann had exercised the shears—two hundred and eighty thousand words! Within a short space of time the book had just as many readers as it had words. This is what Carlyle would have called "a fact in natural history," from which we are at liberty to draw conclusions. One conclusion is that William De Morgan has had more influence on the course of fiction in the twentieth century than any other writer in English. For he gave new vogue to what I call the "life" novel, which differs from the popular novels of the 'eighties as Reality differs from Realism, and whose sincere aim is to see life steadily and see

it whole. In England, Arnold Bennett published *The Old Wives' Tale* in 1908; H. G. Wells published *Tono-Bungay* in 1909; and the same year marked the appearance in America of *A Certain Rich Man,* by William Allen White. These three books are excellent examples of the new fashion, or the old fashion revived, which ever you choose to call it.

Henry James has said somewhere that in the art of fiction and drama we experience two delights: the delight of surprise and the delight of recognition. Of these happy emotions, readers of Mr. De Morgan feel chiefly the latter kind; although *Somehow Good* contained plenty of surprises. Nearly every page of his longer books reminds us of our own observations or of our own hearts; and many pages drew from solitary readers a warmly joyous response. Even the most minute facts of life become so interesting when accurately painted or penned, that the artist's victim actually receives a sensation of pleasure so sudden and so sharp that it resembles a shock. One cannot possibly read *Joseph Vance* or *When Ghost Meets Ghost* with an even mind.

It is true that William De Morgan wrote *An Affair of Dishonour.* But Dickens wrote *A Tale of Two Cities;* Thackeray wrote *Esmond* and *The Virginians;* George Eliot wrote *Romola;* and Charles Reade wrote *The Cloister and the Hearth.* Why should we have quarreled with him about that? Any realistic writer may surely take a holiday in the country of Romance, if he chooses to do so. Yet the American attitude toward this particular historical romance was positively hostile; so hostile, that not only did the *An Affair of Dishonour* fail from the publishers' point of view, but the four novels that preceded it practically ceased to sell for a whole year; at least, so their author told me. He took the rebuff good naturedly, and extracted humor from the fact, as the postscript to *A Likely Story* proves; but he could not understand why he should be "punished" for daring to write an unanticipated work. I tried to explain to him that the anger of the American public was in reality complimentary; that he had set so high a standard in his four novels that the expectation of a vast circle of men and women was enormously keen, and that from a man of genius we always expect a work of genius, which no man—except perhaps Milton—has been able invariably to supply. He was not comforted. Seven years have passed since the publication of *An Affair of Dishonour;* and it is certain that the book

ranks higher in the estimation of intelligent readers than it did during the first months that followed its appearance. It is, in fact, a powerful story, told with great art; destined, I think, to have a permanent place in English fiction. It lacks the irresistible charm of the other books; but it is rich in vitality.

After reading the first four novels, I inquired of the author: "Why do you make elderly women so disgustingly unattractive? Does your sympathy with life desert you here?" And what an overwhelming reply I received in *When Ghost Meets Ghost!* Were there ever two such protagonists? Not elderly, but old—tremendously old, aged, venerable. And what floods of love and sympathy the novelist has poured out on these frail old waifs of time! How one feels, like a mighty stream running under and all through the course of this strange story, the indestructible power of the Ultimate Reality in the universe—Love, Love Divine.

This leads me to the final reflection that William De Morgan was not only an artist, and a novelist, and a humorist: he was also a philosopher. Each one of his stories has a special *motif*, a central driving idea. I mean that underneath all the kindly tolerance through which every great humorist regards the world, underneath all the gentle irony and the whimsicality, the ground of these books is profoundly spiritual. William De Morgan, like his brilliant father, belonged to the believers, and not to the skeptics. He was of those who affirm, rather than of those who deny. He was a convinced believer in personal immortality, or "immortalism," as he preferred to call it. He believed that all men and women have within them the possibility of eternal development; those whose souls develop day by day are "good" characters; those whose souls do not advance are "bad" characters. This is the fundamental distinction in his novels between folk who are admirable and folk who are not. In the fortieth chapter of *Joseph Vance*—a chapter that we ought to read over and over again—we find a sentence that, although spoken by one of the characters, reflects faithfully the philosophy of William De Morgan, who believed, with all his strength, in God the Father Almighty and in the Life Everlasting: "The highest good is the growth of the Soul, and the greatest man is he who rejoices most in great fulfilments of the will of God."

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

ARE THE MOVIES A MENACE TO THE DRAMA?

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

In *The Story of a Play*, which is one of the most amusing as it is one of the most brilliant of American novels dealing with theatrical life and which reveals a most sympathetic insight into the sinuosities of the histrionic temperament, Mr. Howells lets the author of the play (who is half his hero), say something to the actor (who is the other half) which the latter receives with immediate approval: "The drama is literature that makes a double appeal; it appeals to the senses as well as to the intellect,—and the stage half the time is only a picture-frame." From a mere man of letters who was engaged in plotting his first play this was a surprising admission. It was a recognition of the indisputable fact that the drama and the show business are integrally and intimately related, and the eyes and the ears of the spectators must be entertained while the mind is being satisfied and the feelings are being moved.

In other words, a play to please the main body of the public must be first of all an effective story with its own special kind of picturesqueness. A French critic is credited with asserting that "the skeleton of every good play is a pantomime"—a saying which is not quite true although it contains a large proportion of truth. In *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* and *Othello* the visible actions of the characters almost interpret themselves; and a performance of any one of the three would probably hold the attention of the average spectator even if he were so placed that he could not benefit by the dialogue. To Elizabethan playgoers Shakespeare's masterpieces were primarily good stories picturesquely set forth. Succeeding generations have discovered in Shakepeare's plays other and loftier merits than were perceived by his contemporaries in the opening years of the seventeenth century.

Now, in the opening years of the twentieth century there has been invented a new method of picturesque story-telling, which has already exhibited wholly unsuspected possibilities. At the present moment the art of the moving-picture is in process of rapid evolution; and we cannot yet foresee what its ultimate limitations will prove to be. What we can perceive clearly is that it has already been accepted by not a few observers as a dangerous rival of the drama; it has captured many theatres; it has enlisted in its service an army of actors and actresses; and it has captivated a host of men and women and children of whom many have probably been more or less habitual playgoers. How far is this apparent rivalry of the wordless moving-picture and the spoken drama to extend? Are the movies actually a menace to the drama? Is there any real danger that the primary art of the playwright and the secondary art of the player will be damaged if not destroyed by the continuous and increasing competition of the cinematograph? These questions are insistent; they are important; and they are not easy to answer.

In a plaintive and almost despondent paper Mr. Howells has expressed his griéf that the art of the theatre is "now apparently threatened by the gross and palpable triumph of the picture-show." He declared that the moving-picture "goes to the theatre, that home of the most beautiful art, and bids against it for the artists' liberty, their individuality, their initiative . . . From men and women it turns them to automatons . . . [It] buys their beauty and their power for a moment of the film, extinguishing the soul in them." And finally he asked: "Will the capitalized black art corrupt the dramatist as it has corrupted the actor? As yet it does not seem so . . . As yet the movie demands nothing of the dramatist." To be noted however is Mr. Howells's earlier admission that "the worst of it is that no one can deny the wonder of this new form of the world-old mime. It is of a truly miraculous power and scope; there seems nothing that it cannot do,—except convince the taste and console the spirit."

The questions Mr. Howells asked have been asked by many other lovers of the drama shocked at the invasion of the theatre by spectacles which do not convince the taste or console the spirit. This is a good occasion therefore to point out once more that the theatre and the drama are not the same thing; the moving-picture might take over half

the playhouses in the United States and still exert scarcely any influence upon the drama itself. The drama is an art, perhaps the loftiest and most powerful of the arts; and the theatre is a commercial enterprise. Of course, the drama cannot prosper unless it is on a sound economic basis; and for this it must always depend on the theatre. But the theatre can get along without the drama; it can for example rely on the review, the so-called comic opera, the summer song-show in which there is little or no trace of the essentially dramatic; it can fill out its programme with song and dance, with acrobatics, with trained animals, with sidewalk conversationalists, with jugglers and conjurers, and wit all the other possibilities of the variety-show. In so far as the moving-picture has forced itself into a prominent place among these non-dramatic entertainments, it is not in any way invading the field of the drama, and therefore it is not to be considered as a competitor.

But the moving-picture has done more than this: it has of late been bold enough to "picturize"—if that is to be the new word describing a new thing—popular plays, popular novels, and popular operas. It has made these picturizations long enough to provide entertainment for a whole evening. And it has discovered that it can present a story with an amplitude of effect not possible in the theatre. It has at its command resources impossible to the regular drama. Where the dramatist has to content himself by telling the audience how the hero saved the heroine's life by catching her runaway horse or by snatching her from before the locomotive or bringing her down from the burning building, the director of the moving-picture is able to show the heroic deed itself, visible to all the spectators.

Where Shakespeare on his restricted platform-stage could command only "three back-swords to eke a battle out," the moving-picture director can go into the open and manœuvre in a vast and indefinite perspective hundreds and thousands of men and horses and guns, with shells bursting and ammunition-wagons exploding. Where Othello hints at his hairbreadth escapes in the imminent deadly flood, and can do no more than hint at them, leaving the rest to the alert imagination of the Elizabethan audiences, the makers of the movies set before us the deadly flood itself and force us to be actual spectators of the hairbreadth escape. There are a multitude of things which the drama can do only in-

completely and with difficulty and which the movies can do easily and superbly. So far as mere pictorial story-telling is concerned the drama is simply outclassed; and the drama has hitherto had a monopoly of pictorial story-telling—a monopoly which it found very profitable.

One swift result of the advent of the moving-picture was the demise of the ultra-sensational melodrama, a tissue of thrilling adventures, often ingeniously contrived but nearly always devoid of any direct relation to human life as it really is. The illiterate playgoers who could find satisfaction in these arbitrarily concocted plots, wherein probability, plausibility and verisimilitude were continually sacrificed to unexpectedly startling effect, had their callous nerves more effectively stimulated and their crude tastes more deeply gratified by the melodramatic tales which could be told on the screen with far greater effectiveness. The relish for beholding violent adventure, for watching villainies plotted, and accomplished or thwarted, for impending terror and horror, is deep rooted in the baser instincts of man; and it sated itself in Rome in the gladiatorial combat and in Spain in the bull-fight. Thus it is that the makers of the movies, having killed off the crudely sensational melodrama, find their profit in supplying picture-stories of exactly the same kind.

Perhaps it is going a little too far to assert that the disappearance of the ultra-sensational melodrama is due solely to the competition of the moving-picture which can present the same kind of story with a far greater wealth of detail. Yet it is beyond question that the movie can satisfy the ruder likings of the mob for coarse-grained happenings far more successfully than the most inventive and ingenious stage-manager can ever hope to do. But while melodrama has had a long and interesting history, it is not one of the higher and more important forms of the drama. Indeed, it is frankly an inferior form because it contents itself with story-telling for its own sake, never hesitating to sacrifice character to situation. Its appeal is to the emotions but mainly to the senses, and more especially to the nerves, whereas true drama, the drama comic or serious, which is really worth while, appeals both to the emotions and to the intellect; it uses situation mainly to reveal character.

In a melodrama or in a farce we are interested very much in what happens and very little in the persons to whom these misadventures happen. In a comedy or in a tragedy we are

interested mainly in the persons themselves, in what they are rather than in what they do. However powerful the situations may be in which they are immeshed, we are always watching them to see how their characters are going to react and to reveal themselves under the stress of unforeseen circumstance. In melodrama and in farce we are quite satisfied to find characters painted in the primary colors, by a few bold strokes, presented in profile as it were, whereas in comedy and tragedy we expect the rotundity of real life, the complexity, the delicate colors and the finer shadings of a subtler art. We demand from the dramatist who essays the higher forms that he shall be able to "convince the taste and console the spirit." And Mr. Howells was right when he declared that this was precisely what the moving picture could not do. So long therefore as it labors under this total disability the moving picture can never be a real rival of the drama.

Certain kinds of melodrama the movies can do better than the regular theatre; certain kinds of farce also. But comedy and tragedy are wholly beyond its reach; and equally unattainable by it are the social drama and the problem-play. It is true, of course, that the moving-picture director can take comedy and tragedy, social drama and problem-play and that he can translate them on the screen; but what has he succeeded in presenting? The mere story, the empty sequence of events, void of nearly all the humanity that gives it meaning. He can take *Hamlet* and put it into pictures but he has to leave out all that lifted *Hamlet* above the violent melodrama out of which Shakespeare made it. He can take *Macbeth,* which has a good story picturesquely set forth, and he can show the succession of incidents with the utmost splendor. But he cannot show what gives all its value to this external shell of episode. He can make visible the marching of Macduff's army, and the coming of Birnam Wood, but he cannot disclose the conflict in the soul of Macbeth himself; he cannot make us shudder at the slow and steady disintegration of a noble character under the stress of recurring temptation. All that the moving-picture can do to a masterpiece of Shakespeare is to rob it of its vitality and its significance and to reduce it to the purely spectacular level of *The Birth of a Nation* and of the "gross and palpable" triumphs of the "black art," as Mr. Howells has termed it.

To the extent that the drama is only picturesque story-telling it cannot compete with the movies; but the movies cannot compete with the drama in dealing with the soul of man in its manifold struggles with itself. "The reel"—to quote Mr. Howells once more—"asks no co-operation of the intellect for the enjoyment of the events thrown upon the screen." And the drama is the noblest of the arts precisely because it does demand the co-operation of the intellect at the very moment when it is appealing to the emotions and when it is gratifying the senses.

When a play is put upon the screen it is necessarily reduced to the pantomime which should be no more than its supporting skeleton, and it has necessarily to be stripped of its flesh—of all that made it more than a mere story. This is why the picturization of the finer kinds of drama will always be inadequate and unsatisfactory. And this is why, again, the shrewder of the makers of moving-pictures are strenuously seeking for original stories, invented by men who have mastered the new art of telling tales by visual means alone, who can devise plots in complete accord with the marvelous possibilities of this new art and who can so plan them as to minimize the disadvantages of its strict and inexorable limitations. In the hands of these pioneers of the picture-play, the new art is finding itself as it proceeds to get further and further away from the processes needful in the spoken drama and not needed in the ampler area open before the deviser of a plot for the film. As the new art explores its own field more searchingly and as it discovers its own latent possibilities,—many of which are probably still unsuspected,—it is likely to diverge more and more from the method of the drama and to attain a technique of its own which will serve to differentiate it still more sharply. It can do this only by frankly accepting its limitations and by seeking to turn them to its advantage, for the true artist is forever making stumbling blocks into stepping-stones. Whenever the moving-picture is able to accomplish this, it will cease even to appear to be a rival of the drama.

Certain of the inexorable limitations of the story told on the screen by visual means alone have already been dwelt upon. They are obvious and irremovable. They forbid the deviser of a picture-play to do much more than tell a story picturesquely. He must eschew all psychologic subtlety; he must be satisfied with characters which can be presented

in profile; he must be simple and clear, swift and direct. Above all, he must, so far as this may be possible, do without words. The spoken word he cannot have; and the printing of passages of dialogue, however brief and however pointed, is always an interruption to the flow of the action picturesquely represented. These passages of dialogue nearly always interfere with the progress of the pictorial narrative; and they have the further disadvantage that to accomplish their purpose they must anticipate the moment when they are supposed to be spoken,—a transposition which is unnatural. In real life gesture either precedes speech or accompanies it.

As yet the makers of moving-pictures have not been able to overcome this disadvantage and to devise a story which should be transparently comprehensible without the aid of the printed word. When we recall *L'Enfant Prodigue* and *Sumurun* and other wordless plays, which were not difficult to follow, we need not doubt that it will be found possible to put together plots for the screen in which there will be no need of printed dialogue or of any other explanation than the pictures themselves, the story being so simple that it will be self-explanatory. It is true, of course, that the range of the art of pantomime is sharply circumstricted; and yet within that little space there have been produced not a few masterpieces.

It is because the moving-picture has perforce to do without the potent appeal of the spoken word that it can never be really a rival of the drama. It is only by the aid of dialogue and soliloquy that we can peer into the recesses of the human soul. The Greeks, so the late Professor Butcher told us in his luminous essay on "The Written and the Spoken Word," held that not only the drama, but the epic also (which was originally composed for oral delivery), "depended, if not for their existence, at least for their vitality on the living voice and the listening crowds." Even today we do not really possess a poem until we have heard it; it demands the test of the ear; and it does not reveal its hidden beauties to the eye alone. When we listen to a pregnant speech of one of Shakespeare's characters, spoken on the stage by an actor who has a noble voice and who knows how to use it, the words take on a richer meaning and have a vitality and a significance unsuspected before.

As the moving-picture is deprived of the aid of words, it

cannot be literature. As it is deprived of the aid of the human voice, it takes from the actor his most powerful resource. It demands only that its performers shall be able to make the gestures indicate and to " register " the emotions called for; and although it is luring to its aid not a few actors of prominence, it is often finding that they are not always as satisfactory when seen on the screen as novices young enough to be able to respond to the summary training which the movie-directors can bestow hurriedly in their own studios.

Pantomime is only one of the means of expression at the command of a competent actor; and when he is suddenly forced to deprive himself of all his other means and to limit himself to what can be expressed by gesture and by grimace, he is likely to reveal himself as sore bereft. When the late Augustin Daly brought out *L'Enfant Prodigue* he cast Ada Rehan as Pierrot, and as that accomplished actress had no experience in pantomime, she was often painfully circumscribed and wholly unable to achieve the large and sweeping result which we admired in her Katherine and in her Rosalind. It is notorious that one of the most intelligent of American actresses was a blank failure when she played one of her most famous parts for the films. And on the other hand, a leading American opera singer was unusually successful when she undertook to represent the heroine of a popular opera before the screen; and her success was due to the fact that as music is more leisurely than speech, the operatic actress has perforce to acquire a habit of retarding and enlarging her gestures, which was exactly suited to the limitations of the moving-picture.

It is likely that the differentiation between the real play (which must have a story, no doubt, but which has also a soul) and the picture-play (which can never be more than a story told in pictures) will increase and become more obvious as the managers of the movies cease to borrow the plots of plays and devote themselves to stories compounded in accord with the possibilities and the limitations of their own special art. As they accept these limitations and as they develop these possibilities the apparent rivalry between the drama and the moving-picture will lessen, and each will be left in possession of its own special field.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

DRAMA AND MUSIC

Mr. Chesterton's "Magic."—A New American Sonata.—The Philharmonic's Seventy-fifth Birthday

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

Superficially, Mr. Chesterton is a mystical acrobat, a dizzying conjurer of intellectual rabbits and gold-fish and top-hats. Actually, of course, he is the perfect reincarnation of a Hebrew prophet, with a passionate and thunderous ecstasy, a capacity for rhapsodic discourse, which the makers of the Old Testament would have recognized as a spark from their own rhetorical conflagrations. An amazing man! Only the other day he was joyously exposing for us the essential Teutonism of Mr. Lloyd George, with an abandoned delight in the virtuosity of his controversial sword-play; and now we are all (all of us who go to the theatre, that is) thinking of his play, *Magic*, which is only a little older than the preëminence of Mr. Lloyd George, and which, like that troubled Prime Minister, has engrossed Mr. Chesterton as an opportunity for controversy.

To be sure, this play (which, as we write, is to be seen at Maxine Elliott's Theatre) is more than an exercise in rapturous dialectics: it is quite simply and clearly a parable, a parable that is somewhat too anxious to explain itself, too clearly marked with guide-posts and exit-lights—but yet a parable of haunting beauty and power.

Mr. Chesterton's protagonist, the Conjurer, master of devils and familiar of elves, who imperils the reason of the blatantly skeptical young atheist by performing at last a trick so appalling that he is compelled to invent a plausibly "natural" explanation for it: this Magician is merely, of course, a voice repeating the sublimest platitude of man's spiritual history—that only those things which are in-

credible are true. The Conjurer begins by talking of fairies (in modern England, outrageously enough), and ends by evoking demons out of Hell; but all the while you know that what he is really talking about is that Immortal Mystery of which Mr. Chesterton, in his Old Testament singing-robes, can speak, when he wills, with so eloquent a certitude. "The difference between the things that are beautiful and the things that are there": it is with the abolition of this difference that his parable is concerned.

Our only regret is that the Conjurer felt obliged to reveal to Patricia (who, like Peter Pan's audiences, invincibly believed in fairies) the story of his past and the explanation of his occult capacities. We wish that Mr. Chesterton had put more trust in the mystical integrity of his parable —we wish he had been content to remain, to the end of this play that has levels of spiritual splendor, simply the uncompromising fabulist, saying to us, without too anxious a gloss upon his meaning, that which a great master of reality had said with so serene a brevity before him: "If at this moment you think or say something that is too beautiful to be true . . . . on the morrow it will be true."

We are implacably at odds with Shakespeare in the matter of appellations: we think that there is everything in a name. Names are immeasurably influential. We cannot believe that Romeo would have meant all that he meant to Shakespeare and all that he means to us if his name had been Tomasso.

". . . wherefore art thou Tomasso?"

Wherefore indeed? we should find ourselves echoing with incredulous dismay. Who would dare to say that if Mélisande's name had been Fifi she would have evoked the grave and wistful figure of M. Maeterlinck's loveliest dream? When you change a name you meddle with profound and mysterious forces. You alter a man's psychic image of himself when you alter his name—you change both his subjective and his objective relation to the universe. We have always contended that the whole course of our national life would have been different if Lincoln's first name had been Llewellyn.

We were reminded of this truth not long ago when we witnessed the instructive spectacle of that redoubtable young

American musician, Mr. John Powell of Virginia, making an elaborate half-hour apology before the admirably enterprising Society of the Friends of Music, and afterward at a concert of his own, because he had attached to his sonata for piano the title *Teutonica*. It is true that Mr. Powell's introductory talk did not have the form of an apology, and he will not be pleased with us for calling it that. Well, we are willing to call it an excuse, or an explanation, if Mr. Powell chooses—here again is that sensitiveness to a name! But the essential fact is that Mr. Powell, having given the title *Teutonica* to his sonata some time before the sound of that word had ceased to charm the civilized ear, felt obliged to announce to his audience that his music had nothing whatever to do with the things naturally suggested by its designation.

If one must regret that Mr. Powell was not sufficiently clairvoyant some time before the year 1914 to foresee the emotions his title would provoke in 1917, it is not chiefly because that title will inevitably place an obstacle in the way of the American concert-goer's friendliness of attitude toward Mr. Powell's music. That fact, to be sure, is sufficiently deplorable. Yet there is a chance that this sonata will outlast present international dislocations; and, in that future of almost incredible beneficence, we shall still have cause to regret that Mr. Powell chose to attach to his sonata a tag which is, for the anxiously sympathetic outsider, merely an exasperating and absurd misrepresentation.

It may be said that it is of no consequence what Mr. Powell chooses to call his sonata, if the sonata itself discloses music of beauty or power. But we cannot agree to that. There are, of course, obvious discriminations to be made. We are not discussing the kind of composer who casually affixes a pretty title like "Murmuring Breezes" to a facile piece of salon-music. We are discussing the kind of composer for whom music is a thing of intimate revelation—an art of emotional and spiritual projection. The title under which a composer of this sort offers a piece of new music is bound to condition his hearers' attitude toward it.

Mr. Powell's title for his sonata, and his own and his commentators' attempted justification of it, put a variety of obstacles in the way of the potentially responsive hearer. Here is the official explanation of the superscription and meaning of the sonata, the "insight and sympathy" of

which so pleased Mr. Powell, he says, that he printed it on the programme of his Aeolian Hall concert: "The word *Teutonica,*" we are told, "is used in a broader sense than the merely geographical or racial. It would present the idea of a certain type of mind and character, a type universal in its essential qualities, and appearing, since the dawn of history, in all lands and times. As a few instances one might cite Lao Tse, Liae Dsi, Tschuang Tse, the founders of Vedantic thought, Heraclitus, Leonardo, Spinoza, Kant, Hegel, Goethe, Beethoven, Darwin, Spencer, Wagner, Haeckel. But in reviewing the historical field of philosophy, statesmanship, science, art, one observes a predominant proportion of this type among those races of Teutonic origin. Let this be the justification of the use of the word *Teutonica.* As varied as the above-mentioned leaders of thought were in many outer respects, there is little difficulty in establishing that common basis which justifies their being classified as belonging to one type. And that common basis can be expressed in a very few words—it is their sense of Oneness, or what the Germans call *eine einheitliche Weltanschauung.* This is the sense in which the motto is to be taken. . . . Is it not evident that the 'Teutonic' nature in the grip of the sense of Oneness would experience a logical chain of inevitable, ineluctable emotions; and is it not equally evident that these emotions, embracing as they must the deepest yearnings of the individual consciousness towards the collective All-consciousness, the tragic intensity of the struggle towards inner Oneness and harmony, and the resultant triumph through this guiding principle over all inner and outer hindrances in the attainment of the sense of Universal Unity and balance—is it not evident, I say, that these emotions are the deepest, truest, most poignant of all human experiences, and of necessity demand that utterance most adequate to their qualities—i. e., musical expression? The *Sonata Teutonica* is an earnest attempt to express this logical chain of emotional experience."

If Mr. Powell has a sense of humor, or a normal endowment of intellectual tact, he will do well to discard this chaotically absurd "explanation," and forego the attempt to link his music with the delightful concept of "the Teutonic nature in the grip of the sense of Oneness," "experiencing a logical chain of inevitable, ineluctable emotions." This metaphysical nightmare is a thing upon which the sincerest

friend of Mr. Powell's talents will not waste a moment. It is perfectly easy to see, of course, what Mr. Powell is driving at in his sonata—his basic idea is as familiar as human aspiration and as old as the soul of man. But why he fancies that the " races of Teutonic origin " have been specially favored as conservers of " the sense of Oneness " is a mystery too deep for even the most anxious sympathy to fathom.

It will be seen, therefore, that the intelligently concerned attendant upon the *Sonata Teutonica* has some rough ground to traverse, if he is so unwary as to permit Mr. Powell or the exegetes to expound the sonata to him in advance. If he is incautious enough to yield himself to the insidious voice of the commentator, he will find that he has spent most of his powers of concentration in trying to fit the first movement of the sonata to " the emotional effect of the sense of Oneness," the second movement to " the Universal Teutonic temperament," and the third movement to " the triumphant result in the world of outer activity of this principle acting upon this nature." If Mr. Powell will accept without offense our heartily amicable advice, he will at once and permanently detach his sonata from its title and its philosophical programme, and thus aid and encourage, instead of indisposing, future hearers of the work.

We have devoted space and time to these disagreeable observations upon the *Sonata Teutonica* precisely because it seems to us one of the most admirable works by a contemporary American that we have heard in a good while. Mr. Powell (as the casual reader may already have suspected) is a man of unimpeachable seriousness. He is interested in graver matters than the production of lifeless replicas of MacDowell and Debussy—an occupation which engrosses too many of our younger American composers. This Southern-born music-maker has spiritual and intellectual gravity, an independent vision. His art is robust, energetic, immensely earnest, conspicuously direct—an art long-breathed and muscular. It is romantic in derivation and style—romantic after the tradition of Schumann and Brahms rather than of Wagner. In its architecture it is intricate and heroic, an ample and imposing yet delicately moulded structure. Mr. Powell can be both simple and grandiose. He spans many emotional regions, exposes many moods, in this truly epic confession of spiritual agonies and triumphs. In a day when " externality " is painfully sought after in music as in other arts, Mr.

Powell compels notice by reason of an inwardness that is profound, honest, and unashamed.

His prime defect is the familiar one of most music-makers, including music-makers of genius: he is far too hospitable in his acceptance of ideas that are born on the lower levels of musical inspiration. The indispensable, the paramount, function of a musical mind of the first order, working at the top of its power, is censorship—rigorous, unflagging, unsparing vigilance in the scrutiny of every idea that flows out of the creative consciousness. It is the degree of continuity with which this function operates that accounts, of course, for the masterpiece of a second-rate man and for the failure of a genius—which makes the Sixth Symphony of Tchaikovsky a more precious thing than the Battle Symphony of Beethoven. Mr. Powell shares the infirmity of Beethoven (and of every other master)—that is to say, he is not a stern enough censor. But the difference in this respect between Mr. Powell and Beethoven is (he will not mind us saying) that Beethoven, in return for his not infrequent failures, could speak to us as one of the high gods. This is not yet Mr. Powell's privilege; but he can at least more heroically reject, and reject, and reject again.

We have all been celebrating the Jubilee Festival of the Philharmonic Society, which completes this year its seventy-fifth season. It was on December 7th, 1842, that the "Grand Symphony in C minor" of Beethoven opened the first concert of the Philharmonic's first season; and the other day, at Carnegie Hall, this same symphony (still truly "grand," even though the programme austerely refrained from saying so) was played again by the Philharmonic—the same Philharmonic, now venerable, yet a more puissant instrument of eloquence and beauty in the fullness of its years than ever it was before—a creature of expansive life and conquering energy, "mewing her mighty youth," and equipped for still larger adventures and aspirations.

We had thought to say something fitting and reasonably adequate about the Philharmonic's anniversary. But we persist in remembering the singularly touching and noble words that the President of the Society, Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, spoke from the stage of Carnegie Hall at the opening concert of the Festival—words which have today an even more poignant significance than when he uttered

them: "Today," he said, "let no one forget that these walls a citadel of peace enclose. The pitiful waves of sound that beat across oceans moaning of bloody, unreasoning death pass by this temple of art. No echo of the strife without can enter, for here is sanctuary for all and perfect peace. Here talent nor genius knows aught of national pride. Herein meet citizens of one world to acclaim masters of every clime. No one asks: "Under which flag, Bezonian?"—nor cares; for musicians who play and musicians who compose are one in devotion to their muse. . . . . Democracy? Here is its truest home . . . . . Here is communion of the soul, unseared by strife, unsoiled by passion. For our appeal is to the best and never to the worst; to what is divine in mankind, and never to the vile that lies just underneath. What more patriotic service is there or can there be than this: to cling to the ideal, come what may; to stem the tide that floats men down the stream; to steer them against it, up and up and up, to the fairest deeps, the noblest reaches, the purest springs?"

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE NEW CRITICISM[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

For the few in our country who care deeply for criticism as a function of unequaled privileges and responsibilities, there is new encouragement in the contemporary scene. American criticism has always been defective in a fundamental quality: it has been unable to combine, in any organic relationship, an uninhibited aesthetic sensibility with a liberal and imaginative intuition of human life. Leaving out of account, naturally, that vast and sodden and oppressive underworld of perfunctory and mechanical "criticism" which was the despair of Henry James even a generation ago, it must be depressingly clear, to anyone who cherishes a reverential conception of this art that is anybody's doxy, that in its best estate among us it has exhibited either sensibility without reality, or reality without sensibility. When, briefly and fugitively, it has contrived to be aware of distinction and in love with some rarely detected beauty, its sense of human relations has been in some sort defective: weak, or strabismic, or intolerant, or blandly traditional. Again and again, in our better kind of critical meditation, we have seen a delicate and even vivid consciousness of excellence limited and betrayed by social myopia, by a smug or bigoted attitude toward human fact. We have seen the best of our criticism in the past, adequately discriminating upon its own levels of sympathy and perception, left barren and ungratifying because—as Miss Edith Wyatt says of the fiction of a great but sequestered American novelist—it was "untouched by any of the moods of a profound general consciousness." But it is a hard decision to have to say whether one's preference is

[1] *Great Companions*, by Edith Wyatt. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1917.

not, perhaps, for such critical observers as these, with their cloistered fineness and narrowness, rather than for that other type of our aesthetic appraiser whose lively consciousness of the veritable world beneath his window is unsupported by a right instinct for those things that count most permanently for illumination and delight. The thin, still air of the cloister, or the rude evangelism of the critical pulpit?—that has long been, in rough distinction, our choice.

Well, there is now, as we have intimated, a different condition, a wider and fairer outlook. We think that criticism as an aesthetically responsive and humanly sensitive art is being practised in America today with a heedfulness and a sense of responsibility unexampled in our intellectual history. And it is a remarkable fact (as significant a one as you please) that the most delicately scrupulous, the most intellectually and spiritually responsible, and the most technically skillful of this criticism is being written by women. We should frankly abandon any attempt to name a body of men now writing criticism in this country who could match, in understanding and vision, in sobriety and wisdom, in communicative power, the habitual performances of Edith Wyatt, Margaret Sherwood, Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant, Helen McAfee, Ruth Shepard Phelps, and a dozen others whom it is heartening even to name over to oneself.

"'Honest and intelligent criticism'—you read the words with a certain pain: and realize how very little America desires any such manifestation." So writes Miss Edith Wyatt in a moment of dismayed recognition; and it is of Miss Wyatt's own criticism that we would particularly speak, as one of the forces that are working to enlarge the restricted desire that she laments. To give a better than is wanted—that is, indeed, to throw dice, at times, with all the devils of bitterness and dejection; but such luxury of despondency is far from the habitual temper of Miss Wyatt's poised and ripened spirit. She knows, of course, that so unpalatable and undemanded a thing as "honest and intelligent criticism" must constantly remind itself, as Wordsworth reminded every author of original power, that it faces the task of creating the taste by which it is to be enjoyed. And when, as with Miss Wyatt, there is the exhibition of a critical faculty not only honest and intelligent: able not only "to know a force in letters for what it is, to feel its power, and be conscious of its weakness, to be able to

laugh at its faults without contempt, to understand creative expression and live with it as with any other human value": but also, as she says with tender admiration of De Foe, able to actualize "a deep realization of the struggles, baseness, and injustices of the world"—when, we say, a writer thus oriented and equipped challenges the "enormous prestige of buncombe" in our literary criticism, the reality of the victory is not to be gauged by the small number of dead upon the field. There are victories in which the defeated are eternally unaware that the battle has gone against them.

We have spoken of a new encouragement in the contemporary scene for those to whom criticism persistently seems to be, as William Sharp so modestly claimed, "one of the several ways of literature." We can think of no American critic who more richly nourishes that encouragement than does Miss Wyatt. One realizes, of course, that those for whom criticism is merely aesthetic diagnosis immaculately performed in a vacuum will find her distractingly and inexplicably occupied with seeking (in Wordsworth's phrase) to "co-operate with the benign tendencies in human nature and society;" while those for whom criticism is chiefly an engine for the enforcement of moral issues will be slightly scandalized by her unconcealed infatuation for beauty. The platform manner, the pulpit manner, is a familiar thing in American criticism—a familiar and dreadful thing, a thing horribly and disastrously bound up with our incurable habit of discussing aesthetic phenomena in terms of a gross and sentimental piety. Miss Wyatt would bring distress beyond measure into the strongholds of this kind of criticism. Her deep and right intuition of human life, her pity and her magnanimity and her sensitive understanding, her unslaked and inappeasable appetite for justice: these traits would necessarily seem anomalous to practitioners of conventionally evangelistic criticism, because they would seem to be contaminated by an unmistakable enthusiasm for mere excellence, mere loveliness, mere intellectual distinction.

We fear it is indeed undeniable that Miss Wyatt is shamelessly prone to talk of such things as righteousness and justice and benignity in the same breath with which she utters a confession of perceived and treasured loveliness. She is continually and necessarily overtaking beauty, because she carries it with her, as Emerson said one must if one would find it. You will observe her, for example, regretfully dis-

cerning that in Henry James there is no relation of individual human facts " to any of the contemporary ideas rising from that silent spirit of collective masses which Renan tells us is the source of all great things." Yet she can turn from such large valuations as that to make memorable for us some exquisitely apprehended quality of form or spirit. Speaking of " the only sincere Internationalism which poetry can further," she tells us that to " this end, each one who has understood how to use the peculiar genius and faculty of his own tongue has done a service to the world ": such, she says, was Stephen Phillips' service: " The mists, the sorrowing echoes of our speech, the cloudy passage of the sailing swan, the shadows of rippled waters, the mysterious reflections of eternity remembered and unascertainable, sang from the motion of his music. . ."

To perceive like that, to evoke like that, must seem, for many earnest souls, to imply errancy in a forbidden land. The realities of Social Justice are not usually stated in a language that is competent for poetic incantation.

It is with this constant bias toward sensitive and beautiful indication that Miss Wyatt discriminates the human and spiritual values of her subject-matter, whether it be De Foe or Henry James or Stephen Crane or Frank Norris, Henri Fabre or Walt Whitman, Thoreau or John Muir, Shelley or James Whitcomb Riley. That is her special and precious contribution. We are aware of no one else in America today who can interpret imaginative creation out of a fuller understanding of those things which are efficacious " in making men wiser, better, and happier ": who can speak of them with equal insight, rectitude, and beauty. One may say of her with strict propriety and justice, as she says of the rewards of companionship with Thoreau and John Muir, that she widens the horizon, that she awakens the heart to realities that before had been too dully, too complacently, regarded: that she makes it easier for one to " think, in the enkindling beauty of the light of that sun which is but the shadow of love, about the fortunes of the captive and the purpose of the free."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON. By THOMAS HAKE AND ARTHUR COMPTON RICKETT. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1916.

Theodore Watts-Dunton's long life (1832-1914) covered the reign of Queen Victoria with years to spare on both sides. It coincided with a great literary epoch and almost reached that dreadful gap in the progress of civilization, the European war. The year of Watts-Dunton's birth marked the beginning of a new impulse given to English poetry: near the time of his death the poet-critic was just beginning to feel himself a bit out of sympathy with the newer tendencies. In 1832, Tennyson was beginning to do his really significant work; in 1914, when Watts-Dunton died, Swinburne had been in his grave five years.

Few men have been so gifted at once with poetic sensibility and with the genius for friendship. To Tennyson and to Browning he was much more than an acquaintance; to Rossetti first and then to Swinburne, he was the friend of friends. His tender solicitude supported Rossetti through the last dark years of the poet-painter's life, and in Swinburne his influence wrought something like a moral revolution. So feeble was Swinburne's condition, we are told, when, in the autumn of 1879 he went to live with Watts-Dunton at Putney Hill, that he needed the support of his friend's arm when stepping from the carriage. The new arrangement, however, removed him completely from Bohemian surroundings and put an end to the irregularities of his life. His health rapidly improved, and his inherent nobility of character made itself felt. We have a striking word picture of Swinburne, "speechless with rage, the new-born fire of ascetic disapprobation in his blue eyes," confronting one of his old Bohemian cronies who had forced his way while drunk into the poet's retreat at The Pines.

Watts-Dunton's power as a critic was like his genius as a friend. Sympathetic, sensitively discriminating, rather than profound, allusive rather than analytical in method, he was admirably fitted to interpret the spirit of the poets he knew to the world and to themselves. The devotion of a critic to his theme may be, indeed, very much like the devotion of friendship, implying a similar self-for-

getfulness. Without this self-forgetfulness it is well-nigh impossible for one to reveal the spirit of the thing criticized without making oneself the protagonist of a cult. This Watts-Dunton never did; his criticism was truly liberal, and it is probable that to him in no small degree both Rossetti and Swinburne owe their general recognition not as men of strange genius merely but as great souls. It is no wonder that both poets listened to him as they listened to hardly any one else, and that his critical writings were regarded on both sides of the Atlantic as possessing a peculiar authority, as being not merely scholarly but as conforming in spirit to the high injunction to prove all things and hold fast that which is good.

Watts-Dunton the man is not easy to become acquainted with even in the full pages of this excellent biography. From his boyhood he was predestined to be a poet and the friend of poets. We are first introduced to him as "a small boy, slight in build, with luminous dark brown eyes and black hair, standing spellbound bebefore his father's bookcase," his eyes fixed in anticipatory delight upon the title of a book that stands out among less inviting tomes—*The Faery Queene*. He soon fell in love with Spenser and with poetry, and so strong was the fascination that for years he could scarcely bring himself to read anything that was not in verse. His own best verses scarcely pale before the best of his famous poet friends. Thus he was from childhood poetic, and romantic, as the addiction to Spenser shows. And though he was adroit and successful in the management of practical affairs, especially on behalf of others—he was during the greater part of his life a lawyer—he had all the sensitiveness of the romantic temperament. Considering his knowledge and his ability, his literary output was extremely small. His romantic novel *Aylwin* was withheld from publication for long years after its completion; it was revised and re-revised, and at last half spoiled by correction. Despite every encouragement and such assurance of success as few novelists can have had, the author could not be persuaded to publish, though frequently brought to the very verge of the venture. The important biographies and books of reminiscence that he had in him were never written at all. The truth appears to be that he shrank from publicity and from possible criticism, while he found the life of literary association and of literary expression which he led sufficiently satisfying without the reputation that greater efforts might confer. Romantic, sensitive, complex, his own personality is rather baffling, while he stands as an ideal interpreter of the best in the personalities of those with whom he came in contact.

One characteristic of Watts-Dunton, however, is almost sure to impress itself upon the mind of the reader: that is his persistent youthfulness. There is no surer mark of his genius than the fact that the old-fogyism which comes to some men at twenty never overtook him at all. When he was seventy-three years of age he

married a girl in her teens, Clara Reich, and it may be said that no more wonderful love-story has been recorded in literary biography, or in fiction for that matter, than that which Mrs. Watts-Dunton has told with uncommon frankness and dignity in one section of the *Life and Letters*.

And so it is a leading quality of these reminiscences that they emphasize the continuity of the Victorian period, now fondly looked back upon as really ancient, with our own. Watts-Dunton was a man of the old time and also of the new. The same lively enthusiasm, the same persistent love of letters runs through the whole record. The reminiscences, too, have not passed over into the condition of anecdote; they have not acquired the legendary flavor; they have in no case been touched up into impressions; and they are all as fresh as yesterday.

What we read of Rossetti is not in general that which emphasizes his mystery or his picturesqueness, but, as like as not, some quite childlike thing such as his delight in going with Watts-Dunton or some other guest at Kelm-Scott to visit what he called the "haunted garrets," there to listen to certain weird noises—the snoring of young owls, which suggested to Rossetti the sound of ghostly moans. Offhand and familiar and characteristic, too, is Rossetti's description of William Morris to Watts-Dunton just before introducing the two: "You know the portrait of Francis I.? Well, take that portrait as the basis of what you would call your 'mental image' of the manager's face, soften down the nose a bit, and give him the rose-bloom color of an English farmer, and there you have Top." Such incidents and sayings, gathered from various sources, for the letters themselves are for the most part none too full or communicative, give color and satisfying reality to the narrative. The story about Browning that one remembers most vividly is that in which it is related how far the poet was from cherishing enmity toward Watts-Dunton after the latter had written a rather sharp review of *Ferishta's Fancies*, and how far Watts-Dunton was from expecting pique on the part of his friend. What we read in these pages concerning Whistler approaches more nearly to reasonable portraiture than much that has been written about him, and the same is true of the references to Oscar Wilde, who is brought into conjunction with both Whistler and Swinburne in meetings that reveal contrasts and antipathies. On the whole, it may be said that the narrative not only pictures famous men as they were, but tacitly forbids one in every line to imagine them as they were not.

It is rather difficult to select salient traits from a work so variously real and so variously charming as the *Life and Letters*. It is only after reading through both volumes that one gets the full effect of this life-story and realizes how genuine and profitable has been the acquaintance it gives with greatly gifted men. The book is perhaps the last installment we shall have of genuine first-hand remi-

niscence that goes back to the time of George Borrow and to the early days of Rossetti, and its coming now in the midst of a war which will leave a changed world behind it and will thrust the Victorian period farther back into the past, enhances its value.

THE DIVINE ASPECT OF HISTORY. By JOHN RICKARDS MOZLEY. Cambridge: At the University Press, 1916.

Doubtless the earnest inquirer after religious truth may be trusted to seek out and read those books that are fit for him, without estimating too nicely the time and labor required; and so one cannot conscientiously wish that Mr. Mozley had condensed his two large volumes into one small one; that he had given his thoughts a more concise and brilliant expression, thus bidding for popular interest. It is better, on the whole, that the work should go to the reader in a form that shows the thoroughness with which every topic was originally thought out, that it should bear on every page the signs of painstaking elaboration and of scrupulous judgment. And yet—for the book is not primarily, after all, a book for scholars—the quality that the reviewer feels justified in emphasizing most is not the importance of the treatise as a contribution to religious thought, but rather the personal value it may hold for at least a few among the many readers who will sooner or later turn its pages. A book like this may afford safe harbor to a storm-beaten soul; it is well then that the harbor should be capacious and well provided with breakwaters, so that its security may prove not merely temporary for those who seek it in distress.

The value of the work lies in its sincerity and in its possible adaptation to personal needs; its appeal, one may surmise, will be limited. It is not a book for philosophers, since it does not go deep enough into fundamentals to count as philosophy. It is hardly a book for the majority of cultivated readers; for of these some no doubt have reached, with less labor if with a slighter degree of certitude, conclusions similar to those of Mr. Mozley, while others, "fully persuaded in their own minds," cannot but regard a book meant to be strengthening and consolatory as needlessly disturbing to faith. But a sincere book is in the long run justified by its results.

Mr. Mozley was "brought up in the religious atmosphere of the High Church party of the Church of England." One of his uncles was John Henry Newman; the bishop who confirmed him was Samuel Wilberforce. His religious inquiries began, he tells us, when he was not far from his sixteenth birthday, and were "very various." From the scanty biographical facts the author vouchsafes, it is not hard to see that he would naturally approach the question of belief from the theological side and work cautiously in the direction of skepticism. The question of the Biblical miracles bulked large in

his meditations. "It was perhaps when I was twenty-four years of age (but possibly older)," he writes, with a scrupulousness in the parenthetic phrase which tells much concerning his temper as a writer, "that I said to Henry Bradshaw, the well-known librarian of Cambridge University, 'There are many miracles with which I could dispense without any demur; but if the miracles of the Exodus are untrue, I do not know where I am.' He answered me, 'That is exactly my position.'" Yet some years later Mr. Mozley did reach the conclusion that these very miracles were untrue, and thereafter found himself on broader and firmer religious ground.

In order to be an appreciative reader of this treatise of Mr. Mozley's one must be able to assume the point of view which the author had in writing it. One must have been seriously dissatisfied with the study of history as of a thing essentially fragmentary and impermanent, suggesting no higher hope; one must have craved to be more acutely conscious of divine purpose in history than ordinary historians (even of religion) permit us to be. Above all it is needful to have approached the question from a distinctly theological standpoint, to have been deeply troubled as to the truth of the miracles, to have been for a long time unable to decide what in the Bible should be retained in belief and what discarded, unable to discard anything lightly.

In short, this book will prove of value to each reader almost exactly in the degree in which that reader's religious experience resembles that of the author. If one is religiously conservative and also somewhat skeptical, one may find satisfaction and illumination in Mr. Mozley's discussions of various ancient religions, in his retelling of the history of the Jews, and, if skepticism be strong, in his analysis of Christianity. To be sure, the thought expressed in the book is nowhere strikingly original, except in some passages regarding the possible extent of life in the universe, which are in the nature of *obiter dicta:* to one who has absorbed, let us say, the point of view of Carlyle in such matters, the range of thinking may even seem narrow. But to make this a ground of criticism would be to misconceive a work the value of which lies precisely in the fact that the author has arrived at a point of view from which a high faith seems possible by following a laborious path of his own—a path in which innumerable obstacles had to be surmounted.

As to the equilibrium of skepticism with faith that Mr. Mozley finally attains, this may best be indicated by briefly setting forth his views upon the resurrection of Christ. The evidence for this, he thinks, is really visionary; the resurrection was "an event taking place in a supersensuous region." Yet this degree of disbelief does not leave us, as some might hastily assume, with a Christianity made up of nothing but aspirations and figures of speech. The lesson which the author draws from his study of history is that Christianity has been a force in human affairs distinct from other forces

and by no means to be put on a level with ordinarily stimulating movements of thought or with ordinarily inspiring examples. When we have taken into account all the facts, "we shall believe in something more than the example of Jesus as operating upon his followers; we shall believe in his absolute presence, spiritual and invisible, but real." This, then, according to Mr. Mozley, is the true meaning of the resurrection; "and not only the true meaning in itself, but the very heart of the meaning as held by the original disciples—by Peter and the Jewish Christians no less than by Paul and the Gentile Christians."

This is a book the merits of which, one feels, do not require to be proclaimed from the house-tops. Those who need it will find it. Its conclusions are not compelling and its suggestions, reinforced by no appearance of extraordinary insight, are not hard to reject. But one knows not how often hereafter searchers for truth, in hushed library or still study, may find some measure of comforting assurance because Mr. Mozley has patiently and sincerely given reasons for the faith that is in him.

Education According to Some Modern Masters. By Charles Franklin Thwing. New York: the Platt & Peck Co., 1916.

In his treatise on education Herbert Spencer, whose ideas upon this subject were by no means exclusively utilitarian, wrote as follows: "If men are to be mere cits, mere porers over ledgers, with no ideas beyond their trades—it is well that they should be as the cockney whose conception of rural pleasures extends no further than sitting in a tea-garden, smoking pipes and drinking porter; or as the squire who thinks of woods as places for shooting in, of uncultivated plants as nothing but weeds, and who classifies animals into game, vermin, and stock—then indeed it is needless for men to learn anything that does not directly help to replenish the till and fill the larder." Whether the plea be, as here for the cultural study of science, or as with thinkers of quite a different type from that of Spencer, for the cultural study of the classics, the argument rests ultimately upon the same basis. No matter how much the professors of liberal culture say about its practical value—and sometimes they say rather too much—their belief in higher education rests chiefly on the faith that such education is not merely utilitarian, not merely ornamental, but in the plain old-fashioned phrase, good for the soul. It is dreary business to work for culture unless one believes that culture means a real enlargement of personality. No one is supported through the pains of learning by the thought that it is better to study than to dissipate or to fritter away time; no one studies solely for the incidental pleasure to be derived from it. It is a kind of internal compulsion, it is obedience to a deep-seated in-

stinct that is far from entirely pleasurable in its operation, that make men think and toil at books. If one is to have enthusiasm for culture one must have faith in culture, just as it is necessary to have faith in moral values if one is to make sacrifices for the sake of righteousness.

For the eloquent setting forth of this faith and for the rational exposition of it we are fain to turn to certain great thinkers, called "modern masters" by President Thwing, who had the minds of scholars and the hearts of poets, or—if we must except John Stuart Mill from the latter class—of lovers of mankind. The spiritual masters whose opinions upon education President Thwing has extracted and clearly interpreted in this book of his are Emerson, Carlyle, Ruskin, Mill, Gladstone, John Henry Newman, and Goethe. The work is far more than a collection of pertinent quotations—though the quoted passages are numerous. In selecting the right passages from each writer, in connecting them in such a way as to show their relation to the whole thought of that writer upon education, and in independently summing up conclusions—a matter that requires critical judgment and real skill as a stylist—the author has performed a task as onerous and as profitable as that involved in producing an original treatise.

There are serious problems regarding the adjustment of education to modern life, upon which the thought of the older thinkers sheds little light. To reread the passages of their writings which President Thwing has reproduced makes one feel, however, that they had the root of the matter in them, and that we are in some danger of placing the whole educational discussion upon a false footing. When, if ever, such words as theirs come to seem to us meaningless and out of date, then it will not be altogether well with us even if we have attained a high degree of formal and technical effectiveness.

JUSTICE TO ALL. By KATHERINE MAYO. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1917.

There is general knowledge that the Pennsylvania State Police has proved on various occasions a most effective organization. It is widely believed, moreover, that the militia are not suited for the work of suppressing riots or preserving order during strikes. The opinion that every State should have its own constabulary has often found expression in the leading articles of newspapers or in the writings of military men.

There are a number of important facts, however, in regard to the whole problem and with reference to the organization of Pennsylvania's police force, concerning which few possess definite knowledge. To begin with, the average citizen does not understand how scanty is the protection provided for people in the rural districts of

most States and how much needed real protection may be even in localities considered peaceful. He can hardly realize how ineffective and how subject to abuse are the workings of the old-fashioned sheriff-and-constable system. Finally he cannot be expected to know what is involved in the selection and discipline of a force like that which Pennsylvania now has. In Pennsylvania the "Black Hussars," as they were called, encountered a good deal of political opposition. The independence of the organization made it offensive to politicians of a certain type, and labor leaders viewed it askance. Now the State Police has won so firm a place in the affections of farmer-folk and village-folk that hardly the rashest politician would venture to attack it, and it has been called in to protect from violence bodies of striking workmen.

The work of the Pennsylvania State Police has been extremely various. It is well known that a comparatively small number of these trained men have often suppressed riots without bloodshed; their work in tracking down every variety of criminal, in protecting farmers from trespass, in preventing forest fires, finding lost children, and the like, has not received so wide a publicity. To them Pennsylvania owes her freedom from bucket shops. Between 1905, when the force was organized, and 1915, these State policemen made 27,660 arrests, on charges varying from cruelty to animals to counterfeiting, and of these 20,321 resulted in convictions, for every man on the force must know the law thoroughly and must be able to base his case upon sufficient testimony.

The story of the Pennsylvania State Police is very fully told by Katherine Mayo in her book, *Justice to All.* A narrative recording the exploits of disciplined efficiency is always fascinating. This one is particularly so; some of the chapters of the book are hero-stories and some are first rate detective stories. The book is aimed at the general reader; it is interesting enough to be read purely for pleasure; and it should exert a considerable influence.

A Woman and the War. By The Countess of Warwick. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1916.

A perusal of numerous war-time books may well leave one with the impression that the whole literary effort in this direction has been rather barren of results.

But even the most jaded reader of war literature may make an exception in favor of the recent book by the Countess of Warwick, *A Woman and the War.* For this is an entirely unpretentious and hopeful volume. It is not a book of analyses and conclusions, but frankly a collection of opinions and hopes and inspirations. The articles comprised in the volume were written from time to time "on the spur of vital moments, when some of the tendencies of the

evil times through which we are living seemed to call for immediate protests.'' Every one sounds the note of idealism and of humanity. Each is both eloquent and practical in its appeal, expressing its message in phrases as crisp as those of the practised journalist and more thrilling than those of any sermon.

There is need, thinks Lady Warwick, for the cultivation of a kind of courage even greater than that of the men who face annihilation in the trenches: there is a call for '' heroes of thought to do battle with all the evils that make it possible for men who have no quarrel to assemble in their millions for mutual destruction.'' The fight may well be a long and bitter one, yet '' paganism,'' the author reminds us, '' was a more terrible force than militarism in the years of the advent of Christ, and it was overthrown by the labors of one man and his tiny following.'' The thought is not wholly new, but there is something new in the freshness and fervor with which it is expressed. No one but a woman, one feels, could voice this view with quite so convincing a mingling of pain in the present and faith for the future.

In discussing such subjects as England's drink legislation, nursing in war time, child labor, woman's work in the land, the sacrifice of youth in battle, race suicide, the author aims straight at truth and hits out at cant and hypocrisy with a refreshing frankness and disregard of conventional views. The need of new life to fill the gaps in war-riddled populations, the peril of a stationary or declining birth-rate, puts upon women a heavy responsibility, from which Lady Warwick has faith that they will not shrink; yet it may well be that they will in the future demand for their offspring a greater security than heretofore against the evils of poverty and war. Before this demand becomes effective, '' woman must abjure her idols, she must follow the path of pain and suffering a little longer, she must learn for herself through bitter experience how great a curse war is ''; but ultimately she will understand her duty and her power and her influence may prove decisive.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PROBLEMS OF A PEACE LEAGUE

SIR,—Perhaps I have overlooked it, but I have not happened to see a detailed development of the idea of a "League for Peace," or of an "International Court or Arbitration League," to determine questions that may arise hereafter between the nations, or some of the nations, of the earth.

The titles of these proposed bodies are attractive, but how is the "League" or "International Court," or whatever it may be called, to be formed? If it is to be composed of the representatives of "Leading Nations," what nations are referred to? and what entitles them to be so-called? If all nations are eligible to representation on acceptance of the conditions of membership, and some great and warlike nations decline, would not the whole scheme be a failure, since each member of the league, and all together, would then have to arm against the non-members?

But, assuming that all nations, or those coming within the grade of eligibility, express a wish to join, on what basis will the number of representatives be apportioned? It is not to be presumed that such nations as Great Britain, Germany, France and the United States would consent to the plan of a single representative from each member, and thus place themselves on a level as to voting strength with Spain, Portugal or Denmark, because, in that case there would be no "Great Powers"; and the present dominant nations would be outvoted and overruled in any material contention with the lesser Powers. If the United States, for example, were to have but one representative in the Court, the Monroe Doctrine would "go glimmering," for the representatives of the European nations would annul a doctrine that is offensive to all of them. For that matter, the Monroe Doctrine would be doomed, no matter what the representation of the United States might be, unless, combined with the South American and Central Republics, it should command a majority vote, which is improbable. So, any doctrine of Great Britain as to "Search and Seizure," and interference with mails, now held adversely to the contentions of neutral nations, would be swept away by the remorseless votes of the present neutral and minor Powers. Therefore, the limitation of a single representative from a nation is not to be thought of.

Should representation be in proportion to the superficial area under the government of any nation? That would give Russia the largest representation, if, in such case, the mother-country alone is to be considered. If the area of colonies is to be included, the British Empire would be first, Russia second, France third and the United States fourth. But this would be unfair, since much of the territory of Great Britain and Russia is uninhabitable, and incapable of supporting any population.

Should it be according to the national wealth and material assets? That would be almost impossible to estimate, and would change more rapidly than any other basis. Should it be according to military and naval strength—that is, according to the ability of a nation to defend itself, a condition which now gives it rank as a real Power? There is something to be said in favor of that as a basis; but how is military strength to be rated as against naval strength? One can see a never-ending dispute on that question between Great Britain on the one hand, and Russia, Germany and France on the other. Furthermore, it was demonstrated in the Russo-Japanese war, and is being demonstrated in the present war, that intelligence and efficiency count more than numbers. The great Russian army seems almost a plaything as against the Germans; and the Serbian and Rumanian armies have been scattered like chaff before the wind by more intelligent and better trained troops.

Should population be the basis? That works fairly well for some of the deliberative bodies in America, although it does not apply to the Senate nor to the Courts; and by trick legislation and election machinery is abused in a large section of the country. Here again, if the representation is confined to the mother country, China would rank first and Russia second, a deplorable situation. If colonies are to be included, the British Empire would take the lead, but China would be second—still deplorable, and quite unfair, because Great Britain would profit by the ignorant and superstitious masses of India and the savages of Africa as against the intelligence of small nations like Holland and Switzerland.

If based upon the present representation in the law-making bodies of the nations respectively, Great Britain would cut a small figure (to which she would not consent), for her colonies have no votes in Parliament. Should she be represented in a World Congress by counting her colonials whom she does not now consider as entitled to a seat in her own Parliament?

And that suggests another possible basis, viz.: educational rank. In that case, Germany would come first and Denmark, with her intelligent colony of Iceland, or perhaps Sweden, would be second.

A representation based on literacy would reduce Russia to a fifth rate Power, or lower, and of course she would not consent to that.

Ex-President Taft, in a recent after-dinner speech in New York, admitted the great difficulties of the proposition, but thought it "could be worked out." However, he gave no hint as to a practical solution. And President Wilson, in his address to the Senate on this subject, omitted to give a plan (if he has any) for carrying out his ideas.

It is not a sufficient answer to say that because these schemes are worked out in the respective nations, they may be worked out in a League of Nations. In the separate unit, the plan of representation is formed by the vote, or with the assent of the majority, for the supposed best interests of the people, according to their condition and numbers, and does not involve the possibility of lowering the rank of the nation, or a departure from its traditional or announced international policies. It is for internal purposes only.

As soon as the standing of a nation is involved, a new element enters into consideration. The plan adopted for domestic government might be fatal to representation and influence in an international body.

I can think of no plan or basis but which, if adopted, would unfavorably

affect both great and small Powers, and it is inconceivable that nations so affected would consent to such adoption.

Is it the purpose of the remaining Powers, in that case, to compel consent? If so, then a new world-war will begin at once, with indefinite continuance.

The foregoing will apply, I think, not only to questions of national honor and policies, but to strictly justiciable questions, capable of settlement by a finding of facts and an application of legal principles. For a permanent court or congress, the nations would insist on a proportionate representation; else there would be no check to the jealousies and ambitions of the smaller Powers.

Even if the representatives of the Powers affected are not allowed to sit in a matter involving themselves, their strength for future action, in other questions, would be considered, and would operate as a deterrent to any marked injustice or extravagant judgment.

The whole scheme, therefore, it seems to me, is based upon the plan of representation, which presents a maze of difficulties.

The establishment of a World Court seems to me like the dream of an idealist; but, being open to a contrary conviction, I have written this with the purpose of bringing out the views of others, not as to its desirability, but its possibility.

C. W. Dustin.

New York City.

[Whatever objection may reasonably be urged against the projected World-League for Peace, the objection that it is "the dream of an idealist" is not, as our correspondent seems to think, a crushing one. Every great liberalizing movement that has in the past lifted humanity a little higher above the brutes has had its origin in "the dream of an idealist." Lincoln dreamed an idealist's dream. Those who insisted that the abolition of slavery was a fantastic impossibility were "practical men." And what nation today is, *par excellence*, the nation of "efficiency," of practical men? We leave the inevitable answer, with its implications, to be brooded upon by our valued correspondent.—Editor.]

IS THE PEACE LEAGUE A BROKEN REED?

Sir,—In criticizing the article, "The League to Enforce Peace," appearing in the January number of The North American Review, my object is to counteract a false sense of security that might arise from the acceptance of the principles underlying the programme of the League.

Without discussing the wording of the programme, the objection is to the assumption that the provisions of this agreement, or any similar one, would be lived up to by the signatories. It is the objection mentioned by Mr. Lowell—that it would prove ineffective.

My contention is that the actuating motive of nations in their international relations has been (with a few possible exceptions) self-interest, and will remain the same for a long time to come, and therefore the members of the League would fail to perform their part of the agreement in cases where it was not to their interest and advantage to do so.

In reasoning as to the probable courses of Governments under certain conditions that may arise in the future, the best we can do is to deduce their courses of action from what history tells us they have done in similar

cases in the past. Is it reasonable to assume that international morality will exist on a higher plane in the near future than in the not distant past?

Let us take up the two cases cited by the writer to prove that "self-respecting nations are apt to fulfill their agreements to take up arms," viz., England and France in 1914. As for the treaty safeguarding the integrity of Belgium, of which treaty England is a signer, it is obvious that a continuation of the state of affairs as they existed before the war—that is, the control by England's friends of the southern side of the channel—was almost necessary to England's control of the sea, upon which fact her existence avowedly depends. Self-interest demanded that she inject herself into the struggle, and she can quite truthfully state that the reason was the violation of Belgian sovereignty. It was not the mere fact of the breaking of a treaty that impelled her to this course, but the fact that she was vitally interested in the preservation of the terms of the treaty. To prove the latter statement, it is only necessary to consider the joint action of the Allies in Greece, *in direct violation of the 1st and 2d Articles of the Fifth Hague Convention to which England is a signatory* (with certain reservations under Articles 16, 17, and 18). It may be contended that the Allies occupied Saloniki at the virtual invitation of the Greek Government; it cannot, however, be held that they are remaining there at the Government's behest, or even with its passive acquiescence. No! Expediency requires them to remain.

As regards the participation of France in the war, again self-interest was at the bottom of it. France and Russia are in an alliance, the terms of which, very properly, are dictated by self-interest. The plight of France, with Germany victorious over Russia, can be imagined. The possibility of escape from the economic restrictions imposed by the Treaty of Frankfurt was in itself almost enough to justify France in the course she took, from the point of view of expediency. It must be borne in mind that I do not place the invasion of Belgium in the same category as the occupation of Greece, nor am I at present concerned with the ethics of expediency as a policy. I simply desire to impress the fact that the treaties and agreements that have been made have been adhered to or violated in accordance with the dictates of self-interest, and to suggest the probability that future agreements will be effective in the same measure.

Consider, for a moment, our own administration of international relations. Has it been such as to warrant a belief that the United States would sacrifice its own interests for the sake of adherence to a principle? In other words, would the United States go to war with England—or, to use the words of the programme, "use forthwith both their economic and military forces against" England, for example—because England should fail to carry out the terms of the agreement in some controversy with Persia? Would France declare war on the United States because we committed technical acts of hostility against Hayti before submitting the question at issue to a "Council of Conciliation"?

Mr. Lowell says "the Monroe Doctrine has prevented foreign nations from acquiring possessions on this continent for nearly a century . . ." I differ most emphatically. It has not been the Monroe Doctrine that accomplished this result: it has been "the sanction of ultimate force" of which he speaks later in the same connection. It has simply happened that the threat of the force behind the Monroe Doctrine has been sufficient to

outweigh the desire to violate it, and the desire to violate it varies directly with the advantages to accrue from its violation. When the time comes that the advantages to be gained by its violation justify the attempt to oppose the force behind it, that attempt will be made, and will succeed or not depending on the forces that clash.

There is another consideration that enters into this discussion: and that is the fundamental difference between municipal law, which concerns cases involving individuals or groups having the same standing before the law, and international law. An international tribunal legislates between states. Now do all states have, in point of fact, the same standing? Most unthinking people, I am convinced, will indignantly deny the intimation that there is any difference; but let us look at facts as they are, not as they possibly ought to be. In their dealings with China, have the great Powers conceded the same rights to her that they have conceded to each other? Has Germany conceded the same rights to Belgium as to Switzerland? Have England and Russia conceded the full rights of a soverign state to Persia? To come nearer home: Has the United States in her dealings with Mexico, Nicaragua, San Domingo and Hayti acknowledged their sovereign rights to the same extent that she has in her dealings with Germany and England? Our Government itself is founded on the submission of the weaker to the more powerful—on the submission of the minority to the majority. That being the case, could we, ought we, to pledge ourselves on occasion to sink our own interests in furthering the interests of, say, Hayti, as we might conceivably have to do in carrying out the provisions of the "programme"?

If it were reasonable to suppose that the requirements laid down in the programme of the League to Enforce Peace would be carried out: if all states should be willing to sacrifice their independence of action to the extent necessary to carry them out in all cases: then this league would be effective. In the nature of things, however, it cannot be. The "will to live" is too strong to be hedged about by agreements and understandings. I do not mean to say that the League would be without influence, and possibly, in certain cases, a strong influence; but I do mean to say that it would be effective only in those cases where small affairs are involved, and that it is unreasonable to assume that nations are going to the extreme of war in cases where they are not directly concerned, and solely to carry out the provisions of an agreement. That time may come. It has not yet come. Let the League be formed, but don't let us imagine that it will function in all cases. Let us realize that so long as the world is becoming populated at the present rate by races and nations whose interests are so divergent and inimical, our only protection lies in the threat of force—force employed by ourselves: not force employed by a league of nations actuated by a desire to keep their word.

TRIDENS.

NORFOLK, VA.

P. S.—In the use of the words "interest" and "self-interest" I have not been absolutely accurate. A more exact expression of the meaning to be conveyed would be "supposed interest," or "what is thought to be self-interest under the circumstances."

[With due respect for our esteemed correspondent, we think his contentions are preposterous. To imply that all nations are incurably selfish and

faithless, and to say that "self-interest," or "supposed interest," was at the bottom of France's participation in the war, implies so many intellectual and spiritual inhibitions on the part of the writer that we are at a loss for an adequate reply.—EDITOR.]

VIRGIN BIRTHS

SIR,—After reading Dr. McKim's article on the virgin birth of Jesus, I wish to say that, although for a confirmed rationalist like myself it is almost inconceivable that any one can seriously believe this miracle, nevertheless the writer at least deserves credit for being thoroughly consistent in his position. He is right in recognizing that Christianity can not abandon this miracle without abandoning them all, and that it is impossible to separate the supernatural element of the Gospels from the human.

As to the truth of this miracle, while practically admitting that science has no record of a child's ever having been born without a human father, Dr. McKim asserts that "we have no experience in all the range of scientific knowledge which can serve as a criterion by which to judge this marvelous fact which the annunciation brings before our minds. This phenomenon stands entirely by itself. There is no other example we can compare with it."

Now I want to ask, will Dr. McKim deny that comparative religion is a science? And if he is familiar with its principles, will he assert that the virgin birth is unique in that field? Has he read of the virgin birth of Dionysius in the *Bacchae* of Euripides, and of the virgin births, or even births from a human father and a divine mother, of the numerous other similar characters in mythology?

However, I am not a Christian. Christianity, while it no doubt contributed greatly to civilization, must give place to a more advanced system in which the good element of its doctrines will be included, along with other elements, in a new and larger conception.

CYRUS H. ESHLEMAN.

LUDINGTON, MICH.

WHY WE WANT WAR

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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Edited by
GEORGE HARVEY

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APRIL

SHALL AMERICA STAND IDLY BY
WHILE
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FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY?

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

APRIL, 1917

FOR FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY

" God said, I am tired of kings."

BY THE EDITOR

As we write—on the morning of March 19th—it is the common expectation of " high officials " in Washington, of public journals in New York and of folks generally throughout the country, that before another number of this Review appears, the United States of America will be at war with the Kaiser, the Chancellor and the General who now constitute the Government of the German Empire. Needless to remark, not so long ago such a condition of affairs would have been attended by symptoms at least of excitement, such as appeared immediately upon the firing upon Fort Sumter and the blowing up of the *Maine;* whereas now, but for the bustling about of the Secretary of the Navy so faithfully depicted in the public prints, the opening of the baseball season would, as usual at this time of year, hold first place as a prospective happening. Indeed, if such a comparison be permissible, we doubt if Mr. Redfield himself, while serving the Lord as Superintendent of the Central Congregational Sunday-school of Brooklyn, no less dapperly than he now serves the President as Secretary of Commerce, ever stepped down the center aisle to tap the bell more sedately than our traditional Uncle Sam seems likely to saunter into conflict with the most powerful military nation on earth.

Just how it will come about nobody assumes to know; but the stage is being set by the navies of the two nations and the exact date of formal performance has been fixed with painstaking definiteness by the President, without consultation with or much apparent consideration for the wishes of the head of the Hohenzollern clan. Why he selected April 16th as the time for the convening of the new Congress can only be imagined. Many thought he should have named an earlier day, to provide for quick action in case anything should happen, as in fact something did happen when the Germans sank four of our ships. But we surmise that there were good and sufficient reasons for postponement, withheld by prudence from publication. Time was required to assure the freeing of the *Yarrowdale* prisoners; for the safe return of our Ambassador, then held virtually as a hostage; for the upsetting of plans to destroy interned vessels; for the apprehension of known plotters and surveillance of hundreds of suspects; for so placing our battleships and destroyers as to afford the largest measure of protection to our exposed coast cities; for tuning up the batteries within our forts; for fetching into effective co-ordination the many directive forces of the various departments; and finally, as a quite practical matter, for the arming of merchantmen which are to sally forth in search, not of trouble exactly, but of battle, if need shall arise, to maintain American rights. Simultaneously, the German triumvirate sternly declare that their submarine officers have been ordered to shoot up any ship that may appear upon the surface of that portion of the ocean which they have staked off as their own; and there, so to speak, on this peaceful morning of March 19th, we are.

If the circumstances were not surcharged with possible, even probable, consequences of the utmost gravity, we have to confess that the element of opera bouffe would not be wholly lacking. Unless one side or the other is bluffing—and we know that ours is not—Gunner Bill and Lieutenant Fritz are embarking, by specific direction, upon a contest chiefly of wits to see which, without injury to his own craft, can induce the other to perform some act so patently overt as to make his country technically responsible for the war which is regarded as inevitable. It is a situation calling for the exercise of extraordinary ingenuity, owing to the difficulty of doing unto another what he would do unto you,

while permitting him to do it first; but it has been simplified by our own pronouncement that the self-same area is barred to pirates of the sea, thus justifying both Bill and Fritz in shooting on sight, without regard to the customary amenities between Alphonse and Gaston. The President's first idea, we suspect, was to tempt the Kaiser into making an assault which he could present to Congress as a casus belli, but now, we are inclined to surmise, he thinks it would look better in history for the war declaration to come from the War Lord—in which case even William Joel Stone would have to vote aye or be discharged. In any case, as we remarked at the outset, it is now fixed as a fact in the public mind that, if Bill sees Fritz or Fritz sees Bill, war between Germany and the United States will follow. It is quite possible, of course, that the anticipated happening will have taken place before these lines fall under the reader's eyes; but we hardly think so; indeed, speaking frankly, we shall not be surprised if the various Fritzes just miss seeing armed American merchantmen for a time, at any rate. But we are running into idle speculation. The point, as we understand it, correctly we hope, is that Germany's only way to keep peace with us is to renounce absolutely assassination from ambush at sea, as long ago she was warned by the President she must do and as she solemnly promised him she would do. Seemingly this cannot now be achieved without so discrediting the Hohenzollern dynasty as to hasten its ultimately certain downfall. Consequently we look—and hope and pray—for War to follow soon the great Message of Patriotism which we have no question the President will deliver to Congress, to America and to all the world on or before the 16th day of April of this glorious year of Democracy Triumphant.

Just as Thomas Jefferson experienced difficulty in compressing a multitude of complaints against a German king of Britain into a modest Declaration of Independence, so will President Wilson, when the time comes, find himself overwhelmed by a sense of the grievances which this country has endured at the will of the madman of Prussia. We shall await with grimmest zest his recital of treaties broken, of wrongs done, of lies told, of treacheries bared, of insults borne, of murders committed, of all the most shameful shocking, mean and low practices against civilization, humanity and common decency recorded even in the history of barbar-

ism, in the face of forbearance for the sake of peace unprecedented in the chronicles of governing Powers. Well and truly might President Wilson say now, as President Madison did say a century and five years ago:

> Our moderation and conciliation have had no other effect than to encourage perseverance and to enlarge pretensions. We behold our seafaring citizens still the daily victims of lawless violence, committed on the great common and high way of nations, even within sight of the country which owes them protection. We behold our vessels, freighted with the products of our soil and industry, or returning with the honest proceeds of them, wrested from their lawful destinations. . . . whilst arguments are employed in support of these aggressions which have no foundation but in a principle equally supporting a claim to regulate our external commerce in all cases whatsoever.

"We behold, in fine," the President might, as Madison with heed to another Power did, conclude, "on the side of Germany, a state of war against the United States, and on the side of the United States a state of peace toward Germany."

Wherefore, in Madison's time, to even matters, Congress promptly declared war upon the offending nation—a circumstance apparently overlooked by the President when, in his recent message, he remarked by way of contrast that "we are provincials no longer, the tragical events of the thirty months through which we have just passed have made us citizens of the world."

The fact is, and it cannot be kept too clearly in mind nor be too strongly emphasized, that we have not been provincials since the Fourth of July, 1776, but ever since that date have been citizens of a world Power. We proclaimed ourselves as such when we declared to the world that these States were free and independent and that as such they had "full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do"; and we fulfilled that declaration within the next dozen years and less by levying war, concluding peace, contracting an alliance, establishing an extensive commerce in all parts of the world, and in general comporting ourselves as a fully-fledged nation.

We were not provincials when Decatur was scourging the pirate shore of the Mediterranean with fire and sword, and an American army was invading the inland regions of the

African continent. There was no provincialism in Jefferson when he was suggesting an alliance with England for driving France from the seas and seizing her cis-Atlantic Colonies; when he was advocating an Anglo-American Alliance to counterbalance the Holy Alliance; or when he was broaching the idea "that we consider the whole Gulf Stream as of our waters, in which hostilities and cruising are to be frowned on for the present and prohibited as soon as either consent or force will permit us."

We can perceive few traces of provincialism in American policy when Madison was advocating Anglo-American intervention with force and arms between France and Spain, and between Turkey and Greece; when Adams and Clay and Forsyth were guaranteeing Spain the possession of her American Colonies against all the world, even at peril of war with all the world; when Webster was sending a special agent to investigate and report upon the desirability of intervening between Austria and Hungary; when we were "opening" Japan; when we were participating in an international military expedition for the capture of the Chinese Imperial capital and the rehabilitation of the Chinese Empire; or when we were standing a world Power among the other world Powers in the Congresses at the Hague.

All of these happenings were many years ago, and some of them were much more than a century ago. Surely it is high time for us to realize justly our own status, and to see that in taking part in the affairs of the world we are not entering upon any dubious and perilous "new departure," but are maintaining the sound and consistent policy which was enunciated and practiced by the founders of the Republic and the makers of the Constitution, which has been sustained by every President beginning with Washington and which is bound now to be upheld to the limit of his own courage and his country's resources by Woodrow Wilson.

The issue is in doubt no longer. We know now, if we have not known before, what this war is. It is the last of the great battles for Freedom and Democracy. America fought the first a century and forty years ago. France followed through seas of blood and tears. But lately the Great Charter has passed in its entirety from the barons to the people of England. Japan has ceased to be a monarchy except in name. China as a Republic defies the power of might. Portugal, freed by a bloodless revolution,

stands with the Allies. Personal government has disappeared forever from every part of the Western hemisphere. And now Russia, autocracy of autocracies, casts off the yoke and takes her place in the sun of civilization. Can anyone doubt that the beginning of the end of absolutism is at hand; that the thrones of Hapsburgs and Mahomeds are crumbling; that the whole clan Hohenzollern, no less of Greece and Bulgaria than of Prussia, is doomed beyond recall; that liberty for the patient German people is as certain as freedom for downtrodden Hungary, for despoiled Servia and for bleeding Armenia?

So mighty a change cannot be wrought in a month or likely in a year,—and not at all unless and until the rulers of Central Europe shall yield to a world of freemen. Wholly aside, then, from the injuries and insults which America has endured at the hands of the War Lord and which she is expected to advance as technical grounds for action, does not America's higher duty, her greater opportunity, lie along the path of the shot heard 'round the world? Are we to permit others to finish the glorious work which we began, according to even the infidel Allen, in the name of Almighty God? Shall we renounce our own professed ideals so completely that, at the end of the war, we may not deny as a matter of fitness and right, the transshipment of Liberty Enlightening the World from the harbor of New York to that of Hong Kong or Vladivostock? Must even China be allowed to forge ahead of America in defense of democracy?

We are for war; of course, we are; and for reasons good and plenty, to wit:

(1) Because we have reached and passed the limit of forbearance in trying to maintain amicable relations with a barbaric brute who has presumed so far upon our good intent as to treat our most conciliatory and helpful suggestions with glaring contempt, who has incited all manner of treasonable activities and damnable outrages within our borders, has gloated over his avowed assassination of our innocent and harmless citizens of both sexes and all ages upon the high seas and has missed no opportunity to deceive, to sneer at and to lie to our constituted authorities; because to conserve our own self-respect we are driven finally to the point where we must fight or forfeit the decent opinion of all mankind; because we cannot even seem to condone the breaking of treaties, the burning of villages to no

purpose except to deprive the poor and helpless of shelter essential to mere existence, the enslavement of men who alone could save their families from destitution and death from starvation, the violating of women and young girls, the bayonetting of little children, the approved indiscriminate slaughter by the unspeakable Turks of thousands of helpless Christians in Armenia, and God only knows what else and what more that has stamped the Hun for more than one generation to come as the sublimated hero of the shambles of humanity; because, in a word, we cannot acknowledge the supremacy of might and frightfulness over right and righteousness without denying our faith in the living God;—

(2) Because we owe it to our forefathers who founded the Republic and to our fathers who saved the Union to prove ourselves not merely worthy of the happiness which flows from prosperity but eager and fearless in support of free life and full liberty the world over, to the end that the noble example set by them may not be degraded in gluttonous realization by us; because as a practical matter if spies and traitors infest our land now is the time to smoke them out; if a few scattering undersea waifs can break down our defenses and damage our cities, let them do their utmost, that we may discover what might be anticipated from a fleet and prepare accordingly; if our navy is lopsided and deficient, our provision for a defensive army unfulfilled and unrealizable, our stores of ammunition insufficient, our air-machines and submarines but samples, to-day when only negligible harm can come to us is the day to acquaint ourselves with the facts; and if, as we are told, so many of us are pro-this or pro-that and so many more are putting pelf above patriotism and so many more should be feeding off our own fat instead of mulcting lean Chautauquans, then what we need is a test—a test of body, of mind and of spirit,—a trying-out by fire while yet there is time to make America fit for any real emergency; yes, and able, through universal training, to obviate the necessity of universal service; because simply and finally, in such a case, war is curative, not destructive; a blessing, not a curse.

(3) Because our going into the great conflict at this psychological moment would not only complete the ring of democracies around the doomed autocracy and so render the ultimate result certain to the dullest and the blindest, but also from that very fact would infect all Germany, all

Austria and all Hungary with the new spirit of Russia, and so by surely shortening and perhaps quickly ending the war, would save millions of precious lives, certain else to be sacrificed to no purpose other than impoverishment of the human race for centuries to come.

Whether the condoning by the President of so many offenses during the past two years has yielded actual gain to humanity need not now be considered. That he was enabled to say simply, in words which none could dispute, that he "need give no further proofs and assurances" that he had been indeed "the friend of peace" and still meant "to preserve it for America so long as able," surely constituted no mean background for the prompt and resolute action which so completely surprised Germany when tame submission was fully anticipated.

So much at least is clear. And when to the regretful assertion that he "could do no less" was added the solemn declaration that "there can be no turning back," the President had full warrant, regardless of past differences of opinion, to beg from his countrymen that "tolerance, countenance and united aid" which has been accorded in fullest measure. If at any time, while hearkening to the timorous voices of Representatives whose fair constituents did not raise their boys to be soldiers or, speaking more precisely and less agreeably, to fight for their country, Mr. Wilson may have doubted the answer to a patriotic appeal, surely all misgivings must now have disappeared before a response unprecedented in unanimity and resolution. In times of stress and danger the American people require from their Chief Magistrate neither inconclusive interpretation nor indeterminate consultation. All they ask is masterful leadership based upon mutual faith of the President in his country and of the country in its President.

As an American, faithful to American ideals of justice, liberty and humanity, and confident that the Government has exerted its most earnest efforts to keep us at peace with the world, I hereby declare my absolute and unconditional loyalty to the Government of the United States, and pledge my support to you in protecting American rights against unlawful violence upon land and sea, in guarding the nation against hostile attacks, and in upholding international right.

"*And for the support of this Declaration,* [wrote Thomas Jefferson] *with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine*

Providence, We mutually pledge to each other [*and to you our President*] *our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor.*"

THE SPECIAL SESSION

In calling a special session of Congress, to meet this month, the President has done a wholly commendable and by no means unusual act. In a sense he is repeating himself. He began his first Administration with a special session, called a little earlier in April than this one; and he is beginning his second Administration in the same way. That former Congress was notable for having the longest special session and the longest aggregate of sessions on record in our history; and while the present Congress cannot quite equal it, there is a probability that it will pretty closely approximate it.

Special sessions are not, we have said, unusual. There have been thirty-seven of them in our history before the present. Of these, however, practically one-third have been called to meet in November, only a few weeks or even days before the regular sessions, with which they were continuous. Only one, the second session of the first Congress, was called to meet in January; six have been summoned in March; three in April, which, strangely enough, were the first of all and the last two before the present; four in May, two in July, two in August, two in September, four in October, and thirteen in November. It will be interesting, and perhaps suggestive of instruction, briefly to review the causes and circumstances of these special sessions.

The first two, of our first Congress, may be passed lightly. It was necessary that Congress should be called together in April, 1789, in order to organize the Government, and seeing that the session did not adjourn until the end of September, and seeing, too, the slow means of travel of those times, it was not strange that it did not reassemble until January 4 following, the only January meeting on record. This latter was, by the way, really a delayed regular rather than a special session; though since it met at an irregular time it is commonly regarded as the latter. Both regular sessions of the second Congress were preceded by special sessions, called the first in October and the second in November, the

special and regular sessions being continuous. The second regular session of the third Congress was similarly preceded by a special session, called in November.

The Fifth Congress was in troublous times, perhaps more like the present than any other in our history. We were at the beginning of our undeclared war with France, and were confronted with sedition and lawless plots within as well as unfriendly aggressions without. It was at the beginning of John Adams's Administration; there was urgent need of military preparation and increased revenue, beside the moral support which Congress could give to the President; and so on March 25, three weeks after his inauguration, Adams called Congress to meet on May 15. The result of a fifty-seven days' session was the enactment of laws empowering the President to use the navy for the protection of American rights, and to enlist 80,000 troops for three months, providing heavy punishment for privateering against a friendly nation, and imposing additional tariff duties. The subsequent regular session of that Congress was preceded by a special session in November, making a sitting which lasted two hundred and forty-six days, and was the longest on record down to 1841.

The second session of the Sixth Congress met on November 17, 1800, and was the first to meet in Washington. The eighth Congress met specially in October, 1803, to complete the Louisiana Purchase, and again in November, 1804. The tenth Congress had a similar record, meeting in October, 1807, to consider the crisis caused by the British Orders in Council and the proposed embargo; and again in November, 1808. The same crisis caused the convening of the eleventh Congress in May, 1809, at the beginning of Madison's Administration. It adjourned in June, but met again in November, and continued with the subsequent regular session in December.

The Twelfth Congress, epochal in its action, met in advance of the regular date, on November 4, 1811. Clay and Calhoun made their first appearances in the House of Representatives, and infused their "young blood" into the leadership of that body. The session continued with the regular one in December, and did not end until July 6, 1812; Congress meantime admitting Louisiana to the Union, increasing the army, doubling the tariff, and declaring war against Great Britain. In two hundred and forty-five days

that Congress passed one hundred and thirty acts, and heard the doctrine of secession first proclaimed within its halls—by Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts! Because of the exigencies of the war the next session met in November, 1812.

The same causes moved Madison to begin his second Administration with a special session, which met on May 24, 1813, with Henry Clay as Speaker of the House, and with Daniel Webster a member for the first time. The last act of that session, on the day of adjournment, was to levy a direct tax of $3,000,000. The third session of that Congress met in September, 1814, a week after Key had written "The Star Spangled Banner," Washington, meantime, having been captured by the invading British, and the Capitol having been burned. The second session of the Fifteenth Congress met in November, 1818, and before it adjourned that body had the Florida question and the Missouri Compromise question on its hands. The second session of the Sixteenth Congress met in November, 1820, and before final adjournment Missouri was admitted, the Compromise was adopted, and the sectional issue between South and North was fully defined.

There were no more special sessions thereafter until the Twenty-fifth Congress, in 1837, when President Van Buren convened it in his first year, in September. The Senate passed the Sub-Treasury bill which he desired, but the House rejected it, and he was glad to see it adjourn after only 43 days. President Harrison, on taking office in 1841, called a special session for May 31, but died long before it met. Tyler wrestled with it, vetoing some of its chief measures, until it adjourned on September 13, and that was the last of special sessions for fifteen years. All the Texas annexation and Mexican war business did not necessitate a special session. But in August, 1856, the civil war in Kansas moved President Pierce to call Congress together to pass an army appropriation bill. The former session had adjourned on August 18, after refusing to pass the army appropriation bill because of a proviso that the army should not be used to aid the pro-slavery faction in Kansas. The special session met three days later, passed the bill without the proviso, and adjourned on August 30, after sitting only ten days, the shortest session on record.

There were no more special sessions until the Thirty-seventh Congress, which, despite all that happened in the

first three months of his Administration, Lincoln did not call together until the Fourth of July, 1861. Meantime, without Congressional action, the President had called out 75,000 troops, added 22,714 men to the regular army and 18,000 to the navy, proclaimed a blockade of the ports of the seceding States, and proclaimed martial law and suspended the writ of habeas corpus in certain districts. He seemed to have no doubt of his powers to preserve the integrity of the Union. Nor did he ask a long session of Congress. On the contrary, its 34 days constituted the second shortest on record. It met on July 4, authorized a loan of $250,000,000 and the enlistment of 500,000 men, and adjourned on August 6, leaving the President to carry on the war on his own responsibility. Nor did Lincoln feel the need of any more special sessions while he was President.

After him, the deluge. Extraordinary as it seems, the assassination of Lincoln and the accession of Johnson to the Presidency called for no special session. But when the conflict between the President and the radical faction in Congress reached its height, things happened. The Fortieth Congress met for the first time on March 4, 1867, for twenty-six days; on July 3 for eighteen days; and on November 21 for twelve days; distrusting the President and deeming it advisable "that the President should not be allowed to have control of events for eight months without the supervision of the legislative branch of the Government." The regular session met at the constitutional date in December, 1867, and sat until July 27, when it adjourned to September 21; then met for one day and adjourned to October 16; then again met for one day and adjourned to November 10; when it met and at once adjourned until the constitutional date in December.

The Forty-first Congress, at the beginning of Grant's administration, met on March 4, 1869, and sat for only thirty-eight days. The Forty-second Congress did likewise, meeting on March 4, 1871, for forty-seven days. The Forty-fifth met in extra session on October 15, 1877, and continued until the regular session began on December 3, the principal business being the introduction of the famous Bland free silver bill which, passed over the President's veto in the subsequent regular session, produced the Bland or "buzzard" dollar. Another March session came in 1879, of the Forty-sixth Congress, when for the first time since Buchanan's first Congress, both branches were Democratic.

Fourteen years then passed without a special session, but on August 7, 1893, President Cleveland called the Fifty-third Congress together to deal with the " currency famine " and general financial crisis. The chief business was the repeal of the silver purchase law, and while this was effected by the House on August 28, it was not done by the Senate until October 30 because of lack of power to stop dilatory speech-making. In the course of that fight the Senate was once in continuous session for thirty-eight and three-quarter hours, and Senator Allen held the floor with a single " speech " for fourteen hours. But even that disgusting spectacle did not move the " deliberative body " to adopt rational rules.

The next special session was called in March, 1897, chiefly to revise the tariff under the McKinley Administration, and it lasted one hundred and twenty-one days. The regular session of December, 1897, was still in existence when the crisis with Spain came on, and so no special session was necessary for that war. In 1903 the Fifty-eighth Congress came together on November 9, as a prelude to the regular session in December. In 1909 another March session was called, chiefly for tariff revision, which was effected after one hundred and forty-four days.

In 1911 came the first April session since Washington's first Congress. It was the first meeting of a Democratic House of Representatives for sixteen years, and it was the first time in history that a Republican President had called a Democratic House together to pass a measure which a Republican Senate had rejected, or had refused to consider. It was a proceeding which assured the division and defeat of the Republican party which occurred two years later. Again, in April, 1913, President Wilson called the sixty-third Congress together in special session, for tariff revision, this being the third time in a dozen years that such a session had been called for that specific purpose. That session, beginning on April 7, became continuous with the regular session in December, and together they made the longest on record, three hundred and twenty-eight days.

The special session which is now about to assemble may well prove to be as memorable as any that has gone before it. It will resemble, *mutatis mutandis,* that of 1911, in that a Democratic President is calling together a Congress with what may prove to be a Republican House to do the work which a Democratic Senate refused to do. It will certainly

be notable as the first session for nearly a century in which the Senate will not be subjected to danger of such scandalous exhibitions as that of 1893. We may indeed hope that both Houses will meet in a chastened and refined spirit, intent upon rendering loyal service to the nation and thus " doing their bit " toward redeeming parliamentary government from the discredit into which it has undoubtedly fallen throughout the world during the last two or three years.

This latter circumstance is indeed one of the most noteworthy connected with the era of the world war. In the Central Empires, of course, parliaments have little to do in such an emergency. They are fulfilling the words of Bismarck fifty-five years ago, that the problems of the day are to be settled not by speeches and parliamentary decrees, but by blood and iron. But in the comparatively liberal and parliamentary countries the case is little better. The British Parliament has done little that it should have done, and much that it should not have done, and real conduct of affairs has been left to administrative officers. The French Parliament has been still less efficient. Nobody has thought of what it is doing. The real rule has been exercised by the commanding general of the army. In Italy the Parliament has not distinguished itself.

In the United States neither House of Congress nor Congress as a whole has been distinguished for any large or masterful grasp of one of the most important and critical situations in all our history. Senators and Representatives have showed themselves largely moved by faction rather than by patriotism. Sometimes they have supinely obeyed Presidential dictation; other times they have stubbornly resisted the will of the President, even when it was most clear that his will was identical with that of the nation. Through it all they have displayed an insatiable appetite for appropriational " pork." It has been a sorry spectacle.

This criticism does not, of course, apply to all. There are men in each House to-day as pure and unselfish and ardent in patriotism as any who have ever sat there, and comparable with any in competence to legislate for the nation. What is needed is that they shall assert their natural leadership, and that their spirit shall prevail. We were arguing a little while ago that the breaking down of international law in this war was no reason for abandoning it, but rather was the best of reasons for rehabilitating it and mak-

ing it stronger than ever before. The same is to be said of parliamentary institutions. If for the time they seem almost to have failed, so much the more cause for strengthening them and making them triumphant. The Senate is taking a long step in that direction in making itself able to legislate while not abandoning the privilege and duty of deliberation. It lies within its power and that of the House to make this special session epochal for its vindication of the Congressional system. It will be cause for profound regret and everlasting reproach if that power is not efficiently exercised.

WHEN PEACE COMES, WHAT?

Peace will come. That is inevitable. We offer no apologies for repeating that reminder from recent issues of this Review, or for recurring to the subject which we have discussed at length. It is really a much more important subject than that of the war, which people seem never to grow weary of discussing, and it is gratifying to observe the increasing attention which is being paid to it in the press and elsewhere. It has been eminently desirable to ask what we should do in case we became involved in the war, because it was desirable for us to have the most complete possible preparation for any belligerent contingencies, whether they ever were realised or not. But it is no less desirable for us to consider what we are to do when we become involved in restored peace, which we are absolutely certain to do; and it is well to be reminded, as Mr. James Keeley in a spirited series of articles on the subject in the Chicago *Herald* does remind us, that in England the policy of " Wait and See " is denounced as one of madness and suicide.

We take it for granted that we are not to engage in a trade war such as some in Europe are suggesting, and such as it is quite possible some European Powers will wage against each other. That is not American policy, and we do not think that it will ever be. Jefferson's ideal, which has long been the ideal of the nation, was " Peace, commerce and honest friendship with all." That in spirit forbids trade wars, which are just as repugnant to commerce as military wars are to political peace. We mean, of course, trade wars which are wantonly or aggressively waged, for the sake of achieving commercial conquests by means of injuring or

destroying the trade of other nations. There can be no rational objection to a defensive trade war, if it is forced upon us for our own protection, any more than to a defensive military war against armed attack. Therefore there can be no objection to what we may call commercial preparedness, any more than to military preparedness. On the contrary, there is the strongest possible demand for it, logically, and for such preparedness—again like military preparedness—for both or either commercial peace or commercial war. It is hoped that commercial peace and nothing more than friendly competition will prevail, unbroken, and our commercial preparedness is to be adapted not only to development and maintenance under such circumstances but also to the promotion of them; precisely as a rational military preparedness will make us a more efficient people in our prosecution of the arts and activities of peace. But in case that peace is unfortunately broken, and commercial hostilities are directed against us, we are to be enabled to meet the crisis promptly and effectively, under the "immutable law of self-defense," just as we should repel an attack by hostile armies and navies.

Let us carry the apt parallel further, and observe what other nations are doing by way of preparation for renewed commercial activities at the return of peace. Great Britain has recently made what is tantamount to universal conscription of the people, women as well as men, for national service; not alone for directly prosecuting the war but also for maintaining and increasing an industrial and commercial efficiency which will be of the greatest possible significance upon the renewal of normal relations with the world. Despite the vastly increased production of military munitions, and the use of many mercantile manufacturing plants for that purpose, there has been scarcely any decrease of the industrial efficiency of the nation, and the readiness with which the munitions factories can be transformed and devoted to peaceful purposes will make that country, immediately after the conclusion of peace, much more capable than it was before the war in manufactures and trade. Shipbuilding for mercantile purposes has been followed during the war to such a degree that the total tonnage has been reduced little if any by the destruction inflicted by the German U-boats; and with all the demand for military munitions, a great British firm was able to underbid all American firms with an offer to supply this country with

shells. Concerning Germany we know less, but there are authentic reports that her industries, in factories and shipyards, have been maintained during the war in high efficiency and with an extraordinary rate of productiveness. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that if the war were to end today, tomorrow would see the ocean thronged with British and German merchant vessels seeking all the markets of the world with cargoes of merchandise.

Preparation to meet this competition must be a complex operation, but it must be effected upon the basis of certain general principles, and conspicuous and essential among these must be reckoned that of domestic reciprocity and co-operation between Government policy and private initiative and endeavor. That has been one of the prime factors in Germany's unexampled progress in industry and commerce, and it is the factor which Great Britain is now most tactfully and most efficiently employing. That does not mean, or at any rate it should not mean in America, government ownership of industries, nor corporate ownership of the government; either of which extremes would be a calamity, defeating the aims and objects of democracy. But neither of them is necessary to the most complete measure of the co-operation to which we have referred.

There can scarcely be a greater delusion than that government ownership and operation of industries and utilities is the only alternative to monopolies and offensive trusts. It is as unreasonable and as unfounded as to say that anarchy is the only alternative to despotism. The essential spirit of democracy requires for the individual a free initiative in industry just as much as in politics. The citizen must be as free to work or to trade as he is to vote. Moreover, there must be similar freedom of combination; and as citizens are free to combine themselves into political parties, in order to exert an influence and to accomplish ends which would be beyond their reach if acting individually, so they must be free to combine in business corporations, in order to effect results which would be impossible to individuals. That is democracy.

That does not, however, deny governmental control and regulation of corporations, as of individuals. The Government determines who may become citizens of the commonwealth, and it makes laws for the control of those citizens. So it determines under what conditions corporations may be

created and it charters them; and it can appropriately regulate and control those corporations in their activities. That is constitutional and logical. Nor is the National Government deprived of the power to control corporations even though it does not itself charter them. If the State charters them, it has the natural right to control its own creatures. But the vast majority of important corporations do business in more than one State, and are, therefore, under a familiar clause of the Constitution, subjected to national control.

In such control, and in all the attitude and acts of the National Government toward corporations and toward industry in general, we do not believe in oppression, and neither do we believe in fostering monopolies nor in connivance at the enjoyment of special privilege. There is a vast difference between control and oppression, and there is no less difference between fostering a monopoly and promoting an industry. Or perhaps we should say, promoting industry, in general. It cannot for a moment be maintained that this latter is not a legitimate purpose of governmental action, whether of legislation or administration. It is prescribed in the Constitution itself. One of the objects of that instrument is "to promote the general welfare," just as much as to form a more perfect union or to provide for the general defence. Nor is the welfare restricted or qualified. It is not merely the political, or the educational, or the moral welfare that is to be promoted, but the general welfare, including industrial, commercial, economic.

Now that does not mean either a high protective tariff or absolute free trade; neither of which, indeed, would serve the purpose. It must now be recognized that the benevolent and enchanting idealism of Cobden was little more than an iridescent dream. He told his followers that they must not doubt that in fifty years the whole world would be converted to absolute free trade and would be practising it, any more than they must doubt that the sun would rise next morning. But many more than fifty years are now past, and the world is further from such a condition of affairs than it was in Cobden's own day. He prophesied, too, that universal free trade would mean universal disarmament and universal pacifism; from which the world is certainly far removed today, in spite of Mr. Bryan, the Cobden of our time—or was Cobden, the Bryan of his time?

On the other hand it is certainly to be recognized, as Mc-

Kinley, the great protagonist of protection, recognized, that unnecessary tariffs are evil, and that any protective system which favors special interests, to the harm of others, is a detestable thing. It is not the welfare of this or that industry, or this or that class, that is to be promoted, but the "general" welfare, the welfare of all industries and of all classes. That does not mean that all industries are to be equally protected or fostered by legislation or other governmental action, because their needs are by no means equal. Some have been able to prosper from the beginning without any protection, while others could probably never have come into existence without it. Because one does not need aid is no reason why another which does need it should not have it; and because one which needs it gets it is no reason why another which does not need it should get it. In brief, the tariff question is not a political game of "You tickle me and I'll tickle you," as it has too often been; nor is it, as also it has too often been, a system of fostering special industries for their own exclusive and perhaps excessive profits. It is a scientific question of the promotion of the general welfare, as provided by the Constitution.

We have learned much since the time when Jefferson wanted us to have no ocean commerce, no manufactures and no large cities. We have come to realize, and we have realized it with especial keenness during the present war, that that nation is strongest and most prosperous which is in material affairs most nearly sufficient unto itself; that is, which has the greatest variety of resources, products and manufactures, and which is thus most perfectly able to supply its own needs. In performing its constitutional function of promoting the general welfare it is not only permissible for the Government but is incumbent upon it to have regard for the development of such a state of affairs. As the various industries owe to the Government their loyalty, their support and their sincere compliance with the laws, so reciprocally the Government owes to them such benevolent regard as will, without catering to special privileges, promote the general welfare of all.

There has been a curious touch of irony in our Government's attitude toward industry and commerce. It has been our pride that we are pre-eminently an industrial nation. At first chiefly agricultural, we have developed also into manufacturing and commercial greatness. This characteristic we

have vaunted above the militarism which we have affected to regard as a reproach to other nations. We were peaceful and industrious; they were warlike. Yet from the very first our Government has paid far more attention to military than to industrial affairs. We began our Constitutional Government with a Secretary of War, in 1789, and in precedence he was the third of the Cabinet officers. It was not until a full century later, in 1889, that we considered government interest in agriculture, always our greatest industry, to be sufficient to warrant the appointment of a Secretary of Agriculture; and he was, of course, placed at the very foot of the list. In 1798 we created a Navy Department, with a Secretary in the Cabinet; and not until a hundred and five years afterward did we reckon our peaceful commerce to be of sufficient interest to call for the appointment of a minister to look after its interests, then grouping commerce and labor together under a single Secretary. Finally, in 1913, nearly a century and a quarter after the organization of the Government, we reluctantly concluded that it would be worth while to give to Commerce and Labor each a Secretary.

Compare, or contrast, this indifference to industrialism with the policy of European states. Austria, under the reactionary autocracy of the Hapsburgs, has long had four industrial Ministers—of Commerce, of Railways, of Agriculture and of Labor. Belgium has had four, of Agriculture,—often held by the Prime Minister himself,—of Industry, of Railways, and of Public Works. France has four, of Commerce and Industry, of Agriculture, of Labor and of Public Works. Germany remits such matters largely to the individual states, but there are imperial bureaus or boards of Railways, of Tariff, and of Trade and Commerce. Prussia has ministers of Agriculture and Forests, of Commerce and Industry, and of Public Works. The same is true of other European countries, and also of the countries of Latin America. They have all been paying more official attention to industrial affairs, and have done more "to promote the general welfare" than we.

It is time for America to awake to the importance of fulfilling more perfectly that provision of the constitution. The principle of *laisser faire* will no longer serve our purpose in the increasingly intense competition among nations. We are all, despite Mr. Bryan, coming to realize the necessity of being well prepared for war before war comes upon us,

so as to meet its initial onset with complete readiness. So we should recognize the necessity of being fully prepared for peace before it comes back to the world, so that the moment it comes we shall be ready for its problems and its opportunities.

We are now pretty generally convinced that universal service is the only rational and effective method of securing military preparedness, at any rate in harmony with democratic principles. We ought equally to realize the necessity of universal co-ordination of industries and complete co-operation between the Government and private enterprise, as the only rational and effective method of securing the industrial and commercial efficiency which will enable us successfully to defend ourselves and to improve our opportunities in the era of restored peace which will presently come to the world.

THE NEW RUSSIA

BY GERALD MORGAN

The eyes of the American public have lately been riveted, almost for the first time since the beginning of the war, on Russia. For at last, out of the multiplication of Russian rumors, one undeniable fact has come—the fact of a Revolution. The Czar has abdicated—though that is unimportant, since it is the religious and executive office which counts, not the man. But what is really important is that the Russian Reactionaries are at last being cast out, some by physical violence, from the seats which they have for centuries so securely held.

The average American of intelligence has since the outbreak of the war learned to discuss European aims and policies with a good deal of general knowledge. The meaning of England's supremacy at sea, France's fortitude of arm and spirit, Germany's will to conquer and Austria's unexpected solidarity have made Europe something more for us than a colored map. We have learned where and how each nation hoped to expand at another nation's expense, particularly on the Adriatic, in the Balkans and in Asia Minor. We have learned to understand the sophisticated suspicion with which such small nations as Holland, Switzerland and Sweden regard their larger neighbors, and if we do not yet look at Europe through their long-disillusioned eyes it is only because we have an ideal which does credit to our heart.

It is, however, a fact that the comprehensive sympathy which America offered, not only to Western but also to Central Europe, did not extend to Russia. Elsewhere we tried to see through their Governments to the national aims of the people themselves. In Western and Central Europe we assume a conflict of national ambitions, not, as the smaller neutrals do, a mere struggle for commercial suprem-

acy among nationalist cliques. Given the facts, ours is the better focus.

Unfortunately America's judgment against Russia was based not upon fact but fable. It was based upon an idea that the Russian people were practically slaves. They are not slaves, and they know what they mean to achieve in this war as well as any other people. The Russians are not fighting merely because the Czar wants to get Constantinople; they are fighting to make Russia their own country, and to dispossess from the court and from the civil service such a set of titled and untitled knaves and intriguers as has not thrived elsewhere since the days of Versailles.

No doubt the recent Russian Revolution, which seems to have cleared the decks of reaction, will have its effect on American public opinion. No doubt the upstart Protopopov, unrestrained by the figurehead premier Golitzine, overplayed his hand, and delivered Old Russia into the hands of her enemies. Reaction is at least temporarily beaten, but it must not be forgotten that the real power lies in the hands of the Army and Navy. Russian officers are nationalists, anti-Germans, and for the moment, liberals; but it is not likely that the alliance between the military and the intellectuals of Russia will last forever.

American popular conceptions of the Russian Empire were drawn from two main sources: the Jews, and the British statesmen of the nineteenth century. The result was a composite picture of external aggrandizement and internal tyranny which bore little resemblance to the truth, and which failed to include that New Russia which had grown to manhood since the war. This New Russia sees in the Houses of Hapsburg and Hohenzollern a breakwater between the Russian reactionaries and Western democracy. That is why New Russia has made this war her war, and why Old Russia fears victory as much as she fears defeat. New Russia is friendly to Anglo-Saxon liberalism, friendly to the Jews; but neither understands her. The aim of New Russia in this war is Russia for the Russian people.

In shaping Russian policies from the conclusion of the Turkish War of 1877 to the annexation of Bosnia in 1908, the great nationalist forces were quiescent. Reaction ruled; Germany, until Bismarck's death or even a little longer, was friendly; the "intellectuals" and anarchists were held in check by systems of espionage; Central Asia and the Far

East were peacefully penetrated. The Jews were persecuted; and England was left in a state of constant fear for the safety of India. As a result of these policies an American opinion was formed from British and Jewish testimony which wholly ignored the Russian people, and which held true of Government circles alone. This misconception unfortunately still perseveres today.

The real awakening of the New Russia came with the Japanese War. The policy of the court party was at that time an Eastern policy, conversely peaceful toward the Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns. Port Arthur and Vladivostok had been fortified. Special interests crossed the Yalu into Korea, clashed with the Japanese over certain timber and mineral concessions, and at once demanded imperial support. The giving of that support led to a disastrous and highly unpopular war, in the course of which Austria and Germany noted Russia's weakness, and treated her thereafter, in Balkan matters, as her military record appeared to deserve.

The consequent unpopularity of the court party obliged them to make concessions at home. Beaten by their Japanese enemies, browbeaten by their Teutonic friends, they recognized the existence of a Russian nationalist party because they had to. They allowed its representatives to help reorganize the army and navy, and to assert themselves unofficially but generally. Their power was shaken; their hand was forced; where violence was no longer safe, they resorted to subterfuge—a sure sign of weakness. It was at this time that the growth of the New Russia might have been observed in the West, but in America particularly the obsessing idea continued to prevail that the New Russia must be born by a sudden bloody revolution; and such slow progress as was known to obtain elsewhere in the world could not be imagined in Russia. It is true that the all-important Ministry of the Interior was usually represented by a reactionary or else controlled by reactionary influences; but nevertheless reform after reform has since 1908 been conceded by the Czar. But the main result of the hostile Teutonic policy since Mukden, and, even more, of the present hostilities, has been the nationalization of the Russian army and navy. Russia's army is Russia in arms, Russia intent on the destruction of the Hohenzollern-Hapsburg breakwater, behind which, in the stagnant waters of the Petrograd bureaucracy, the reactionaries have been trembling with apprehension. They feared the

fall of Teutonic conceptions of autocratic government which must inevitably have been followed by the fall of their own conceptions; they feared equally the triumph of German arms, which would have been succeeded by a revolution of New Russia, already armed, not longer to be withstood, bound to be victorious. Like many another Government, they were in the position of a man who has started a fire which he could not check. At the beginning of the war, in the exasperation of the moment, the Czar said he would sacrifice his last mujik in the cause of victory; but today it is the mujik himself who is going to do the sacrificing. The tables are turned.

The Old Russia is passing, and has been passing for some time. The Russia of Kipling—the Russia of the 'eighties, of *The Man Who Was,* of the Bear that Walks Like a Man—the Russia which threatened the Khyber Pass, is gone. That was the Russia of the Grand Dukes, the Russia which was defeated by Japan because she was unsupported by the Russian people. The Bear that Walks Like a Man is today a stuffed and hollow sham.

Gone also is the Old Russia of the anarchist and intellectuals, of George Kennan's Siberia, of those wonderful spies, the "agents provocateurs," who committed crimes themselves in order to detect criminals, and who could scarcely be distinguished from their quarry.

All this is past or passing. The Russian Cossacks riding down the crowds, slaughtering Jews, are today as fabulous as the Russian wolves. It is true, conspirators are still treated with a harshness unknown in the West. It is true that equality of opportunity is still denied to the Jews. It is true that the special reactionary interests tried to the last to hold the Russian people in subjection. It was against those interests, as represented not only in Petrograd but also in Berlin and Vienna, that the New Russia was fighting.

This war is everywhere a war of peoples. It is not a war of dynasties or of ambitious interests any longer, but a war of nationalist aspirations, a war of public irredentism. It is as peoples that the nations are fighting for free outlets, not as Governments, and Russia is no different from the rest. Territorial changes in the map of Europe are likely to seem minute, when peace is made, compared with the loss of life involved; but the main changes in the world are not changes of frontier. To what extent

this war is tending toward state socialism is mere conjecture; but the forces behind that tendency are quite as ardent in Russia as elsewhere. It is time that misconceptions regarding Russia should cease, not only in America, but in England as well. It is time that such phrases as "the mixed Mongolian Tartar upstarts that may seize the Russian throne and use the Russian people" should fall flat as they deserve.

Of course Old Russia held on till the end. Golitzine, the Russian Premier, and Protopopov, the Minister of the Interior, were reactionaries. But the Ministers of War and the Navy were hand in glove with the Duma; and for this reason the conservatives had to fly false colors. Palace intrigues succeeded forcible acts of repression; that was all. These intrigues were largely directed against the municipal unions of Russian manufacturers on which the supplies for the army and navy depend; and were not always unsuccessful. The existence of a strong industrial middle class allied with the military against court influences was the result of these intrigues. In Russia this conflict is called the "interior" front, and is quite as important as the combats of the actual or "exterior" front. These acts of the reactionaries were of course the acts of traitors; but they prove how small had become reaction's stake in the New Russia that they feared her victory within at least as much as their own defeat without.

It did appear that, win or lose, the Russian reactionaries were done for. Yet this was not quite true. In spite of the fact that victory and defeat held equal terrors, they had one chance left. It was not the separate peace; that they dared not make, for they knew New Russia would avenge herself on them if they did. Their only chance was this: for France and England to desert them.

Suppose this had happened. Suppose England, or the English democracy, fed for years and years on lies about Russia, opposed to the Czar at Constantinople by force of habit, had decided to make peace with the Eastern party which controls Germany to-day. This was the peace which Germany was trying to get, and for which she would certainly have made great concessions, even so far as to recognize not only England's rights in Egypt, but also England's spheres of influence in lower Mesopotamia and Southern Persia. Suppose England had made terms for Russia with-

out Russia's permission, as, for instance, Northern Persia in exchange for Poland, with a return everywhere else to the *status quo ante.* Suppose England had then deserted Russia. What would have happened?

We Americans and the almost equally uninformed British would have said it was a good way out of a bad mess. The Russian reactionaries would have pretended to be shocked, and would have told the Russian people that the English had broken their word of honor, an explanation which could hardly have failed of acceptance, since it could not have been denied. The betrayed Russian nationalist forces—the New Russia—would thus have been turned against England and France.

A somewhat chastened Germany and a disillusioned Russia would at once have gravitated together. The autocratic Governments of the world—Germany, Austria, Russia and Japan—undeterred by contrary nationalistic influences, would have found little trouble in establishing some sort of alliance. And liberalism in all those countries would have received a setback.

There never was great danger that the Russian reactionaries would make a separate peace with Germany, although they wanted to, because they simply did not dare. There was, on the contrary, grave danger that England, France, Italy and Belgium would make what would virtually have been a separate peace with Germany. America would have been glad to see Russia pay the bill, but America would have been wrong. For the New Russia which America did not understand would then—rebuffed and deserted by the West—have cast herself into the arms of Germany, and of that other great atuocracy, Japan.

II

Up to the time of Falkenhayn's defeat at Verdun, and his consequent retirement from the office of chief of staff in the summer of 1916, it was the aim of Germany's diplomatic and military policy to achieve a decision in the West coupled with a separate peace in the East. This policy was traditional in Prussia; Bismarck would have favored it; but unfortunately for Germany the Russia of 1916 was not the Russia with which the Iron Chancellor was familiar. Petrograd was as fertile a field for intrigue as it had ever been, but in the Russian people—the New Russia—Germany found

an intractable foe against whom neither Prussian nor pro-German Russian influences could make the slightest headway. It took many months for Prussian military politicians to realize the actual state of affairs in Russia, because the Petrograd reactionaries with whom they were in constant intrigue kept promising what they could no longer perform. With Hindenburg's accession to the military dictatorship, however, both the strength of France and the weakness of the Russian reactionaries were definitely recognized. An opposite policy was adopted; in the East intrigue was supplemented by force, in the West force was turned to intrigue. It was then suggested to the peoples of England, France, Belgium and Italy that Russia pay the bill.

There is only one way in which New Russia can effectively combat Germany's overtures to British pacifists, and that is by military successes. Russia is to the British people, as she is to the American people, still Russia; there is no understanding of New Russia in any English-speaking country yet. It is on that fact, and on the prospect, if necessary, of further successes over the Russian Army, that Germany is counting. New Russia will fight forever, but there is no telling how long the Western Powers will fight. Success must not be too long delayed, or the British Government may be forced by the British people to desert Russia. That is still the hope of the ousted Russian reactionaries, and the present danger of the Russian people. What, then, are the military prospects on the Eastern front?

Since the outbreak of the war the Russian army has always had a tactical value superior to the Austrians and Turks, but inferior to the Germans. The value of a modern army group depends much less than formerly upon grand strategy, and much more upon minor tactics and the co-operation of auxiliary arms both at and behind the front. Excellence in minor tactics depends upon discipline, morale, and upon team work much more diversified than was ever previously expected of infantry. A modern battalion of infantry is a real little army in itself, and when in action each private soldier has a specific duty to perform. In discipline and morale the Russian soldier knows no superior, but he is not the technical equal of the German.

It is, however, in the problems of co-ordinated effort that the Russian army falls so far behind the German army. In the first place the co-operation of the auxiliary arms of

artillery, communications and military supplies is much better organized by the German higher command. In the second place the industrial and railway organization of the German Empire, outside the zones of active operations, is vastly superior to the improvised structure erected by the municipal unions of New Russia. These unions have had a hard time. Determined, but ignorant of their problems, they have suffered as well from the petty annoyances and restrictions of the Russian reactionaries in the Ministry of the Interior. Russia is still a long way from being self-supporting in a military sense; her armies still depend on the transport of munitions from Vladivostok and Archangel. Materially and technically she has always been, and still is today, far behind Germany.

New Russia's one great asset is her unweakened morale. Time after time the Germans have defeated the Russians in great battles only to find that they rallied and struck back almost at once. Hindenburg's victory at Tannenberg was followed by a most unexpected reverse at Augustowo. The German success at Lodz was followed by a reverse in front of Warsaw. Hindenburg's second East Prussian victory was neutralized at Ossowiec. The great campaign of 1915 was more successful; but Hindenburg was checked at Riga, and Mackensen at Rovno. In 1916 the Russians struck back, retaking Lutzk and Czernowitz, and proving again that their capacity for offensive resistance was not broken. This unshaken rallying power on the part of the Russian army has not been lost on Germany; they do not wish to pit their own superiority in technique and organization against it in too long a war. It is idle to conjecture how long the Germans can go on defeating Russian armies. For Germany there is always the danger that in the end Russia's numbers and perseverance will prove exhausting, that weight will be too much for skill.

Now Germany wants peace today at Russia's expense. If peace cannot be achieved through American interventionist sympathies working in conjunction with British pacifism and French war-weariness, it must be forced upon the Western Allies by a positive collapse of Russian military opposition; and this can be accomplished only by victories on the field of battle more crushing than those of Mackensen in 1915.

Germany desires no such exhausting and unproductive

alternative as another serious campaign against Russia would be. If beaten the Russian armies would retire, fighting, as they have done before. There is no vital spot in Russia until Moscow is reached, nearly five hundred miles away. Russian military conceptions include the weapon of retreat, their own peculiar weapon; at the very height of Brussiloff's victorious campaign of 1916, the Russian War Department issued a semi-official statement to the effect that retreats were quite as good as advances, in that they were equally exhausting to the enemy. It is by exhaustion that Russia seeks her ends. Her armies are patient, steadfast, tireless, hard to trap. To fight the Russians, a German general on the East Front once said, is to attack an enormous sandbank with a child's toy spade. The sheer weight of the sand, he said, keeps piling in. In German military circles there is little desire to extend mere territorial conquest, if no decision can be reached, and little hope that any such decision can be achieved over the Russian field forces. If further advances into Russia are made by the German armies, then inspiration must be sought in politics. For as the semi-official statement of the Russian War Department (quoted above) also declared, Russian retreats produce unaccountable apprehension in the minds of "our Western Allies." If the Germans do not think that they can beat Russia, perhaps they can persuade England and France that Russia is beaten, and achieve peace in 1917 that way.

That they could defeat Russia utterly the Prussians have never believed. That is why the "Western" group in the Prussian army has always predominated, why it is likely to predominate in the future. Hindenburg's present policy is a stopgap policy, adopted because French resistance proved momentarily too strong. But if Germany escapes from her present situation with a whole hide, and with her Austrian, Balkan and Ottoman hegemony intact, she will try to make her traditional peace with the broken elements of Russian Reaction, and place those elements at the head of the Russian Government once more.

GERALD MORGAN.

CONSTANTINOPLE—AND THEN?

BY EDWIN DAVIES SCHOONMAKER

[The recent capture of Bagdad by the British has a most vital bearing upon the future of Constantinople and the world-interests there centering. There have been greater military successes during the present war, but few if any of such far-reaching diplomatic consequences as the fall of the Mesopotamian city. As the temporary terminus of the projected railroad, completed thus far, would sooner or later find its way to the Gulf, a German Bagdad has for years been the same sort of thorn in the side of Great Britain as was a Russian Port Arthur in the side of Japan. It was Germany's sword pointed and moving straight toward the heart of India. How important in the mind of British statesmen is this terminus is evidenced by the fact that at the risk of having her army cut off from its base by the German submarine, Great Britain has thrown 150,000 men into this strategic place. No other army of anything like equal numbers has written its name so large upon the future as has this Anglo-Indian army under General Maude.

If Great Britain can hold Bagdad—and at the present writing there seems little doubt of it—Germany's dream of an Eastern empire, that dream which lured her into the present war, is at an end.—EDITOR.]

No city in the world has been the cause, directly and indirectly, of so much strife and so much bloodshed as has Constantinople, the storm-center of the ages. Successively, one after another, it has drawn into conflict under its walls virtually every people that has risen to power since the day it was founded twenty-five centuries ago, Persian, Greek, Roman, Goth, Venetian, Christian, Turk, Briton, Slav; all of them seeming to perceive that Constantinople somehow is the key to the control of Europe and Asia and possibly also of the oceans beyond. And to-day it is this same splendid city which, as a lure behind the Balkans, is again drawing rival Powers to the Strait. In this fateful spot, and one may

say in this spot alone, the nexus of two continents, converge the ambitions of the three great empires of the world, Great Britain, Russia, Germany.

There is a connection, which Great Britain very early perceived, between Constantinople and the mastery of the Mediterranean which in the West passes out through a narrow, British-controlled Strait into the Atlantic, and in the East through a narrow British-controlled canal into the Pacific. This is the reason why for a century in council and in war, with the most deplorable consequences, Great Britain vigorously upheld Turkey. Under no circumstances was Russia to be allowed to come down to the city and menace the waters beyond. The Crimean War, in which Great Britain summoned to her aid France and Sardinia, was the Lion's armed warning that the Bear should stay away. And later, when time and again Turkish atrocities in the Balkans and Armenia, not unlike those which have recently taken place, had aroused the civilized world and were weakening the hold of Turkey upon the Strait, it was Great Britain, with her eyes upon the safety of her trade-routes, that stood between Turkey and the world.

To Russia, Constantinople is the promise of the future, the one gate through which, in the opinion of her people, Russia can pass to the great destiny that awaits her. Probably no other unconcealed ambition of a single Power has done more to keep Europe under arms than this old ambition of Russia to possess Constantinople. Intrigue after intrigue, war after war, absorption of provinces now in Europe and now in Asia, all aimed at the dislodgment of the Turk and the attainment of the magical city which looks down the Aegean into the Mediterranean and out into the oceans beyond.

To Germany also, Constantinople is a gate, an escape from the eternal menace of the British fleet into the unlimited food supplies of Asia Minor, and a safe route to the markets of the Orient. Between Germany and this gate into her larger life there lay at the beginning of the present war three links which for convenience we may call the Balkan chain; Roumania in the north, Bulgaria in the center, and Greece in the south. The first of these is a country inhabited by a Latin people who look to Italy as mother and who are devotedly attached to France and Belgium; the second is as distinctly Slavic, long the Balkan confederate

of Russia and designed by Russia to be the head of the Balkan Union which, however, the other Powers refused to allow to come into existence; the third is Hellenic, a country which, until the outbreak of the present war, looked with admiration and gratitude to England and France as her liberators and the guardians of her national life.

In not one of these countries was there any national leaning toward Germany. And yet we are confronted by the striking fact that the rulers of all three of them are of German blood. And quietly since the accession of these German Princes to their thrones the Germanization of the three countries has proceeded steadily and without serious interruption. In every case German loans have followed the German Prince; German concessions have followed the German loans; German traders have followed the German concessions; and now the German soldier, breaking down from the North, threatens to consolidate and make available for the Germanization of Constantinople and the surrounding regions the labors of all who have preceded him. Berlin, Vienna, Bucharest, Sofia, Athens, these are the great and growing forts of German power reaching from the North Sea into the very heart of the Mediterranean.

This, in brief, is the tremendous meaning of events which for more than a century have been gathering and which are now coming to a head between the Carpathians in the north and Athens in the south, a region which, in its bearing upon the issues we are considering, is simply the environs of Constantinople.

No one who has given any attention to the affairs of this unhappy region will deny that the harvest of wars which it has produced has sprung from seeds sown in this receptive soil by one or the other of these rival empires. It is the hand of Russia and Germany and Great Britain, playing for the possession or the control of the strategic city on the Bosphorus, that has pushed now against the Turk and now against one another the petty pawns of native states and races. Down here it was, in this hot-bed of conflicting ambitions, that the war began and down here, very properly it would seem, it is to come to an end. "Not worth the blood of a single Prussian grenadier" though Bismarck pronounced the Balkans, it promises to become the grave not only of many grenadiers but of vast national hopes.

In what other spot in the countries at war do the inter-

ests of the three empires cross as they cross down here in the city of the Turk? Not in northern France, for with northern France neither Great Britain nor Russia is directly and vitally concerned. Not in Belgium, for while to Great Britain Belgium may have a meaning closely related to safety, this meaning does not reach Russia. Not in Poland. Though to Germany Poland may seem another Belgium, inseparably associated with the security of the Fatherland, to Great Britain it is a pawn of little consequence save in the large game of empire. Only upon the Dardanelles, where the great dream of Russia runs counter to the great dream of Germany, are Great Britain and Russia also not allies but rivals.

It is idle for statesmen to talk of concluding a permanent peace upon the basis of straightening out the tangle in northern France and Belgium and Poland, and dismiss as something of secondary importance the mighty knot which ties not one or two but all three of these empires to Constantinople. Let us face the fact. Untie every other knot in the present conflict and leave untied this troublesome knot in the capital of the Near East, and the ending of the present war will be the beginning of preparations for a war even greater.

Not only is it important to keep this vital fact in mind, but by keeping it in mind it is possible to discover, projecting out of the knot down here, an end which we may safely take hold of. On every other front of the war the struggle has left wounds which cry for vengeance, as we have already seen, the moment a settlement of the difficulty is suggested. Constantinople, on the other hand, though it focuses in a larger way than any other place the supreme issues of the conflict, is sufficiently aloof from the bitterness and far enough removed from the vitals of the great contestants to make possible even now a dispassionate consideration of this city in its relation to peace. Down here it is, therefore, and not upon the other fronts, that those who are working to put an end to the strife should begin. The disposition of this city should be discussed as a thing apart.

It is perfectly clear, to begin with, that permanent peace and a Turkish Constantinople are contradictions. There has not been a day since his coming into Europe centuries ago that the Turk has not been an irritant, and his occupation of the city, toward which three empires are doggedly

moving, is a standing menace to the peace of the world. Sooner or later, by the application of the eminent domain and with an agreed compensation, the nations will be compelled to put an end to the nuisance of his presence in Europe. There is ample room in his neglected provinces of Asia Minor for the full development of his national life.

Furthermore, as every one acquainted with the situation fully understands, a Turkish Constantinople is not a Turkish Constantinople at all, but a German Constantinople, an iron foot across the path of Russia, an iron hand lifted against the commerce of England.

Manifestly, if there is to be peace in Europe, the Turk must go.

With the Turk out of the way we may proceed to a consideration of the question which then naturally arises, What is to be done with the city? Is it possible so to dispose of it as to untie the old knot?

Let us face the facts squarely and meet with minds concerned only with the good of the world the claims of every side.

Let us admit that Russia has the same right to a free outlet for her commerce into the Mediterranean and into the oceans on either side, free beyond the supervision of guns upon the shore, as has Great Britain to an outlet down the Thames or Germany to an outlet down the Elbe.

Let us admit that Germany has the same right, availing herself of the Turkish concession, to build a railroad from Berlin to the Persian Gulf as has Russia to build one from Petrograd to Vladivostok, or Great Britain to build one from Cairo to the Cape.

Let us admit that Great Britain has the same right to an unmenaced trade route through the Mediterranean as has any other nation in the world.

Let us concede all these and see if it is not possible so to dispose of Constantinople as to satisfy all these ambitions and remove forever the jealousies and suspicions which time and again have torn Europe with war.

When Turkey has withdrawn into Asia, as the peace of the world demands that she withdraw, who shall take her place in the famous city? Is there anywhere a Power capable of administering impartially the interests of the many nations which there center, and strong enough to enforce its just decrees?

Does Great Britain or Russia or Germany satisfy the requirements? Evidently not.

Does France or Austria or Italy? Again evidently not.

Nor is there among the neutrals a state of such strength and recognized fairness as to be likely to receive from the hands of those who are themselves disqualified the envied place as mistress of the Strait.

Obviously, if the Turk is to go, as go he must, and if there is no Power whose qualifications meet the needs of the situation, that Power must be created.

Constantinople must be made an international city.

What do we mean by international city? In what respect would such a city differ from those with which we are all acquainted, particularly the great ports?

By an international city I mean a city under international jurisdiction, the site of which together with adequate surrounding territory is owned not by one nation but by all. We in the United States have an example which throws light upon and which might well serve as a precedent for this larger plan.

The District of Columbia differs from all that surrounds it and Washington differs from every other city in the land. A man from Massachusetts or Texas or Oregon who enters this city understands at once that it is something very different from St. Louis or Chicago or New York. He has somehow come out of the States into the nation, where home laws are no longer operative, and where the ground under his feet belongs as much to the man from Rhode Island as to the man from California. It is a great neutral, a district dedicated to the whole, a city of harmony.

But the reasons which urge the acquisition of Constantinople by the nations are not the same as those which urged upon the States of America the acquisition of a co-operatively-owned and a co-operatively-administered city. In the later case the District was acquired in order to meet the natural demands for a capital. In the former case it is not this primarily, but the necessity of relieving a situation which is fraught with grave peril and for which there is apparently no other solution. In the American case the acquisition of the site was incidental to what followed. In the Near Eastern case the acquisition of the site is the main thing and far exceeds in importance anything that might thereafter be done.

Compared to the complex administration of affairs that center in a capital city, the administration of a city which had been taken under international control in order to put an end to an intolerable menace would be simple in extreme. An International Commission could be provided with far less difficulty than the International Court at The Hague was provided, for only matters of local or minor importance would be administered by the Commissioners, the larger questions that might arise being referred as now to the great Court.

The effect upon the Balkans of such a disposition of Constantinople can easily be imagined. First of all, the outside pressure would be removed, the eternal pressure of Russia and Germany and the subtle counter-pressure of Great Britain, for the supreme temptation would be removed and the conflicting ambitions would, in the manner we shall see later, find free passage through the city.

Upon the whole Mediterranean region the effect of the internationalization of Constantinople and the Bosphorus would be in general precisely the same as its effect upon the Balkans.

Indeed throughout Europe the consciousness that Constantinople had passed forever beyond the reach of the rival Powers would be followed instantly by a relaxing of the tension between the capitals, an effect not unlike that which takes place in an over-heated boiler when a cock has been turned and the steam is allowed to escape. There is not an international problem of any magnitude that has to do particularly with Europe or Asia or Africa which would not be far more easily settled with the critical problem of Constantinople out of the way.

What are the chances that such a plan would be acceptable to the states engaged in the present war as well as to the neutrals whose interests also are involved and whose voice in the matter should also be heard?

I have said that to serve the purpose for which it is designed, the dissipation of the eternal war cloud that hangs over the Near East, the plan must provide a passage through the city for the great interests which now clash under its walls. Let us see if it is not possible so to administer the city as to remove the menace while allowing free outlet to those things which will contribute to the constructive work of the world.

Great Britain, as is well known, views to-day with as much alarm as ever, the approach of Russia toward the Strait. How much of the "mystery" which for more than a year has overhung the inexplicable sloth of the Allies at Saloniki and the criss-crossing between the Venezelists and the royalists at Athens, the greatest mystery of the war, has been due to the hope that something might happen which would yet come between Russia and her goal, will probably never be known. It is no secret, however, that if events should so shape themselves as to bring victory to the Allies without bringing Constantinople into the hands of Russia the outcome of the war would not be particularly unpleasing to Great Britain. And if there was also an escape from the other horn of the dilemma, a German Constantinople, the satisfaction which Great Britain would feel would, we may be sure, be greatly enhanced. The only escape from the two horns is an international Constantinople. There is no other conceivable way of providing that permanent protection for her commerce through the Mediterranean which Great Britain must have.

Germany, the second of the great rivals, is as loath to see Russia cross her highway to and from the Orient as is Great Britain to see Russia established in a position commanding her trade route through the Mediterranean. There are few reverses which Germany could suffer that would compare in bitter consequences to that which would come to her from the permanent blocking of her south-eastern gate; particularly now when it has become clear that all hope of possessing the ports of Belgium and Holland must be given up. With her colonies gone, more than ever will she need to turn toward the resources of Roumania and the Balkans and also to that overland route to the Far East. But with the present powerful combination against her it is impossible that she should ever establish herself upon the Strait. The best she can hope to do is to keep her great rivals out. And this could be done only in the way I have suggested, an arrangement which should allow to Germany, as a matter of justice, the completion of her railroad to the Gulf. The old objection of Great Britain to the carrying out of this project, one of the main causes of the present war, might be removed by an international understanding that the use of the road was to be limited to commercial purposes. And there would be in the city an authority to see

that this restriction was complied with. To Germany, an international Constantinople comes little short of a necessity.

As to Russia, the third of the great rivals, such has been the persistance of the Slav in pressing home through peace and war his demand for the city upon the Bosphorus that his claim has, like our own Monroe Doctrine, assumed the dignity almost of international approval. Is there any consideration that would induce Russia to withdraw her demand? Would Russia under any circumstances consent to the arrangement suggested?

That there are vast numbers in Russia who would oppose such a suggestion with all the strength at their command there is no doubt. For with a very large part of the population undoubtedly the dream has been of Constantinople as the capital of Russia. And this passion, strong in itself, has naturally been made stronger by the inland location and the low unwholesome surroundings of Petrograd. To abandon this old ambition for a wholly Russian Constantinople, a glorious capital on that alluring site, would seem to many a hopeless blighting of the national life.

On the other hand, as I have pointed out elsewhere, there is not a nation in Europe that has led so far toward the international or done more to provide the instruments of permanent peace than has Russia. And there is little doubt, I think, that an arrangement which promised a permanent settlement of the old feud over the exclusive possession of the city, with its eternal menace of war, would find among the splendid humanitarians of Russia not a few supporters. The great fear which, it is known, the rest of Europe has of Russia, and the conviction, openly uttered by men not given to careless speech, that the present war will be succeeded by another in which the Latin and the Teuton will together face the Slav, should already have made clear to Russian statesmen what a forcible occupation of Constantinople, assuming that she were able so to occupy it, would entail. To-day Russia is secure by reason of the vast spaces that lie between her and her foes. The outlay of money alone which with her capital upon the Strait, would be necessary to purchase anything like her present security would be a burden upon the resources of the empire such as no nation of Europe could now afford and which should be assumed by a nation only when its security or its growth renders it unavoidable.

Would the establishment of a District of Columbia upon the Bosphorus and the placing of Constantinople under international authority endanger the security or check the growth of Russia? If so, even in the face of the undoubted advantages to the world of such an arrangement one might well hesitate to propose that it be carried out.

Of all the claims to Constantinople only that of Russia is backed by the sanction of a great need. And no plan looking to a removal of the Balkan irritation should be entertained which does not frankly and fairly face this need. Access to the sea must be provided for this people, and their connection with the sea must be as free from interference as the connection of any other people with the sea. In the event of the city's being taken over, therefore, the same free passage through the Dardanelles must be secured to Russia as is secured overland to Germany or through the Mediterranean to Great Britain.

With respect to the right of passage for vessels of war, upon which Russia might insist on the ground that the coming and going of such ships was necessary as a protection to her commerce, this is a matter which touches intimately the question of the freedom of the seas. If, as it is hoped and expected, the present war will forever put an end to the old doctrine of special privileges upon the seas, an adjustment of this matter in a manner satisfactory to Russia should not be difficult. It is to be hoped that the Peace Conference will make it as unnecessary for each nation to maintain and send ships of war to the ports of the world, as it is unnecessary for each merchant to send armed men to the markets of his own country.

In any event, it is well within the power of the nations so to administer the international district on the Bosphorus as to provide not only for the security but for the expanding life of Russia.

Particularly should America, so far as it lies within her power, see to it that this right of Russia is conceded and respected. Her position with respect to the Dardanelles is precisely the position of our Western States when New Orleans was controlled by a foreign Power. A free and open Bosphorus is as essential to the safety and growth of Russia as a free and open Mississippi is essential to the safety and growth of the United States.

As to the other belligerents and neutrals as well, there

is probably no consideration on the other side which would outweigh the contribution to the cause of permanent peace which such a disposition of the city would make. The main, if not the sole, desire of the nations other than the three I have mentioned is for just such equality of opportunity and such freedom from interference as an international authority upon the Strait would guarantee to all.

Such is the relation of Constantinople to permanent peace, a relation too vital to be ignored. It is of the utmost importance that the disposition of the city and its immediate surroundings should be detached from the other questions of the war and be made, at the earliest possible moment, the subject of international exchange. And there should be included in the discussion another matter which is closely associated with the taking over of the city and the establishment of an International Commission upon the Strait.

Of the gains which have come to the world from the International Court at The Hague, virtually all have come from the Court and few if any from the location. There were no international complications centering in the Dutch city which the very presence of the Court would tend to smooth out. Accessibility and the fact that Holland lay aloof from the antagonisms of the larger nations were undoubtedly the deciding factors in the choice of The Hague. But something more than convenience and aloofness should control in a matter as important as the selection of a location for an international tribunal. Economy would demand that an institution designed to prevent armed conflicts between nations should be located in a region where conflicts are bred. While the fact that there is an International Court of Arbitration, undoubtedly contributes to peace, its location at The Hague contributes nothing; whereas in Constantinople, the city of strife in a region of strife, the very presence of such a Court would be of incalculable value. Its influence in that troublesome section would be similar to that of a watchful police officer in a gang-infested quarter of a city.

Furthermore, it is highly desirable that the center of the international court should be as near as possible to the center of the forces at work among the nations. The relations of the East and the West are the supreme questions of to-morrow. China, Japan, India, Persia, these too in the near future will come to the great Court with cases to which Europe will be a party. Anything tending to strengthen the

suspicion of undue influence of Europe in the council should if possible be removed.

Now comes the query, what effect will the British success at Bagdad have upon the final disposition of Constantinople? Will Great Britain and Germany come to an understanding and co-operate in the building of the road, Germany retaining Constantinople and Great Britain Mesopotania? Such an arrangement, if there were no obstacle in the way of carrying it out, might be a happy solution of the difficulty. But would Great Britain be willing to leave Germany in possession of Constantinople, that base from which she would easily be able to consolidate her Balkan Allies and control the Mediterranean? And would Germany be willing to leave the port of her Far Eastern trade in the hands of Great Britain? Such an arrangement would be simply a truce while each Power looked about for allies for the greater line-up.

But even were some such understanding between Great Britain and Germany possible, and an obvious make-shift it would be, what of the agreement which Great Britain has entered into to deliver Constantinople to Russia? I have already set forth the reasons why the carrying out of this agreement would be a menace to the peace of the world, producing a situation which, instead of ending militarism in Europe, would necessitate even greater armaments, particularly upon the part of Great Britain. As for the agreement, if famine should declare that there should be an end of slaughter, that would be a verdict from which there would be no appeal. The disposition of Constantinople would then be a matter for the Peace Conference to pass upon, and in the Peace Conference not passion but reason will preside. With Bagdad in her hands Great Britain will hold the trump card so far as the Near Eastern situation is concerned and will, we may be sure, use every legitimate influence to keep Constantinople out of the hands of Germany and of Russia.

But these latter will be equally opposed to Great Britain's occupation of Mesopotamia and will, I believe, insist upon her withdrawal; and to secure this they would probably be willing to cancel their claims to Constantinople. The way would then be open to the internationalization of the city, and also to the international ownership of the great road to the Persian Gulf to which all nations should have equal access and in which they should enjoy equal privileges.

EDWIN DAVIES SCHOONMAKER.

THE INEXPLICABLE GERMAN IDEA

BY PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN

MAXIMILIAN HARDEN, the great German journalist, is credited with the statement that neutral opinion is largely hostile to Germany in the present war, not because the neutral nations have not been told the truth, but "because they do not think as we Germans think." This profound observation would seem to afford the only just criterion of the acts and beliefs of Germans both within and without the German Empire at this momentous time. It should lead all fair-minded men, who can divest themselves of bias and prejudice, to endeavor to ascertain just what Germans *do* think.

There are two aspects of this question, one negative, and the other positive. First of all we must recognize a great defect of a great German virtue, namely, that the loyalty of a German forbids his thinking ill of the Fatherland. Since this war began, it has been apparent that the magnificent response of the German people the world over to the call of the Fatherland included implicit faith in the lofty motives, methods, and views of the Kaiser and his Government. Public opinion, intellectual leaders, private judgments, have all been mobilized in behalf of the Empire. It has therefore been almost impossible for any German to entertain for a moment the suggestion of a critical judgment of the acts and views of his Government. "The war was forced on Germany." "Belgium was not neutral." "The charges of atrocities by German soldiers are calumnious." "The deportation of Belgians is a humane measure intended for their own good." Thus speaks the loyal German who by temperament is unable to believe ill of his Fatherland. As well ask a lover to think ill of his sweetheart!

So much for the negative side of the German mental attitude. It is of profound significance, but we are particu-

larly concerned to ascertain just what Germans positively believe. What, in sum, is the "German Idea" of which we hear so much?

A most interesting answer to this question is to be found in *German World Policies,* by Doctor Paul Rohrbach, who "has been for several years the most popular author of books on politics and economics in Germany," says the translator, Dr. Edmund Von Mach. It is unfair to quote any writer, whether it be Bernhardi, Lamb, Usher, Lea, or Rohrbach, as an authoritative representative of his country. It is not unfair, however, to compare such private views with the general views of a nation as reflected in its press and especially in its acts. When a man expresses what most of his countrymen are thinking, and what his country is actually attempting to accomplish, he may be considered fairly representative.

Read in this light, Rohrbach's book is of more than ordinary interest. With great candor he attempts to set forth the mission of "The German Idea in the World"—to quote the original title of the book as it first appeared, in 1912. Not only does he make clear what Germans are thinking about, but he reveals the *way* they think. One is made to realize the truth of Harden's statement that they do not think as men of other nationalities think. Their mental processes are distinct in certain respects, at least as concerns their major premises.

The major premise, the main thesis of Doctor Rohrbach, which has evidently been generally accepted by his fellow-countrymen, is best set forth in his own words:

> We start very consciously with the conviction that we have been placed in the arena of the world in order to work out moral perfection, not only for ourselves, but for all mankind. (p. 4.)
>
> Rome had to be the mistress of the world before she could determine the political and legal thoughts of future generations.
>
> It is not necessary to claim for the German idea that it will exist like the Roman either as the mistress of the world or not at all, but it is right to say that it will exist only as the co-mistress of the culture of the world, or it will not exist at all. The Anglo-Saxons have spread over such vast expanses that they seem to be on the point of assuming the cultural control of the world, thanks to their large numbers, their resources, and their inborn strength. (p. 5.)
>
> The German nation is the only one which has sufficiently developed by the side of the Anglo-Saxons, and is, moreover, numeri-

cally and inherently strong enough to claim for its national idea the right to participate in the shaping of the world which is to be. (p. 6.)

This is the *leit motif* that constantly sounds throughout the whole of this remarkable book: the German challenge of Anglo-Saxon influence throughout the world. It is the first, the fundamental, and the final article of Rohrbach's creed. To be sure, the exact nature of the "German idea" which is to challenge the control of the world is never defined with any precision. One must draw his own conclusions by a process of elimination. This "idea" is certainly not religious in character. The religious propaganda of British and American missionaries in various lands is regarded by Rohrbach, not as the advancement of Christianity, but as the means for the advancement of British and American "cultures"! There is no suggestion whatever of the duty of Germans to sacrifice anything for the triumph of Christianity throughout the world. The main object must always be the triumph of the "German idea."

Nor is this "idea" international in character and purpose. There is no supreme obligation to labor for the cause of internationalism, for the better mutual understanding of nations. Not at all. The supreme end is the domination of the "German idea." German nationalism or *Kultur* is of superior value to internationalism!

There is a frank disavowal by Rohrbach of any political benefit to the world through the "German idea." On the contrary, he admits that "we cannot deny that our public institutions give occasional evidences of political backwardness even to those who view them in a spirit of moderation." (p. 216.) Referring to the suggestion of certain Chinese reformers to introduce the Prussian constitutional régime into China, he observes: "Theoretically many things may be said in favor of such a system for a community like China; actually, however, a reform which was intended to advance freedom could not have been proclaimed more inauspiciously even in China than by basing it on a system which everywhere else in the world was regarded as reactionary." (p. 217.) And he concluded his observations on this most important question by saying: "Since even Bismarck in his masterful way adopted at home the principle of freedom for the sake of the respect which it would win for the Empire

abroad, we might well learn how wise and useful it would be if we permitted a new spirit to transform our national life today in a way which would strengthen us at home and be unfailingly effective abroad." (p. 219.) From these extraordinarily candid statements it may be seen that the "German idea" is not concerned with the high mission of advancing the political freedom of the world.

Curiously enough, there is no suggestion in Rohrbach's book, even, of the purely intellectual mission of the "German idea" to stimulate and revivify the world. There is no apparent message in the realm of thought and intellectual processes to be spread among the nations.

The mission of this "German idea," therefore, would appear to be neither religious, international, political, nor intellectual in character. What, then, has it specifically to offer to the world? Little more, it would seem from Doctor Rohrbach's exposition, than the incidental efficiency and powers of organization which would necessarily accompany the extension of German aims throughout the world. Whatever the aspirations and objects of German foreign policy, it is bound to embody the "German idea," and therefore to deserve the support of all loyal Germans. It is most unfortunate; but the "German idea" does not emerge in any clear terms. It is magnificently vague and portentous.

The next point to be considered is: How can this "idea" be most efficiently propagated? What are the agencies to be employed? Here, in all fairness, it should at once be noted that Rohrbach specifically affirms:

> The policy of the German idea in the world, therefore, does not contemplate, according to our view, any conquest or violence. If it did this, it might count more readily on the sympathy of the masses. But since we cannot travel this road, both for ideal and material reasons, our task is this: We must realize the idea of national expansion, on which our ability to exist as a nation of the first rank depends, by making ourselves in the first place so strong on land and sea that nobody will dare attack us, and secondly by working thus protected for the attainment of our pacific aim. This aim is to permeate the world with the spiritual contents of our national idea. (p. 204.)

We are thus assured that neither conquest nor violence is contemplated "to realize the idea of national expansion." The permeation of the world "with the spiritual contents

of our national idea " is to be a moral conquest, not a victory by sheer force of arms. But we are here confronted by a dilemma created by Doctor Rohrbach in his candid admission that " the complete estrangement between us and our nearest relatives, the Swiss and the Dutch, is explained by our inability to make moral conquests, and that the North German character is most to blame. It is incapable of freely understanding the moods of other nations and of living in friendly harmony with other people." (p. 221.) What an astounding admission of a painful truth long known to other nations! It is all too true that Germany has been unable to understand others and live in friendly harmony with her neighbors. Its distrust and hatred of other nations has long been apparent. Diplomacy under such appalling conditions has been utterly hopeless. War alone could result from such a frenzied state of affairs. And yet, according to Rohrbach, violence is not contemplated! Though the Germans *are unable to make moral conquests*, the " German idea " is to achieve a spiritual or moral conquest.

How, then, is the " German idea " to be propagated if not by physical or moral conquest? Rohrbach says " it can only live and increase if its material foundations, viz., the number of Germans, the prosperity of Germany, and the number and size of our world-interests, continue to increase." (p. 8.) Here we have the frank admission of the materialism of the " German idea." It is not leaven to permeate and change the world by its own inherent worth. It needs large numbers of Germans, great commerce, merchant ships, colonies, armies, and battleships. Of course it is urged that all these things are to be employed peacefully in self-defense. And yet the diplomatic history of Europe for the past fifteen years shows that Germany has rattled the sabre on several occasions to warn other nations that they must choose between the alternatives of permitting the achievement of German aims, or accepting war. Witness Tangier, Bosnia-Herzegovina, Serbia, and Agadir. Such, at least, would seem to be the diplomatic significance to Germany of arms and ships for self-defense: " If we are strong enough Europe will never dare refuse our demands." The tragic aspect of this point of view is the fact that England, in the eyes of Germany, has long been the great antagonist with whom it might be necessary at

any moment to measure arms. This *leit motif* of the challenge of the "German idea" to share with England the dominion of the world must always be remembered.

This ever present *arrière pensée* of the *moral* value of force appears most clearly with reference to the subject of colonies, which Rohrbach as a colonial expert holds to be of the greatest importance as the foundation of world-empire. Germany must needs expand. At whose expense? This is by no means clear. One has to remain satisfied with statements of the following character: "It is not our intention to rob anybody, but one need not be a prophet, as matters are today (1912), to foretell that the final drawing of lines between the African colonies is yet to come, and that it will be our duty to create a much larger African Germany before this time arrives." (p. 134.)

Another great source of strength for the "German idea" is to be found, according to Rohrbach, in the allegiance of Germans living outside of the Fatherland and the colonies. He asks this strange question: "Is there another nation in the world whose Government would have been willing through forty years to let hundreds of thousands of fellow-countrymen living in foreign lands lose their nationality simply because it could not find a formula by which they might be retained?" (p. 63.) Curiously enough, that "formula" has evidently been found in the German nationality law of 1913 which permits a German citizen—according to a speech by Dr. Delbrueck in the Reichstag—to acquire, "side by side with his old nationality, a new nationality, the possession of which would still allow of his usefully representing the interests of his old Fatherland."

It would be superfluous to stress the need felt by Germany of a great army and navy to defend and spread the "German idea." The burden of armament which Germany imposed on herself as well as on the rest of Europe, and the ghastly results of that rivalry in armament, are all too vividly before our eyes. It is sufficient merely to note the existence of this German conviction that physical force is the backbone of the "German idea." Incapable of making moral conquests, as Rohrbach himself admits, Germany must rely on commerce, men, arms, and ships.

Such, in brief, are the main outlines of the "German idea," and the chief characteristics of German processes of thought concerning the foreign policy of Germany, as pre-

sented by Doctor Rohrbach. Tested by subsequent events, his views would seem to be fairly representative of those of his fellow-countrymen. Is not Harden profoundly right when he affirms that peoples of other nations do not think as Germans think? Must this not afford the only just criterion for judging Germany and Germans the world over at this juncture? If they indeed believe in the sacred mission of Germany "to exist only as the co-mistress of the culture of the world," is it to be wondered that Europe finds itself plunged into the present conflict?

When one realizes the wealth of Germany's peaceful contributions to the world in literature, music, philosophy, science, and general efficiency; when he remembers all that is inspiring in German life; when he recalls with tenderness cherished German associations and friendships, it is profoundly depressing to contemplate the actual situation, namely, the avowed intention of Germany to impress her *Kultur* on the rest of the world by force of arms. This is obviously gross materialism—this belief in the forceful propagation of ideas. It is evidence of spiritual, as well as of intellectual, bankruptcy. In the individual it would unmistakably indicate the need of a great misfortune, a trial by fire, a bitter experience, to bring him back to his normal senses. When this benign calamity befalls a man, though his friends may confidently await a happy result, it is hard for them to witness his ravings, his agonies, his utter humiliation. How terrible it is to behold a whole nation in such a state, swayed by a mad obsession! The only hope for itself, as well as for the rest of the world, must lie in the possibility of a great moral awakening, a spiritual regeneration which shall find its practical expression in a political revolution. The contest now being waged in defense of democratic ideals thus becomes also a contest to give Germany true freedom.

Until such a momentous revolution shall take place in German thought, the rest of the world must perforce adopt an attitude of resistance. As long as the German sword is lifted against all other national "cultures," so long will Germany find herself isolated, encircled, embattled, and held at bay. The issue cannot be allowed to rest in doubt; it is too vast, too vital. It is the cause of human freedom throughout the world.

PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN.

WAR AIMS OF THE ALLIES

BY ROBERT DE CAIX

Foreign Editor of the "*Journal des Débats*"

THE war aims of France and her Allies are determined in their intent and purpose by the very spirit of the Prussian militarism against which we are fighting. This militarism, which we do not in the least identify with the German nation (a political unit no man with any authority in the Allied countries thinks of dismembering) is at its root a moral evil and must therefore before all have a moral remedy. The religion of force cannot be overwhelmed and destroyed except by the sight of the bankruptcy of the policy of force. Disillusion alone will cleanse the German soul of the violent doctrine instilled by its masters. Therefore the enterprise of pillage must not bring to its actors the booty they still look forward to because of the unforeseeing dilatoriness of their enemies and also, if not in a greater degree, because of the well-meaning ignorance of neutrals. The morals as well as the tranquillity of peaceful people cannot be more deeply disturbed than by the sight of piracy rewarded. So with a view to the stability of peace in the future, we desire that its re-establishment should be accompanied by restitution and reparation required of those who deliberately disturbed it. Such restitution, in fact, will only serve to draw the German flood back into its river bed, for if we have a quarrel with the German Empire, that prison of conquered races, we have no desire for one pound of German flesh.

England does not ask for an inch of Continental territory, she is desirous only of freeing Europe from the peril of hegemony which threatens her also. Belgium demands only her own body, the wounds inflicted on her being healed as far as they may.

France, too, demands only her own body, for beyond the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine, she has no thought of asking

for anything but guarantees of a military nature. It is not our plan to annex to our national solidarity, neighbors who have no desire to belong to it; it would be impossible to find one single village in France bound to the country by ties other than sentimental, and we have no intention of transgressing the ideal of our democracy by pushing our demands beyond Alsace-Lorraine. But anyone professing to respect the right of nationalities, must recognize that Alsace-Lorraine is part of the body of the French nation. For the last centuries she lived in the French commonwealth, when all that was decisive for the national consciousness of western peoples was taking place. In the hot crucible of the Great Revolution she was melted into the national bulk of the Great Revolution. She has retained such definite tendencies from this democratic formation that even forty-four years after being snatched from her French home, in the name of medieval rights and the " necessity " invoked by Bismarck before Von Bethmann-Hollweg, not only the French-speaking Lorrainians but also the Alsatians of German dialect stand against their assimilation by a militarist and dictatorial Germany. In this small territory of less than two million inhabitants, forty-four years of conquest and repression had not abated the conflict between the two ideals. And if France by her temperament and the form of her government was absolutely unable wilfully to wage war upon Germany for the retaking of Alsace-Lorraine, it is now her aim to recover what was violently stolen from her in 1871.

We are also of opinion, and our allies with us, that it would be a denial of right if this great crisis did not remedy the slavery imposed on the 150,000 Danes of Schleswig snatched by force from Denmark by Austro-Prussia in 1864. This population has never ceased to fight, with a constancy as ingenious in its means as it is unwavering in its aim, against every effort of the Prussian machine to stifle its Danish language and traditions. In the treaty of Prague in 1864, the Emperor Napoleon III had inserted a clause stating that these Danes were to be allowed to vote on their destiny. Prussia never fulfilled this engagement. Now, the Schleswig Danes must be allowed to make use of the right continually denied to them by an Imperial Germany that Bernstorff unceasingly represented to us as an upholder of the rights of small nationalities. Such a demand will certainly be ex-

pressed by England, France, Italy and Russia when they consider that the attitude of their adversary no longer renders useless detailed announcement of their war aims.

These war aims extend to Poland, and on this side it is Russia, Germany's Eastern neighbor, who has expressed them. Russia does not desire, any more than England or France, to dismember the national body of Germany. She does wish to take from the German Empire the Poles. The Grand Duke Nicholas, at the outbreak of war, and since then different Russian Ministers, and the Czar himself, have promised total restoration and autonomy to Poland. At first sight this seems to resemble the Polish policy of Germany and Austria, who aim at annexing the German Poles to the German Empire under pretext of autonomy. The Czar wishes to incorporate into his kingdom the Prussian and the Austrian Poles in a kind of Polish autonomy. But whereas Prussia and Austria are unwilling to add their eight million Poles to the autonomy which they are attempting to found as an extension to their Empire, Russia has declared her readiness to bring her ten or twelve million Poles to the new kingdom. The difference between the two policies is still more striking than their likeness. Russia is obviously quite willing to restore Poland, but there is no risk in asserting that Germany has unquestionably no intention of the kind.

It is very likely that when President Wilson, in his message to the Senate, spoke of a peace based upon the rights of the nations, Prussia at once thought of her own Polish subjects; and no doubt it is partly because the ideal proclaimed by President Wilson was so opposed to her own that for answer she expressed her intention to carry on a merciless submarine war.

In short, the war aims of the Entente with regard to Germany point to Alsace-Lorraine, Schleswig and Prussian Poland, but they do not threaten one province that is German by consent. In Austria-Hungary, the war aims of the Allies coincide with the demands of the nations oppressed by the Germans or the Magyars. When, in 1914, Russia was forced to draw her sword to help Serbia, the Grand Duke Nicholas, Commander-in-Chief, promised these peoples the free development of their national life. Such a freedom should doubtless take different forms with the different nations concerned. For the nine million Czeko-Slovaks an independ-

ent state might be created or a true national autonomy given within Austria made truly federal. It is impossible to trust to the good will of Austria-Hungary to replace the feudal system of nations, which is still the "régime" of the dual Monarchy, by the system of the liberty of all nationalities. The Allies cannot be deceived by the attempts made by the two Governments—especially that of Vienna—to give to the policy the appearance of a new liberalism which might change the opinion of their enemies and of neutrals, so that they may sign a peace accepting unconditionally the continuance of the Austro-Hungarian domination. This crisis must draw Austria-Hungary nearer to the ideal of tolerance and liberty which is that of the modern world, and make of her a trust of nations instead of a machine to oppress some of them.

Similar autonomy might be allowed to the million and a half Slovenes or else their incorporation into one great Serbo-Croatia. But so far as concerns the million Italians, the three and a half million Roumanians and the five or six million Serbo-Croatians, the Allies cannot fail, according to the duties of brotherhood at arms, and *also to the wishes of the population concerned*, to request their incorporation into Italy, Roumania and Serbia respectively. On the other hand, it would not be astonishing to hear that Russia wishes to annex the five million Little Russians of East Galicia, where there is a strong pro-Russian feeling despite the political and clerical efforts of Austria to convert her own Little Russian subjects into an instrument of separatist propaganda among the masses of Little Russians in Russia.

Such are, broadly speaking, the wishes of the Entente with regard to the nations belonging to the Austro-Hungarian Empire. It may be said that such war aims threaten this empire with enormous losses, and that they are out of proportion to the present military situation; but even if they were carried to their further extent they could not be charged with an intention to abandon the principle of national integrity.

And what about Constantinople? Does Russia want to secure Constantinople in the name of nationality? I shall be as frank on this point as on others. Russia, by nationality, has no right to Constantinople. In this respect, Russia is inspired by her historical instincts and by the desire to escape being forcibly shut up inside the Black Sea as

she has been since it pleased the Young Turks to join in the war in obedience to their German suzerain (although the Allied Powers had guaranteed the territorial integrity of their country). But if the Russians cannot demand Constantinople on the plea of nationality, neither can any other people demand this omnium-gatherum of nations. Turkey is an empire in which a conquering nation has pitched its tents for more than four centuries like a victorious army; having never assimilated the conquered race, nor assimilated it into one nation, nor even recognizing that it had rights equal to those of the conquerors' sons. She put up with them, disdainfully tolerant, as if they had been inferior associates.

Such an anachronism lasted until, a few years ago, Turkey tried to abolish it, not by a progressive movement, but by a terrifying return to barbarism. With her new ideas of centralization, the haughty toleration that she had shown towards her subject peoples ceased, and was replaced by a policy of downright suppression. She suppressed all her conquered subjects guilty of the sin of being more active and intelligent than those who looked upon themselves as their conquerors. Hence arose the Armenian massacres, which have been going on now for the last twenty years, but which increased in violence since the war, causing the death of about a million people, and watched over with a benevolent eye by the German and Austrian Governments which inspired the Young Turkish policy. Now the Syrians have been added to the Armenians. Russia, by desiring the capital of such an Empire, is not, in any way, violating the principle of nationalities.

Everywhere else, save on this point, the demands of the Allies are inspired by the rights of nations, whereas those of the Central Powers are inspired by Imperialism. The Allies do not wish to oppress the Germans and Magyars, they only wish them to cease being oppressors, they wish to have them give up playing the part of dominant races, to become simply free and equal nations among their peers. In a word, the Allies require that the German and Magyar sway shall stop at the boundaries of the countries which are not anxious to be German or Magyar. Unless the forthcoming peace guarantees this, we shall certainly have failed in making *our* peace, and shall be left expecting the outbreak of another war.

Such are the Allies' war aims as they have been stated in the answer to President Wilson.

It may be objected that however fine all this may sound, such a peace is a long way off. I do not deny it. The question is here, as it was in President Wilson's note, not of the ease with which we may obtain peace, but of the terms upon which that peace can be based.

If the obstinacy of a lately easy-going and pacifist democracy such as ours astonishes Americans, remember that the people of France consider as unquestionable facts which many Americans have yet to ascertain. For ten years before the war broke out, we had seen Germany applying to us the rod and bit of sugar policy to compel us to enter into her system. We do not want to see her confiscate the liberty of other nations and remain as strong, nay stronger than before, to recommence her compulsion on our freedom. The lessons learned during the war have been added in the mind of our people to those of the ten precarious years preceding the war. Once you understand Europe, you will understand the stern will of France, the country that has sacrificed most to the cause of the Allies. Your sympathy for the country of LaFayette will increase because you will see clearly that never since the days of Joan of Arc has she been more obviously forced to fight a war of independence.

ROBERT DE CAIX.

BISMARCK AND BETHMANN-HOLLWEG: A CONTRAST

BY J. HOLLAND ROSE, LITT.D.

BISMARCK once stated that a great advantage derivable from the study of history was that it enabled you to judge how far you could go with safety in any course of action. The guiding principles of his career were based on the prudential maxim: "Thus far, and no farther." To prepare the diplomatic ground carefully before taking the first step openly; to propitiate as many neutral Powers as possible; cautiously to choose the cause of quarrel and the moment for hurling the challenge; and finally to end the war quickly with the minimum of exasperation to doubtful neutrals—such were the mainsprings of the policy of the Iron Chancellor. Rightly considered, that policy was remarkable less for rigidity than for suppleness. It was a chain, not a rod. It could therefore adapt itself to swift and perplexing turns, as when, in July, 1866, Prussia accorded surprisingly easy terms to her defeated enemies, Austria and the South German States, in order to be able to rally the whole of the German people against the threatening muster of the French troops Rhinewards. Then it was that Bismarck's "pen," Herr Abeken, set down on paper the Bismarckian saying: "Moderation in victory is greater than victory itself."

It would seem that the men now about Kaiser Wilhelm II have not studied history, or only in the Teutonized version handed down as a curse to this generation by that Prussianized Slav, Treitschke. That professional pamphleteer, whose deafness cut him off from intercourse with his fellows, lived in a kind of Prussian Valhalla aglow with the glories of Königgratz and Sedan; and the present generation of Germans, including the Kaiser himself, has drunk

deep of the heady mixture there served out in the skulls of the vanquished, forgetting that those glories were won as much by brain as by muscle, by wise statecraft more than by forceful strategy.

Let us consider briefly Bismarck's policy during the Franco-German War of 1870-1. Even at the height of the triumphs of German arms the Chancellor used his utmost endeavors to keep on friendly terms with Russia. He did not rely alone on the firm friendship of the Czar Alexander II for his uncle, Wilhelm I of Prussia. He let it be known at Petrograd that the Berlin Government would support Russia's effort to get rid of the irritating restrictions imposed upon her at the close of the Crimean War. The device succeeded; and the sympathy of the Russian people with France in her dire misfortunes was of no avail. Bismarck kept her isolated while the German armies completed their triumphs; and then he imposed terms which, though severe, were not impossible. For instance, he counseled the abandonment of the German claim to Belfort, as being an entirely French city, and if he had had his way, he would probably have handed back Metz for the same reason, exacting, however, an extra 1,000,000,000 francs in order to build another fortress in German territory somewhere to the east of that city. He was overruled by Moltke and the German General Staff, who are therefore responsible for inflicting on France an irreparable wound. His conduct of the negotiations combined the qualities of commonsense and firmness, of hardness and courtesy. He kept his demands entirely secret and let the more garrulous French negotiators, Thiers and Favre, disclose their hand. He held the winning cards; but he rendered victory more certain by reticence beforehand, by cautious reserve during the game, and by decisive pressure at the climax.

Only on one topic did he manifest passion and resentment. Any hint of a possible intervention by one of the neutral Powers made him furious. After Sedan he expressed entire sympathy with the following pronouncement of the Swabian *Mercury*. "We (Germans) mean to dictate in Paris the conditions which will protect the German people from the renewal of a burglarious attack like this war of 1870; and no diplomatist of the foreign Powers who kept their arms folded shall dictate to us respecting those conditions. Those who have done nothing have no business to

interfere." Bismarck also declared that any attempt at intervention or mediation by a neutral world would instantly be rejected; for, though it might begin with good intentions it was certain to make bad blood. M. Thiers, during his mission to the neutral capitals, had striven hard to bring about intervention by one or more of the neutrals; but the Iron Chancellor frustrated his hopes at one point. During the final discussions on the Preliminaries of Peace in February, 1871, Bismarck discovered that the Gladstone Cabinet was about to make an effort to lower the German demands for a war indemnity from six to five milliards of francs (i. e., down to £200,000,000). Thereupon he blazed out against Thiers and Favre: "I see very well that you are only aiming at recommencing the war; and in doing so you will enjoy the advice and support of your friends the English." It was in these days that he called the English "swine"; and the incident (which ended in the remission of the milliard by Germany) produced a very bitter feeling in the Fatherland against the British Government and nation. It is well that benevolent neutrals, who intend to offer their mediation with a view to the opening of peace negotiations, should realize the extreme difficulty of the task of mediator. Any neutral Power which is directly concerned in the questions at issue is certain to be suspected of bias and favoritism; while one that is not at all concerned in them will be scouted as a meddlesome outsider. The article and the retort just quoted are thoroughly typical of the treatment accorded to a mediator. The greater the complexity and importance of the dispute the more surely will his offer be rejected by one party. The indispensable condition for success in mediation is that both sides should equally desire it and should be equally convinced of the absolute impartiality and good faith of him who proposes it; but, as a rule, the mediator ends his difficult and thankless duties amidst the furious objurgations of one side and the skillfully concealed satisfaction of the other.

Now, contrast the quiet disdain of Bismarck at the mere thought of any neutral daring to suggest mediation, with the fussy elaboration of Germany's recent schemes, both in the New World and the Old World, to lead up to some offer of mediation. First it is the Pope, then it is President Wilson, or else it is some vague concert of the European neutrals, which is to set moving the delicate machinery.

Contrast the stern "Hands off!" of Bismarck in the winter of 1870-1 with the meticulous care of Bethmann-Hollweg to ensure the offer of the olive branch by some benevolent and unsuspecting neutral. The situation is not wanting in a certain piquant irony. The Government at Berlin, which scouted all the proposals of arbitration and limitation of armaments put forward at the Hague Congresses or by the British Admiralty, now seems to be undergoing a death-bed repentance. After losing, on its own confession, nearly 4,000,000 men in killed, wounded and prisoners, it is said to favor restriction of armaments which a sum in rule of three could formerly have applied to Germany and the other Powers on terms far more advantageous to her than those which her policy of blood and iron now render necessary. How the shades of Bismarck and Moltke must haunt the Wilhelmstrasse! How their feeble and infatuated successors must reflect that those founders of the Empire abased France and exalted Germany at the cost of under 30,000 Germans killed, wounded and prisoners; while Wilhelm II and his paladins have flung away or incapacitated 4,000,000 men in order to secure the ruin of their Empire. Well may the Kaiser and Bethmann-Hollweg have desired to devolve on some neutral the task of beginning to extricate them from the hopeless mess into which their ambition and folly plunged them. That the proudest sovereign in Europe and his still more presumptuous heir should have had recourse to round-about means for securing some kind of intervention must be gall and wormwood to men who have flouted peace and exalted war.

Imagination falters at the task of picturing the Berseker fury of Bismarck if he could revisit the scenes of his diplomatic triumphs. The triumphs were assured beforehand by a far-seeing policy which aimed at strengthening the diplomatic position of Germany and isolating her enemy. By all conceivable means he strove to stop the formation of hostile coalitions. The mere thought of them was "a nightmare" to him; and by a prudent regimen succeeded in averting them. The Franco-Russian alliance dates informally from the year 1891, the year after his dismissal by the present Kaiser; and that alliance was a direct consequence of his dismissal. In his closing years he saw the Kaiser and subservient Chancellors reverse the fundamental aims of the Bismarckian régime. He himself had resisted as long as

possible the new Teutonic mania for colonies; in 1896 he saw the Kaiser adopt world-policy as his motto. His closing days in 1898 were troubled by discussions concerning the first of the great Navy laws which, as he foretold, bred discord with England. A kindly fate carried him off in July, 1898, a few months before the Kaiser proceeded to Constantinople and Damascus in order to inaugurate the pro-Moslem policy and the Eastern ventures which the great Chancellor had always deprecated. Above all, the new fangled habits of lavish ostentation and oriental subservience at Court (dubbed Byzantinism) were odious to the plain and sturdy Brandenburg squire; for they told against that restrained and moderate demeanor which he inculcated alike on the citizen, the courtier and the State. He left it on record that his political aim since 1871 had ever been "to weaken the bad feeling which has been caused through our growth to the position of a Great Power, by the honorable and peaceful use of our influence, and so convince the world that a German hegemony in Europe is more useful and less partisan and also less harmful for the freedom of others than that of France, Russia, or England." So, too, Mr. Sidney Whitman, long the correspondent of the *New York Herald* at Berlin, reports Bismarck as saying in his old age:

> No cock of the walk business! Europe as an entity would resent a situation so derogatory as that an individual (obviously Wilhelm II) should arrogate to himself the attribute of being supreme arbiter of war and peace, the latter to depend upon his benevolent intentions periodically vouchsafed to the world as a free gift to be received in an attitude of grateful humility.[1]

The present Kaiser and his last two Chancellors (Bülow and Bethmann-Hollweg) have deliberately thrown Bismarck's policy to the winds. They have given in to the extreme demands both of the German colonial party and the German Navy League. The Kaiser's Balkan policy and his Bagdad and Hedjaz railway schemes alarmed and irritated Russia, France and England; so that those old rivals became friends in order to make head against enterprises that equally menaced all three Powers. Germany, strong in her alliances with Austria and Italy, and supported by Rou-

[1] *Bismarck, Some Reflections and Reminiscences*, Volume II.: S. Whitman, *Things I Remember.*

mania, Bulgaria and Turkey, screamed out against the alleged "encircling" policy of King Edward VII; yet at every crisis (1906, 1908-9, 1912-13) she browbeat the Entente Powers. Her conduct would have produced war in any one of those crises if the Entente Powers had not given way. A repetition of similar conduct at Berlin, in still more overbearing fashion, in July-August, 1914, produced the present conflict. Bethmann-Hollweg is credited with having striven for peace even then. If so, his hand was forced by the military party at Berlin; and his whole conduct at that crisis and subsequently resembles that of a man who has lost his head and has plunged feverishly into paths that he knows not, in company with masterful comrades who compel him to speak the jargon of the barracks. His utter loss of temper at the last interview with the British Ambassador in Berlin, his mad clutch at that unlucky phrase "the scrap of paper," and his final surrender to the men who demanded more submarine horrors and more Zeppelin atrocities, bespeak the man who has lost his nerve, his judgment, and his self-respect. Bismarck often spoke with passion; but the passion was under the control of a masterful will and always served some political end.

The only excuse for Bethmann-Hollweg's retention of office is that he hopes to avert the accession of mere madmen like Tirpitz. But in order to cling to office he has had to blurt out Chauvinist sentiments like the following: "If Europe shall come to peace it can only be possible by the inviolable and strong position of Germany . . . Germany must so consolidate, strengthen and secure her position that other Powers can never again think of a policy of isolation (August 19th, 1915)." As if the Entente Powers ever thought of "isolating" an Empire which up to August, 1914, had the alliance of Austria, Italy and the general support of Bulgaria, Roumania and Turkey! As if the Entente between England and France, England and Russia, were not the outcome of the "inviolable and strong position of Germany," which at every crisis emboldened her to act as cock of the walk! As if lasting peace could ever result from the rise of a great military Empire to a supremacy which must never be challenged—and that, too, under a vain and touchy man like the Kaiser! Was there ever a more signal reversal of Bismarck's notion of a quiet, dignified and conservative supremacy for Germany?

Or again, take the furious assertion of Bethmann-Hollweg (the former friend of peace) to the Reichstag on September 28th, 1916, that any German statesman who opposed the use of the utmost rigors of submarine and Zeppelin warfare against England would deserve to be hanged. The phrase brought down thunders of applause even from the Junkers who sought to overthrow him. Bismarck never resorted to so hysterical a method of clinging to his seat. A man employing those devices may qualify for political tight-rope balancing; but he forfeits respect by such a surrender of the most elementary principles of humanity to the exigencies of party strife. Bismarck, even when hard pressed by party combinations, never stooped to such acrobatic distortions. In order to excuse them, Bethmann-Hollweg paraded once more the old tale that the war had, from the very first day, been " nothing but the defense of our right to existence and freedom "; and he arraigned England as the persistent violator of international laws, the fiercest of all Germany's foes, determined to enslave first the Germans and then her own allies whom she was selfishly bleeding to death. All this and much else of the same kind the *Vorwärts* unkindly characterized as " the stereotyped rhetoric to which we are as much accustomed as we are to the well-known ever-recurring phrases of the official war reports or the not more original exhortations and promises of the War Nutrition Office." It is clear that the official game of pumping in hatred in order to keep up war energy is nearing its end. The falsification of facts is too gross, the subterfuge too shallow. Yet, even amidst this ferocious bombast the Chancellor inserted some words commiserating France on her horrible losses and insinuating that the aims of Germany were identical with those outlined recently by M. Briand, the French Premier, namely, to form " international agreements " [which] would "protect the freedom of nations from enemy attack." So the author of the " scrap of paper " theory concerning international agreements had the effrontery to declare that Germany's aim in the war is the formation of international agreements safeguarding nations from attack. In vain does he don the garb of the peacemaker. The world knows full well why the violator of Belgium in August, 1914, adopted these mellifluous tones in September, 1916. The loss of half a million Germans north of Verdun, the loss of another half million on the Somme, and

the deepening resolve of the Allies to exact full reparation for all the havoc, all the atrocities for which Germany and her subordinates are responsible—these considerations alone wrung from the Chancellor a belated and unreal homage to international law. But let him and his master be assured that the first step of the Allies in entering on negotiations for peace will be to require that every German, Austrian, Turkish and Bulgarian official responsible for the hideous outrages that have disgraced this war shall be put on trial before an impartial tribunal. Then and then only will the hierarchy of Berlin understand the meaning of international law. Then only will " the freedom of nations from every attack " be secure.

And what are we to say to the singular speech of Bethmann-Hollweg on December 12th, 1916, in which he announced the readiness of Germany to open negotiations for peace? Does it breathe the quiet confidence of assured triumph? Are its statements correct? Does it hold the promise of a just and durable peace? The shouts of indignant surprise from all quarters are sufficient evidence of the failure of the German scheme. Bethmann-Hollweg has achieved the rare distinction of having cemented more closely the union of the Allies by equally disgusting them all.

The Kaiser's recent move was probably designed in order to breathe new heart into his wavering allies and his questioning or dispirited subjects. The Nemesis of a policy of force and braggadocio, maintained ever since the Damascus episode of 1898, is now at hand. Rejecting the wise and prudent policy of Bismarck, which made Germany great, he has adopted courses of action which have alienated Russia, alarmed Great Britain, and kept Europe in perpetual ferment. He has piled armament on armament in order to browbeat his neighbors, and has seen them resort in self-defense to similar means. While bewailing the " encircling " of Germany, he has built up the most threatening series of alliances that the world has ever known, and has raged against his neighbors when they adopted the tentative and wholly defensive system of Ententes, which, up to 1914, he was able to overbear. Too vain to take to heart the failure of his sinister designs (if he really meant to keep the peace), he has massed force upon force, threat upon threat, in the belief that the unquestioned domination of Germany would impose peace on a cowed Europe; and Europe has now re-

torted upon him the consequences of a Napoleonic policy which needed a Napoleon to carry through to even an ephemeral triumph. The fault belongs primarily to the Kaiser; for, since the dismissal of Bismarck, he has chosen Chancellors rather for their subservience than their ability. But it is certain that Bethmann-Hollweg has shown exceptional infelicity in the choice both of *mots* and methods. At every point in the diplomatic game he has stumbled upon phrases that confound his friends and amuse or exasperate his enemies; while his diplomacy will pass to posterity as a signal contrast to that which made Prussia great in 1864-1870; for he has divided his allies and has united the loose group of the Entente into the greatest and firmest league known to history. Where he has triumphed it has been due to the organization of the German military machine and the pathetic bravery of millions of Germans who have marched staunchly to death and wounds, believing the official lie that this is "a defensive war." When the whole hideous truth shall be known throughout Germany and Austria there will probably come an upheaval such as the world has not seen since the French Revolution. For the war is now known by all impartial students to be a well prepared offensive effort of the Central Empires to secure political supremacy. That effort might have succeeded if the Kaiser and his counsellors had possessed abilities equal to the task of directing wisely the diplomatic, military and naval resources which they had long been accumulating. But they were pigmies beside the monstrous mass; and the verdict which history will pass on their vain contortions will be:

"Strength, mindless, falls by its own weight."

J. Holland Rose.

"DEUIL EN 24 HEUERS"

BY HANFORD HENDERSON

The sun is shining brightly on the Place de la Concorde. Within the quiet arcades of the Rue de Rivoli there are black shadows. There is a delicious coolness under the thickly-planted horse-chestnuts along the Champs Elysées. It is good to be out so early in the morning, to be about before Paris is astir; to have its vast spaces quite to one's self. I am so happy to be here again! I draw long breaths of quiet satisfaction. I tell myself for the thousandth time that it is the most beautiful city in the world,—the most austere, as well as the most prodigal; the most thrifty, as well as the most spendthrift; the most cozy as well as the most spacious; the most intellectual, as well as the most frankly sensuous. As I draw in the long breaths of the delicious air, it seems to me that one could pair off all the qualities in the whole list of qualities, and at the end, Paris, the gracious, the abundant, would still be undefined. She is baffling, alluring, wonderful. She cannot be packed into a phrase. She cannot be stored away in the mind. There is but one place big enough to hold her, and that is in the heart!

I wander along the river front. I cross, halfway, the bridge of Alexandre III. Below, the river flows on with its restrained turbulence. Very occasionally, the little Seine steamboats sweep down towards Auteuil, or more slowly, push their noses upstream in the direction of Vincennes. They used to go oftener when I was a boy, and there were more passengers on the decks. It is odd that there are so few people about everywhere. In the old days Paris used to be an early riser. But it cannot be so very early—the sun is well up over the Garden of the Tuileries, and already it is growing warm, almost as warm as a summer morning in America. I look at my watch,—my God, it is eleven o'clock!

And then it comes over me with a suffocating rush that Paris, the heart and brain and soul of Europe, is not asleep, that she is *deserted*. In the face of her unique beauty, I had forgotten that it is the third year of the Black War,—I, an American, who for love of France and all the riches of the Spirit that France stands for, had crossed the ocean in the hope of serving her. On this heavenly morning Paris is deserted, because in another city, further north, under less lovely skies and on the banks of a less noble stream one man, enamored of the idea of his own greatness, mistook himself for a god and set out to conquer the world. It was a large plan, but not unique. It had been held, if I remember rightly, by a number of abler men, by Alexander, by Caesar, by Napoleon. And yet he could have carried it off, could have done this big thing, even so feeble a man as the Hohenzollern, if he had not forgotten one thing. He forgot that God is Love. He made the mistake of believing that God is Force.

I have just arrived. In a day, perhaps in a few hours, I must be seeking my own particular *devoir*, the little task through which I, a lover, can serve my beloved. But for the moment, I am restless,—Paris is in my veins. I must wander up and down the river, and along the sunny boulevards,—I must get my full of her. I see the same brilliant blue sky overhead, with the same great, creamy clouds sailing by, I breathe the same intoxicating air. Outwardly, Paris is bright and gay,—she could not be otherwise if the enemy were at her very gates, for her brightness is of the Spirit. Before that, the Children of Force stand powerless. I look into the shop windows, and there I do see something strange and new. There is the inevitable taste of happier days, but it spends itself on sombre material. The display is brave, but it does not reflect any longer the brilliant Parisian sunshine. It shows shadows deeper than those on the Rue de Rivoli. Everywhere I find myself face to face with the pageantry of grief. It sums itself up in a little notice which comes to be horribly familiar, but which never ceases to be icy: *Deuil en vingt-quatre heures*. It becomes for me a symbol, the symbol of a sorrow which augments. In hundreds of thousands of homes, destiny has already spoken,—the garments of grief are in daily use. In as many more homes, there is the suffocating expectation, the sudden need,—the need in twenty-four hours. We have all stood by consecrated bedsides, where something far more precious than

our own lives was at stake, have stood there while there was still hope; and later have stood there through those terrible hours when there is no longer any hope. Today the whole of France stands by such a possible bedside. Tonight there will be thousands of pillows wet with tears. And where the eyes are as yet dry there will be the tossing restlessness of those who wait. Their fears stare at them from the shop windows,—*Deuil en vingt-quatre heures*—perhaps to-morrow, it may apply to them. That sign becomes hateful to me,—I can hardly endure it,—I, a man, who have neither son, nor lover, nor husband, nor father flirting with Death out there at the Front. I wonder that the French women can stand it. But it is a part of the French temperament, of their immense, luminous clarity, to look everything in the face, even grief. I am losing my own power to cry out. If they who suffer can display this superb restraint, surely I, who am called upon only to look on and to sympathize, must be capable of a similar restraint. And I am coming to discover the source of the willingness of France to make such enormous sacrifices. Something is at stake, dearer to her than life itself, dearer even than son and lover and husband and father,—it is Liberty and Civilization. And I am coming to appreciate the source of the veritable miracle by which France, the almost-conquered is now the almost-conqueror. It is the power of the Spirit. I have talked with those who were in Paris in those early days when the German hosts were headed straight for the city. And the people were saying—and meaning it, too,—that only a miracle could save them. But the miracle happened—it was on the Marne.

It is not so common, but it has a tragedy of its own, that other sign with which one grows familiar—*Robe teinte en beau noir, 2 fr. 50*—for it suggests the portion of such multitudes, the combined portion of grief and scanty means. Even in sorrow there will be a scrupulous regard for appearances, —that is inevitable in France. Madame may be heartbroken, genuinely heartbroken, but she will nevertheless see to it that her mourning is becoming. Monsieur would have wished it so. It is a part of the propriety of her grief; or, if I may say so, a very precious part of its bravery. A stranger sometimes makes the mistake of supposing that this regard for the outer show of things is a sign that the inner heart of them is lacking. But on the contrary, I have come to estimate it as something very fine, as a part of the large loyalty of a

people capable of immense discipline, of immense self-restraint, of limitless sacrifice.

I have now found my own particular *devoir*. It is very simple and modest, but never in the course of a long and adventurous life have I done anything that has given me more profound satisfaction. I am now regularly attached to the American Ambulance Hospital[1] at Neuilly, one of the several hundred figures in white who glide along the endless corridors, and in and out the many chambers of the Lycée Pasteur. The building is admirably suited to its purpose—it could hardly be better. In the first place, it is well located, in a quiet suburb of Paris, a short distance beyond the walls, and easily reached by three tram routes, starting from the Madeleine. The building was intended for a school, and when the war came, it had not been finished. It is not quite finished yet, but it has been adapted to the needs of a great hospital,—there are over six hundred beds—and serves its new purpose almost as well as if built for it. For a hospital, I should say that it is luxurious, for we have those fundamental luxuries,—beauty, spaciousness, sunshine and fresh air,—and we have them in large measure. The big casement

[1]The American Ambulance Hospital in Paris, which has been in operation since the beginning of the war, and which has been publicly praised by the foremost military and professional authorities of Europe as representing the highest type of military hospital, was the inspiration of a group of Americans resident in France, or traveling there, at the outbreak of hostilities.

During the Franco-Prussian War, the celebrated American dentist, Dr. Evans, formed an American Ambulance and the work done by that organization has always been gratefully acknowledged by the French Government and historians. With this example before them, it was natural, therefore, that American surgeons resident in France, and American men and women who had cause to know and admire the French people, should have planned the present American Ambulance as a practical form in which to relieve suffering and by which to give expression to the traditional friendship of America for France and the feeling of gratitude to France for the important aid given this country in the earliest days of our history.

There has existed for a number of years in Neuilly, a suburb of Paris, a very efficient small American hospital, excellently equipped, through the generosity of Americans, for the care of their compatriots falling ill in France. The organization of the American Ambulance (the word "ambulance," in French, signifies a military hospital) drew largely upon the staff of the American Hospital. The French Government promptly set aside for the use of the new organization a large unfinished high-school building, and this was quickly transformed by Americans into the splendid modern hospital which has attracted the attention of Europe. In the main building, the auxiliary beds in outlying hospitals, and the branch hospital at Juilly, about twenty-five miles from Paris, the American Ambulance cares for more than fifteen hundred patients daily.

There is also a large motor ambulance service in Paris, and the American Ambulance drivers transport a large proportion of the wounded coming in by train to the capital.

The American Ambulance Field Service has about 400 motor ambulances engaged in field work with the different sections of the French Army, and

windows stand open practically all the time. In the courtyard there is a brave show of greenery and flowers. Inside there is scarcely a ward that has not its own treasure of growing plants and cut flowers. It is a busy place, and, on the whole, cheery and happy. It is true that in so large a hospital, full of grievously wounded men, the Angel of Death is never far off, and one is conscious of passing souls, but the number is much less than one would expect. I have been here for a month, and I have chanced only four or five times to see a hearse. In one unit of five wards,—fifty beds in all —the doctor in charge told me the other day that during his entire three months of service, he had not had a single death. There are, of course, all too many cases where death would be a mercy. It is not always a tragedy. For death is dignified and quiet, full of promise, without scar or mutilation. Death is so austerely beautiful that we who stand in the midst of it, do not look upon it as unfriendly. The haunting tragedy here is not death,—it is the hideous, multiform, disabling mutilation, the loss of vision, of hearing, of speech, the loss of hands and feet and arms and legs, the monstrous repulsive disfigurement. In Summer, on my own plantation, my little boys play in the open sunshine in all the happy freedom of entire nakedness, and I know of nothing more

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is constantly extending its scope. More than three hundred thousand wounded have been transported by the American motor ambulances.

The members of the Board of Governors of the American Hospital, which is the controlling body of the American Ambulance, are as follows:

Mr. Robert Bacon, President.
Mr. Laurence V. Benet, First Vice-President.
Mr. Charles S. Phillips, Second Vice-President.
Mr. Frederic W. Monahan, Treasurer.
Mr. Shaun Kelly, Honorary, Secretary.

Dr. Charles W. Du Bouchet.
Mr. William S. Dalliba.
Dr. Edmund L. Gros.
Mr. J. J. Hoff.
Mr. Leopold Huffer.
Dr. A. J. Magnin.
Mr. Cornelius Tiers.
Mr. L. V. Twyeffort.
Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt.
Mrs. Henry Payne Whitney.

The contributions for the support of this work come entirely from Americans. The annual budget of the hospital alone is in the neighborhood of $400,000.00, and this sum is made up of voluntary contributions. This work is in charge of an American committee, of which Mrs. Robert Bacon of New York is Chairman, and which has branches in the principal cities.

The Inspector-General of the Field Service in France is Mr. A. Piatt Andrew, and the collection of money for the purchase and maintenance of ambulances for this separate branch of the work is managed by Mr. Henry D. Sleeper of Boston.

beautiful than the naked, sun-tanned bodies of healthy boys. But the naked bodies of mutilated men, such as we see here every day by the hundred, are simply ghastly, a more gripping argument against the brutal, unforgivable cruelty of war than any amount of academic reasoning. And each day adds its gruesome toll. When the war ends, there will be fifteen million cripples in Europe, fifteen million men handicapped in the never too easy race of life. Neither our own generation, nor the succeeding one will see a Europe free from heart-rending, mutilated men, for it is a part of the huge and bestial stupidity of war that it kills and maims and mutilates not the old and already disabled, those on the brink of the grave, those ready and eager to be gone, but the young and the strong, ardent lovers of life, the promise of the race, those who seek and need the discipline of active years. One of the boys in my wards is only nineteen, many are twenty and twenty-one, nearly all are under thirty. Europe has strangled her own future. She has given the future to the two Americas,—perhaps, in part, to Asia.

My own task at this great hospital is slight, so slight that I hesitate to be precise about it, and yet as I have said, it gives me immense satisfaction. I would not be in any other place in the world; I would not be doing anything else—it is not often that one can say as much. Officially speaking, I am historian for a dozen of the wards—120 beds in all. It is my duty to visit each *blessé* as soon as he is installed, and is sufficiently rested to talk to me. I find out when and where and how he was wounded, just what treatments he has received at *poste de secours*, ambulance or other hospital, what operations were performed, whether he had anti-titanic serum injected; and then I must ask certain personal questions, such as the patient's trade or profession, whether he has been wounded before, and whether he has had any illness during the war. I must ask, too, how long he had worn his linen before being wounded and when he had had his last bath. From time to time, perhaps once or twice a week, I make the rounds with the doctor in charge, and take down his notes on all the cases, what progress they are making, the treatment adopted, the result of the X-ray examination, and any other matters of significance. I am only a doctor of philosophy myself, not of medicine, but life has taught me to observe, and I am deeply interested to notice, after a single month's experience, how closely my own mental diagnosis corresponds with the more

technical statement of the real doctor. We are so keen to have the men cured, or at least improved, that it is always twice as easy to enter a favorable comment. This interest extends very genuinely to every single case, but it is only human nature to feel a more personal concern for some than others. There are beds in each ward towards which one irresistibly gravitates, men whom instinctively one takes by the hand, and stops for a moment to chat with. One gets into the way of glancing at the temperature charts at the head of each bed, for even to a layman, they speak volumes. Finally, when all this data is gathered, I make out two reports on each case, one for the French Government and one for the hospital. The Government report has a certain importance, since it presents the case to the physician at the next hospital, and since it also figures, I believe, in the final determination of the man's pension. The hospital report has an immediate and permanent interest, since it goes to America and becomes data for the better study and better treatment of all wounds in future.

This *devoir* of mind is very slight in so big a thing as a world-war, but it is profoundly interesting, and at all times touchingly human. There is a constant inflow of fresh *blssès,* from Verdun, Maurepas, Loyécourt, in fact, from all along the nearer front. And there is as constant an evacuation of the older patients to special hospitals still further back. Paris is so abnormally quiet, so tranquil, so smiling, in spite of her grief, that it is only when we look at the map that we realize how near we are to the firing line. Sometimes, I am told, when the atmospheric conditions are very favorable, those with sharp ears can hear the distant cannonading. For the most part the *blessés* arrive during the night, or very early in the morning. Each case is numbered—we have now reached 6,000. Some remain only a few days, some for weeks, some for months. One might think that the necessity for dealing with the wounded in this admittedly wholesale way would induce a certain callousness, and there is sometimes the appearance of it, but I may say, I think, with entire honesty that this callousness is only apparent. At heart, all are profoundly pitiful. The doctors are mostly young men. Each has some fifty *blessés* in his care. He hurries through the morning's dressings simply because he must. At eleven, if possible, he is due in the operating room upstairs to take his share in the many and intricate opera-

tions so constantly demanded. In the afternoon, if you again make the rounds, you will probably find this same young doctor busily at work in one of his wards, perhaps with his own hands rigging up some apparatus that will make the *blessé* more comfortable. It seems cold-blooded to enter in one's notes: "247—10. Temperature, normal. Wound, clean. Granulations, healthy," and then to rush off with the doctor and his medical cart to ward 248. But in reality one is actively glad to make so favorable an entry, for bed 10 has a very bad knee wound, and only last week it looked as if the leg would have to come off and bed 10 would have to go through the rest of his life on crutches,—he is only twenty-seven. Perhaps, between scribblings, you say: "I'm particularly interested in that young man," and the doctor, already en route, answers quickly: "I think we all are." One must remember, too, that it is only by this expedition that so many cases are handled, and we render so great a service to France.

When one bears in mind that this great hospital is supported by voluntary contributions, is run for the most part by volunteer workers, that they come from all parts of the world, that they are many of them, like myself, untrained, that they are not even a permanent body of workers, but are here for terms of service varying from several weeks to several months,—when one remembers all this, it seems quite marvelous that everything goes so smoothly and that the total results are so unquestionably fine. These results, of course, have only been possible because under this shifting personnel, a certain number of trained and generous workers have stood resolutely by the job, and have brought unity and coherence out of the confused heterogeneity. I will not praise them by name, for that is the last thing which any one of them would want. The most wonderful thing about the whole place is this suppression of egoism, this willingness of everybody to do anything that is needed. I am surrounded by heroic souls. In one of my wards I have a beautiful young girl who crossed on the same steamer with me some years ago, now working manifestly beyond her strength, but doing her work so splendidly and with such high spirit that as I watch her from day to day, I find myself saying: "Thoroughbred!" In another of my wards I have an experienced society woman who, in one week, has already made an enviable record. She knows her men by name, heartens them up by her cheery

presence, dresses their wounds, makes their beds. I can see that already they are better, and that they agree with my own verdict, "womanly." She was absent the other afternoon for an hour. She had been with a terribly wounded boy in another ward—he died in her arms. In still another ward, there is an American girl considered at home to be very delicate. Here she works from eight until six, sometimes until seven, with only one half-holiday a week. And she does her work so well that the head nurse thanked me personally for having been remotely instrumental in bringing her to the hospital. I mention these particularly because I happen to know them, but there are scores of others, hundreds, indeed, both nurses and auxiliaries who are doing their hard work with almost Christ-like devotion. For once in our self-regarding lives, we are forgetting ourselves, and we are almost intoxicated with the glory of this tiny sip of the divine unselfishness. We are all here for one reason,—to respond to dire human need. And many of us are here for a second reason,—to express our own personal conviction that when the Children of Force menace the Right and Liberty and Civilization of the world, America, which professes to care for these things, ought to be doing her share in their defense.

More to the point than any lay testimony of my own in regard to the hospital, or even than any professional praise, is the testimony of the *blessés* themselves. That is the real test. The men count themselves fortunate when they find that they have been assigned to the American Ambulance. They leave with regret; sometimes they even try to prolong their stay; often they come back and visit us. More touching still is the haste with which the old patients try to re-assure any newly-arrived *blessé* who may be disposed to shrink from the touch of nurse or doctor. Half a dozen heads are lifted from as many beds, and some good-natured chap, less shy than the rest, sings out: "That's all right. Don't you worry. They won't hurt you if they can help it. They'll take good care of you." But most touching of all is the testimony of the men's faces. I see them when they first come in. Often the faces are strained and pinched. They have a hunted expression which haunts me as I write. They are plainly on the defensive. But day by day, the faces soften; they grow more tranquil and more friendly. It is easier to win a smile from them. In a week's time, I have seen a face

almost transformed. On the whole, the men are splendid, so brave, so cheery, so uniformly courteous. When I go to talk to them, badly wounded as they are, they nearly always lift their heads from the pillow, a touching attempt to stand at attention. I have to beg them to make themselves as comfortable as possible. When the wounds are dressed, as they must be, every day, I have seen scores of men stuff towels into their own mouths, so that they may not groan aloud. It is hard to endure the groans of men in anguish, of strong men who have faced death in trenches and on battlefield. Generally it is a heart-rending wail—sometimes a repeated monosyllable whose varying cadence pierces the very heart—occasionally it is articulate, *Mon Dieu, Monsieur le Docteur, have pity, have pity!* And the odor of wounded flesh is a terrible thing. I waken in the night and smell it. I smell it as I write. It will be months before I can get it out of my nostrils. The men who best endure suffering are the Breton folk, for the Bretons are mystics, and more conscious than ordinary people of the immediate Presence of God. As an old French monk once put it, they have the practice of the Presence. There is one Breton boy here who has lost one arm and both legs, and as I passed his bed the other day he smiled at me so divinely that the old physician who was making his rounds said to me twice: "I love that boy. I love that boy." Hideous, atrocious, criminal as the present war is, it has re-emphasized one fact of large consoling power,—the eternal supremacy of the Spirit. And this is the reason that France, hard-pressed as she may be at times, will never be beaten. She has the power of the Spirit. At the supreme moment, you remember, at Verdun, word went from mouth to mouth: "*Ils ne passeront pas—Ils ne passeront pas*"—and the word became a fact.

To work in a hospital in war-time, one must have oneself well in hand emotionally, or one could not do the work. The first few days I was gasping. Now I have gained the needed discipline. But it is curious that one can go along rather stolidly for days, and then quite suddenly, without a moment's warning, something gives way inside, the eyes fill with tears, and for the sake of appearances, one turns a sob into the pretense of a cough. It is not the big things that unman you so, not the groans of men in anguish as their wounds are being dressed, or the far-away look in the eyes of those who you know are going to die. It is the little

things that are so melting, often a mere smile, often some droll awkwardness on the part of the *mutilés*. Last Sunday, it was a smile. He was a newly-arrived *blessé*—he had come in during the night—one of my favorite *cultivateurs*. He was only twenty-five and it was the fifth time that he had been wounded. It must have been very painful, for he had five or six separate wounds, in arm and leg and hand and thigh,—all from one shell burst. Had he winced or complained, I could doubtless have taken my notes stolidly enough. But he did neither. He told me the story of his wounds with unaffected simplicity, and with a smile so radiant, so brilliant, that always I shall think of him, not as a fallen hero, but as a glorious figure of victory,—for the moment lying down.

The war is not, as so many Americans seem to believe, a casual street fight with which we have properly no concern, a fight which either party, when they have had enough of it, can lightly call off. They have all had enough of it, Heaven knows, and more than enough, but neither side *can* call it off, for the obvious reason that it is the death struggle between two fundamentally antagonistic views of life. It is a mortal combat between idealism and materialism, between spirit and matter. France and her allies stand for Civilization, for artistic disinterestedness, for the freedom of the small nations, for civil representative government, for that intangible thing which it has taken the moral travail of the centuries to produce,—for individual and national Right. In France, the present war is not enjoyed, even when, as at present, it is going distinctly in our favor. On the contrary, it is considered atrocious, barbarous, an assault upon civilization and art. To the French it is *la guerre à la guerre*,—the war against war. France fights, not because she wishes to, but because she must. And she will fight—mark it well—to a finish. She will do it, not to avenge 1870, not to regain Alsace-Lorraine, not to annex German colonies in Africa—no Frenchman of importance believes that—but so that the children and the grand-children of the present generation may not be called upon to go through the same hideous struggle, perhaps on a scale still more gigantic and sinister. The French are fighting for the future,—the future of France and the civilized world. They speak of the present war with sincerity and precision as the most gigantic crime in history. They

said this when they were hard-pressed. They say it now when they are victorious. They are fighting a foe whom they regard not alone as a menace to their own national life, but also as a menace to the free intellectual, moral, and artistic life of the world. And when you fight such a foe, you *must* vanquish him, whether it takes three years, or four, or five. It is not easy to get a Frenchman to express personal animosity. There is, of course, very frank contempt for a barbarian who destroys works of art, who disregards family life and civilian rights, who under the cloak of military necessity commits crimes which no people can commit and be accounted civilized. But the real antagonism of France is to German ideas, and the attempt to force them upon other peoples, for these ideas seem to the French incredible, medieval, impossible. It is not a casual street fight,—it is a mortal combat. France has always been ready to fight for the freedom of the Spirit,—she is the real thinker of the world. *Liberty—Equality—Fraternity.* This is not an empty symbol. It is the very heart of France.

I am not competent to speak of German aims in the war, because they are too confused to be readily comprehensible and because they shift too often. After two years of the bloodiest fighting that our blood-stained planet has ever known, the Germans are still discussing what the aims of the war are. The impression produced upon myself, a man who used to love Germany, but who now abhors her, is that these aims, being devoid of moral foundations, have become merely predatory and shift with the apparent spoil in sight. I know of no sadder reading than the war literature of Germany, from Haeckel and Eucken down. It is not alone that this literature appears to be forever trying to make the worse appear the better reason,—an old trick in all partisan literature—but still more that it is characterized by a complete failure to recognize the principles upon which all civilized intercourse must be founded, the abstract principle of Human Right. But in the midst of the confusion, this much at least seems certain, that Germany having prepared herself during forty-four years to stake all on world dominion, will not lightly forego such a gigantic obsession. The present war is not with Germany a war against war. It is the very reverse. It is a war for the glorification and extension of war. According to her own creed, war is the " national industry " of Germany, and her boast is that hers is not a na-

tion in arms, but that her army is the whole nation. The German ideal is the Doctrine of Force, a doctrine discredited when the brute world began to be human. I side with the French in believing that such an ideal is incompatible with decent civilized life, and that a world dominated by such bestial ideals would cease to be human, and would be intolerable. I wish that all Americans, and especially those entrusted with our Government, could understand the mortal nature of this conflict, and that no man with a heart and soul in his body can be neutral. When I stand among these wounded men here at the hospital, and see the ghastly human wreckage of war, I know that I hate war as I hate the devil himself. But I honor France, bleeding at every pore as she is, that she means to fight the war to a finish; that with grim determination, she is resolved to win in *la guerre à la guerre.* The aim of France was stated by M. Briand, when he said: "Peace through victory, a peace solid and durable and safeguarded against any recrudescence of violence by fitting international guarantees." May France continue to fight until she and her allies gain this boon for themselves and for the civilized world. I would that my own country stood shoulder to shoulder with France!

I was at the seashore some days back, at Havre. The intervening French country is a miracle of beauty. The fields were hidden under heavy golden harvests. The great blue dome of the sky was flowered over with creamy, white clouds. It was hard to realize that France was at war and the firing line only a few kilometers beyond the eastern hills. The lovely landscape spoke only of peace and tranquillity. But the harvesters were women.

On the sands at Havre, under the picturesque cliffs, there were crowds of happy children. They were sporting on the sand and in the surf, the future mothers and fathers of France. Further up on the sands, those who watched them were sad-eyed and anxious,—they wore the dress of widows. In the nearby square, some recruits were being drilled. A woman stood on the pavement watching them, silently weeping. She was in black.

I was in the Bois de Boulogne this afternoon. The sun was shining,—children were playing under the trees. It was very beautiful. I ought to have been happy. But the very air seemed steeped in melancholy. On the many benches were crowds of women. Some were talking, some sewing,

some reading. Many sat with folded hands, doing nothing. Nearly all were dressed in mourning. Nearly all wore a single ornament, a delicate medallion suspended by a tiny gold chain. On the face of the medallion there was the miniature of a man in uniform.

In the *Hôtel des Invalides,* in Paris, at the great sunken tomb of Napoleon, the figures which represent his victories stand with folded wings and downcast eyes,—it is a symbol of the price.

These scattered paragraphs of mine are more like a paean of victory than like a dirge, such unquenchable faith have I in the invulnerability of the Spirit, but I send them out with the downcast eyes and folded wings of my chosen symbol of the price,—*deuil en vingt-quatre heures.* For under the victory which will surely be hers, France will still be weeping. It will take more than a generation to bind up her wounds and cure her heartache. Those of us who stand in daily contact with the tragedy of war will rejoice with France, in Victory, but like her, we shall never forget the price. And I have held to my sombre title because I want to bring home to my own countrymen, to America, the unbelievable sorrow and savagery of war, and to point out to them that any State which throws over the morality of human intercourse, and proclaims the gospel of Force, is by its own profession, the avowed enemy of America, as well as of civilized Europe. The German ideal of world dominion through an aggressive military state is fundamentally antagonistic to civilization itself. Let us not deceive ourselves by soft words. Had the German dream of conquest not been checked by the blood and treasure of France and her Allies, we too would have been involved in the universal ruin, and into thousands of American homes would have come the torture of a similar grief. "Paris in three weeks, London in three months, New York in three years"—this was the open boast of the Kaiser's men in those early August days in Belgium. True, it was a vain boast, but I see no evidence that the intention back of it has suffered any change, and I see no reason to believe, even now, that given the opportunity, Germany would not carry out her lawless threat. We Americans do not stand for such a predatory conception of the State. We founded our great Republic in order that we might secure and perpetuate the ideals of freedom. We, too, stand for Liberty, for Equality, for Fraternity. When they are

attacked, we are attacked. Our proper place in such a world struggle is shoulder to shoulder with the defenders of Freedom. I have talked with the *réfugiés* from Northern France. One of them, a great giant of whom any nation might be proud, said to me, his voice vibrating with horror,—"The German invasion was not warfare,—it was savagery." From every quarter there comes the same story, not isolated acts of brutality and lust, but the disheartening story of the savagery of thousands of men during months of time, over square miles of territory. And the horrible part of the testimony is that the worst acts were committed, not by the common soldiers, but by the officers.

Had the German programme carried, we would have seen in the shop windows of our own cities and towns the same sinister notice which freezes my blood here in Paris, only it would have been printed in English: *Mourning in 24 hours.*

HANFORD HENDERSON.

THE MENACE OF "PARAGRAPH TWENTY-FIVE"

BY HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

Mr. J. Mattern, of Johns Hopkins University, writing in the December, 1916, number of The North American Review, attempts to obscure the plain meaning of paragraph 25 of the New German Citizenship Law by an appeal to its historical perspective and by comparing the corresponding laws of other nations. Mr. Mattern objects strongly to what he calls my "interpretation" of his law, as set forth in *The New Map of Europe*. Mr. Mattern declares that in order to give my interpretation "the semblance of merit" I was "forced to, and actually did, suppress the rest of section 2 and the entire section 3 of paragraph 25." Mr. Mattern also charges that "Gibbons further suppresses paragraph 36." Elsewhere in his article he complains again of "the curtailed form chosen by Gibbons."

The New Map of Europe was written soon after the Delbrueck law went into effect, and before the provision of paragraph 25 allowing dual nationality had been widely commented upon by legal authorities. I formed my criticism of the law wholly from the text of the law itself. It seemed to me that in stating the possibility of dual nationality provided by the first section of paragraph 25 I was simply setting forth the clearly worded provision of the law. It was not necessary to quote the whole article, for the "suppressed" sentence in the second section and the whole third section in no way modified my contention that the Delbrueck law gave to Germans the legal means of enjoying dual nationality. There was no thought in my mind of forcing a doubtful interpretation by suppressing the rest of paragraph 25 and failing to mention paragraph 36. But now that Mr. Mattern

has publicly questioned my treatment of the subject, I feel that I must defend myself against the charge of inaccuracy or insincerity.

Paragraph 25 of the Delbrueck law states:

1. A German who has neither his residence nor permanent abode in Germany loses his citizenship on acquiring foreign citizenship, provided the foreign citizenship is acquired as a result of his own application therefor or the application of the husband or legal representative; but in the case of a wife or one having a legal representative, only when the conditions exist under which expatriation may be applied for according to Paragraphs 18 and 19.

2. Citizenship is not lost by one who before acquiring foreign citizenship has secured on application the written consent of the competent authorities of his home State to retain his citizenship. Before this consent is given the German Consul is to be heard.

3. The Imperial Chancellor may order, with the consent of the General Consul, that persons who desire to acquire citizenship in a specified foreign country, may not be granted the consent provided for in Paragraph 2.

In *The New Map of Europe* I wrote: "A legal means has been given to these naturalized Germans to retain, without the knowledge of the nations where their oath of allegiance has been received in good faith, citizenship in Germany." Mr. Mattern claims that this interpretation of paragraph 25 could have "the semblance of merit" only by suppressing the last sentence in section 2 and the whole of section 3.

In what way do the last sentence in section 2 and the whole of section 3 modify or nullify the force of my contentions? I must confess to the inability to grasp Mr. Mattern's criticism. The hearing of the German Consul, or the veto of the Imperial Chancellor, are matters beyond the control of the foreign nation whose adopted citizen the German desiring to enjoy dual nationality has become. It is quite obvious that if the German Government found it necessary that Germans residing in any foreign country should retain their German citizenship, the German Consuls would certainly not oppose their own Government nor would the German Chancellor veto his own measure. The provisions of the law are drafted wholly in the interests of Germany. After the experiences we have had in the United States with German Consuls during the past thirty months, Mr. Mat-

tern is naïve indeed to believe that the hearing of a German Consul would protect the interests of the country which the German in question wanted to deceive. Surely Mr. Mattern knows the case of Consul-General Bopp of San Francisco, and has read reports of the trial of Consul Aehlers of Sunderland, England.

Section 3, no more than the last sentence of section 2, seems to me to modify the clear meaning of the first sentence of section 2. Section 2 gives the German Imperial Government the opportunity of refusing the privilege of dual nationality to undesirables upon the recommendation of Consuls. Section 3 gives the German Imperial Government the opportunity of nullifying the provisions of the law in countries where its enforcement might cause trouble for Germany or in countries to which Germany wanted to discourage emigration. Neither provision, from the standpoint of the country interested, furnishes any check upon the possibility of dual nationality.

Paragraph 36 reads:

> Treaties concluded by the Federal States with foreign countries prior to the going into effect of this law remain undisturbed.

Writing immediately after the violation of Belgian neutrality, was I not justified in disregarding paragraph 36? Its provision is one of "diplomatic courtesy." I did not suppress it. I simply ignored it. The Imperial German Government, in its dealings with foreign nations, recognizes only the law of *Nothwendigkeit*. Mr. Mattern's argument that "from the clause suppressed it appears further that section 2 of paragraph 25 is not applicable to Germans who have become citizens in countries whose treaties with the German States preclude double citizenship in whatever form" is an individual opinion, based upon Mr. Mattern's faith in Germany's respect for her treaties with foreign countries.

Mr. Mattern's contention that "when viewed in its historical perspective, i. e., when viewed in the light of the debates in the Reichstag during the reading of the prospective law and in the light of comparison with the corresponding laws of other nations, the case assumes a somewhat different aspect" is not tenable. The text of the law is explicit. It does not permit of any interpretation other than its plain language gives. It is only in cases of ambiguity that courts

resort to the debates of the legislative body which enacted the law, or to similar foreign laws, to decide upon the meaning of a law. Where no ambiguity exists, courts, when interpreting a law, are bound to gather the intention of the legislators from the language employed in the text of the law. A striking illustration of this has recently been afforded by the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Diggs-Caminetti case. Because the text of the Mann law was perfectly clear, the court rejected the plea of the plaintiffs that the Mann White Slave Law should be interpreted by reference to the intentions of the law-makers as proven by the debates in Congress. As a historian, Mr. Mattern has a right to hark back to the Reichstag debates and to give us his interesting and valuable comments upon the *Reichsangehoerigkeit.* As an interpreter of the law, his line of argument is inadmissible.

But I do not need to take refuge behind legal technicalities. Waiving the legal inadmissibility of Mr. Mattern's line of argument, one may still be permitted to doubt if he has made his case by citing Reichstag debates and similar laws of other countries.

The citation made by Mr. Mattern from Dr. Delbrueck's speech in the Reichstag on the first reading of the law is irrelevant. I did not state, in *The New Map of Europe,* that the Delbrueck law established the principle of *semel Germanus semper Germanus.* Dr. Delbrueck was inspired by common sense in stating that this was not the subject of the new citizenship law, since no law of the country of origin could compel subjects who had passed outside of the jurisdiction of the state to remain subjects against their will. There was nothing of compulsion in paragraph 25. It was superfluous also for Mr. Mattern to cite laws of other nations to prove that they held to the old idea that the individual could not renounce his allegiance of birth without the consent of his country of origin. All I claimed for paragraph 25 was that it allowed Germans to enjoy dual nationality without the knowledge of their adopted country.

Mr. Mattern's translation of Baron von Richthofen's speech in the Reichstag, far from helping Mr. Mattern's argument, bears me out. "We welcome the fact that the bill permits Germans who, for motives of an economic kind, are compelled to acquire a foreign nationality, to retain at the same time the *Reichsangehoerigkeit.* . . . I need not

remind you of the fact that in England admission to the Exchange is granted a German merchant only if he possesses English citizenship. It is certainly very hard that every German desiring to do business at the London Exchange should be compelled to give up his *Reichsangehoerigkeit.* And further, in the countries of Latin South America, it is by no means easy for a German who does not possess citizenship of these countries to compete with those who have become citizens." Since the Reichstag did not protest against Baron von Richthofen's statement of the object of the law, we may take it for granted that the Reichstag shared the baron's idea that the law was being drafted and enacted with a view to giving German citizens a legal means of retaining dual nationality.

Paragraph 25 provides for application to German Consuls and to the German Chancellor for permission to retain the *Reichsangehoerigkeit.* It says nothing about applying for permission to retain the *Reichsangehoerigkeit* to the country equally interested, i. e., that country in which the German applicant is seeking naturalization. If it was intended that the country where naturalization was sought should be a party to the scheme of retaining the former nationality, why did not the law say so? If it was not intended that the retention of the *Reichsangehoerigkeit* be arranged without the knowledge of the country in which naturalization was sought, the Delbrueck law would certainly have provided that the authorities of the country in question, as well as the German Consul, should be heard, especially as the deal in question could not in fairness and justice be consummated in any other way than as the result of a tripartite agreement.

If I have misunderstood paragraph 25 of the Delbrueck law, it is the fault of paragraph 25. Throwing aside verbiage and special pleading, the student of the paragraph in question, if his right to interpret it according to its plain language be questioned, needs only to ask—why, then, is there a paragraph 25 in the Delbrueck law? If it does not mean what it says, what does it mean?

The United States will have several questions to discuss with Germany and with other nations in the Peace Conference, but none is more important than that of establishing unequivocally once for all problems of nationality. This is a more vital question to us than to the European nations.

We naturalize Europeans by the millions. We ought to insist, as we are now doing with Russia, that all Americans be treated alike and be given equal privileges when traveling and doing business abroad. We ought to be able to assure ourselves that after formal renunciation of a European subjection in order to assume the duties and privileges of American citizenship our naturalized citizens are not held by secret ties to their former country, either of their own volition or through the intrigues of agents of their former country. Since *no man can serve two masters,* paragraph 25 of the Delbrueck law is both illogical and dangerous. If we cannot secure its repeal, we ought at least to make certain, by an additional specific clause in the oath required upon taking out naturalization papers and by diplomatic inquiry to the German Government in each case, that we are not getting any hyphenates among our new citizens of German origin. It is unfortunate that suspicion is cast on hundreds of thousands of American citizens who have acted in good faith, and whose loyalty is certain. But for that—as long as paragraph 25 of the Delbrueck law remains in force—they must blame their country of origin, and not their country of adoption.

HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS.

CARRANZA—AT CLOSE RANGE

BY ARTHUR CONSTANTINE

" Yo, Venustiano Carranza, Primer Jefe del Ejército Constitucionalista, Encargado del Poder Ejécutivo de la Nación. . . ."

(I, Venustiano Carranza, First Chief of the Constitutionalist Army, in Charge of the Executive Power of the Nation. . . .)

This is the way he begins his decrees. As he seems likely, in spite of his enemies, to continue for a while to be the predominant Mexican figure in the Mexican Question—and that is the reason at this time for presenting him out of personal observations—the proprieties, for which he is a stickler, require that he be referred to by his correct title.

The usage of the State Department to the contrary, he is not " General " Carranza. He has no such rank or title, nor do his followers ever speak of him as " General " Carranza. If you wish to conform to Mexican revolutionary etiquette, you address him as *" Señor Primer Jefe."* (Señor First Chief). It is even correct in conversation with him to address him as *"Don Venustiano,"* or as *"Señor Carranza."* But as Carranza is an old-fashioned Latin-American, and therefore punctilious about the formalities, it is preferable to say, *"Señor Primer Jefe."* After you have met him two or three times, you fall into the habit of using *" Don Venustiano."* And when you speak of him in Mexico, if you speak respectfully, you say, *" El Primer Jefe."* (The First Chief.) The orators of the Revolution, when they come to his name, say, *" El Honorable Señor Primer Jefe "* or *" El Ciudadano Primer Jefe."* (The Honorable Señor First Chief. The Citizen First Chief.)

There are also, of course, many disrespectful ways of referring to Carranza. The name lends itself to ingenious perversions. And the Mexicans, like all Latin-Americans,

are agile and ingenious in word-play, especially in malicious word-play. They have derived great enjoyment, for example, in enriching the Spanish language with a new verb—"*carranciar,*" meaning, to steal like a Carrancista. And they often speak of Don Venustiano as "*Venustiasno*"—"*asno*" meaning ass. And for the name of his faction, "*Constitucionalistas,*" they have substituted, in recognition of the looting of the City of Mexico and other parts of the country, "*Consusuñaslistas,*"—literally, with their sharp nails ready; meaning, ready to rob.

All belittling of Carranza, however, falters before the simple fact that inside of four years, and from comparative obscurity, he has organized a rebellion, overthrown not only the dictatorship of Victoriano Huerta, but the old order of things political, social and economic in Mexico, has remained First Chief of the Constitutionalist Army, in spite of infinite intrigue against him, and, on Sunday, March 11, realized his great aspiration and was listed among the Presidents of Mexico.

Although Carranza's achievements since 1913 are common knowledge, and his name a household word in Mexico and an almost daily feature of headlines in this country, the man himself—his personality—is singularly an enigma to the Mexican public, even to the rank and file of his followers, and he persistently eludes accurate portrayal and conception in the United States. Any conception of Carranza's personality based on the doctrines for which he is supposed to stand and on the acts of his followers is subject to radical revision on day after day personal acquaintance with him.

As Carranza is defined to and by the Mexican public—the literate Mexican public—and thence to the American people, his personality is either unrecognizably disfigured by ridicule and ignorance or foolishly exalted by the imaginative rhetoric of the new school of Mexican publicists. Both detractors and spokesmen invariably sketch Don Venustiano with scant fidelity to simple accuracy. Even when they speak from adequate first-hand knowledge of the man, they are so biased by their prejudices and passions of the moment that they cannot give you a reasonably authentic portrait of him. And the task for a foreigner, especially for an American, is perhaps even more difficult, considering the racial barrier and the First Chief's instinctive diffidence with foreigners.

What is said here of Carranza's make-up comes out of abundant personal acquaintance with, and observation of, the man. Throughout the first and second and part of the present Carrancista régimes in the City of Mexico I was the resident correspondent there of a news-service; and from August, 1915, until the middle of March of the year just ended, I was on continuous assignment near Carranza. And I accompanied him on his triumphal tour (*"La Gira Triunfal,"* as they called it) through the eastern, northeastern and central States—a journey that began at Vera Cruz in October, 1915, a few days before he received the recognition of the United States and other countries, and continued, with an interval of a few weeks in Querétaro, until Villa's attack on Columbus, last March, ended the speech-making and *fiestas* and compelled Carranza to proceed to the Capital and attend to business.

Even when one has the entrée to Venustiano Carranza it is peculiarly difficult to obtrude beyond the limits of formal acquaintance with him. It is the rarest thing in the world to hear anybody except his wife address him as Venustiano. Only a few men know him as well as, for example, Col. House knows the President or as Robert Bacon knows Roosevelt. And with the exception perhaps of Luis Cabrera, the Minister of Finance, Jesus Acuña, until recently Minister of Gobernación, and Roberto Pesqueira, formerly Constitutionalist agent in Washington, those few intimates are not revolutionaries, but friends of his senatorial days, *"cientificos,"* as the revolutionaries would call them. The only American who really knows Carranza well is John R. Silliman, the former Special Representative of the Department of State near the First Chief. And the acquaintance between Silliman and Carranza began twenty years ago. They are old neighbors, from Saltillo.

The prevalent American conception of First Chief Carranza as a pompous, arrogant, old Don, verbose and high-falutin in speech, is, like so many other long-range views of things Mexican, distinctly incorrect. Venustiano Carranza is taciturnity itself, and lives within himself. Scarcely a ray of the temperament so characteristic of the Latin-Americans lightens or colors his sombre dignity. He is congenitally a man of few words, and in bearing and movement as uncannily quiet as an apparition.

The bombastic effusions bearing the signature of Car-

ranza which emanate from the de facto Government of Mexico are usually the handiwork of his ministers or secretaries. After the custom of the country, and of Latin-America generally, he has a staff of facile writers and spokesmen. The insulting, high-flown note which he sent to the United States, last June, reiterating his demand that the American army evacuate Chihuahua, was, to anybody familiar with his own style of composition, plainly the work of a subordinate. In the City of Mexico it was believed that the late sub-Secretary of Foreign Relations, Juan Neftali Amador, phrased that document.

Like so many men deficient in utterance, Carranza, when he indites his papers himself, expresses his views emphatically, logically, and without wearisome circumlocution. An admirable example of his proficiency in diplomatic writing is the reply he made, a year ago last September, to the message which he received from the Pan-American envoys urging him to confer with the other factions in Mexico. It was a dignified, to-the-point refusal worthy of Gamboa.

After you shake hands with Don Venustiano and ask him about his health, and reply that you are well too, the conversation, if you may term it that, lags—stops. A thousand and one interesting and vital aspects of the situation in Mexico carry you through endless *plâticas* with anybody else in Mexico; but Carranza contributes only monosyllables to a conversation. Apart from the Mexican topic entirely, on the life of George Washington, for instance, with which he is rarely familiar—three or four volumes of Washingtonia are always with him—he is singularly devoid of conversational facility. His courtesy is impeccable, but it is that of a listener. You may force the talk with him for a time, but you always despair of loosening his tongue. He is as unresponsive as an adobe wall. The figure is rude perhaps, but applicable, and tells the story.

Offhand, any illiterate captain of the Constitutionalist Army can fashion for you a gorgeous programme of reconstruction for his country, and accompany it by a torrential analysis of the alleged evils that brought on the revolution; but not so the educated Carranza who started the revolt against Huerta and thereby became the de facto ruler of Mexico. The triumphal aftermath of the revolution is, of course, the obsession of his waking hours; the making of a better Mexico, the ambition of his dreams; but thoroughly

Mexican as Carranza is, his birthright of the Spanish language does not include the gift of utterance.

Once in a while, after he has eaten well of his favorite mixture of stewed beef, chile and garlic and had a good siesta, it is possible to beguile him into vouchsafing a few fragmentary plans for the rescue of Mexico from financial, physical and social ruin. The revaluation and retaxation of properties, the distribution of lands, the extension of the school system,—these are his perennial preoccupations when he is not idling or extricating himself from menacing intrigues and foreign complications. But if you seek to go beyond ideas with him, if you probe for working-plans of his programmes, assuming such details exist, only vague generalities and commonplaces reward your patience and perseverance, and these emerge so haltingly and unintelligibly from his whiskers that you lose the import of whole phrases.

If you inquire, for example, what methods of land distribution the Constitutionalists have under consideration after three years of fiery reiteration of that alleged cause of the upheaval, this is his muffled reply (I quote from my notebook):

"Well, in good time a commission will study the subject and formulate some plans."

Or, if you take up the problem of financial rehabilitation, which next to the reestablishment of peace and order is the most staggering of them all in Mexico—if you request Don Venustiano to give you the approximate totals of the national indebtedness and repeat your question in various forms, accompanying each repetition by explanation, his cogitations on the subject shuffle forth in this fashion (I quote again from my notebook):

"*Pues, en estos momentos nosotros no sabemos precisamente.*"

(Well, just now we don't know precisely.)

The soaring indebtedness of the revolutionary epoch, which provides thoughtful Mexicans and foreigners in Mexico with a never-failing topic of discussion, evokes from First Chief Carranza only such national banalities as "*mas ó menos,*" and "*Quien sabe!*" and such generalities as this:

"Mexico is a country of great richness. Every property within the Republic will be properly valued. The increased revenue that will come from the immense wealth of the country that in the past never paid adequate taxes will provide

for the expenses of the country as well as pay the interest on the foreign debt."

There, faithfully reported, you have Don Venustiano's panacea for a situation that would tax the genius of a dozen Limantours. Parenthetically, the quotation reveals also his serene faith in the national tradition that Mexico is a country of inexhaustible riches—an obsession that permits him to procrastinate tranquilly while his peso depreciates to nothing and his people perish from poverty.

In great moments, as with great problems, the massive calm of this present ascendant Moses of Mexico is impregnable. Carranza's phlegm is as deeply rooted as the *encinas* of his forebears' *tierra*. He is so instinctively impassive and unemotional, so congenitally sluggish in his cerebral functioning, that in spite of his Caucasian exterior and the family records of his Spanish extraction, you cannot help suspecting in him a strain of the indigenous Mexican.

When he received the tidings that the Pan-American envoys had voted to recommend his recognition, his hand as he acknowledged the information and felicitations (I was one of the bearers of the news) was as uninspiring as the pressure of a cushion. The realization of his life aspiration was practically assured him by the decision of the Washington conference, but neither by word nor expression did he "register" the slightest emotion.

From the circumstance that he accepted felicitations and permitted himself to ramble on the subject of his future plans, it was perhaps fair to infer that the action of the Pan-American envoys pleased him, but for drawing this inference in my cabled account of the interview with him, I was called to his headquarters, two days later in Tampico, and admonished to avoid inferences thereafter in my despatches.

I stood in the little group around Carranza in the sala of the Hotel Salvador at Torreón, two weeks later, when the agent of the State Department transmitted Secretary Lansing's message notifying the First Chief that the United States recognized him as the de facto ruler of Mexico. He listened attentively, but except for an occasional flutter of his riding crop, betrayed no feeling. At the end he remained silent until the agent of the State Department congratulated him, and then all he said was a muttered "*Muchas gracias!*" (Many thanks.)

Two days following Villa's raid on Columbus, when the inaccurate news that 5,000 American cavalrymen had invaded Mexico in pursuit of the bandit threw all his ministers and generals into a panic, the imperturbable First Chief whiled away the morning in Irapuato inspecting a furniture factory.

The Mexicans have an expressive word which accurately defines the personality of Don Venustiano Carranza. It is "*antipático.*" Neither "*antipático*" nor its antonym "*simpático,*" has a precise English equivalent. Now Obregón, for example, is "*simpático*"—likable, attractive, bright, considerate, a good fellow. Mentally and temperamentally, First Chief Carranza is the antithesis of the general who has won his principal victories for him. Obregón is approachable; Carranza, aloof. In thought and speech, Obregón is alert and decisive; Carranza, deliberate. One is frank; the other reserved. Obregón is concrete; Carranza, vague. One is young, magnetic and full of wit; the other, elderly, sluggish, lazy and dry. Obregón is a fascinating talker—aphorisms flow from his lips; Carranza cannot talk at all. He is as arid as vast expanses of his beloved state of Coahuila.

If Don Venustiano provokes no enthusiasm for his person wherever he goes—and by whatever he does—he compels in some subtle manner a certain awe, and, it is only fair to say, outward respect. Physically, he is a giant. He is six feet two and one half inches tall and proportionately bulky. His head is large, his forehead broad, the lower part of his face full and bulbous. Always recognizable externals of Don Venustiano's countenance are his pendulant whiskers and smoked glasses. He is a patriarchal type. He is in his sixtieth year, but his solemn expression and slow movements make him look eight or ten years older.

The circumstance that he is the First Chief of the uppermost faction, and goes about accompanied by several regiments, serves to gather the multitude of *pelados* whether they like him or not, and as he presents himself gravely before them, they gape at him with a curiosity that passes interpretation in words. He seldom addresses them. He carries with him a staff of fluent orators to do that work. It is worth traveling far to hear the former Huertista deputy, Gerzayn Ugarte, and the golden-tongued Heriberto Barrón declaim the glories of Venustiano Carranza's strug-

gle to give the people their rights. At such times Don Venustiano is a study in sombre dignity. Above the heads of the multitude his moving-picture man and his photographer make records of him for the National archives.

If for some reason Carranza deigns to speak, nobody hears him, for he cannot, or will not, raise his voice above a conversational pitch. So, while he is making lip movements, the throng swirls backwards and forwards, struggling to get into the pictures; and when Carranza concludes his fatherly commonplaces, there are only a few uncertain "*vivas!*"

He shows to better advantage, standing at the end of his train, listening gravely to a mother's or wife's plea for the life of a condemned son or husband.

To the Indian hordes that make up the Constitutionalist Army Carranza is more than the *jefe* of their *jefes;* he is an *haciendado* (and in these times an *haciendado* with plenty of rifles). He is the landholder to whom they have always been accustomed to touch their steeple-hats and say, "*Si, mi patrón!*"

Likewise to the mule-drivers, *mozos,* porters, *cargadores,* itinerant dealers and other varlets of the lower middle class that have flocked to captaincies and colonelcies in the revolutionary rabbles, he is "*gente decente,*" as they say in Mexico —of the class, which in spite of the pretense of the revolutionaries to despise, they still look up to out of the traditions instilled into them from childhood.

After his own fashion, Carranza dominates these beggars-on-horseback drunk with their power, even though he doesn't compel discipline. He isn't one of them, and he doesn't try to be one of them. And they cannot penetrate his reserve and become familiar with him. Even when they are angry with him—one general or another always has a grievance—they find it difficult to quarrel with one of their betters who merely looks at them calmly, mumbles only vague replies and then deliberates over their grievances until the disaffection has died a natural death. A thousand and one intrigues, like so many opera-bouffe projects for reforming Mexico into a millennium, have perished around him for lack of recognition from him—for lack of nourishment, as it were.

Any day in the outer rooms of the Executive offices of the National Palace in the City of Mexico—or in Querêtaro,

in the sala of the State Palace there—you may see the chattering groups of tale-bearers, generals with grievances, impatient reformers and what not of the elements in power, waiting to pour into the First Chief's ears all the ingredients necessary to make trouble for him. He keeps them cooling their heels until they have lost their zeal for audience with him, and then he procrastinates so interminably in making his decision that they go away without it or make the best of existing circumstances. He is as much of an enigma to them as to everybody else. Except to the womenfolks, be they ever so commonplace, humble or ignorant! When they are ushered forward for audience with the austere First Chief, they approach him with trepidation and the deference which in other countries people pay to royalty. After the exchange of a word or two, all their awe and abashment disappear; they are quite at ease with him; and something akin to animation informs Carranza's expression. With the young and beautiful he is paternal; with the mature, benign and sympathetic. The man who discourages discourse with men by mumbling taciturnity can chat by the hour with a feminine delegation.

A thousand kilometers off the beaten track of the world's activities, in some obscure hamlet, a picture of solemn contentment is Don Venustiano Carranza, garlanded with confetti, entering a dimly-lit, low-hung town hall with a comely *muchacha* on each arm. There, among humble country-folk of Mexico, he is the feudal lord of the manor, as it were, the grand seigneur honoring the peasants' party, comporting himself with old-fashioned ceremonious formality accepting from his servitors the homage due him. *Noblesse oblige*—and how he loves to play the rôle!

After he received from the United States and other Powers the recognition of his so-called Government, which he and all his elements construed as an overlong-delayed acknowledgment of their triumph, Carranza, instead of proceeding at once to the Capital and beginning the huge task of reconstruction, as all the world interested in Mexican affairs expected him to do, dilly-dallied for several months between Torreón and Querétaro. He procrastinated entire afternoons and evenings, even entire days, in desolate *pueblos*, gracing rustic fiestas, giving his arms to swarthy young women.

Occasionally the correspondents accompanying him on the triumphal tour would get up courage to ask:

"On what date approximately do you expect to arrive in the City of Mexico, Don Venustiano?"

Invariably he replied:

"*Pues, no se exactemente. Tengo mucho que hacer.*"

(Well, I don't know exactly. I have much to do.)

They have suffered horribly in Mexico since the revolution flooded the country with brigands, and so, outside his own state, Coahuila, and parts of Tamaulipas and Nuevo León, they hate revolutionaries with a venom that passes expression in polite Spanish; and they hate worst of all the Carrancistas because these are more numerous than other revolutionary factions. But the taciturn, solemn, *antipático* Carranza has meandered many thousand miles through the devastated regions, without injury or even attempt on his life. In the City of Mexico, because the Carranza régimes have resulted in untold miseries, all classes profess to despise the First Chief, but they do not take pot-shots at him. Perhaps some day, unless he decamps in time, he will be riddled with bullets, but the first shot has yet to be fired at him there. They sniped at Obregón when he re-entered the Capital in January, year before last, but stood sullen and passive, last Spring, when Carranza rode down the Paseo de la Reforma to the Zócalo.

Privately, and beyond the hearing of the covies of spies that flit through the streets of the City of Mexico, the pelado, as vigorously as the aristocrat, will revile Carranza and all his ancestors, but nobody explains adequately the subtle domination which the "*ranchero*" from Coahuila, as they slur him, exercises over them and the riff-raff that makes up the so-called Constitutionalist Army.

Any American in the Capital will tell you glibly enough what keeps Carranza in power.

"He lets his thieving *jefes* do what they please. So long as they aren't interfered with, they don't care who is First Chief."

Or, as his Generals who assembled in the City of Mexico in October, 1914, and unanimously and without the slightest enthusiasm reinstated Carranza as the First Chief, said to me, explaining their vote:

"Well, Carranza, a horse—somebody has to be First Chief!"

Or, as the followers of Obregón tell you:

"The loyalty of Obregón!"

And others:

"The brains of Luis Cabrera!"

Or, as the robbed and persecuted upper-class Mexicans throw at you:

"President Wilson!"

Take your choice of explanations.

Don Venustiano Carranza is the man who for twenty years vegetated in the Mexican Senate, unknown at large except as a member of that body, who never spoke for or against a measure, never introduced a reform resolution or any other bill worth chronicling in the newspapers, who just sat there voting as Diaz wished him to vote—a dignified nobody, a cipher.

After three years of revolution, which he inaugurated, including the most formidable counter-revolution in the history of Mexico, which Villa headed, Carranza is still externally unchanged, the same silent, sluggish, mumbling hulk of a man that he was in pre-revolutionary obscurity, yet the First Chief of the faction uppermost in Mexican affairs and the recognized de facto ruler of a country as large as the United States east of the Mississippi.

The brilliant thinkers, writers, and politicians who used to ignore him as they would a dusty tome in the Senatorial Library, are either dispossessed of their property or exiled from their country, or both; but the provincial from Cuatrocienegas, whom they knew only by name, promulgates state documents, beginning:

"*Yo, Venustiano Carranza, Primer Jefe del Ejército Constitucionalista, Encargado del Poder Ejécutivo de la Nación, en virtud de las facultades extraordinarias de que estoy investido y . . .*"

(I, Venustiano Carranza, First Chief of the Constitutionist Army, in Charge of the Executive Power of the Nation, by virtue of the extraordinary authority with which I am invested. . . .)

ARTHUR CONSTANTINE.

AFTER NATIONAL PROHIBITION—WHAT?

BY WHIDDEN GRAHAM

It is by no means unlikely that we shall have a trial of national prohibition. When we consider the appalling ignorance of the average voter as to the elementary principles of what is termed the "liquor problem"; the power of the militant fanatics who appeal to what they call "moral reform forces," but what is in reality the desire to meddle with the personal tastes and habits of others; and the pressure on the average legislator to vote in accordance with the apparent sentiment of his constituents, there would seem to be every reason why the demand for prohibition should prevail. Reason and logic are powerless against the arrogance of self-constituted reformers, obsessed with the idea that they have a right to inflict their views regarding the use of alcoholic beverages upon their fellow-citizens by repressive legislation.

Assuming that the Congress yields to the importunities of the prohibition agitators, and that three-fourths of the States vote for the so-called Hobson amendment to the Constitution of the United States, forbidding the sale, or manufacture for sale, of alcoholic beverages, what will be the effect in diminishing the consumption of liquors? To answer this question it is necessary to explain briefly the nature of alcohol, and the method by which it is produced.

In dealing with the problems arising from the excessive use of alcoholic beverages it is important to keep in mind the central fact that it is the presence of the substance of "alcohol" that gives these beverages their exhilarating or intoxicating qualities. Without the alcohol all forms of liquor would simply be so much water, flavored with fruit

juices or grain extracts. It is the suppression of alcohol that is ostensibly aimed at in all prohibitory legislation.

The use of beverages containing alcohol is as old as human history. In the earliest times of which we have records, men discovered that the juice of grapes, if allowed to ferment, underwent changes that resulted in giving it new qualities. In countries too cold for grape growing, crushed grains were mixed with water and yeast added, the resulting fermentation yielding beer, ale, etc. At a later period the process known as "distillation," in which the alcohol is separated from wine or beer by heating the mixture, driving the alcohol off as vapor, and condensing it by passing through a cooling chamber, was invented, and the various kinds of distilled spirits known as brandy, whiskey, gin, rum, schnapps, vodka, etc., were produced.

The process by which alcohol is manufactured is exceedingly simple, and requires no expert knowledge or complicated machinery. The juice of apples kept in a moderately warm room soon ferments, and part of the sugar contents is changed into alcohol, forming what is popularly known as "hard" cider. If this cider is heated in an ordinary tea-kettle the alcohol, being lighter than water, is separated from the rest of the mixture and passes off as a vapor. By conducting this vapor through a rubber tube passing through a pail of cold water the alcohol is precipitated, and collected in a receptacle placed at the end of the tube. This is the principle of all methods employed in making distilled liquors, the various kinds of mash-tubs, stills and cooling chambers being merely more perfected forms of the kettle and rubber tube.

An even simpler method of making a strong alcoholic beverage is practiced in many rural sections of the Northern States. By leaving a barrel of hard cider out-of-doors in Winter until it freezes solidly, all the alcohol is driven to the center of the mass of ice. A hole is then bored in the ice, and "apple-jack," a highly alcoholic compound, poured out.

The fact that distilled and fermented liquors are now chiefly produced on a large scale, by establishments equipped with costly machinery, makes us forget that this method of manufacture is almost entirely a development of the past century. Formerly beer and ales were largely home-brewed, and in the early years of this country's settlement, the brew-

ing tub was a feature of a great majority of the households. To a considerable extent this was true of distilled liquors, many large estates of the colonial period maintaining a small still in which liquors were made for their own use and for sale. George Washington owned and operated a distillery on his Mount Vernon estate.

With the gradual evolution from individual industries to great manufacturing plants, the production of liquors developed into enterprises conducted on a large scale, in which great amounts of capital are invested. But while this is the present condition, there is no reason why, if occasion arose, the production of liquor should not quickly revert to the primitive conditions under which it was so long carried on.

I have shown how simple and easy it is to produce intoxicating liquors. It is also very inexpensive. With a small outfit costing not more than five dollars, whiskey can be made from sugar or molasses at a cost of not more than 30 cents per gallon. The materials from which liquor can be distilled are found in every home in the country, and no special knowledge or skill is required for converting them into intoxicants. Under existing conditions the cost of alcoholic beverages is not so great as to lead to their home manufacture, in view of the heavy penalties imposed by the Federal laws on the illicit production of liquors. With the adoption of national prohibition there would be no need for the effective preventive service of the United States Internal Revenue Bureau, which is now maintained at great expense for the purpose of ensuring the collection of the taxes on all distilled and fermented beverages, and the Federal laws would soon become a dead letter.

It is notorious that the enforcement of State laws relating to the liquor traffic is exceedingly lax, as compared with that of the Federal laws on the same subject. This is strikingly shown by the fact that in all the prohibition States persons selling liquors in defiance of State laws take out Federal licenses. These illicit liquor dealers are not afraid of the State laws, as they know that public sentiment is not in favor of their enforcement, but they fear the Federal authorities, who are directly interested in seeing that all manufacturers of or dealers in liquors pay the taxes imposed by statute.

What would happen under national prohibition would

be exactly what has happened under State prohibitory laws. With the increase in the number of States that have adopted prohibition, there has been a marked growth in the number of illicit distilleries discovered and destroyed by the Internal Revenue officers, particularly in the Southern prohibition States. The annual report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue shows that no less than 3,376 illegal stills were seized during the past fiscal year, 2,720, or more than three-fourths of the total, being located in five prohibition States, and it is admitted that these are only a small percentage of the thousands operated without detection. In the same report attention is called to the great increase in the number of illegal sellers of liquor, commonly called "bootleggers," in the prohibition States—a condition due, it is stated by the Commissioner, to the failure of the State authorities to enforce the law.

Sometime ago a staff correspondent of the New York *Sun* who had been traveling through Mississippi reported that there are said to be in use in that prohibition State thousands of what are known as "kitchen stills," consisting of a tea-kettle, rubber tube, and pail of cold water, with which whiskey is made from molasses. If the illicit still flourishes in spite of the Internal Revenue preventive service, what the condition will be when that service is abandoned can be readily imagined.

And here I wish to point out the fact, unrealized by the general public, that the advocates of national prohibition are not trying to prevent the *use* of liquors, but merely their *sale,* or *manufacture for sale.* Their literature is filled with misleading statistics attempting to show that the use of intoxicants is responsible for the great bulk of the poverty, crime, sickness and insanity from which mankind suffers. They claim that it is the use of alcohol that causes these evils, yet when they advocate national prohibition as a remedy they do not provide for stopping the *use* of this alleged dangerous and injurious substance, but direct all their efforts to preventing its sale. The so-called Hobson amendment to the Constitution of the United States, now being urged upon Congress, contains no provision against the use, or manufacture for use, of the liquors against which so much righteous indignation has been aroused. Should that amendment be adopted it would in no way interfere with the individual production and use of all kinds of alcoholic

beverages, so that the country would quickly return to the conditions of sixty or seventy years ago, when anybody who wished to do so made liquor and drank it.

That this neglect to legislate against the use of intoxicants, while admitting that it is their use that causes all the ills ascribed to them, is not accidental, but a deliberately adopted policy, is shown by former Representative Hobson's speech in Congress in favor of his proposed amendment, when he said: "We do not ask that a man shall not drink. We do not say that a man shall not make liquor in his house for his own use." Could there be stronger proof of the insincerity and hypocrisy of the prohibition advocates than is found in their willingness to allow men to drink what they call "a body and soul destroying poison," so long as they manufacture this poison for themselves instead of buying it from some one else?

A glaring illustration of the dishonesty of the prohibition agitators was furnished in their action on the Sheppard Bill, prohibiting the manufacture or sale of liquor in the District of Columbia. When that measure was pending in the Senate an amendment offered, forbidding the importation of liquors for *use,* was voted down by the friends of the bill. The enactment of the bill was urged on the ground that by preventing the *use* of liquor manifold benefits would be conferred on the residents of the District, yet as passed by Congress the law permits the importation and *use* of alcoholic beverages in any quantity desired. This bill also showed that while professing to believe in majority rule and the right of local self-government, the advocates of prohibitory laws are willing to ride rough-shod over the popular will when they can coerce or intimidate legislators into forcing an unpopular law upon people who do not want it. Determined efforts were made by Senator Underwood to amend the Sheppard Bill so as to provide for submitting the question to the citizens of the District, but this proposition was rejected by the votes of Senators who pretend to believe in the principle of the referendum. This, however, is not surprising, in view of the fact that the Hobson scheme for national prohibition was deliberately planned to force prohibition upon the entire country by the votes of State Legislatures representing a minority of the people, under a system in which the State of Nevada, with 100,000 population, counts the same as the State of New York with 10,000,000 population.

One certain result of national prohibition would be the immediate withdrawal from the business of making or selling liquors of all the self-respecting and honorable citizens now engaged in the industry, who would not for a moment be connected with a calling that had been outlawed. At the present time an overwhelming majority of the manufacturers of liquor, and of those engaged in its sale, are men of good character, who feel that they are, in the words of a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, conducting "a lawful business." It is true that there are conditions in connection with the retail sale of liquors by saloons that have justly called forth the severest criticism, and that are responsible for much of the prohibition sentiment of the country. Action has been taken by the liquor manufacturers, and by a large percentage of the retail dealers, to bring about a reform in these conditions, and particularly to aid in securing the strict enforcement of all laws relating to the business. This can not be accomplished all at once; but that satisfactory progress is being made was shown by a report of the Rockefeller Bureau of Social Hygiene in regard to New York City, where there has lately been a marked improvement in all conditions associated with the retail sale of liquors.

Under national prohibition the demand for liquor would no longer be met by the present manufacturers and dealers, including hotels, restaurants and stores selling bottled goods only, but would attract the lowest type of irresponsible traffickers, who have made the names "bootleggers" and "blind pigs" synonymous with the Maine and Kansas illicit liquor sellers. Instead of pure liquors manufactured under the strict supervision of the Federal Government, all kinds of impure and dangerous compounds would be supplied through back-alley sources. Men who formerly stopped occasionally to have one drink would find it easy to buy liquor by the quart and gallon, and having it in their homes would drink more and oftener. The withdrawal of the Federal Internal Revenue preventive service would leave the enforcement of prohibition to State officials, who could not prevent its constant violation. The advocates of national prohibition seem to think that there is some magic about a Constitutional amendment that will insure its enforcement. Mr. Hobson, and all other prohibition advocates from the South, know that Article Fifteen of the Constitution is

flagrantly violated by a number of Southern States through "grandfather" laws, and other restrictions on the suffrage, which are intended to deny to citizens of the United States the right to vote because of their race or color. The Civil Rights Act of 1875 is a striking illustration of an unenforced Federal statute, of which the New York *Times*, discussing it editorially, said: "As everybody knows, it has long been honored by universal want of observance." Neither a law nor a Constitutional amendment will enforce itself, and it is a self-evident fact that an army of 1,000,000 men could not prevent cider from becoming "hard," grape juice from becoming alcoholic, or a person desiring alcohol from making it in his own house by the simple method above described. The net result of national prohibition would therefore be to substitute for pure liquors, manufactured under Government supervision, all sorts of compounds made and sold by "moonshiners" and "bootleggers," from which no revenue would be secured.

If the Hobson amendment becomes the law of the land, liquor will still be made and used, and its illicit sale will be carried on under conditions far worse than those obtaining in any saloon in the "wettest" States.

WHIDDEN GRAHAM.

THE THRESHOLD

BY MARY LINDA BRADLEY

I see him on the lake, in his red skiff,
A boy I know, perched on the very stern,
His whistle lilting o'er the engine's beat.
And the small boat, prow lifted, scuds along
Like a wild duck, half-trailing through the waves.
Brown as an Autumn leaf, this lad, and strong
As any sapling, toughened by the winds!
Student of strength, dexterity and speed . . .
Whether in baseball contest, where his arm,
Supple as seasoned yew, lets fly the ball;
Whether he yields him to investiture
By the deep lake, smooth as extended silk,
Cleaving its stuff with ever-healing strokes;
Or whether, when that silk turns hard as glass,
His ice-boat soars away athwart the wind—
He questions not the source of such well-being,
Nor marks the faultless engine of his heart,
The wayward battery of eager brain,
Accepting the Creator's heaven and earth
As common facts and not as miracles.
Little he asks from fourteen years—the gifts
Of food and sleep, of strength and kindly love.

O gallant servant of the Sun and Wind,
And lover of the changing, lovely Lake,
Lavish your clean, glad service in their praise.
A little space, and then the head will ask
Why beats the heart? And whence aloft that fleet,
Whose mast-lights rove the distant lakes of night?
And thought will rouse you from your long content,
And build you a new heaven and an earth

—Not a mere background of well-ordered dust,
But a huge bulk of contest, where men's vows
—Those early, god-like vows—thrust like scarred swords
To leave a lingering mark, or fall to rust.

What would you do, O Valiant Unafraid?
Your hand maintains you and your foot is sure.
Here is the world, here at your gate and there
By many million gates of distant men.
The colored segments of the map are real
And you may tread their substance, seek their worth.
Ah! take your place and build it mightily,
Till men shall seek its comfort, know its power.
The door unto the Years is opening wide,
Thence Evil leads to waste and age-of-soul,
While Good must find utility and life—
Pass through, O youth, lift up your heart and choose.

MARY LINDA BRADLEY.

SEA-BLUE AND BLOOD-RED

(Polyphonic Prose)

BY AMY LOWELL

THE MEDITERRANEAN

Blue as the tip of a salvia blossom, the inverted cup of the sky arches over the sea. Up to meet it, in a flat band of glaring colour, rises the water. The sky is unspecked by clouds, but the sea is flecked with pink and white light shadows, and silver scintillations snip-snap over the tops of the waves.

Something moves along the horizon. A puff of wind blowing up the edges of the silver-blue sky? Clouds! Clouds! Great thunderheads marching along the skyline! No, by Jove! The sun shining on sails! Vessels, hull down, with only their tiers of canvas showing. Beautiful ballooning thunderheads dipping one after another below the blue band of the sea.

NAPLES

Red tiles, yellow stucco, layer on layer of windows, roofs, and balconies, Naples pushes up the hill away from the curving bay. A red, half-closed eye, Vesuvius watches and waits. All Naples prates of this and that, and runs about its little business, shouting, bawling, incessantly calling its wares. Fish frying, macaroni drying, seven feet piles of red and white brocoli, grapes heaped high with rosemary, sliced pomegranates dripping seeds, plucked and bleeding chickens, figs on spits, lemons in baskets, melons cut and quartered nicely: "*Ah, che bella cosa!*" They even sell water, clear crystal water for a *paul* or two. And everything done to a hullabaloo. They jabber over cheese, they chatter over wine, they gabble at the corners in the bright sunshine. And

piercing through the noise is the beggar-whine, always, like an undertone, the beggar-whine; and always the crimson, watching eye of Vesuvius.

Have you seen her—the Ambassadress? Ah, *Bellissima Creatura! Una Donna Rara!* She is fairer than the Blessed Virgin; and good! Never was such a soul in such a body! The rôle of her benefactions would stretch from here to Posillipo. And she loves the people, loves to go among them and speak to this one and that, and her apple-blossom face under the big blue hat works miracles like the Holy Images in the Churches.

In her great house with the red marble stairway, Lady Hamilton holds brilliant sway. From her boudoir windows she can see the bay, and on the left, hanging there, a flame in a cresset, the blood-red glare of Vesuvius staring at the clear blue air.

Blood-red on a night of stars, red like a wound, with lava scars. In the round wall-mirrors of her boudoir, is the blackness of the bay, the whiteness of a star, and the bleeding redness of the mountain's core. Nothing more. All night long, in the mirrors, nothing more. Black water, red stain, and above, a star with its silver rain.

Over the people, over the king, trip the little Ambassadorial feet; fleet and light as a pigeon's wing, they brush over the artists, the friars, the *abbés*, the Court. They bear her higher and higher at each step. Up and over the hearts of Naples goes the beautiful Lady Hamilton, till she reaches even to the Queen; then rests in a sheening, shimmering altitude, between earth and sky, high and floating as the red crater of Vesuvius. Buoyed up and sustained in a blood-red destiny, all on fire for the world to see.

Proud Lady Hamilton! Superb Lady Hamilton! Quivering, blood-swept, vivid Lady Hamilton! Your vigour is enough to awake the dead, as you tread the newly uncovered courtyards of Pompeii. There is a murmur all over the opera-house when you enter your box. And your frocks! Jesu! What frocks! "India painting on wyte sattin!" And a new camlet shawl, all sea-blue and blood-red, in an intricate pattern, given by Sir William to help you do your marvelous "Attitudes." Incomparable actress! No thea-

tre built is big enough to compass you. It takes a world; and centuries shall elbow each other aside to watch you act your part. Art, Emma, or heart?

The blood-red cone of Vesuvius glows in the night.

She sings *Luce Bella,* and Naples cries "*Brava! Ancora!*" and claps its hands. She dances the tarantella, and poses before a screen with the red-blue shawl. It is the frescoes of Pompeii unfrozen; it is the fine-cut profiles of Sicilian coins; it is Apollo Belvedere himself—Goethe has said it. She wears a Turkish dress, and her face is sweet and lively as rippled water.

The lava-streams of Vesuvius descend as far as Portici. She climbs the peak of fire at midnight—five miles of flame. A blood-red mountain, seeping tears of blood. She skips over glowing ashes and laughs at the pale, faded moon, wan in the light of the red-hot lava. What a night! Spires and sparks of livid flame shooting into the black sky. Blood-red smears of fire; blood-red gashes, flashing her out against the smouldering mountain. A tossing fountain of blood-red jets, it sets her hair flicking into the air like licking flamelets of a burning aureole. Blood-red is everywhere. She wears it as a halo and diadem. Emma, Emma Hamilton, Ambassadress of Great Britain to the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies.

ABOUKIR BAY, EGYPT

North-north-west, and a whole-sail breeze, ruffling up the larkspur-blue sea, breaking the tops of the waves into egg-white foam, shoving ripple after ripple of pale jade-green over the shoals of Aboukir Bay. Away to the East rolls in the sluggish water of old Nile. West and South—hot, yellow land. Ships at anchor. Thirteen ships flying the *tricolore,* and riding at ease in a patch of blue water inside a jade-green hem. What of them? Ah, fine ships! The *Orient,* one hundred and twenty guns, *Franklin, Tonnant,* each with eighty. Weighty metal to float on a patch of blue with a green hem. They ride stem to stern, in a long line, pointing the way to Aboukir Bay.

To the North are thunderheads, ballooning, silver-white thunderheads rising up out of the horizon. The thunderheads draw steadily up into the blue-blossomed sky. A top-gallant breeze pushes them rapidly over the white-specked

water. One, Two, Six, Ten, Thirteen separate tiered clouds, and the wind sings loud in their shrouds and spars. The royals are furled, but the topgallantsails and topsails are full and straining. Thirteen white thunderheads bearing down on Aboukir Bay.

The Admiral is working the stump of his right arm; do not cross his hawse, I advise you.

"Youngster to the mast-head. What! Going without your glass, and be damned to you! Let me know what you see, immediately."

"The enemy fleet, Sir, at anchor in the bay."

"Bend on the signal to form in line of battle, Sir Ed'ard."

The bright wind straightens the signal pennants until they stand out rigid like boards.

"Captain Hood reports eleven fathoms, Sir, and shall he bear up and sound?"

"Signal Captain Hood to lead, sounding."

"By the mark ten! A quarter less nine! By the deep eight!"

Round to starboard swing the white thunderheads, the water of their bows washing over the green jade hem. An orange sunset steams in the shrouds, and glints upon the muzzles of the cannon in the open ports. The hammocks are down; the guns run out and primed; beside each is a pile of canister and grape; gunners are blowing on their matches; snatches of fife music drift down to the lower decks. In the cockpits, the surgeons are feeling the edges of knives and saws; men think of their wives and swear softly, spitting on their hands.

"Let go that anchor! By God, she hangs!"

Past the *Guerrier* slides the *Goliath,* but the anchor drops and stops her on the inner quarter of the *Conquérant.* The *Zealous* brings up on the bow of the *Guerrier,* the *Orion, Theseus, Audacious,* are all come to, inside the French ships.

The *Vanguard,* Admiral's pennant flying, is lying outside the *Spartiate,* distant only a pistol shot.

In a pattern like a country dance, each balanced justly by its neighbour, lightly, with no apparent labour, the ships

slip into place, and lace a design of white sails and yellow yards on the purple, flowing water. Almighty Providence, what a day! Twenty-three ships in one small bay, and away to the eastward, the water of old Nile rolling sluggishly between its sandbars.

Seven hundred and forty guns open fire on the French fleet. The sun sinks into the purple-red water, its low, straight light playing gold on the slaughter. Yellow fire, shot with red, in wheat sheafs from the guns; and a racket and ripping which jerks the nerves, then stuns, until another broadside crashes the ears alive again. The men shine with soot and sweat, and slip in the blood which wets the deck.

The surgeons cut and cut, but men die steadily. It is heady work, this firing into ships not fifty feet distant. Lilac and grey, the heaving bay, slapped and torn by thousands of splashings of shot and spars. Great red stars peer through the smoke, a mast is broke short off at the lashings and falls overboard, with the rising moon flashing in its top-hamper.

There is a rattle of musketry; pipe-clayed, red-coated marines swab, and fire, and swab. A round shot finishes the job, and tears its way out through splintering bulwarks. The roar of broadside after broadside echoes from the shore in a long, hoarse humming. Drums beat in little fire-cracker snappings, and a boatswain's whistle wires, thin and sharp, through the din, and breaks short off against the scream of a gun crew, cut to bits by a bursting cannon.

Three times they clear the *Vanguard's* guns of a muck of corpses, but each new crew comes on with a cheer and each discharge is a jeer of derision.

The Admiral is hit. A flying sliver of iron has shivered his head and opened it, the skin lies quivering over his one good eye. He sees red, blood-red, and the roar of the guns sounds like water running over stones. He has to be led below.

Eight bells, and the poop of the *Orient* is on fire. "Higher, men, train your guns a little higher. Don't give them a loophole to scotch the flame. 'Tis their new fine paint they'll have to blame." Yellow and red, waving tigerlilies, the flames shoot up—round serrated petals, flung out of the

black-and-silver cup of the bay. Each stay is wound with a flickering fringe. The ropes curl up and shrivel as though a twinge of pain withered them. Spasm after spasm convulses the ship. A Clap!—A Crash!—A Boom!—and silence. The ships have ceased firing.

Ten, twenty, forty seconds. . . .

Then a dash of water as masts and spars fall from an immense height, and in the room of the floating, licking tiger-lily is a chasm of yellow and red whirling eddies. The guns start firing again.

Foot after foot across the sky goes the moon, with her train of swirling silver-blue stars.

The day is fair. In the clear Egyptian air, the water of Aboukir Bay is as blue as the bottom flowers of a larkspur spray. The shoals are green with a white metal sheen, and between its sandbars the Nile can be seen, slowly rolling out to sea.

The Admiral's head is bound up, and his eye is blood-shot and very red, but he is sitting at his desk writing, for all that. Through the stern windows is the blue of the sea, and reflections dance waveringly on his paper. This is what he has written:

VANGUARD, MOUTH OF THE NILE,
August 8th, 1798.

MY DEAR SIR—

Almighty God has made me the happy instrument in destroying the enemy's fleet; which, I hope, will be a blessing to Europe. . . . I hope there will be no difficulty in our getting refitted at Naples. . . . Your most obliged and affectionate

HORATIO NELSON.

Dance, little reflections of blue water, dance, while there is yet time.

NAPLES

"Get out of the way, with your skewbald ass. Heu! Heu!" There is scant room for the quality to pass up and down the whole Strada di Toledo. Such a running to and fro! Such a clacking, and clapping, and fleering, and cheering. Holy Mother of God, the town has gone mad. Listen to the bells. They will crack the very doors of Heaven with their jangling. The sky seems the hot half-hollow of a clanging bell. I verily believe they will rock the steeples off

their foundations. Ding! *Dang!* Dong! Jingle-Jingle! Clank! Clink! Twitter! Tingle! Half Naples is hanging on the ropes, I vow it is louder than when they crown the Pope. The lapis lazuli pillars in Jesus Church positively lurch with the noise; the carvings of Santa Chiara are at swinging poise. In San Dominico Maggiore, the altar quivers; Santa Maria del Carmine's chimes run like rivers tinkling over stones; the big bell of the Cathedral hammers and drones. It is gay today, with all the bells of Naples at play.

That's a fine equipage; those bays shine like satin. Why, it is the British Ambassadress, and two British officers with her in the carriage! Where is her hat? Tut, you fool, she doesn't need one, she is wearing a ribbon like a Roman senator. Blue it is, and there are gold letters: "Nelson and Victory." The woman is undoubtedly mad, but it is a madness which kindles. "*Viva Nelson! Viva Miladi!*" A half a hundred hats are flying in the air like kites, and all the white handkerchiefs in Naples wave from the balconies.

Brava, Emma Hamilton, a fig for the laws of good taste, your heart beats blood, not water. Let pale-livered ladies wave decorously; do you drive the streets and tell the *lazzaroni* the good news. Proud Lady Hamilton! Mad, wholehearted Lady Hamilton. *Viva! Viva ancora!* Wear your Nelson-anchor earrings for the sun to flash in; cut a dash in your new blue shawl, spotted with these same anchors. What if lily-tongued dandies dip their pens in gall to jeer at you, your blood is alive. The red of it stains a bright band across the pages of history. The others are ghosts, rotting in aged tombs. Light your three thousand lamps, that your windows spark and twinkle "Nelson" for all the world to see, and even the little wavelets of the bay have a largess of gold petals dropped from his name. Rule, Britannia, though she doesn't deserve it; it is all Nelson and the Ambassadress, in the streets of Naples.

He has rooms at the Palazzo Sesso, the British Admiral, and all day long he watches the red, half-closed eye of Vesuvius gazing down at his riding ships. At night, there is a red plume over the mountain, and the light of it fills the room with a crimson glow, it might be a gala lit for him. His eyes swim. In the open sky hangs a steel-white star, and a bar of silver cuts through the red reflections of the mirrors. Red and silver, for the bay is not blue at night.

"Oh brave Nelson, oh God bless and protect our brave deliverer, oh, Nelson, Nelson, what do we not owe to you." Sea-blue, the warp; but the thread of the woof is bolted red. Fiddlers and dinners—well, or Hell! as the case may be. Queens, populace—these are things, like guns, to face. Rostral columns and birthday fêtes jar the nerves of a wounded head; it is better in bed, in the rosy gloom of a plume-lit room.

So the Admiral rests in the Palazzo Sesso, the guest of his Ambassador, and his ships ride at anchor under the flaming mountain.

The shuttle shoots, the shuttle weaves. The red thread to the blue thread cleaves. The web is plaiting which nothing unreaves.

The Admiral buys the Ambassadress a table, a pleasant tribute to hospitality. It is of satin-wood, sprinkled over with little flying loves arrayed in pink and blue sashes. They sit at this table for hours, he and she, discussing the destiny of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and her voice is like water tinkling over stones, and her face is like the same water twinkling in shallows.

She counts his money for him, and laughs at his inability to reduce *carolins* to English sixpences. She drives him out to Caserta to see the Queen, and parades him on the Chiaia to delight the common people. She is always before him, a mist of rose and silver, a damask irradiation, shading and lighting like a palpitant gem.

In the evenings, by the light of two wax candles, the Admiral writes kind acknowledgments to the tributes of half a world. Moslem and Christian sweetly united to stamp out liberty. It is an inspiring sight to see. Rule Britannia indeed, with Slavs and Turks boosting up her footstool. The Sultan has sent a Special Envoy bearing gifts: the Chelenck —"Plume of Triumph," all in diamonds, and a pelisse of sables, just as bonds of his eternal gratitude. "*Viva il Turco!*" says Lady Hamilton. The Mother of His Sultanic Majesty begs that the Admiral's pocket may be the repository of a diamond-studded box to hold his snuff. The Russian Tzar, a bit self-centred as most monarchs are, sends him his portrait, diamond-framed of course. The King of Sardinia glosses over his fewer gems by the richness of his com-

pliments. The East India Company, secure of its trade, has paid him ten thousand pounds. The Turkish Company has given him plate. A grateful country augments his state by creating him the smallest kind of peer, with a couple of tuppences a year, and veneering it over by a grant of arms. Arms for an arm, but what for an eye! Does the Admiral smile as he writes his reply? Writes with his left hand that he is aware of the high honor it will be to bear this shield: "A chief undulated argent, from which a palm-tree issuant, between a disabled ship on the dexter, and a ruinous battery on the sinister, all proper." "Very proper, indeed," nods Sir William, but Lady Hamilton prods the coloured paper shield a trifle scornfully. "If I was King of England, I would make you Duke Nelson, Marquis Nile, Earl Aboukir, Viscount Pyramid, Baron Crocodile and Prince Victory." "My dear Emma, what a child you are," says Sir William; but the Admiral looks out of the window at the blood-red mountain and says nothing at all.

Something shakes Naples. Shakes so violently that it makes the candles on the Admiral's writing-table flicker. Earthquakes, perhaps. Aye, earthquakes, but not from the red, plumed mountain. The dreadful tread of marching men is rocking the Bourbon Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and the *fanfare* of Republican trumpets blows over the city like a great wind. It swirls the dust of Monarchy in front of it, across Naples and out over the Chiaia to the sea.

The Admiral walks his quarterdeck with the blue bay beneath him, but his eyes are red with the glare of Vesuvius, and the blood beats in and out of his heart so rapidly that he is almost stifled. All Naples is red to the Admiral, but the core of crimson is the Palazzo Sesso, in whose windows, at night, the silver stars flash so brightly. "Crimson and silver," thinks the Admiral, "O Emma, Emma Hamilton!"

It is December now, and Naples is heaving and shuddering with the force of the Earth shock. There is no firm ground on which to stand. Beneath the Queen's footsteps is a rocking jelly. Even the water of the bay boils and churns and knocks loudly against the wooden sides of the British ships.

Over the satin-wood table, the Admiral and the Ambas-

sadress sit in consultation, and red fire flares between them across its polished surface. "My adorable, unfortunate Queen! Dear, dear Queen!" Lady Hamilton's eyes are carbuncles burning into the Admiral's soul. He is dazzled, confused, used to the glare on blue water he thinks he sees it now. It is Duty and Kings. Caste versus riff-raff. The roast beef of old England against fried frogs' legs.

Red, blood-red, figures the weaving pattern, red blushing over blue, flushing the fabric purple, like lees of wine.

A blustering night to go to a party. But the coach is ready, and Lord Nelson is arrived from his ship. Official persons cannot give the slip to other official persons, and it is Kelim Effendi who gives the reception, the Sultan's Special Envoy. "Wait," to the coachman; then lights, jewels, sword-clickings, compliments, a promenade round the rooms, bowing, and a quick, unwatched exit from a side door. Someone will wake the snoring coachman hours hence and send him away. But it will not be his Master or Mistress. These hurry through dark, windy streets to the Molesiglio. How the waves flow by in the darkness! "A heavy ground-swell," says the Admiral, but there is a lull in the wind. A password in English—we are all very English to-night. "Can you find your way, Emma?" Sir William is perturbed. But the Ambassadress is gone, gone lightly, swiftly, up the dark mole, and disappeared through a postern in the wall. She is aflame, scorching with red and gold fires, a torch of scarlet and ochre, a meteor of sulphur and chrome dashed with vermilion.

There are massacres in the streets of Naples; in the Palace, a cowering Queen. This is melodrama, and Emma is the Princess of Opera Bouffe. Opera Bouffe with Death as Pulchinello. Ho! Ho! You laugh. A merry fellow, and how if Death had you by the gizzard? Comedy and Tragedy shift masks, but Emma is intent on her task and sees neither. Frightened, vacillating monarchs to guide down a twisting stair; but there is Nelson climbing up. And there are lanterns, cutlasses, pistols, and, at last, the night air, black slapping water, and boats.

They are afloat, off the trembling, quivering soil of Naples, and their way is lit by a blood-red glimmer from the tossing fires of Vesuvius.

PALERMO, ET AL

Storm-tossed water, and an island set in a sea as blue as the bottom flowers of a spike of larkspur, come upon out of a hurly-burly of wind, and rain, and jagged waves. Through it all has walked the Ambassadress like some starry saint, pouring mercy out of full hands. The Admiral sees her misted with rose and purple, radiating comfort in a phosphoric glow. Is it wise to light one's life with an iridescence? Perhaps not, but the bolt is shot.

The stuff is weaving. Now one thread is uppermost, now another, making striae of reds and blues, or clouding colour over colour.

There are lemon groves, and cool stars, and love flooding beneath them. There are slanting decks, and full sails, and telescopes, wearying to a one-eyed man. Then a span of sunlight under pink oleanders; and evenings beneath painted ceilings, surrounded by the hum of a court.

Naples again, with cannon blazing. A haze of orders, documents, pardons, and a hanging. Palermo, and Dukedoms and "*Nostro Liberatore.*" One cannot see everything with one eye. Flight is possible, but misted vision shows strange shapes. It is Opera Bouffe, with Tragedy in the front row. Downing Street hints reproof, mentions stories of gaming-tables and high piles of gold. What nonsense to talk of a duel! Sir William and the Admiral live like brothers. But they will not be silent, those others. "Poor Lady Nelson, what will she do?" Still it is true that the lady in question is a bit of a shrew.

Blood beats back and forth under the lemon groves, proving itself a right of way. "I worship, nay, adore you, and if you was single, and I found you under a hedge, I would instantly marry you. Santa Emma! As truly as I believe in God, do I believe you are a saint." If the lady is a saint and he her acolyte, it is by a Divine right. These are the ways of Heaven; the Admiral prays and knows himself forgiven and absolved.

Revolve slowly, shuttle of the blue thread, red is a strong colour under Sicilian skies.

LEGHORN TO LONDON

A Court, an Ambassador, and a great Admiral, in travelling carriages rolling over the map of Europe. Straining

up hills, bowling along levels, rolling down slopes, and all to the tune of "Hip! Hip! Hurrah!" From Leghorn to Florence, to Ancona, to Trieste, is one long *Festa*. Every steeple sways with clashing bells, and people line the roads, yelling "*Viva Nelson! Hola! Hola! Viva Inghilterra!*" Wherever they go, it is a triumphal progress and a pinny-pinny-poppy-show. Whips crack, sparks fly, sails fill—another section of the map is left behind. Carriages again, up hill and down, from the seaboard straight into Austria.

Hip! Hip! Hip! The wheels roll into Vienna. Then what a to-do! Concerts, operas, fireworks too. Dinners where one hundred six-foot grenadiers do the waiting at table. Such grandiloquence! Such splendid, regal magnificence! Trumpets and cannons, and Nelson's health; the Jew wealth of Baron Arnstein, and the excellent wine of his cellars. Hayden conducts an oratorio while the guests are playing faro. Delightful city! What a pity one must leave! These are rewards worthy of the Battle of the Nile. You smile. Tut! Tut! Remember they are only foreigners; the true British breed writes home scurvy letters for all London to read. Hip! Hip! God save the King!

For two months, the travelling carriages stand in the stables; but horses are put to them at last, and they are off again. No Court this time; but what is a fleeing Queen to a victorious Admiral! Up hill, down dale, round and round roll the sparkling wheels, kicking up all the big and little stones of Austria. "Huzza for the Victor of Aboukir!" shouts the populace. The traces tighten, and the carriages are gone. In and out of Prague roll the wheels, and across the border into Germany.

Dresden at last, but an Electress turning her back on Lady Hamilton. A stuffy state, with a fussy etiquette! Why distress oneself for such a rebuff? Emma will get even with them yet. It is enough for her to do her "Attitudes," and to perfection. And still—and still—but Lady Hamilton has an iron will.

Proud Lady Hamilton! Blood-betrayed, hot-hearted Lady Hamilton! The wheels roll out of Dresden, and Lady Hamilton looks at the Admiral. "Oh, Nelson, Nelson." But the whips are cracking and one cannot hear.

Roll over Germany, wheels. Roll through Magdeburg, Lodwostz, Anhalt. Roll up to the banks of the Elbe, and

deposit your travellers in a boat once more. Along the green shores of the green-and-brown river to Hamburg, where merchants and bankers are waiting to honour the man who has saved their gold. Huzza for Nelson, Saviour of Banks! Where is the frigate a thankful country might have sent him? Not there. Why did he come overland, forsooth? The Lion and the Unicorn are uncouth beasts, but we do not mind in the least. No, indeed! We take a packet and land at Yarmouth.

"Hip! Hip! Hip! God save the King! Long live Nelson, Britain's Pride!" The common people are beside themselves with joy, there is no alloy to their welcome. Before *The Wrestler's* inn, troops are paraded. And every road is arcaded with flags and flowers. "He is ours! Hip! Hip! Nelson!" Cavalcades of volunteer cavalry march before him. Two days to London, and every road bordered with smiling faces. They cannot go faster than a footpace because the carriage is drawn by men. Muskets pop, and every shop in every town is a flutter of bunting.

Red, Lady Hamilton, red welcome for your Admiral. Red over foggy London. Bow bells peeling, and the crowded streets reeling through fast tears. Years, Emma, and Naples covered by their ashes.

Blood-red, his heart flashes to hers, but the great city of London is blurred to both of them.

MERTON

Early Autumn, and a light breeze rustling through the trees of Paradise Merton, and pashing the ripples of the Little Nile against the sides of the arched stone bridge. It is ten o'clock, and through the blowing leaves, the lighted windows of the house twinkle like red, pulsing stars. Far down the road is a jingle of harness, and a crunching of wheels. Out of the darkness flare the lamps of a postchaise, blazing basilisk eyes, making the smooth sides of leaves shine as they approach, the darkness swallowing in behind them. A rattle, a stamping of hoofs, and the chaise comes to a stand opposite a wooden gate. It is not late, maybe a bit ahead of time. The postboy eases himself in the saddle, and loosens his reins. The light from the red windows glitters in the varnished panels of the chaise.

How tear himself away from so dear a home! Can he

wrench himself apart, can he pull his heart out of his body? Her face is pitiful with tears. Two years gone, and only a fortnight returned. His head hums with the rushing of his blood. "Wife in the sight of Heaven"—surely one life between them now, and yet the summons has come. Blue water is calling, the peaked seas beckon.

The Admiral kneels beside his child's bed, and prays. These are the ways of the Almighty. "His will be done." Pathetic trust, thrusting aside desire. The fire on the hearth is faint and glowing, and throws long shadows across the room. How quiet it is, how far from battles and crowning seas.

She strains him in her arms, she whispers, sobbing, "Dearest husband of my heart, you are all the world to Emma." She delays his going by minute and minute. "My Dearest and most Beloved, God protect you and my dear Horatia and grant us a happy meeting. Amen! Amen!"

Tear, blue shuttle, through the impeding red, but have a care lest the thread snap in following.

"God bless you, George. Take care of Lady Hamilton." He shakes his brother-in-law by the hand. The chaise door bangs. The postboy flicks his whip, the horses start forward. Red windows through flecking trees. Blood-red windows growing dimmer behind him, until they are only a shimmer in the distance. His eyes smart, searching for their faint glimmer through blowing trees. His eyes smart with tears, and fears which seem to haunt him. All night he drives, through Guildford, over Hindhead, on his way to Portsmouth.

AT SEA, OFF CAPE TRAFALGAR

Blue as the tip of a deep blue salvia blossom, the inverted cup of the sky arches over the sea. Up to meet it, in a concave curve of bright colour, rises the water, flat, unrippled, for the wind scarcely stirs. How comes the sky so full of clouds on the horizon, with none over head? Clouds! Great clouds of canvas! Mighty ballooning clouds, bearing thunder and crinkled lightning in their folds. They roll up out of the horizon, tiered, stately. Sixty-four great thunder-clouds, more perhaps, throwing their shadows over ten miles of sea.

Boats dash back and forth. Their ordered oars spark-

ling like silver as they lift and fall. Frigate captains receiving instructions, coming aboard the flagship, departing from it. Blue and white, with a silver flashing of boats.

Thirty-three clouds headed South, twenty-three others converging upon them! They move over the water as silently as the drifting air. Lines to lines, drawing nearer on the faint impulse of the breeze.

Blue coated, flashing with stars, the Admiral walks up and down the poop. Stars on his breast, in his eyes the white glare of the sea. The enemy wears, looping end to end, and waits, poised in a half-circle, like a pale new moon upon the water. The British ships point straight to the hollow between the horns, and even their stu'nsails are set. Arrows flung at a crescent over smooth blue water.

"Now, Blackwood, I am going to amuse the fleet with a signal. Mr. Pasco, I wish to say to the fleet, 'England confides that every man will do his duty.' You must be quick, for I have one more to make, which is for close action."

"If your Lordship will permit me to substitute 'expects' for 'confides,' it will take less time, because 'expects' is in the vocabulary and 'confides' must be spelt."

Flutter flags, fling out your message to the advancing arrows. Ripple and fly above the Admiral's head. Signal flags are of all colours, but the Admiral sees only the red. It beats above him, outlined against the salvia-blue sky. A crimson blossom sprung from his heart, the banner royal of his Destiny struck out sharply against the blue of Heaven.

Frigate Captain Blackwood bids good-bye to the Admiral. "I trust, my Lord, that on my return to the *Victory,* I shall find your Lordship well and in possession of twenty prizes." A gash of blood-colour cuts across the blue sky, or is it that the Admiral's eyes are tired with the flashing of the sea? "God bless you, Blackwood, I shall never speak to you again." What is it that haunts his mind? He is blinded by red, blood-red fading to rose, smeared purple, blotted out by blue. Larkspur sea and blue sky above it, with the flickering flags of his signal standing out in cameo.

Boom! A shot passes through the main topgallantsail of the *Victory.* The ship is under fire. Her guns cannot

bear while she is head on. Straight at the floating half-moon of ships goes the *Victory,* leading her line, muffled in the choking smoke of the *Bucentaure's* guns. The sun is dimmed, but through the smoke-cloud prick diamond sparkles from the Admiral's stars as he walks up and down the quarterdeck.

Red glare of guns in the Admiral's eyes. Red stripe of marines drawn up on the poop. Eight are carried off by a single shot, and the red stripe liquefies, and seeps, lapping, down the gangway. Every stu'nsail boom is shot away. The blue of the sea has vanished; there is only the red of cannon, and the white twinkling sparks of the Admiral's stars.

The bows of the *Victory* cross the wake of the *Bucentaure,* and one after another, as they bear, the double-shotted guns tear through the woodwork of the French ship. The *Victory* slips past like a shooting shuttle, and runs on board the *Redoutable,* seventy-four, and their spars lock, with a shock which almost stops their headway.

It is a glorious Autumn day outside the puff-ball of smoke. A still, blue sea, unruffled, banded to silver by a clear sun.

Guns of the *Victory,* guns of the *Redoutable,* exploding incessantly, making one long draw of sound. Rattling upon it, rain on a tin roof, the pop-pop of muskets from the mizzen top of the *Redoutable.* There are sharpshooters in the mizzen top, aiming at the fog below. Suddenly, through it, spears the gleam of diamonds; it is the Admiral's stars, reflecting the flashes of the guns.

Red blood in a flood before his eyes. Red from horizon to zenith, crushing down like beaten metal. The Admiral falls to his knees, to his side, and lies there, and the crimson glare closes over him, a cupped inexorable end. "They have done for me at last, Hardy. My back-bone is shot through."

The blue thread is snapped and the bolt falls from the loom. Weave, shuttle of the red thread. Weave over and under yourself in a scarlet ecstasy. It is all red now he comes to die. Red, with the white sparkles of those cursed stars.

Carry him down gently, and let no man know that it is the Admiral who has fallen. He covers his face and his stars with his handkerchief. The white glitter is quenched; the white glitter of his life will shine no more. "Doctor, I am gone. I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my Country." Pathetic trust, thrusting aside knowledge. Flint, the men who sit in Parliament, flint which no knocking can spark to fire. But you still believe in men's goodness, knowing only your own heart. "Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me."

The red darkens, and is filled with tossing fires. He sees Vesuvius, and over it the single silver brilliance of a star.

"One would like to live a little longer, but thank God, I have done my duty."

Slower, slower passes the red thread and stops. The weaving is done.

In the log-book of the *Victory,* it is written: "Partial firing continued until 4.30, when a victory having been reported to the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Nelson, K.B., he died of his wound."

CALAIS

It is a timber-yard, pungent with the smell of wood: Oak, pine, and cedar. But under the piles of white boards, they say there are bones rotting. An old guide to Calais speaks of a wooden marker shaped like a battledoor, handle downwards, on the broad part of which was scratched: "Emma Hamilton, England's Friend." It was a poor thing and now even that has gone. Let us buy an oak chip for remembrance. It will only cost a sou.

Amy Lowell.

AN INSPIRED CRITIC

BY EDITH WYATT

I

Among the journeys of one's dreams there is a certain experience familiar doubtless to many dream-travelers. I mean the great journey down the river. It is a green summer afternoon. The yellow water stretches away a half a mile on each side of your raft. The arrows of far silver ripples point to snags. Around you is the sight of low bluffs, corn-bottoms, highland rolling prairie, up beyond the banks. You are a perfect pilot, in your dream-power; and as in other dream-countries you have always known this wonderful place, and yet it is all new and fresh to you.

It is not by the pages of *Tom Sawyer* alone, nor *Huck Finn* alone, that Mark Twain has piloted the world on that miraculous imaginary journey down the great valley, through the center of our national life; but by his whole philosophy, his tremendous propelling power as a social critic.

The Emperor of Germany once said that *Life on the Mississippi* was his favorite American book. The remark has always remained for me an instance of the German range and thoroughness in information. The Emperor could not I believe have chosen any other volume describing American life which would have expressed the virtues and vices of our nation as truly and as aptly as this work of genius.

It is only when one thinks over Mark Twain's writings in their entirety that one realizes how numerous his social criticisms were—criticisms favorable and unfavorable, and representing, taken together, one of the most far-sighted surveys of democracy that we possess.

It was as press-correspondent, from 1863-65, on the *Enterprise* in Carson City, and later in his letters to the

Enterprise from San Francisco, that Mark Twain began that penetrating comment on the Government of the United States, and on her social injustice which he was to continue till the end of his life.

Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine tells us in his biography that

> Those who remember Mark Twain's *Enterprise* letters (they are no longer obtainable) declare them to have been the greatest series of daily philippics ever written. However this may be, it is certain they made a stir. Goodman (the editor of the *Enterprise*) permitted him to say exactly what he pleased upon any subject. San Francisco was fairly weltering in corruption, official and private. He assailed whatever came first to hand with all the fierceness of a flaming indignation long restrained.
>
> Quite naturally he attacked the police and with such ferocity and penetration that as soon as copies of the *Enterprise* came from Virginia (in Nevada) the City Hall (in San Francisco) began to boil and smoke and threaten trouble. Martin G. Burke, the chief-of-police, entered libel suit against the *Enterprise*, prodigiously advertising the paper, copies of which were snatched as soon as the stage brought them.

As a journalist, he attacked at that period so many social abuses as to gain for himself the title of "The Moralist of the Main." On his return to Nevada to report the proceedings of the legislature at Carson City for the *Enterprise*, Mark Twain was the best-known figure at the capital. His power and courage as a writer, combined with Goodman's power and courage as an editor made him respected and feared in the State Government. Mr. Paine tells us that he could control more votes than any legislative member: and with two other journalists, Simmons and Claggett, could pass or defeat any bill offered.—"He was fearless, merciless and incorruptible."

Mark Twain's contempt for the rabble of our State and national legislatures was lasting. In 1868 after he had gone East and become a Washington press-correspondent he was extremely dejected in the national capital, over the "pitiful intellects" governing the country. "This is a place to get a poor opinion of everybody in" he wrote of Congress. Thirty years later he put into the mouth of Pudd'nhead Wilson the remark that "It could probably be shown by facts and figures that there is no distinctly native American criminal class except Congress." And in 1907, in *Christian*

Science he lists Congress and the American voter as among the moral failures of the Christian religion.

> If there are two tickets in the field in the city, one composed of honest men, and the other of notorious blatherskites and criminals he (the American voter) will not hesitate to lay his private Christian honor aside and vote for the blatherskites, if his "party honor" shall exact it. His Christianity is of no use to him and has no influence upon him when he is acting in a public capacity. He has sound and sturdy private morals, but he has no public ones. In the last great municipal election in New York, almost a complete one-half of the votes, representing about 3,500,000 Christians, were cast for a ticket that had hardly a man on it whose earned and proper place was outside of a jail. But that vote was present at church next Sunday the same as ever, and as unconscious of its perfidy as though nothing had happened.
>
> Our Congresses consist of Christians. In their private life they are true to every obligation of honor; yet in every session they violate them all; and do it without shame.

One understands the fear and respect Mark Twain inspired as a commentator when one reads in the *Express,* the paper he owned in Buffalo soon after his marriage, the explicit manner of his statement. He was speaking of some farmers of Cohocton who had mobbed a couple whom they disapproved. "The men who did this deed are capable of doing any low, sneaking, cowardly villainy that could be invented in perdition." He appended a full list of their names.

It was with the same directness that he assailed Tammany in New York City in 1901 in his famous Waldorf-Astoria speech at the Acorn Club dinner—a paraphrase of Burke's Impeachment of Warren Hastings.

> I impeach Richard Croker of high crimes and misdemeanors.
>
> I impeach him in the name of the people whose trust he has betrayed.
>
> I impeach him in the name of all the people of America whose national character he has dishonored.
>
> I impeach him in the name and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.
>
> I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly betrayed, injured and oppressed in both sexes, in every rank, situation and condition in life.

Our greatest humorist's critical examinations of various products of our social system, his defenses of the dumb, the

oppressed, the human beings enduring injustice in our civilization, both in the United States and in almost every country in the globe, are innumerable. One may mention as prominent instances: *To the Person Sitting in Darkness, A Dog's Tale, A Horse's Tale, Cruel Treatment of a Boy* (a defense of Chinamen), the Croker Impeachment, the account of the Queensland-Kanaka Labor Traffic in *Following the Equator*, *The Stolen White Elephant* (a satire on the methods of American Detective Bureaus), *Leopold's Soliloquy* (a denunciation of King Leopold's Congo methods), *The Czar's Soliloquy* (a satire on the imperial divinity of the Emperor of Russia).

This was composed in the same year when a hideous massacre of Jews occurred in Moscow. At about the same time the author was asked for a Christmas sentiment for the New York press; and wrote: "It is my warm and all-embracing Christmas hope that all of us that deserve it may finally be gathered together in a heaven of light and peace, and the others permitted to retire into the clutches of Satan or the Emperor of Russia, according to preference if they have a preference."

Many people will recall with especial vividness Mark Twain's opinions on our annexation of the Philippines.

> We have bought some islands from a party who did not own them: with real smartness and a good counterfeit of disinterested friendliness, we coaxed a confiding, weak nation into a trap, and closed it upon them; we went back on an honored guest of the Stars and Stripes when we had no further use for him and chased him to the mountains; we are as indisputably in possession of a wide-spreading archipelago as if it were our property; we have pacified some thousands of islanders and buried them; destroyed their fields, burned their villages, and turned their widows and orphans out-of-doors; furnished heart-break by exile to some dozens of disagreeable patriots; subjugated the remaining millions by Benevolent Assimilation, which is the pious, new name of the market.

II

"There are many humorous things in the world," he says in *Following the Equator*, "among them the white man's notion that he is less savage than the other savages."

It will be seen that the United States of his chronicle is a land of savagery. Mr. Paine's just and absorbing biogra-

phy seems to speak of Mark Twain's youthful experience of lawless violence, as somehow exceptional—or at least as the experience of a past, a pioneer condition in violence, a picturesque and bygone state. He points out that the author of *Life on the Mississippi* had seen in childhood a man shot down in the street, that his father Judge Clemens, as sheriff, had kept in his own house the body of a man killed in a local feud; and that he had known at close range in early boyhood of many barbarous horrors in the community of Hannibal. It is my own belief that one day in the municipal and criminal courts of Chicago would convince Mr. Paine that neither roughness nor ruffianism had abated in the Middle West since Mark Twain's boyhood.

The state of American society and government his stories and articles present is, broadly speaking, truthfully characteristic of the state of society and government we find now in Chicago—the most murderous and lawless civil community in the world. What is exceptional in our great humorist's view of our national life is not the ruffianism of the existence he describes for us on the Mississippi and elsewhere in the United States, but the fact that he writes the truth about it.

Indeed I think that it would be possible to show that if less rough, the United States of our own contemporary experience is far more ruffianly, far more violently bullied and more acquiescent in being bullied than the communities of Mark Twain's earlier novels and tales.

The United States is filled with what may be called an excessive moderation concerning the telling of truth—though the implication is not intended that Mr. Paine's candid consideration of his subject is shadowed by that fallacy in its truthfulness. She will not admit the presence of atrocity and horror in her own commonwealth. This admission would involve the inconvenient consequences of the necessity of her disapproval of these evils. Instead of acknowledging the plain, undeniable truth such as that which Mark Twain stated about our American mobs—that they are literally composed of persons who are low, sneaking, cowardly and villainous, she generally prefers to assume the timid and evasive air of what H. G. Wells calls our "vulgar refinement" and to dodge the truth by asserting that such a characterization is excessive.

Thus when Colonel Roosevelt called Judge Baldwin a liar for his conduct in the Hoxie decision (or was said to have

called Judge Baldwin a liar), instead of looking to see whether an important member of the bench really had betrayed us by twisting the truth, and had behaved irresponsibly and unworthily, the American public focused its attention on the shock it had received from Colonel Roosevelt's "unmannerliness." But apparently no one was shocked by Judge Baldwin, whose decision to at least one lay-reader of its many pages seemed to assert that the American Government licensed railroads to murder their employees.

It is my own belief that if Judea had been peopled by Americans at the time of the Massacre of the Innocents, the main portion of the comment on the occurrence would have been devoted to the bad taste and persecutive sensationalism of referring to the incident as a massacre.

III

One reason doubtless why Mark Twain discriminated so clearly against our native atrocities was because he was in literal truth a great traveler. In his *welt-anschauung* he shows you democracy not only absolutely as an experiment in the United States, along the river, in *Tom Sawyer* and *Huck Finn* and *Life on the Mississippi* and in *Roughing It,* but comparatively, and against the backgrounds of other countries, the pageantry of the nations of the globe.

"It does rather look," he says in *The American Claimant* "as if in a republic where all are free and equal property and position constitute rank." He fills you with indignation when he describes a white man cuffing a helpless Hindoo servant for nothing in particular, in a Bombay palace: and then he fills you with indignation again while he tells you how he has seen his own father cuff a little negro slave boy with the same offensive injustice, and in the midst of the same surrounding subservience to his detestable performance. And you wish that Mark Twain's penetration and fresh observation would show you all the kingdoms and customs of the earth, and all the United States' own social history against that background.

IV

Mark Twain considered democracy both geographically against the background of other lands, and historically against the background of other ages. His presentation of

the subject historically has a brilliancy of sympathetic expression that seems to me unsurpassed. So that *The Prince and the Pauper* and *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* and *Joan of Arc* fire you with resentment, grief and amusement as quickly as their author's tales of today.

When he was a boy of fifteen, a compositor in a printer's office at Hannibal, as he walked to his work after dinner one afternoon, he noticed the loose page of a book blowing down the street. Picking it up, he read its fragmentary narrative. It was the account of a conversation of Joan of Arc in her prison at Rouen, with two brutal English soldiers who were taunting her. Mark Twain had never heard of Joan of Arc before. He had read no history. Thenceforth through the open door of the wind-blown page, flung to him by fate upon that warm afternoon in the little American town, he was to travel in the realms of gold for nearly sixty years—throughout the rest of his life-time. From that day he was a passionate reader of history.

"Was somebody asking to see the soul?" says Walt Whitman: and of course the reader of fiction is always asking to see the soul: and in *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* may look upon and know the soul of an inspired girl, of flaming genius, the soul of a great, a rich-hearted woman, as deeply as though she had been the profoundly loved and honored friend of a life-time. I think indeed she was a friend of Mark Twain's life-time: and that from the instant, when as a boy he read the words of her chronicled conversation he saw from afar the flash of the special force in her that made her what she was, and knew at once intensely and delicately the peculiar splendor of her nature. He said he had been forty years writing *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* and that he liked it better than any of his other books: and as you read the pity and terror of its tragedy you easily believe both these sayings. In many ways it is the most profound, the subtlest and the most searching of his novels.

In its superb story of the courage and truth of a woman's knowledge struggling forward under the puerile frivolities of the French rule of the king, and the evil trivialities, the mob stupidities and mob superstitions of the day you read a penetrating tale of patriotism for all time.

A Connecticut Yankee is filled too with patriotism—with the only kind of patriotism which will ever make a democracy

successful, the sense of individual human responsibility for social justice. One of the most original works ever written, it is increasingly useful to us. For it presents a great democratic philosophy, a vast imaginative scheme of powerful rule whose humor and common-sense give it a pragmatic validity.

"My idea of our civilization," he wrote to a friend in 1900, "is that it is a shoddy, poor thing and full of cruelties, vanities, arrogancies, meannesses and hypocrisies."

Observing the truth of this saying as applied to our own country now, as well as to King Arthur's Court, American citizens are always turning to their great men to learn what to do if one intends to abide by our social agreement. On this absorbing question of what we are to do, few of our commentators of genius on democracy shed much light. Thoreau, of course, departed from the social agreement. He sheds a clear and blazing light nevertheless on the question of the honorable, individual conduct of free persons in a democracy; but unhappily, a strength almost divine, and beyond that of most mortal creatures, is required to climb the steep path that light indicates. Henry James, in another way from Thoreau, separated himself from our American social agreement; and sheds no light at all upon what we are to do in the general muddle—which he is indeed accredited with disparaging, but which in my own view, he simply ignored. Our greatest poet so beautiful to read, yet sheds no light at all, with his happy belief in "Good in all," etc. And even his outlined democracy, his fellow-roughs hanging about each other's necks, does not exactly represent a reality, and certainly not as democratic or livable a democracy as is presented by Huck's and the negro Jim's days on the raft. Indeed it may be accepted as a proof of the magic of Mark Twain's genius of humor and the livable character of his democratic faith, that a nation periodically insane on the subject of the negro, and almost unable to recover from the shock of his having dined with a President, has selected as one of its most popular novels a work of fiction which presents the hero as dining, breakfasting, supping and sleeping for weeks with a negro on terms of complete social equality. In their different manners, William James, William Dean Howells and Mark Twain have all expressed great democratic philosophies, in whose light we can see a little distance into our own difficulties—philosophies that one can live by, and go along the

road of one's existence by, at least at intervals, and according to one's worth.

To preserve and indeed to live in a sense of social responsibility and yet maintain a cheerful demeanor, this is a philosophy of the Connecticut Yankee which has never been expressed elsewhere, I think, in so convincing and thrilling a manner. On the tide of the author's humorous genius you are carried forward with an impetus which bears you on long after you have left the Connecticut Yankee and stopped laughing at Merlin.

Another carrying power of Mark Twain's philosophy, a force rather less obvious than his invincible humor, is its extraordinary sense of the beauty, the poetry and romance of personal relationship—not simply these qualities in relationships between opposite sexes, but throughout existence. His understanding of all human contacts has an exceptional keenness and delicacy. No persons in fiction are rougher than his characters; and yet no author has exhibited a quicker dislike of having anybody unfairly bullied or patronized. In a few pages of *Cashel Byron's Profession,* Alice Goff, the unfortunate, narrow-minded companion of the brilliant and generous Lydia Carew, who is presented by her creator as a person of exceptional gentleness and equity, is worse patronized and bullied by her mistress than anyone is unfairly bullied or patronized with the author's approval, in all the cursing and fighting and rowdiness of *Life on the Mississippi, The American Claimant, Tom Sawyer* and *Huck Finn* put together.

Mark Twain appreciated the injustices of civilization not only to the poverty-stricken, but to those of mediocre fortune. One of his most eloquent passages concerns the payment of a twenty years' debt of fifty dollars by a hard-working country clergyman. There are numberless instances of his sympathy not only with great wrongs, but with ordinary difficulties and struggles. Among these is the story of how one night at a club-meeting in New York, all the other members one by one slipped away, while he remained, listening patiently with respectful attention through to the end, while a young writer read aloud, a very, very long poem.

"How did you manage to sit through it?" someone asked afterwards.

"Well," he said quietly, "that young man thought he

had a divine message to deliver, and I thought he was entitled to at least one auditor, so I stayed with him."

In the unusual social faith of that tale there speaks, I think, the voice of the American spirit that may save us all at last.

Mark Twain was a penetrating and imaginative critic not only of the failures of democracy in the United States and in the countries of the globe and the ages of the past, but the failures of our prevailing theology.

His objections are sprinkled through all his books and his correspondence; and are crystallized in the sparkling speculative amusement of *Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven* and his posthumous story *The Mysterious Stranger* describing a sojourn of a nephew of Satan's upon earth. There is a power of imagination in these works of fiction on the subject of creation which is nothing less than titanic. Their fancies have a species of bulk, and one may almost say solidity, so that compared with them the gracile fancies of Poe seem made of air, and even Hawthorne's murky shadows appear to be cast by things ethereal. But the conception of Mark Twain's semi-theological tales of the cosmogony, Captain Stormfield's race with the comet after his death, when the billions of natives of the comet run to one side, and make it careen—and the story of the dog who has a better heart than God, in *The Mysterious Stranger,* are composed of the same stuff of world-dreams as Thor with his hammer, and the Erl King, and Prometheus torn by the eagle.

Without wishing to speak with disrespect of a view of creation greatly solacing and inspiring to many, and to many noble persons, one may say that in general these fascinating works express one of the most interesting objections to the Judean religion that we know. This may be roughly summed up in the statement that what Mark Twain seems to say about both the old and the new Judean faith is simply that it is *too small:*

When a man goes back to look at the house of his childhood [he says in a letter to Mr. Howells] it has *always shrunk;* there is no instance of such a house being as big as the picture memory and imagination call for. Shrunk how? Why, to its correct dimensions; the house hasn't altered; this is the first time it has been in focus. Well that's loss. To have house and Bible shrink so under the disil-

lusioning corrected angle is loss—for a moment. But there are compensations. You tilt the tube skyward and bring planets and comets and corona flames a hundred and fifty thousand miles high into the field.

Before then he remarked one day to his friend the Reverend Joseph Twichell,

> Joe, I don't believe one word of your Bible was inspired by God any more than any other book. I believe it is entirely the work of man from beginning to end—Atonement and all. The problem of life and death and eternity and the true conception of God is a bigger thing than is contained in that book.

In declaring the doctrine of the Atonement an intrinsically mundane conception and in pointing out in numbers of other passages the pettishly self-referential and heartless manner of the God of the Bible, Mark Twain made a most valuable discrimination concerning the Christian theology. For him it is not simply as a physical but as a moral explanation of the universe that the Judean philosophy is too little.

It is this inherent objection to spiritual conceptions of a rather petty nature and his admiration of ideas of the universe which have greatness that make his tremendous monograph on Christian Science a suggestive and fascinaing work.

If the author had never written any other book, this volume alone would have shown him to be a great social critic. Its candor, spontaneity and big, unique sense of human values place it with those creative criticisms and interpretative surveys of influential ideas which are among the world's most enlivening possessions—with *Thus Spake Zarathustra* and *Sartor Resartus* and Thoreau's *Civil Disobedience* and *The Shortest Way with Dissenters.*

At once a keenly analytic and a widely synthetic survey of the subject it has all the faculty of the close, detailed observation, and rapid, practical deduction of the river pilot. It is a masterpiece of clear consideration and powerful, natural expression from the author's candid praise of Mrs. Eddy's great contribution to human happiness, and her genius in execution to his exposition of her love of personal worship, and her taste for showy speech.

Not the least valuable and interesting part of the book, is its literary valuations. As a commentator on expression

Mark Twain is always penetrating and imaginative. No more informing literary criticism is to be found than his reply to Matthew Arnold's strangely crass and ignorant remarks on General Grant's biography. His wit on the subject of the emptiness of Fenimore Cooper, his thorough-going praise of William Dean Howells' sustained power as a writer —everything he has to say concerning the art and craft of writing has conscientiousness, truth and independence.

One of Mark Twain's best attributes as a commentator on style, on men, on religious beliefs and on the ways of nations is his capacity for profound admiration. He has no poor provincial grudges against the souls and gifts of other peoples. He could praise well. He could admire greatly. He could admire with understanding. It is the obverse side of our American sin of judgment, and of condemnation in toto for a single obvious weakness or error that we are quite as likely to praise in toto for a single excellence. Public persons or foreign nations are entirely objectionable to us, or entirely commendable. Our regard is undiscriminating—a prejudice for or against its object. The reason why Mark Twain appreciated the greatnesses and the peculiar nobilities of the souls of nations was because he could also understand their smallnesses and their inferiorities. He could admire the beauties and contributive perceptions of our democracy because he could also know its stupidities and meannesses.

No one ever told the truth about us more relentlessly. No one ever laughed more uproariously, at our mussy, imbecile romanticism and our tenth-rate, ignorant feudal tastes and our mawkish imitative "refinement" or despised more completely our smug idealizing superstitions, or our sloppy subservient government, and our endless injustice.

But it is not alone because of Mark Twain's unique humorous genius, nor because he could admire well, nor because of his many-colored wide view of life as a citizen of America and a far-sighted traveler of lands and waters, of histories and of religions, that he has been so richly appreciated by his enormous and constant audiences of readers. He had besides a certain essentially masculine faculty, in which no author has equaled him in many hundreds of years—a faculty profoundly satisfactory to the human race, to everyone who has been wronged, to everyone who has done wrong. He could curse well.

Perhaps a person of another sex, and destitute of any

talent in this respect may be able to exercise a more impartial discrimination among cursers than is possible for a masculine listener; and may be more readily struck by this ability in authors. In my own view, and within my own range of reading, Mark Twain is the best curser since Isaiah. To curse in a fine, forthright style and spirit seems to require at once more intensive and more extensive moral information—more knowledge of the states of Heaven and of Hell and of excellence and splendor and miserableness and meanness in mortal character than has ever been acknowledged. Mark Twain will long gratify his country as a magnificent, an immortal execrator.

He could curse the ways of the United States excellently, and he could praise them excellently because he was ceaselessly interested in the success and failure of the fortunes of American democracy. He saw that tremendous undertaking I think as no other creature has seen it for us. He saw it at close range and in exact detail in his river-pilot days and as a journalist; he saw it geographically and historically against other ages and peoples and without class-consciousness; and he looked at the vast fallacies, and dangerous poverties of its prevailing religious belief, with a strangely independent, with a brave and humane vision.

> Praise is well. Compliment is well [he once said in recognition of the honor shown him by a great over-seas audience], but affection—that is the last and final and most precious reward that any man can win, whether by character or achievement, and I am very grateful to have that reward.

In the face of all our pettiness, it is, I think, something in our favor that our country was capable of instinctively giving that reward in overwhelming measure throughout his long life-time to a sincerely denunciatory and damaging critic of extraordinary genius. Down the ages somewhere I believe it will be set down to our eternal credit that one of our most popular recreations has always been the satisfaction of embarking with our magical and profane pilot and going down the river—going down the river with Mark Twain.

EDITH WYATT.

DRAMA AND MUSIC

ANOTHER AMERICAN OPERA

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

The Metropolitan Opera Company, pursuing its excellent and indispensable policy of giving every season an opera by an American composer, has added to its répertoire a new work of unimpeachably local origin. Desirous, naturally, of obtaining a score which would represent contemporary American music-making at its best, the Metropolitan chose an opera by Mr. Reginald De Koven: *The Canterbury Pilgrims*, text by Mr. Percy MacKaye.

Mr. De Koven displayed intelligence and taste in selecting Mr. MacKaye's play as his subject. Except for Mr. W. J. Henderson's *Cyrano* libretto (an almost perfect text for operatic use), *The Canterbury Pilgrims* is the best American libretto that the Metropolitan has thus far discovered. Mr. Brian Hooker's *Mona* was poetically worthy but of criminal dulness as drama; the text of *Madeleine* which served Mr. Victor Herbert was paltry, and that of Mr. Converse's *Pipe of Desire* was absurd.

Mr. MacKaye's text (an adaptation of his earlier play of like title with Chaucer as hero) is not by any means ideal as a libretto for an operatic comedy. It is too long; it lacks clarity; it is often tedious. One does not always understand what is happening on the stage, even after a dutiful preliminary session with the printed text. Being sung in English, it was, naturally, almost unintelligible. One hearing the opera without previous intercourse with the book must have assumed that Miss Edith Mason, for example, was singing English words; but not one of them was intelligible to us. Herr Sembach, as the poet-hero, managed to project, through a dense Teutonic fog of

diction, sounds somewhat resembling the native tongue of our land; but this was too persistently *Deutschland über Chaucer* to be agreeable to the ear or congruous to the mind. It is a pity that the Metropolitan could not improvise an American tenor for this very American (or, at least, Anglo-Saxon) occasion. There must be some of them extant. However, it is not our present purpose to discuss the ancient topic of Opera in English, save to observe that it was once more demonstrated that, under the conditions now obtaining at the Metropolitan, it makes not the slightest difference to an auditor what language is sung upon the stage, assuming that his naïve expectation is to hear the words. If Herr Sembach *must* sing tenor parts for us, no matter what language they are written in, he can be infinitely better understood, even by a matinée audience drawn largely from the suburban jungles, when he sings a text of Wagner's than when he sings a text of Percy MacKaye's.

However, we have read the text of *The Canterbury Pilgrims,* and so we know that much of it is admirably suited to music. Mr. MacKaye has been quoted as saying that "the librettist's job is that of a dramatist rather than that of a poet"; that "words exist in opera merely because the singers must, of course, have something to sing." That is true only in part—it depends upon the individual librettist, and upon the kind of composer the librettist has happened to snare. In the *Pelléas et Mélisande* of Debussy, for example, the words are immeasurably important—the drama inheres far more in the speech of Mélisande and Golaud and Arkel and Pelléas than in the encounters and convergences of the action; and Debussy, in setting Maeterlinck's text, has contrived to let every syllable count.

In *The Canterbury Pilgrims,* Mr. Mackaye has not exemplified his convictions. The virtue of his play resides in the words, which have charm and character, rather than in the action, which is confused and turgid and, at its best, ill-adapted to the expressional capacities of Mr. De Koven. Tried by his own test, Mr. MacKaye's libretto would fail to pass. An opera, he has said, "must tell its story to the eye"; the audience "by looking at it" should be "swept away on the emotional undercurrent, interpreted by the music." As an effort in æsthetic generalization that is hardly creditable to Mr. MacKaye's intellectuals. *Tristan und Isolde,* dramatically considered, would not mean much

to Mr. MacKaye if he confined himself merely to "looking at it": indeed, it is precisely because the last act of *Tristan* does *not* "tell its story to the eye" that those unfortunates who are deaf to its incomparable music complain so bitterly of its longueurs.

The obvious truth is, of course, that it makes no difference whether a play intended for music is the long and cumulative projection of a mood (as *Salome* is), or the intricate unfolding of a spiritual tragedy (as the *Ring* is), or the exposition of an action (as *Die Meistersinger* is), so long as it is intelligible and engrossing. The trouble with *The Canterbury Pilgrims* is that it is intelligible and engrossing only in spots. Despite himself, Mr. MacKaye cannot help interesting us less in the intrigue of his plot than in those moments when he merely "writes words"—as in the speech of Chaucer at the beginning of the Second Act, in which the poet describes the ride from London to Bob-up-and-down; as in the love-making of Chaucer and the Prioress. The latter instance is shamelessly a case of mere "words": for Chaucer and his lady in this scene are not kissing or swooning in each other's arms or plotting a passionately headlong elopement: they are merely talking about the fluting of young frogs, the piping of the yellow-hammer from his coppice, the lying-down of the hills like sheep, and St. Ruth and her dropped sickle. Here Mr. MacKaye is flagrantly static and "lyrical," a spinner of engaging talk; yet he is nowhere more memorable. Here his libretto is at its best. Yet, throughout, it has touches of captivating buoyancy, a mood of comedy that it is not excessive to call Chaucerian, a drifting and fugitive breath of that immemorially romantic England which has haunted the imaginations of all poets who have loved her—

> Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day,
> And laughter, learnt of friends. . . .

—these things make a special place in the affections for *The Canterbury Pilgrims.*

It is unfortunate that Mr. Reginald De Koven encountered *The Canterbury Pilgrims,* and was encouraged to set it to music. We have a vision of the kind of opera this might have been: an opera with music written by a composer of poetic and delicate imagination; a composer who could be lyrical without being sentimental; who could

write merrily without being trivial, robustly without being common. The score of such a composer, written for such a text as *The Canterbury Pilgrims,* would have had something of the spiritual and emotional quality of *Die Meistersinger* and of the best moments in *Der Rosenkavalier.* It would have been a thing of gay loveliness and permanent delight.

Mr. De Koven's admirers have been at pains to tell us that he carefully refrained from writing in this score like Wagner or Strauss or Debussy or Stravinsky. Only a fool would have wanted him to do so. Heaven save us from feeble American transpositions of European masters! All that one would have asked of Mr. De Koven was that he perform the impossible task of writing as he never could and never can write: that is to say, like a musician of creative imagination and distinguished style, rather than like a facile *routinier* of operetta. It would be dishonest to evade frankness of characterization: Mr. De Koven, with doubtless the best intentions in the world, has performed an act of degradation upon a subject and a text worthy of the happiest inspirations of a composer of gifts. For a libretto of rich possibilities, he has written music that is for the most part common, trivial, stale, and dull; that at its best is merely pretty, and at its worst is on a level with the vapid and machine-made platitudes of the popular song.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

DIXON SCOTT[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

It is hard to believe that Dixon Scott is dead. "The late Mr. Dixon Scott" . . . you confront the phrase, as it occurs at the beginning of the Editorial Note to his posthumous volume of essays, with an obstinate refusal. The experience is common enough, of course, in reading *post mortem* any writing that is highly charged with personal vividness. But it is a peculiarly sharp conviction of the grotesque incredibility of death that you get from reading Dixon Scott. The delighted response to experience, the unquenchable gusto, the amazing *élan,* that hum through his pages: these things persistently oppose your reluctant abandonment of them to the war's mounting record of extinctions. It would be difficult to sentimentalize over Scott—no true sentitimentalist, indeed, could read him with enough satisfaction to induce an elegiacal mood. Yet we think that what Scott wrote of his dead friend, Stanley Houghton, is even more aptly true of himself; and that "all the bright scenes" in his book, "so skillfully set, inevitably seem to us to-day to be merely a succession of ante-chambers leading excitingly to some ultimate hall whose shape and size we have to guess from their gradually changing construction."

Aesthetic excitement—that is his distinguishing note: the excitement that he somewhere in these essays speaks of as "the joy of detection: detection not merely of some secret of style, some technical trick or caprice, but an actual hounding-down of some live human being"—that is the mood in which he sets out upon all his critical undertakings: a mood of in-

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[1] *Men of Letters,* by Dixon Scott, New York: George H. Doran Co., 1917.

finitely zestful delight in the ascertainment of aesthetic character: a spirit winsomely, youthfully, incorrigibly jocund, gayly confident, gayly contentious, amorous of beauty and distinction: and now, for those of us who are somwhat less young and immeasurably less certain, inexhaustible in pathos. For we believe that when Dixon Scott died at Gallipoli in the Autumn of 1915, in his thirty-fourth year, English letters yielded as fresh and delectable a gift of interpretation as it possessed.

Scott, so Mr. Max Beerbohm tells us in his introduction, was virtually unknown in London when he died, though he had contributed a good deal of signed criticism to *The Bookman* and *The Manchester Guardian.* His career was drab enough. Born in 1881, he was educated at Breeze Hill, Walton, and was for some years a clerk in a Liverpool bank. Most of his writing, which included a weekly article about books for the *Liverpool Courier,* was done at the home of his parents in Marston Trussell, near Market Harborough. Early in 1914, urged by his friends, he began—somewhat reluctantly, it appears—to gather into book-form a selection from his articles. Then, suddenly, "Armageddon was on"; and to him, as to Rupert Brooke, it seemed that he should be there. The contemplated book was unfinished when he sailed for Gallipoli in October as a lieutenant in the Royal Field Artillery. Three weeks later he died of dysentery aboard a hospital-ship.

His book, now published here and in England, preserves a score of critical estimates, traversing Shaw, Kipling, Barrie, James, Wells, Bennett, Granville Barker, Stanley Houghton, Max Beerbohm, Chesterton, Masefield, Mrs. Meynell, Rupert Brooke, Lionel Johnson, Meredith (as letter-writer), Browning, William Morris. Some of these discussions are inconsequential; yet the least substantial contrive to say something memorable—in the four casual pages on Rupert Brooke, for example, he manages, wonderfully enough, to say a new word on patriotism. The best of the studies are astonishing exhibitions of virtuosity.

Mr. Beerbohm, in a rather naïve passage of his introductory comment, observes with unnecessary solemnity that "a critic ought to be able to use his brain as well as his heart," and he loses himself in speculation as to whether "the power to feel strongly" or "the power to think strongly" plays the larger part in the making of fine criti-

cism. Perhaps, besides the ability to think and to feel strongly, one should also be able to communicate. The point seems elementary enough, in all conscience, though Mr. Beerbohm left it unconsidered. It was Dixon Scott's excelling gift that he could both brilliantly detect and unforgetably convey. Many have discerned and valued the quality of exact adjustment, the perfection of balance, that signalizes Kipling's prose; but who had thought to say this of it?—"The rhythms run with a snap from stop to stop; every sentence is as straight as a string; each has its self-contained tune. Prise one of them out of its place and you feel it would fall with a clink, leaving a slot that would never close up as the holes do in woolier work. Replace it, and it locks back like type in a form . . . There are no glides or grace-notes, or blown sprays of sound. Most prose that loves rhythm yields its music like a mist, an emanation that forms a bloom on the page, softly blurring the partitions of the periods. Kipling's prose shrinks stiffly from this trustfulness."—No one else has accomplished just that kind of a diagnosis.

Mr. Beerbohm has spoken indulgently of Scott's young infatuation for paradox. Yet it was one of his graver limitations. His hatred of well-worn approaches, of traditional disposals, had driven him into what amounts to a formula of insurgency. His rebellions became stereotyped, his refusals became automatic and mechanical. You learn to know that after "The Innocence of Bernard Shaw" you will get "The Meekness of Mr. Rudyard Kipling"; you are a little wearisomely prepared for "The Artlessness of Mr. H. G. Wells," for the "fireside simplicity and homeliness" of Browning. This rigid heterodoxy was in danger of affecting the justness of his vision. He had not thought patiently or steadily enough about men and things to realize that in order to demonstrate the "simplicity" and "humbleness" and "eagerness" of Henry James, it is not necessary to strip him of exquisiteness and subtlety and fastidiousness. No one who has read Dixon Scott with care would accuse him (as he seems to apprehend) of "the mere self-conscious capers of cheap cleverness." He was far too deeply in love with his profession to incur such a charge from any competent observer. His danger lay not at all in his "caperings"—which are charming and venial enough—nor in an excess of

what he no doubt regarded as subtlety of vision: it lay in his sacrificial attitude toward a formula. He was over-simple rather than over-subtle.

Yet often his passionate determination to see his subject freshly has been richly rewarded. Writing of Wells, he can speak with penetration of "the kind of sentimentality that so often comes in when the intelligence, like a *nouveau riche,* assumes jaunty control of things older and deeper than itself." And this that follows, though it is not the whole truth, nor the essential truth, about Wells, is uncannily revealing: "His decisive gift is a vivid faculty for bold improvisation, for striking out swift generalizations and potent impromptus, and backing them up, as they spring, giving them life and validity, with images of an animal accuracy, phrases of a pouncing precision, and sudden epithets that leap like arrows to their mark. Watch him roughing out a new house, a new State, a new Time: it is like seeing a master draughtsman working with swift colored chalks—dashing in towers with a touch, swirling out vistas, dropping details in their wake like gems. . . ."

Mr. Bernard Shaw, irritated no doubt by the cocksure and blithely patronizing tone of that dazzling bravura piece in which Scott so gayly dissects him, has lately remarked, with some petulance, that upon reading this essay his impulse was to tell the author that he was not "a critic of life," but "a mere fancier." That is a bit clumsy of Mr. Shaw. It was not "a mere fancier" who set down the last pages of the essay on Henry James; who wrote the broodingly affectionate study of "Claudius Clear"; who paid tribute to Meredith's Letters; who contrived the centenary article on Browning. Here is something better than a "young literary voluptuary." Here is a genuine student of life: an observer both shrewd and sweet, gallant, full of charm and vigor; an interpreter of brilliant insight, of poetic imagination, of extraordinary craft. One is not easily reconciled to his sacrifice.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

AMERICAN WORLD POLICIES. By WALTER E. WEYL. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1917.

The question, What causes war? seems to be like one of those naïve and difficult questions which children ask—the question, for example, Why do people die? Hitherto this question has had about as much chance of being answered satisfactorily as the question asked by a child usually has. For the most part it has been fumbled aside with some superficial explanation. But now people all over the world —including, no doubt, some who "never labored in their minds till now"—are asking this question with a greater intensity than ever before.

There are, it would seem, three ways of approaching the question. You may start from the position that war is essentially an irrational thing, a "great illusion" that waits only for a great *éclaircissement* to destroy it; or you may adopt the view that war is a rational thing, because under the economic conditions to which mankind is subject it is unavoidable; or you may try to find a middle course between these extremes, recognizing fully the proximate economic necessity of war and yet believing that human intelligence may find a way around this necessity.

This last is the way adopted by Mr. Weyl in his book, *American World Policies,* which is chiefly a discourse upon how war may be prevented and how America may help to prevent it. Mr. Weyl analyzes keenly and his explanation of causes is better worth reading than most of what has been written on this subject; but he leans rather to the side of economic fatalism and his conclusions are not of the most hopeful sort.

When the economic ambitions of two nations clash, thinks Mr. Weyl, it is idle to declaim against war's immorality; we must seek instead to discover whether economic readjustments cannot circumscribe or even prevent wars. And economic ambitions necessarily do clash. The case of an industrial nation carrying on a peaceful commerce with an agricultural nation to the equal benefit of both is not a typical but a special case. As European nations become more and

more industrialized, as their birth rates rise and their death rates fall, the need of foreign markets becomes imperative. Though the stake of various classes of the population in the policies of the nation may not be by any means equal, though the nation rather imperfectly represents the economic interests of all, though a war may cost ten times what victory is worth to the present generation, yet nations will fight rather than face the prospect of an economic *débâcle*.

What Mr. Weyl writes under this head may well be taken as a sort of antidote for the views of Mr. Norman Angell, though Mr. Weyl does not mention this writer by name, nor specifically recognize his opinions. When one compares the opposite doctrines of *American World Policies* and *The Great Illusion* one cannot help thinking that Mr. Angell has considerably overstated the extent to which economic interests traverse national boundaries, and one cannot help querying whether Mr. Weyl's exposition would not have been more satisfactory if he had laid more stress upon the fact that nationality is, after all, a historic and psychological rather than an economic phenomenon. The question whether nationality under the influence of public opinion may not become more enlightened, less selfish, is separable, perhaps, from the question whether the people of any nation have common economic interests which may logically lead them to make war. Though the struggle for subsistence may be inevitable, it does seem illogical that this struggle should be carried on upon somewhat arbitrary and accidental national lines. The necessary economic expansion of nations—the demand for markets and for an agricultural base broad enough to support a large population of industrial workers—has been thought of as a factor making for war and as an influence tending toward peace, and probably it may be one or the other according to circumstances. It is not easy to say why civilized nations trading *with one another* under a system of universal free trade should not be able to adjust, without resort to force, most economic questions arising among them. War under such circumstances would seem to be nothing but robbery motivated by exceptional greed or extreme want.

It is also easy to see that the nations are very far from ready to give up economic warfare. But when the industrial system of Western Europe impinges upon backward countries, economic exepansion merges into modern Imperialism and Imperialism leads inevitably to war.

Mr. Weyl's analysis of Imperialism is perhaps the most illuminating part of his book. In a comparatively brief space the author gives unusually clear views of all sides of the subject. He is able to make men of commercial mind see the defects of Imperialism and at the same time be succeeds in explaining to a person of pacifist inclinations that Imperialism is not simply an affair of short-sighted greed. He shows how deeply the thing may grow into national consciousness, and how even the workingman may, without being a fool, and in

spite of his being a socialist, see his interest in the support of an Imperialistic policy.

Very shrewd, too, is Mr. Weyl's analysis of the attitude of America toward international problems—an analysis which in large part justifies the viewpoint of the whole book by showing to what an extent the soul of America has, so to speak, grown out of the soil. Our pacifism, it would seem, and our belief that European problems might be easily solved if the nations of Europe would but follow the American example, is largely the product of our economic conditions. The conditions are changing, and this country can no longer consider itself safe from the Imperialistic peril. Our Imperialistic venture of 1898 was premature but it forced us to realize the facts of our position in the world. Today the nation is faced with the necessity of choosing between Imperialism and Internationalism.

The choice of Internationalism requires first of all the attainment of a balanced economic system at home. We must increase our agricultural product; we must develop " our less directly competitive industries "; we must " slacken an increase in our population which would otherwise force us into foreign adventures. In addition it appears to Mr. Weyl that in order to keep Imperialism quiet it is necessary for the nation to tax wealth much more heavily than at present and to make vastly larger collective expenditures. An extensive scheme of social legislation is adumbrated.

Corresponding to this domestic policy there must be foreign policy, of which the most vital principle is " equal opportunity for all nations, and no special advantages for ourselves or others." No attempt should be made to control South America politically or to exploit it industrially. The Monroe Doctrine is not to be interpreted Imperialistically. As for the Open Door in China we are to maintain that policy with caution. We must recognize frankly that the fate of China will be decided by the European Powers in conjunction with Japan. We must co-operate instead of interfering, and about such matters as the Six-Power Loan we must not be too squeamish.

What is the plan of international adjustment to which America should lend her influence? This is the final important question which Mr. Weyl discusses. His exposition of the plans and policies already advocated and his criticisms of them make the final chapters of his book compactly instructive. His own suggestions are frankly tentative; on the whole he seems to favor the assumption by the United States of the obligation to safeguard the neutrality of Constantinople, and to expect a change of heart on the part of England as to the command of the seas. Some kind of joint development of colonies, too, he appears to think ultimately feasible. The really effective forces working for Internationalism, however, would seem to be, in Mr. Weyl's opinion, the tendency to state socialism within the individual nations and the tendency to the formation of huge business concerns overrunning national boundaries. The question whether

the remedies are not worse than the disease is, of course, debatable.

After finishing Mr. Weyl's exceedingly clear and interesting analysis of world politics, one may feel that the most important conclusion reached is that no ultimately satisfactory adjustment between industrial nations can be reached upon purely economic principles. After all, the vital question seems to be (in the author's own words): "Will the nations in this generation or in five generations agree to make sacrifices to permit their rivals to live?"

ITALY, FRANCE, AND BRITAIN AT WAR. By H. G. WELLS. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1917.

The view that the World-War, whatever its proximate economic causes, is essentially an irrational thing, a nightmare troubling the sleep of man's higher nature, the deed of somnambulists who must sooner or later awake—this view is not indeed the exclusive property of Mr. H. G. Wells, but it is one which he has conceived with exceptional clearness. Hope without faith commonly leads not to clearness but to confusion, but Mr. Wells has a faith. Exercising somewhat of the privilege implied in "the will to believe," he has reached a firm and simple conviction regarding the destiny of man. It is in the light of this belief that he interprets the numerous indications of that change which seems to be coming over the spirit of the world's dream. He may be right or wrong; but he is certainly not narrow, and his discussion of human problems is uncommonly free from fumbling or evasiveness. Other things being equal, that man has most insight whose ideal is not simply democracy or the greatest good to the greatest number, but God.

This faith of Mr. Wells's throws a glamour of idealism and of hope over all his analyses of the war phenomena and gives immense suggestiveness to impressions that might easily be construed in quite a commonplace way. Thus, the chapter on "The Passing of the Effigy" embodies something more than the notion, common in America, that monarchical power with all its medieval romance and its medieval trappings is an anachronism: it powerfully conveys the idea that modern life is more deeply and more sincerely democratic than it is itself aware. From General Joffre to the soldier in the trenches whose chief thought is, "Well, it's got to be done," the men whom Mr. Wells saw in his tour of the French and Italian battle-fronts represented, without quite knowing it, the "antithesis of the Effigy."

But there are in Mr. Wells's book plenty of impressions of a less general nature.

Employing those powers of brilliant and logical description which lend so curious a fascination to his scientific romances, the author gives us such pictures of the mountain warfare waged by the Italians

and of the actual conditions of trench fighting in France, as we have had from no other source. The destruction of human life is awful, but nothing else brings home to one the extent of the desolation wrought in the Western fighting zone as does Mr. Wells's account of what has been done to the *land*. "Not only are homes and villages destroyed almost beyond recognition, but the very fields are destroyed. They are wildernesses of shell craters; the old worked soil is buried, and great slabs of crude earth have been flung up over it. No ordinary plough will travel over this frozen sea, let alone that everywhere chunks of timber, horrible tangles of rusting wire, jagged fragments of big shells, and a greater number of unexploded shells . . . are everywhere entangled in the mess. Often this chaos is stained yellow by high explosives, and across it run the twisting trenches and communication trenches eight, ten, or twelve feet deep. These will become water pits and mud pits into which beasts will fall."

It is not Mr. Wells's habit, however, to content himself with the rendering of impressions, nor does he do so in the present instance. His discussion of the methods of warfare now practised in Europe is unusually informing; indeed, the business of making the essential facts picturesquely clear and of giving to the whole subject a kind of philosophic coherence, requires just Mr. Wells's peculiar talent. The author's account of the methodical French manner of air-scouting, his suggestions as to the substitution of aeroplanes for cavalry, his prophecies as to the future use of "tanks" all have a practical and timely interest.

An even more characteristic phase of Mr. Wells's lucidity is seen in his analysis of the grades of modern warfare—the stages, that is, that are defined by the relative strength of offense and defense. But perhaps the most striking lesson that Mr. Wells has drawn from his investigations is the thought that professional militarism is on the decline—nay, is "already as dead as Julius Caesar." What is coming, he thinks, is "not so much the conversion of men into soldiers as the socialization of the economic organization of the country with a view to both national and international necessities."

Interwoven with the discussion of this and similar questions are thoughts about the frame of mind of the people in Italy and France, supplemented by revealing bits of conversation with men of many types. The whole book, indeed, is conversational in tone; and its attractiveness, like that of many of Mr. Wells's books, is due in part to this—or rather, it is due to the sanity that comes of human intercourse combined with the insight that is developed by solitary thinking.

As to the adjustment of international relations that is to come after the war, Mr. Wells favors the complete control of the mechanical means of warfare by the few great industrial nations capable of producing modern war equipment. The League of Peace idea he

regards as hopeful, but he believes that its principles should be extended so as to give to an international tribunal the power to "consider and set aside all tariffs and localized privileges that seem grossly unfair or seriously irritating." Anything short of this, he thinks, would be merely "laying down the sword to take up the cudgel." There should be "a world shipping control, as impartial as the Postal Union."

Mr. Wells begins his discussion of the question, What do people think of the war? with the characteristic query, "Do they really think at all?" But his discussion of the progress of public opinion and of the revival of interest in religion, though searchingly critical, is finally optimistic. The conclusions he reaches upon these basal problems of his theme are not absolute solutions but they are real thoughts—thoughts that he has seen "crystallizing out" of men's minds. The whole discourse ,therefore, is not merely speculative, but vital.

LOST ENDEAVOR. By JOHN MASEFIELD. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1917.

One's first impression of Mr. Masefield's striking romance, *Lost Endeavor,* is likely to be a little disappointing. The story is of the Stevensonian type, and in its opening chapters it shows a degree of careful and conscious artistry that approaches the conventional. The idea of Mr. Masefield as an entirely conventional romancer—as a dealer in mere plausibilities, as a humble follower of Defoe, and as a delighted imitator of eighteenth century narrative style—is, however, amusing rather than distressing. One reads on, not exactly fascinated but hopeful.

One is rewarded. The first part of the narrative, "Charles Harding's Story"—for Mr. Masefield has adopted the Stevensonian device of telling his tale from several different points of view—this first instalment makes, to be sure, a rather faint impression. Charles Harding, a boy in an English private school, is kidnapped, together with one of his teachers, known as "Little Theo," and shipped to Virginia—the time is about 1690—to be sold as a slave. Charles is separated from his friend, but afterwards, escaping from the planter who has bought him, he is captured in the forest by a band of smugglers of whom the leader turns out to be no other than "Little Theo."

So far the story is just an excellent tale of adventure, rather of the juvenile sort, though salted, Stevenson-fashion, with shrewdness in character-drawing and with a dryly amusing realism in the delineation of piratical human nature. The reader's real reward comes later in "Little Theo's Story" and in the resumption of Charles Harding's narrative.

Little Theo has had wonderful experiences. He has been sold to a planter in a remote part of Jamaica and being left alone on the sudden death of his master, he has wandered down to the sea. Here he has managed to rescue a sailing vessel helplessly drifting ashore and he has become the leader of its crew. Later he has come upon the track of a mystery. With skilful use of well-tested methods of romantic story-telling and with far more than the ordinary romancer's power, Mr. Masefield traces the fascinating steps by which Little Theo learned of the existence of a treasure island and became incidentally an adept in Indian mysteries.

Not only is this part of the story ingeniously packed with action —with action that never seems forced or unplausible—but it achieves an effect of real power. To have endued, as Mr. Masefield has done, the threadbare romance of Aztec ruins and Indian magic with true romantic bigness and persuasiveness is a considerable triumph of the imagination. The chief quality of the thing—apart from its poetic realism as a sea story—is its extraordinary blending of the dreamlike with the actual. This effect is increased by the subtle and pervasive suggestion that Little Theo, despite his carefully rational manner, is, in fact, a little mad—mad as Hamlet is mad, though well able to tell a hawk from a handsaw.

In the third and concluding part of the story there is no real falling off—there is simply a gradual, carefully managed growth in the element of actuality. The story becomes a somewhat realistic tale of sea adventure, of hair-breadth escapes, of shipwreck, and mutiny, of strange drifting, and of treasure hunting fated to end in futility.

If this tale fails wholly to satisfy, its failure will not be due to any lack of power or artistry on Mr. Masefield's part, but to the reader's feeling that a fictional power that is perhaps capable of producing results like those which Joseph Conrad achieves has been spent upon a rather flimsy theme.

THREE WELSH PLAYS. By JEANNETTE MARKS. Boston: Little, Brown & Company, 1917.

Only a very blind critic could fail to see the excellent human quality of the plays contained in this volume, and only a very cold one could withhold admiration. Charm these plays have in abundance. It is a simple charm compounded of genuine feeling, childlike thinking, and quaint unaffected expression. The localism of the plays is novel and taking; the dialect is used with discretion, and is manifestly the speech of the heart.

Each play is based upon a single, simple situation, embodying an

obvious sentiment and easily capable of dramatic development. In *The Merry, Merry, Cuckoo,* a woman affectionate and deeply religious has to decide the old question whether it is ever right to tell a lie. Her husband, who is dying, longs, with all a sick man's pathetic magnification of little things, to hear the song of the cuckoo, which he has welcomed every springtime of his married life as a symbol of joy and hope. But it is too early for the cuckoo, and David is failing fast. His wife, Annie, steals out into the garden and imitates, with a skill sufficient for expectant ears, the merry song of the bird. This, of course, is a sin in the eyes of her somewhat narrowly religious neighbors. The rest is rather easy to anticipate. The conscientious young minister—for of course he is conscientious and young—remonstrates with Annie, only to learn that he is too young and in truth too conscientious to decide poignant questions of the heart by rules of logic. It is all very simply and naturally done.

The Deacon's Hat is perhaps the most original of the playlets. The principal characters are, a brisk, sensible Welsh woman who keeps a village grocery store; her dreamy, simple-minded husband, who lets customers go their ways while he hypnotizes himself over a book called "The Flaming Sins of Babylon"; and a sly old deacon, who filches provisions from the store while he talks theology. The shrewd Neil catches the deacon with six eggs in his coattail pocket and a pound of butter in his hat, and she detains him before the fire while the butter melts. But the deacon escapes by virtue of his grand powers as an exhorter. While he pictures in vague Miltonic phrases the horrors of hell, throwing out thrilling hints concerning its location and its near approach, Neil and her husband sit spellbound. So do Mrs. Jones, the Wash, Mrs. Jenkins, the Midwife, and Tom Morris, the Sheep, who have come to buy. It is a wonderful treat for them all; and so the old hypocrite escapes. Than the deacon's discourse few things better of its kind have been written.

In *Welsh Honeymoon,* a man and his wife, after several years of quarrelsome married life are guilty of wishing each other dead. Each sees the other's spirit—a sure sign that the sinful wish will be fulfilled in a twelvemonth. As the dreadful hour approaches, both are panic-struck, and their making-up is both comic and touching. Here, as in the other plays, the simple revelation of character which forms the conclusion is effectively made.

One would willingly stop at this point; and yet it seems almost necessary to say something of the claim of the plays to be regarded as literature. The mere fact that these little pictures of life are written in the play form, their classic unity and simplicity of theme, and finally the fact that they are put forward as representing something that is called Welsh drama, seem to invite a broadly critical view.

There can be no question that the atmosphere of the plays is genuinely and racily Welsh. But whether the racial quality in them is really more significant than a mere quaint localism, is quite another

question. Quite modestly, the author suggests that it is. "The Welsh way of interpreting experience is essentially dramatic," she writes. "*The Dream of Maxen Wledig, The Dream of Rhonabury,* both from the *Mabinogion,* are sharply dramatic, although these and later Welsh literature remained practically devoid of the play form." This, to be sure, is not very convincing—though one is, of course, quite ready to admit the truth of the author's affirmation that the Welsh are certainly not "devoid of the dramatic instinct." *The Dream of Maxen Wledig* has perfectly the structure of a folk-story; it has the human interest, the naturalness and aptness of speech that a folk-story acquires through much retelling; like other legends it passes over supposedly historic events—the taking of cities and towns and the conquest of empires—with entire naïveté; like the other tales of the *Mabinogion,* it is full of description—especially descriptions of clothes and accoutrements, in which there is a rather barbaric emphasis upon color. To say that the tale is in these or other respects dramatic is to raise the question whether the word, when used in this sense, has any definite meaning.

That these plays contribute anything more than a new kind of localism to current literature, one can hardly admit. For the rest, though unity and simplicity are good, they do not, of course, altogether make up for slightness of theme. The plays in this volume are in truth rather slender performances—though they are delightful to read and perhaps dramatic enough to hold an audience.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

GERMAN SWEETNESS AND LIGHT

SIR,—In the February issue of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, Mr. Charles Johnston brands the ill-mannered and expansionist bullying of the German *welt-macht*. In his opinion, it was the Kaiser's ante-bellum policy to oust France from Morocco, and to emulate in China the Hunnish exploits of Attila. In a similar strain, Mr. Poultney Bigelow, American author and traveler in the Far East, quite recently stated that "after thirty years of Prussianizing, the colonial natives of Kiau Chau detest the name of their conquerors." Since many Americans who are ignorant of the real facts regarding German colonialism in China may have been led to believe in its alleged frightfulness, will you permit me to epitomize those facts?

The Lord-Lieutenant of Kiau Chau resided in Tsing Tau, where the German Government spent at least two and a half million dollars a year in order to improve and beautify that matchless "pearl of the Orient." Such lavish generosity without adequate returns seemed utter folly to the Berlin jingoes, and the boisterous Reventlow party urged the Reichstag more than once to abandon altruism and soppy sentiment for a less cultural and more utilitarian policy, in a word, to pursue British colonial methods.

Not even "la belle France" or fastidious Germany can boast of a model city like Tsing Tau. And the yellow race, far from detesting Teutonic efficiency, gratefully recognizes and zealously endeavors to emulate the unexampled success of the Kaiser's colonial system.

German science has converted the barren rocks and treeless heights of Kiau Chau into fragrant flower gardens and delightful parks. The sanitary arrangements in the populous town are simply ideal. Fine long streets have been laid out rectangularly by the thorough-going Germans, the macadamized sidewalks being bright with electric lights, and the handsome houses being furnished with shower bath and telephone. Electric cars run through the main thoroughfares, splendid automobile tracks traverse both suburb and the more remote neighborhood, and the superb race course of Tsing Tau is deservedly popular. At the height of the gay season, during Sports Week, the smart set of Farther Asia congregates at the fashionable China resort even as European society crowds to "dear dirty Dublin" in Horse Show Week. And just as American wealth enriches the salubrious Riviera, and the Russian aristocracy is partial to picturesque Baden-Baden, so the viceroy millionaires of the former Celestial Empire and the highest mandarins of the new Republic have pur-

chased magnificent villas in lovely Tsing Tau, that unsurpassed German creation.

There are elegant shops and stores such as the globe-trotter will look for in vain even in wealthy Tokio and that Eastern melting-pot, polyglot Singapore. Tsing Tau has up-to-date restaurants and commodious hotels fitted up with every imaginable comfort and luxury. The "Prussian" régime has established richly stocked museums and exquisite picture galleries where competent scholars used to give instructive lectures on the various arts and sciences before appreciative audiences both native and Occidental. Modern dramas and classical plays were well staged and enacted in spacious theatres. Lighter attractions in the form of vaudeville shows and moving pictures were amply provided for the pleasure-seeking crowds. Musical entertainments were certainly first-class. The far-famed "Tsing Tau Orchestra" which periodically delighted the music-lovers of Peking, Tientsin and Shanghai, and which now tours the United States, gave regular municipal concerts at Tsing Tau as you could not hear them better in Dresden or at our Carnegie Hall.

The fine University of German Tsing Tau, where colonial life and culture dovetailed perfectly, has long outstripped the inferior rival institutions of British Hongkong. The Chinese language is the dignified vehicle of academic instruction in such vital topics as political and economic science, sociology and ethics, history and literature. The affiliated colleges could not be built fast enough to receive the ever increasing numbers of Chinese students who flocked to Tsing Tau to receive a thorough "German education."

But Mr. Charles Johnston seems to think that the "Huns" exploited China where the very name of Germany is loathed, if we may believe the flimsy author of the worthless *Prussian Memories*, Mr. Poultney Bigelow. To an impartial historian such as Professor William Shepherd of Columbia University, it appears to be England's rather than Germany's imperial mission to subdue the earth, and make every race contribute to the vainglory of Empire. In her heart of hearts Germany is democratic, averse to conquest and *welt-macht* or universal power. I hope Mr. Johnston will pardon my contradicting him. As the old *furor Teutonicus* terrorized degenerate Rome, so the new Berserker rage begins to unnerve decadent Britain. Mr. Bigelow is haunted by sinister visions of a Teutonic descent on these liberty-loving shores. That "purported American," as Representative Britten of Illinois designates Mr. Bigelow, has recently returned from Toronto, where he was pleased to tell the members of the Canadian Club that if Great Britain "lost hold" upon this country, German gunboats would sail up the Hudson, and the United States would come "crawling and whining" to Canada for protection. Is Mr. Bigelow an honest citizen standing by the Declaration of Independence? He behaves as if he were in the pay of the British Government, and secretly collaborated with Sir Gilbert Parker.

ERNEST P. HORRWITZ.
(Formerly Oriental Lecturer at Dublin University, Trinity College.)
NEW YORK CITY.

[In the light of recent revelations concerning Germany's benevolent intentions toward the United States, we feel that any answer from Mr.

Johnston, Mr. Bigelow, or ourselves to the above communication would be superfluous. Herr Horrowitz's elaborate surprise at Mr. Bigelow's distrust of Germany would be amusing, if this were the time to be amused at any further revelations of the malignant stupidities of the German mind.—EDITOR.]

FORGOTTEN, MISREAD, OR MISUNDERSTOOD

SIR,—To my letter on the "Problems of a Peace League" published in your March number, you attach the following comment:

> Whatever objection may reasonably be urged against the projected World League for Peace, the objection that it is "the dream of an idealist," is not, as our correspondent seems to think, a crushing one. Every great liberalizing movement that has in the past lifted humanity a little higher above the brutes, has had its origin in "the dream of an idealist." Lincoln dreamed an idealist's dream. Those who insisted that the abolition of slavery was a fantastic impossibility were "practical men." And what nation today is, *par excellence*, the nation of "efficiency," of practical men? We leave the inevitable answer, with its implications, to be brooded upon by our valued correspondent.

I thought I had been duly considerate of an opposite opinion in the use of the phrase which you quote. The full sentence is as follows:

"The establishment of a World Court seems to me like the dream of an idealist; but, being open to a contrary conviction, I have written this with the purpose of bringing out the views of others, not as to its desirability, but its possibility."

Is there anything dogmatic in that? or anything to justify the remark that I thought it was "crushing" to the World Court proposition? It was intended to be quite the contrary; an appeal for light from an open mind; an admission of possible error, and a call for discussion.

But since you have confined the editorial comment to that phrase, without combating my propositions or argument, perhaps you will allow me to say a word in reply.

As to your statement that "every great movement that has in the past lifted humanity a little higher above the brutes has had its origin in the dream of an idealist," I cannot comment, because I do not know what movements you have in mind, except one—the anti-slavery movement, which you give as an illustration.

Of that you name Lincoln as the moving factor, and class him as an idealist. If that be true, I must have forgotten, misread, or misunderstood history. My recollection is that so far from being an idealist, he sought by every practical plan to pacify the South without resorting to force. In the beginning of his career, he was not for the abolition, but against the extension, of slavery. In the celebrated "house-divided-against-itself" speech, his argument was that slavery, if restricted, would ultimately kill itself; and, in his first inaugural address, he disclaimed any intention of freeing the slaves. It was primarily to save the Union (not the slave) that he finally resorted to force, of which emancipation was a part, and justified as a war measure.

Of course everything within the scope of physical law can be accomplished by force.

Force may compel justice or injustice, and any form of religion, or superstition; create slavery, and confiscate property.

A World's Court can be established by force. The six great Powers of Europe, added to Japan and the United States of America, could compel the lesser Powers to submit to the decrees of an International Court. But that would be after a conflict of an indefinite length, and calamitous results upon life and property.

My proposition is, that such a court cannot be established by consent, because no basis of representation has yet been suggested that would be acceptable to the present leading nations.

My letter on the subject was for the purpose of developing discussion; not to decry ideals, nor to scorn the dreams of noble men for the public good.

That the possibility of a World's Court, peacefully established, is a mere dream, is not controverted by your statement that other persons have so characterized other propositions that later became effectual; any more than it would be an argument in behalf of my proposition to point to other schemes for general good that have failed because impractical; not even if I should take your example of the "nation of efficiency," (meaning, I presume, the Prussian Empire) which, by your own predictions, I imagine, will fail in its dream of world dominance, although such dominance would, in its own opinion, be for the world's good.

Every proposition must stand on its own bottom.

C. W. DUSTIN.

DAYTON, OHIO.

[To argue with anyone who can begin a sentence about Lincoln with the phrase, "So far from being an idealist," and who appears to believe that the author of the Emancipation Proclamation did not desire the abolition of slavery, would seem to be a waste of time and paper. Yet perhaps it may serve a useful purpose to caution our correspondent against mistaking Lincoln's sagacious commonsense and patient moderation for a compromising attitude toward abolition. John G. Nicolay, who was perhaps not disqualified from speaking with authority of Lincoln's purposes and ideals, remarks that "History must accord him . . . an admirable singleness of aim, a skilful and courageous seizure of the golden moment to free the nation from the incubus of slavery."

As for our comments on Mr. Dustin's objection to a Peace League, we never said he was "dogmatic"; we merely meant to imply that he was unduly distrustful.—EDITOR.]

GUESS-WORK

SIR,—In the "Drama and Music" review of last month, Mr. Lawrence Gilman says: "Perhaps there have been only four men in the history of music who could have handled that great subject [*Paolo and Francesca*] with adequate power. Wagner, it is superfluous to say, might have given us a *Paolo and Francesca* that would have been a thing of deathless wonder —what, indeed could not that marvel of marvels have done, if he chose?

Richard Strauss could show us a *Paolo and Francesca* that the world would not soon forget; so could Claude Debussy; so could Charles Martin Loeffler."

Why the inclusion of Charles Martin Loeffler in such august company; has he written any operas? The writing of a few excellent pieces for the orchestra is not an earnest of ability to write a successful opera in which other qualities come into play. Musical history shows that the opera writers have written little else throughout their careers. Further, the few songs by Mr. Loeffler that the writer has had the opportunity to look over have nothing whatever to justify the extravagance of naming him in the foregoing article in such a connection. They exhibited a mere straining after novelty and avoidance of the obvious.

There seem to be in New York, Boston, and Chicago, coteries of American musicians and writers who are throwing bouquets at each other and indulging in somewhat extravagant phraseology. In the case of Charles Martin Loeffler, the publishers, Schirmer, were evidently willing to invest some money in his orchestral works in the hope that he would climb to great heights, but the boom has not resulted, consequently Mr. Loeffler is known to only a small clientèle, like a great many other American musicians and composers.

Why pass by American composers who have written operas that have been performed—Horatio Parker, Albert Mildenberg, Victor Herbert, Converse, and others? Whether these have been a success or not, that is another story.

It would seem to the writer that of all the opera writers of the period represented by the names mentioned by Mr. Gilman, the great Verdi would have been the man to make a success of *Paolo and Francesca,* and after him Puccini or even Massenet. But it is all guesswork, after all; and, as one man said, "one cannot argue with a prophet; one can only disagree with him."

ALEXANDER S. THOMPSON.

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[Passing by those portions of our correspondent's communication which are merely impertinent, we are glad to reply to what appear to be his chief objections to the article which he does us the honor to discuss.

1. "Why the inclusion of Charles Martin Loeffler in such august company?"

Because we think he belongs there by virtue of his aesthetic character and achievements—with which our correspondent seems to be imperfectly familiar.

2. "Has he written any operas?"

He has.

3. "Why pass by American composers who have written operas that have been performed—Horatio Parker, Albert Mildenberg, Victor Herbert, Converse, and others?"

Because we were discussing men of genius, not mediocrities.

4. "It would seem that the great Verdi would have been the man to make a success of *Paolo and Francesca,* and after him Puccini or even Massenet."

It would not seem so to us. The eloquent expression of erotic emotion

was not Verdi's forte. Concerning Puccini and Massenet, one is third-rate, the other fourth or fifth. As we said before, we were discussing men of genius.

Our correspondent concludes that it is "all guess-work, after all." It is. But there are various kinds of guessers.—L. G.]

DOES INTERNATIONAL LAW EXIST?

SIR,—Why not suggest to the rather sophomoric Mr. Steinhardt, the learned and scolding critic of your recent remarks touching International Law, that he go a bit deeper than the formal and trite expressions of certain writers and the memory of a list of names that most of us gladly relegate to the lecture room, and call to his attention the fact that law is more than a mere command of some external authority having power to impose its will and enforce its mandates; that it is of the very essence of that which is "subject" to it whether the law be of pure thought, of matter, or of life.

A law is discovered and formulated, not made and imposed. This is true as well of political and municipal laws as of mathematical and physical laws. As a natural or scientific law is the expression of an essential and innate quality of that to which it pertains and without which the phenomena "governed" thereby could not exist, so is municipal law the expression of the essential organic consciousness of those upon whom it is "imposed," and is, in fact, the formulation of certain resultants of qualities without which a society could not as such exist.

Read the laws of a people and you read the accomplishments, ideals, culture and life of that people. As a people changes and develops with time, so change and develop the laws of that people. Law is essentially the concrete expression of a society's organic sense of justice. Individual right and customs gave way to the recognition of larger social rights and customs, and community or "authoritative" law developed. As the municipal laws of the several political societies or states have changed and developed in response to the changing concepts of justice in the consciousness of those that constitute those states, so have the laws of the community of nations changed in response to the changes in the organic concepts of the states composing that community. As in the physical world any creation or change without conformity to its law is abortive, disastrous or impossible, and as in a political society or state an act without the law carries its penalty, so today, as a resultant of the development of the world-society, an act of a nation without the law of such society must bear the penalty of the world's judgment: this not because of an external and imposed power, but because existence not in conformity with the laws of being is impossible.

International law does exist. The fact that there was a time—and recently—when it lacked vitality, no more destroys its reality than the fact that there was a time when society was so little organized and developed that municipal law did not exist. It is our duty to prevent international anarchy as it is our duty to prevent domestic anarchy. This may be a new truth, but it is a recognition of an existing law. The "power" to "enforce" its laws that is inherent in a state is the concrete expression of society's will that life accord with law, a recognition of law as a condition precedent to its life; the power to enforce international law is evident

in the expression of the world's organic will that nations live in accordance with the principles that make international life possible. Yes, there is international law, and we but obey the law of self-preservation when we as nations fight to conserve the laws upon which life between nations must be predicated.

ARTHUR COBB.

HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.

GERALD MORGAN AND THE FRENCH-CANADIANS

SIR,—In your January number there appears an article by Gerald Morgan on "The French-Canadian Problem" (from an American standpoint). It is most unfortunate that such an article should have appeared in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, a publication which is credited with at least the desire to be just, honest and truthful. Mr. Morgan displays therein an untasteful disregard for historical truth and a prejudiced interpretation of recorded events. Mr. Morgan's admission, in the first two and one-half lines of his "essay," that the American people, in general, were not aware of the existence of a French-Canadian problem in Canada before the war, is not a satisfactory excuse for his inconsiderate attack on the Catholic clergy and the French-Canadian people. He has not had the time—or did not take it—to put himself in touch with the situation in the Province of Quebec and his article is apt to convey a very wrong impression if the statements it contains are left uncorrected. I suggest that you invite a reply from some authorized representative of French-Canadian thought, such as Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Ottawa, or P. E. Lamerche, Montreal.

F. H. CHAUVIN.

REGINA, SASK.

DOWN WITH BERTRAND RUSSELL!

SIR,—The enclosure [a newspaper report of a Pacifist meeting] recalls to my mind Mr. Bertrand Russell's article in the February issue of your magazine. Mr. Russell would abolish the capital and wage system, and Dr. Nearing would have none of it. It would be interesting to read or learn just what system these protectors(?) and defenders(?) of the poor would advise to replace the one which has made life so cruel to them. Mr. Russell might consent to another article entitled, "Ways and Means to Fill the World with Beauty and Joy, and Secure the Reign of Universal Peace." The patient readers would readily grant the hypothesis: "The Capital and Wage System Having Been Abolished," as the basis for the proposed article.

Hoping that you will continue in your able editing to exercise increasing discrimination in selecting only the very best of the material submitted for our reading, I am,

HAROLD H. TORBET.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

WAITING FOR MR. BRYAN'S ARMY

SIR,—I am a patriotic American, born and raised in the beautiful and cultured city of Milwaukee.

If the United States gets into the war I am perfectly willing, and in fact anxious, to be as patriotic as the next fellow. In the event of hostilities, however, there will be a number of unpatriotic Americans who will say: "Let George do it!" The astonishing part of it will be that there will be mighty few *Germans* in this class.

There are legions of Georges in this country. Not many of them will fail to answer their country's call and offer their lives at the altar of patriotism. Few will stop to consider what the dowry will be. But why should they be patriotic when slackers like myself are merely waiting for Bryan's army of a million men to spring to arms?

ARCHIBALD PRATT.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FIRST WAR NUMBER

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

—

Edited by
GEORGE HARVEY

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MAY

"KEEP JEALOUS GUARD, MY COUNTRY, FAITH'S NOT ALL.
PILATE TAUGHT JESUS MEN COULD CRUCIFY,
AS FRANCE, NEW BORN, HAS SHOWN HOW MEN SHOULD DIE.
HE BEST SERVES GOD WHO HEEDS HIS COUNTRY'S CALL.
SO STAND THOU FORTH ARRAYED, LEST FOES INCREASE
GOD'S ARMED ARCHANGEL AT THE GATES OF PEACE."

—Robert J. Collier.

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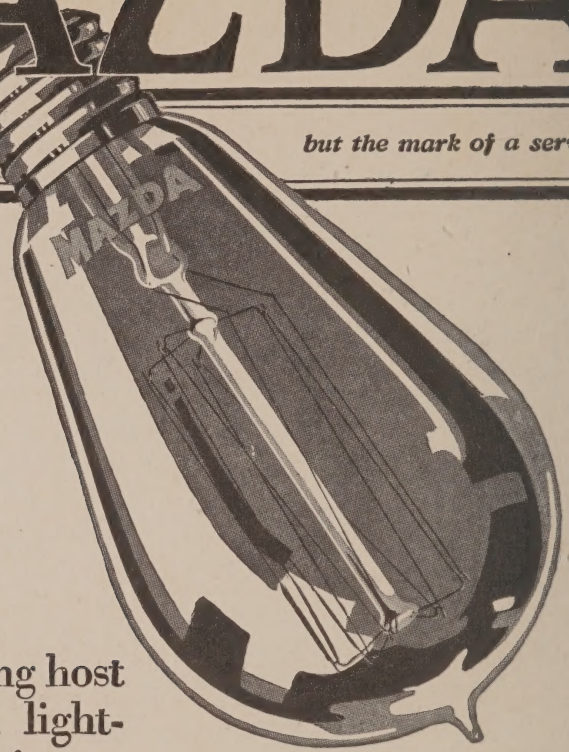

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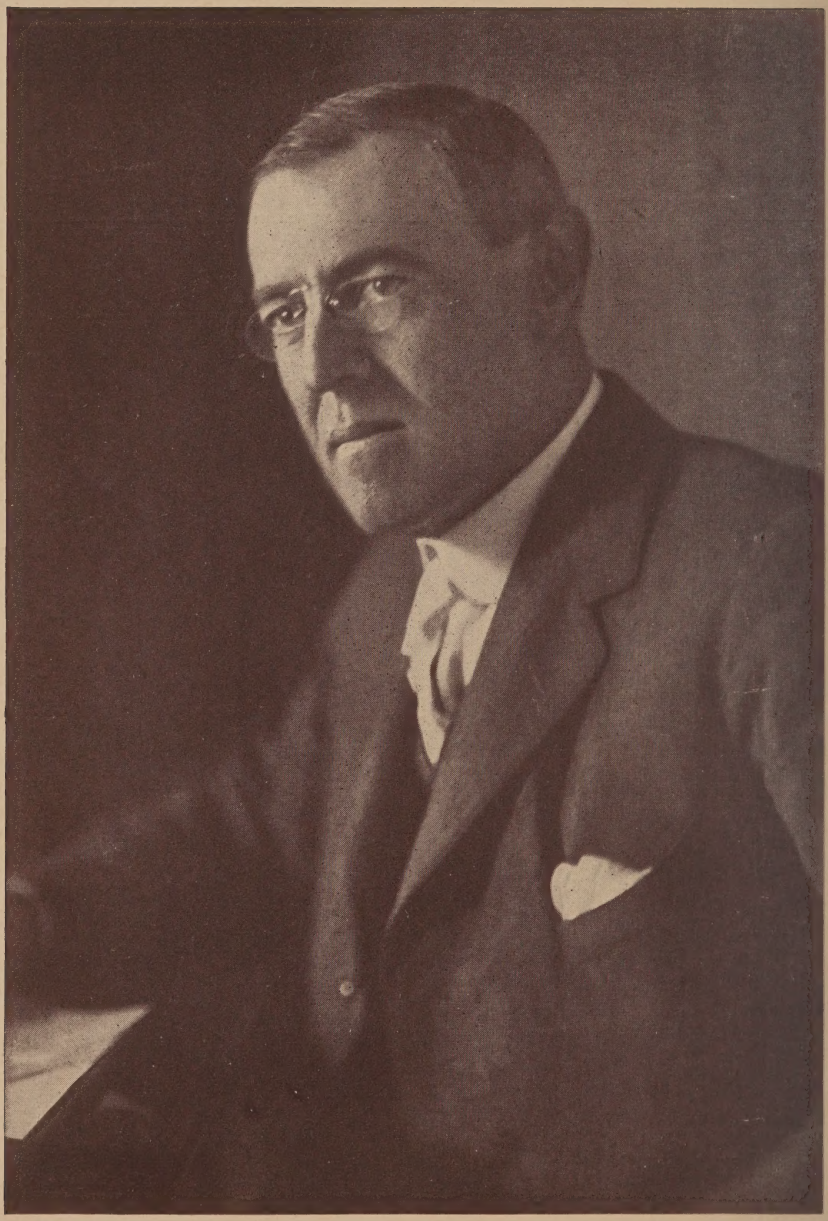

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PRESIDENT WILSON

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

MAY, 1917

THE CALL TO ARMS

BY THE EDITOR

When the Editor of The North American Review was requested to present his conception of the Ideal President he took pen in hand and wrote the following:

It is by presence of mind in untried emergencies that the native metal of a man is tested; it is by the sagacity to see, and the fearless honesty to admit, whatever of truth there may be in an adverse opinion, in order more convincingly to expose the fallacy that lurks behind it, that a reasoner at length gains for his mere statement of a fact the force of argument; it is by a wise forecast which allows hostile combinations to go so far as by the inevitable reaction to become elements of his own power, that a politician proves his genius for state-craft; and especially it is by so gently guiding public sentiment that he seems to follow it, by so yielding doubtful points that he can be firm without seeming obstinate in essential ones, and thus gain the advantages of compromise without the weakness of concession; by so instinctively comprehending the temper and prejudices of a people as to make them gradually conscious of the superior wisdom of his freedom from temper and prejudice,—it is by qualities such as these that a magistrate shows himself worthy to be chief in a commonwealth of freemen.

It is fitting to remark forthwith that the Editor—whose name, by the way, was James Russell Lowell—did not have our present Chief Magistrate in the eye of his mind; it is indeed more than fitting; it is necessary, we are proud and

happy to say, in the light of the great Declaration of Woodrow Wilson, which will live in history as no less striking in substance and in form than that of Thomas Jefferson and quite as far-reaching in consequences to humankind as the pronouncement to King John of the barons of England. That is much to say, but not too much. We ask our readers to reflect upon the constantly changing conditions and the swinging back and forth of the pendulum of public opinion during the past two and a half years; to recall the lack of personal interest and the sense of aloofness which pervaded America during the first few months of the war; to imagine the disastrous consequences which surely would have attended for a time our sudden entrance upon the scene of conflict in response to a gust of passion; to reckon the enormous gain derived from the exercise of unprecedented patience and forbearance; to calculate the inestimable practical advantages which have accrued from the great enhancement of our material resources and from the opportunity to profit from the mistakes of both the enemy and our Allies; to note the "gentle guiding" of public sentiment into the channel of righteousness for the sake of righteousness and the gradual building up in the common consciousness of a conviction that there was no escape from performance of a duty essential to the salvation of the life, liberty and happiness of all mankind; to watch the realization at the psychological moment of that "unity of America" so earnestly besought in the Inaugural Address; and then to study the results of the President's course, strange though at times it has seemed, with heed to Mr. Lowell's penetrative conception of "a magistrate worthy to be chief in a commonwealth of freemen," and accord both honor and praise to the man who was not only chosen and re-chosen by the people but, to our mind, was clearly predestined by God to meet intelligently, masterfully and Heaven grant in the end successfully the greatest emergency in the history of the world.

Not side by side but as a natural and logical sequence of the Declaration of Independence and the Emancipation Proclamation stands the great Message of that which we heralded last month as Patriotism and now proclaim as Democracy. And it is with a peculiar and double satisfaction, for our own part, that of all the innumerable acclamations from lovers of liberty the world over we find the most

true and the most appealing in these few words of generosity and sincerity from Charles Evans Hughes:

"There has been no finer statement of our principles, of our ideals, of the motives that influence us, since the days of Lincoln than that stated in the matchless state paper of President Wilson."

It is not necessary at this time, so immediately following the delivery, to portray the power and skill with which the President, in the words of Mr. Lowell, "gained for his mere statement of fact the force of argument," but as we enter upon and proceed with the mighty task confronting us we shall do well to keep constantly before our minds these words of justification and inspiration:

The present German submarine warfare against commerce is a warfare against mankind.

It is a warfare against all nations. American ships have been sunk, American lives taken, in ways which it has stirred us very deeply to learn of, but the ships and people of other neutral and friendly nations have been sunk and overwhelmed in the waters in the same way. There has been no discrimination.

The challenge is to all mankind. Each nation must decide for itself how it will meet it. The choice we make for ourselves must be made with a moderation of counsel and a temperateness of judgment befitting our character and our motives as a nation.

There is one choice we cannot make, we are incapable of making: we will not choose the path of submission and suffer the most sacred rights of our nation and our people to be ignored or violated. The wrongs against which we now array ourselves are no common wrongs; they cut at the very roots of human life.

Our motive will not be revenge or the victorious assertion of the physical might of the nation, but only the vindication of right, of human right.

Our object is to vindicate the principles of peace and justice in the life of the world as against selfish and autocratic power and to set up amongst the really free and self-governed peoples of the world such a concert of purpose and of action as will henceforth ensure the observance of those principles.

We are at the beginning of an age in which it will be insisted that the same standards of conduct and of responsibility for wrong done shall be observed among nations and their governments that are observed among the individual citizens of civilized states.

We have no quarrel with the German people.

A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic government could be trusted to keep faith within it or observe its covenants. It

must be a league of honor, a partnership of opinion. Intrigue would eat its vitals away; the plottings of inner circles who could plan what they would and render account to no one would be a corruption seated at its very heart. *Only free peoples can hold their purpose and their honor steady to a common end and prefer the interests of mankind to any narrow interest of their own.*

Does not every American feel that assurance has been added to our hope for the future peace of the world by the wonderful and heartening things that have been happening within the last few weeks in Russia? Russia was known by those who knew it best to have been always in fact democratic at heart, in all the vital habits of her thought, in all the intimate relationships of her people that spoke their natural instinct, their habitual attitude towards life. The autocracy that crowned the summit of her political structure, long as it had stood and terrible as was the reality of its power, was not in fact Russian in origin, character, or purpose; and now it has been shaken off and the great, generous Russian people have been added in all their naïve majesty and might to the forces that are fighting for freedom in the world, for justice, and for peace. *Here is a fit partner for a League of Honor.*

We are accepting this challenge of hostile purpose because we know that in such a government, following such methods, we can never have a friend; and that in the presence of its organized power, always lying in wait to accomplish we know not what purpose, there can be no assured security for the democratic governments of the world. We are now about to accept gage of battle with this natural foe to liberty and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions and its power. We are glad, now that we see the facts with no veil of false pretense about them, to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples, *the German peoples included:* for the rights of nations great and small and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience. *The world must be made safe for democracy.* Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty.

We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them.

It is a fearful thing to lead this great peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts,—*for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments,*

for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.

" There is no partisanship when it is a question of your country," continued Mr. Hughes, in his finely patriotic speech emphasizing the unity of America. " There is only a question of leadership. That leadership has been most nobly declared, and it is our desire in every way in which we can, practicably to follow; and assure this result, which we hope will guarantee the peace of the world by making the world in the fine phrase of the President, ' safe for democracy.' " And the response of the Congress to the President, if not the utmost that could have been desired, was creditable and satisfying. After only four days of due deliberation, without limiting debate and without a symptom of partisanship, by a total vote of 455 to 56, as compared with 98 to 62 in 1812, the representatives of the people upheld their leader. " The hour has struck, we are at war," rang out the call; and back the answer came in the famous naval phrase, " Make it so! " while to the waiting ears of peoples throughout the world echoed the words of Milton:

" Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam."

So began the ending of the Great War.

And the beginning is good. When the President declared in substance that our undertaking called for the immediate mustering of all our resources, physical, inventive and creative no less than financial and manufacturing, he evinced the comprehension of true sagacity.

The war may—in fact, we are convinced, will—end within a year. Despite the fact that Germany has a larger number of men in the field than at any previous time, her armies are either yielding or making no headway along all their lines,

innumerable indications of despair appear in the ready surrender of both officers and soldiers; her allies are weakened to the verge of exhaustion and, notwithstanding their display of truly amazing fidelity, her people must now surely realize the impossibility of success—and they are starving. Clearly all hopes now rest upon the submarine, which is not fulfilling expectations, and upon a possible counter revolution in Russia.

These are reeds so slender that the ultimate outcome can no longer be considered doubtful. For this very reason it doubly behooves this nation not only to put forth all its energies but also to make plain, through ostentatious preparations for a long and hardly fought contest, its stern determination to win at whatever time at whatever cost. In no other way can America hope so soon to realize her ambition to shorten the war with full heed to the doctrine of the Pilgrim fathers that no question can be settled until it is settled right.

Having now demonstrated with sufficient conclusiveness that this is not one of the times when we are too proud to fight, it remains only to prove, as we are beginning to prove, our full understanding that lasting peace can be achieved through victory alone. His demand for colossal appropriations, universal service and preparations for years instead of months of warfare upon the largest scale, makes evident the President's own true comprehension and manifests a capacity for masterful leadership which cannot fail to inspire the whole people with confidence and enthusiasm.

We shall make blunders, of course; we have made two or three already; but upon the whole it is a fine start. Indeed, as we write, more seems likely to be sacrificed in the immediate future to the feverish activities of well-meaning amateurs than to technical errors. Nothing, for example, to our mind, could be more imprudent or really absurd than to send Colonel Roosevelt to France at the head of some thousands of men who, he admits, are not merely untrained but are actually disqualified by age or physical defects for regular conscription service. The soldiers comprising the Allied armies in France today are pronounced by experts the best the world has ever seen. How to their eyes could appear such an aggregation as Our Colonel proposes except as a sort of Yankee circus, making no doubt for the gaiety of

nations but also, alas, for humiliating reflection upon the quality of our soldiers and the good sense of our Government?

If a division or even a few regiments of our splendid regulars, the equals of any fighting men living, can be sent to France under our skillful professional officers, glory be! Nothing could be better. But if we must make a laughing stock of our own country and our own army, let us do a thorough job and ship Major General Roosevelt at the head of a division comprising Private William Jennings Bryan, bearing aloft the flag, and semi-Private William Sulzer, carrying the water pail! And if, by chance, to round out the expeditionary force and complete the show, it should seem advisable to dispatch Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard in a submarine made in Germany and Mr. Amos Reno Pinchot in a fidgety aeroplane, we should contemplate the vacuum thus created with little of the abhorrence traditionally ascribed to nature.

Not that we hold in slight esteem or would restrict in any degree the noteworthy activities of these or any other distinguished fellow-countrymen in this our time of mingled need and opportunity. Far from it! We stand squarely with the President in his earnest hope, otherwise expressed, that those who have been accustomed to grunt will now begin to lift. But "selective" service means that which, in the opinion of the Government, not of himself, one is best fitted to perform. Wherefore we respectfully suggest that Colonel Roosevelt be urged to hasten the mobilization of his Western cowboys and Eastern sports and lead them at once to the South for two years or more of patient patrol work on the Mexican border, that Private Bryan be commissioned to prove his patriotism in the dripping sweat of his capacious brow by hoeing potatoes and that Messrs Villard and Pinchot be assigned to the task of sowing the seeds of patriotism in the fields of pacifism.

The remainder of us hundred millions, meanwhile, will do well to keep cool and do our bit in conformity with such opportunities as may appear. We would not belittle the magnitude of the task which we have undertaken; we would regard it seriously and give painstaking consideration to possibilities of personal endeavor in aid and comfort especially of our Allies who have been laying down their lives in our behalf as much as in their own; above all, we would

uphold the hands of those upon whom the heavy responsibilities of guidance have devolved, through no fault, and in some instances from little merit, of their own; but simultaneously we would try to retain our perspective, give heed to possible future consequences of hasty and ill-judged acts and emulate as slightly as may be the excitedly erratic conduct of beheaded fowls.

As we remarked at the outset, the beginning is good—and that suffices for the present. That many troubles lie in the womb of the future is certain, but they need not be anticipated; they need only be met and mastered with the calmness and resolution which befits the intelligence and dignity of a sane and sober people.

To your tents, O Israel!

"FOR DEMOCRACY AND FREEDOM"

To America the war is new, but the issues are old; fundamentally and essentially the same that we have fought over again and again for nearly a century and a half. Much as the world has varied in form, the spirit remains unchanged. The American Revolution, the last great civil war of the British Empire, was fought for political independence. Perhaps that principle does not seem, at first thought, to be directly challenged in the present war. As a matter of fact, it is very much at stake, directly in the case of some countries, indirectly in the case of all, including our own. The war began with an attempt at the subversion and destruction of the political independence of Serbia and Belgium. If of theirs, why not of that of others? The attack upon them was a potential menace to all.

We may group together the issues of our undeclared war with France and our second war with Great Britain, since they were substantially identical. Those wars were fought for commercial independence and for the freedom of the high seas. That independence and that freedom had been denied to us by Orders in Council and by Berlin and Milan Decrees, the mandates of alien Powers. Each belligerent forbade us to trade with the other belligerent, and seized and destroyed our vessels when we undertook to do so. The resemblance, we might almost say the identity, of the circumstances of those times and of the present is startling in its completeness.

The Civil War differed from its predecessors in being a domestic conflict, with issues entirely and distinctly other than theirs. Yet its issues are none the less repeated and involved in this foreign war which has been thrust upon us. We might without being fantastic say that the integrity of this Union has been challenged, as truly as it was in 1861, since Germany, while we were still at peace with her and while intimate and confident diplomatic relations still prevailed between us, plotted and planned for the invasion and dismemberment of our territory; so that for her to win in this war would mean dissolution of the Union as much as Confederate victory would have meant dismemberment half a century and more ago. We might also say with truth that human freedom is challenged, seeing that Germany has re-established human slavery in its most revolting forms. But above all rises the issue which was all-comprehensive and supreme in our Civil War, "Government of the people, for the people, by the people."

There was still another war of ours, with issues similar to those of the present; in which we engaged with motives and for purposes which might well have been repeated at this time, had not there been others more obvious, more immediate and more direct, though not more imperative or more exalted. We entered upon our war with Spain not so much for any of the reasons which were operative in the former wars as for the sake of humanity. We reckoned ourselves our brother's keeper. In the act of Congress which was tantamount to a declaration of war, though the word war was not contained in it, we said that the abhorrent conditions which had existed for more than three years in the Island of Cuba had shocked the moral sense of the people of the United States and had been a disgrace to Christian civilization, and could not longer be endured. It was to put an end to those conditions, for humanity's sake, that we went to war. Those very words, *mutatis mutandis*, might just as truly and just as appropriately be applied to the present state of affairs in Europe. The worst horrors of Weyler's régime in Cuba—yes, and also those of Balmaceda's "black brigade" before him, in the Ten Years' War—have been surpassed in sheer bestial infamy by the doings of the Huns, by Imperial order, in Belgium and Northern France. Nothing could be more true, and nothing could be in the highest and noblest sense more fitting, than for us to

declare, in paraphrase of the declaration of nineteen years ago, that the abhorrent conditions which have existed for nearly three years in Belgium and Northern France have shocked the moral sense of the people of the United States and have been a disgrace to Christian civilization, and can no longer be endured.

That declaration has not been necessary. The war which we might properly have begun ourselves, voluntarily, has been thrust upon us by the overt acts which Germany has committed against us. It is thus nominally a war of defense, accepted by us in defense of ourselves against alien aggression. But the intrinsic character of it, and the character of the issues involved in it, make it much more than that. The duty of those engaged in the war is not determined by merely the technical circumstances of its origin. How it shall be waged and to what end must be determined by the major issues which are at stake in it. And these are "for all we have and are."

In the last analysis, this war is a continuation of the three centuries old strife between the despotic spirit of the Old World and the free spirit of the New. Three hundred years ago the founders of this Republic came hither to escape the Old World system of the divine right of kings, and to found a new state on the new principle of the natural rights of man. But they found that migration was not enough. They had changed their geography but not their government. They were still subject to Old World influences, pawns in the game of kings, made victims here of every war that was waged in Europe.

Therefore they took another step for what they imagined would be complete divorcement from the European system. They established through revolution their political independence; utterly severing all bonds of European government. This they thought would surely prove sufficient. But it did not. There was danger that a great and ambitious European Power would establish itself in a vast colonial empire in the Mississippi Valley, and that thus we should again be involved in European wars fought on American soil. If the French in Louisiana and the British in Canada were at war, the United States would be between the upper and the nether millstones. To avert that peril we took Louisiana from France, by friendly purchase; though it was an open secret that the alternative would have been forcible

conquest, so determined were we to prevent such re-establishment of European militarism in America. Thus we made the United States territorially dominant on this continent beyond any possible rivalry, and fondly imagined that the work begun by the first colonists was at last complete.

But it was not. There quickly came a reminder of that fact. Our rights on the high seas were disregarded, and in wars between European Powers our commerce and our citizens were sacrificed. So the tedious strife was taken up again, in another costly war; at the end of which we thought that surely now the work was finished. The Monroe Doctrine was promulgated as a formal declaration that at last we were entirely separated from the European system and exempt from European influences and safe from further annoyance. For a hundred years such seemed to be the case. But now we are subjected again to the same old menace. European Powers are fighting each other, and we, through our commerce on the high seas, are made pawns in the game.

We shall do well to take a lesson from the record. A hundred years ago we were harassed by outlaw depredations along the Florida border. Florida belonged to Spain and was the asylum of all manner of desperadoes, who made frequent raids upon our territory. For a time we were content with defensive warfare. We drove them back to the frontier, and they crossed it into the security of Spanish territory, only to turn and raid us again the moment our troops were withdrawn. That process might have proved interminable, had our forbearance continued. But it did not. A resolute and intrepid American commander conceived aggression to be the best defense, and he followed the outlaws not merely to the border but across it and beyond it, and tracked them to their lair in the heart of Spanish territory.

There is our example. For three hundred years America has been striving to live its own life, apart from European intrigues and oppression. It has contented itself with being on the defensive, and with repelling European aggressions. But that policy has not sufficed. It has been effective with most of the European Powers, but with one it has been unavailing. A large portion of the rest of Europe has been leavened with the New World spirit, but one Power and its satellites still cherish the Old World spirit of despotism. It is now incumbent upon us to repeat our Florida policy, and to pursue our enemy into Europe itself and crush it.

We revolted against the tyranny of George III, and because we rid ourselves of it here, England at home rose against it too, and through our revolution herself leaped into a new and liberal life, with privilege and prerogative destroyed and the rights of the people established. Had it not been for our revolution, who can say that there would ever have been a Reform Act or Catholic Emancipation? Because America once more faces and fights what is left of the old foes of human rights, and fights them this time to a finish on their own ground, we may hope to see the Central Empires emerge from the darkness of autocracy into the light of democracy. We fought one great war to make sure that government of the people, by the people, for the people should not perish from the earth. It will be worth while to fight another, and a greater, to cause government of the people, by the people, for the people, to prevail throughout the world.

THE IRISH IMPEDIMENT

Perhaps no foreigner will ever quite understand how greatly the Russian revolution simplified the President's task and enabled him to base the cause of the Allies and America's adhesion to it on the broadest grounds of democracy. The Allies, and particularly our French and British friends, have insisted from the beginning that they were championing popular government against panoplied despotism. So they were and are. And they have wondered why America, which is the greatest experiment in popular government that the world has ever seen, did not at once and unhesitatingly accept and endorse their claim. It has been clear to them that a German victory would spell the overthrow of democracy in Europe and that democracy could not be overthrown in Europe and still survive elsewhere. Some Americans long ago perceived that truism. The great majority did not. What impeded their vision, what to their minds subjected the Allies' contentions to a considerable discount, was Russia and the form and character of the Russian Government. How, it was asked, could France and Great Britain pretend to be upholding popular rights when they were allied with one of the least progressive bureaucracies in the world?

Russia and democracy—the terms seemed mutually contradictory. There were, it is true, some Americans who knew

that this war was destined to leave on no country a greater mark than on Russia and that on an Allied victory rested the best hopes of a radical change in the temper and institutions of the Russian system. Therefore they were not disquieted by the apparent anomaly of an alliance between the self-governing peoples of Great Britain and France and the Russian autocracy. They were confident all the time that the democratic genius of the Russian masses would ultimately find expression in their government and that in backing the Allies they were working for the liberation of Russia. But the Americans who felt this and understood it were few in number. To the great bulk of our people Russia was a stumbling-block. It checked and diverted their natural and instinctive sympathy for the Allied cause. We shall never know how much of the pro-Germanism in this country was really anti-Russianism. But certainly no small amount of it. It was not until the overthrow of the Czardom that vast numbers of Americans became really convinced of the genuineness of the Allied claim to be fighting the universal battle of democracy. It was not until then that their hopes and good-will were able to flow out to the Allies unreservedly.

But is there no other obstacle to the unhampered movement of American pro-Ally sympathies? There is. Our British friends will not take it amiss if we tell them frankly what it is. It is the Irish question. Far beyond the circle of the professional Irish-American politician, there is a deep desire on the part of the American people to see the Irish question settled in the only way in which they believe it ever can be settled—namely, by the establishment of a Home Rule Parliament in Dublin. That desire, we quite agree, is mixed up with extraordinary ignorance of Irish realities. Very few Americans have grasped even the elementary fact that the opposition to Home Rule comes today not from the British people or the British Government but from Ireland herself. Still fewer have really envisaged the Ulster problem or realize how strong, how almost overwhelming, is the case for the separate treatment of the northern province.

Nor are there many Americans—there are, indeed, regrettably few—who are aware how zealously in the past forty years the British Government has sought to ameliorate Irish conditions and to remove old grievances and injustices or with what splendid generosity and true statesmanlike

instinct it has created an Irish peasant proprietary. The fables that British rule in Ireland is oppressive, that Ireland is unfairly taxed and is discriminated against to her own hurt and to England's benefit, still dominate American opinion. Yet those who really know Ireland know on what a purely fictitious basis these legends repose. If you cross-examine the average American at all closely you will find him an encyclopedia of ignorance on almost everything that is of serious moment in the Ireland of today. How to reconcile the claims of the Protestant and highly industrialized province of Ulster, which is perfectly content with its present position and only asks to be let alone and not be driven out of the Union or placed under the control of an Irish Parliament that will necessarily be governed by Catholic and agricultural votes—how to reconcile these claims with the demand of the Nationalists that Ireland shall not be partitioned and that an Irish Parliament shall exercise authority over the entire country—this is a problem which, we admit at once, the ordinary American does not pretend to be able to solve.

None the less his instincts on the main question are sound and unchangeable. He believes that Ireland should be as self-governing, and if self-governing would be as contented, as Canada, Australia or any other part of the British Empire. He regards British rule in Ireland as the one great blot on the British record. He cannot for a moment be got to believe that the solution of the Irish question is beyond the power of a determined statesmanship. The spectacle of an Ireland held down by force—and that is the spectacle that Ireland presents to the world today—is one that frankly distresses him. He cannot make it square with Great Britain's proud boast that she is fighting for the rights of small nations. A troubled, querulous, insurrectionary Ireland seems to him an odd commentary on the sincerity of all British protestations.

There is nothing we desire more heartily than that the co-operation between the British and American Governments should be shared in by the British and American peoples. The two countries are working together today. God grant that they may work together always. We want to see the present community of aims, purposes and methods between them outlast the war. We want to see it develop into a community of political action for purposes of peace as well

as war. We want, above all, to see it approved, applauded and delighted in without any qualification by the undivided sentiment of the American people. But we warn our British friends that this is not likely to happen so long as the Irish question remains unsettled. There could be no happier stroke of British policy than to get this old cause of estrangement, not only between England and Ireland but between England and America, out of the way at once. It damages the British cause. It damages the Allied cause. It is the one thing that tempers the fervent satisfaction with which all true Americans find themselves fighting side by side with Great Britain in defense of their common civilization.

BACK TO THE LAND

We must recognize realities. We are at war with Germany. That is the first fact.

We are unprepared for it. That is the second fact. Our unpreparedness consists not alone in lack of soldiers and ships and munitions of war, but also in scarcity of food supplies. There is at this moment a scarcity sufficient to cause, or at least to provide a pretext for, an oppressive increase of prices; and there is prospective danger of a much more serious scarcity, even approximating famine. That is the third fact which we are called upon to face. It would be useless now to wrangle over the causes of it. Perhaps there would be no scarcity of food if we had not exported so much. But lamenting that we did not put an embargo on foodstuffs would now do us no good. Nor can we now consider such a course. We cannot withhold food from our own Allies. There remains, therefore, nothing to be done but to set ourselves to work to overcome or to minimize the present scarcity, and to avert the prospective famine.

This can be done. It can be done more promptly and more easily than the raising and equipment of an army and the building of a fleet. To do it, we need to invoke two principles, of which we have already heard much, and to which the nation is pretty thoroughly committed. These are, Conservation and Mobilization. The one has been much exploited as a law of economic welfare in time of peace. The other is the universally recognized and approved formula at the beginning of a war. Their present conjunction and application will be most appropriate, for the supreme need

of the time is that the industries of peace shall be marshalled for our support in time of war.

Conservation of food supplies, then, is the first essential thing. There need be, we believe, no deprivation, but there certainly should be and must be no waste. Neither must there be any extortion, any trading upon the necessities of the people in time of stress, any hoarding or "cornering" for sordid gain. It has been hinted that the latter has already been done, and that the high prices of some articles of food are due to artificial manipulation. If that is true, it is a monstrous evil, which should be abated by strenuous and unsparing official action. If it is not true, and if such an evil does not exist, we must recognize the possibility that such will become the case, and we shall be amply justified in taking whatever Governmental steps may be necessary to prevent it, and at the same time to minimize extravagance and waste.

Food control by the Government may have a novel and an unwelcome sound. But we are confronting a novel and unwelcome emergency, and we must meet it with the measures which necessity demands or which prudence prescribes. Government control now would be far better than famine hereafter. And there is no exaggeration in saying that unless some effective means are employed to avert the catastrophe, we shall be measurably near the conditions that now prevail in European lands.

A man whose own business would be directly, conspicuously and probably quite unfavorably affected by such a system, and whose profits would probably be diminished, can surely not be suspected of any ulterior motives in advocating Government control of food supplies. At the same time, a man who is probably the largest dealer in food supplies must be regarded as an authority on the subject, whose opinions are deserving of careful thought. We therefore commend to careful consideration the recent declarations and recommendation of Mr. J. Ogden Armour, when he said:

> Because the time is short and the situation so dangerous, I favor Government supervision and control of the food production and food prices. They have been forced to come to that in Europe. Let us do it before we are compelled to do it. The prices of wheat, corn, live stock and other food products have got away from any control but that of the Government. Let the Government, for instance, fix

the wholesale prices of all meat products. That would probably result in an automatic regulation of all prices from the producer to the consumer. If it failed to do so, further Government action might be necessary. These are radical suggestions. But this is an emergency which nothing but radical remedies will meet. There are firms whose profits would be cut, but in the present situation the individual will have to suffer, so long as benefit to the mass of the people results.

Those were not the words of an alarmist, or of a self-seeker. Government control of his vast establishments would not be to his pecuniary or other advantage. His selfish interests lie in the other direction. But he spoke for something more than self: for the advantage and interests of the nation. He knew what he was talking about. He knew how great was the emergency, and how slight was the hope of meeting it successfully by any other means than those which he thus suggested.

Of the lawful and logical propriety of such action there can be no serious question. As a war measure, under martial law, it would of course be indisputable; and we are now at war. But we should not have to resort to martial law for its justification. We have long been establishing precedents for it in the time and in the affairs of peace. In our cities generally, the Government controls the supply of potable water, which is as universally needed and as essential as food. We have been arguing for Government control and conservation of industrial water supplies, water power, forests, and what not else. There are those, particularly those who now are most inclined to balk at Government control of food supplies, who have been favoring and strongly urging Government ownership and operation of all public utilities, including those businesses which, because of their magnitude, are capable of gravely affecting the necessities of life. In view of these things, there can be no logical and consistent objection to Governmental control, conservation and distribution of the chief food products.

Also, Mobilization—voluntary, if that shall be found adequate, but if not, then compulsory. It is not enough to conserve and control our present food resources, any more than it is enough to equip and utilize our present army and navy. Our military forces on land and sea must be immensely augmented. So must our agricultural forces and their productions be increased.

During the last two and a half years, our reserves of foodstuffs have been drawn upon until now they are almost exhausted. We have not been producing enough to meet the needs of ourselves and our Allies, but have had to use up our savings. Now we are left dependent upon our current products, and at the same time our needs and those of our Allies are increasing. In addition, our current products are temporarily diminished. A careful Government survey results in the report that the outlook for the crop of winter wheat and rye is less than two-thirds of the normal average.

Elsewhere, similar conditions prevail. The shortage of food is worldwide. Thus in France, usually one of the richest agricultural countries, there has been a steady decline of productiveness. In 1913, in the non-invaded districts, the crops of wheat, rye, oats and potatoes aggregated 894,483,000 bushels; in 1914, they were only 814,298,000 bushels; and in 1915 they declined to 645,796,000 bushels. Bad as this was, worse followed, and last year, though complete returns are not available, the total is estimated to have been little if any above 500,000,000. It is known that the wheat crop was less than 200,000,000 bushels, against 303,404,000 in 1913. This ominous decrease in productiveness has been due to both decrease of acreage and decrease of production by the acre. The reason for it all is found in the drafting of all able-bodied men into the army, and the consequent lack of labor for agriculture.

Similar conditions prevail in Great Britain. More than half—about 55 per cent.—of the persons employed before the war in farm work are now serving with the colors. Last year there was a decrease of twelve per cent. in the wheat acreage, compared with 1915, and there was a corresponding decrease in production of the principal crops. In Ireland last year there were produced only 2,350,000 tons of potatoes, against 3,710,000 tons in 1915.

It was recently officially estimated and reported by the French Government that the allied and neutral Powers will this year need to import not less than 570,000,000 bushels of wheat. Now it is officially estimated that the surplus of wheat in the non-European countries which can be drawn upon will this year be only 370,000,000 bushels. The allied and neutral countries of Europe are therefore confronted with a deficit of 200,000,000 bushels; and the deficit will be much larger than that if Argentina persists in the embargo

which she has lately declared, for Europe will then be deprived of her 62,000,000 bushels.

This is a state of affairs calculated to cause the gravest concern, not only to Europe but also to the United States. It should cause here, however, something more than concern: it should cause such a mobilization of agricultural forces and resources as we have never before seen or imagined.

A call to such efforts was fittingly sounded by the President, in a message to the National Agricultural Society at its recent meeting at Washington, in which he said:

> At the present moment it is our plain duty to take adequate steps that not only our own people be fed, but that we may, if possible, answer the call for food of other nations now at war.
>
> In this greatest of human needs I feel that the American farmer will do his part to the uttermost. By planting and increasing his production in every way possible every farmer will perform a labor of patriotism for which he will be recognized as a soldier of the commissary, adding his share to the food supply of our people.

It was not necessary for the President to dwell upon the ways in which production is to be increased. They should be obvious to every practical agriculturist. There are two major ways: One is to increase the acreage under cultivation. The other is through intensified culture to increase the yield of each acre.

The first of these does not mean merely the creation of new farms on the unoccupied lands of the west. It means the cultivation of neglected fields and even small plots of land, all over the country, even in the suburbs of our great Eastern cities. Within the commuters' radius of New York City there are hundreds of thousands of acres of unimproved land. Most of it is fertile; much of it so rich that, as Douglas Jerrold said of Australia, if you tickle it with a hoe it laughs with a harvest. Every acre, every square rod, of it should this year be not merely "tickled," but deeply and intensely cultivated, in order that we may have plenty of food at reasonable prices and may in addition be able to supply the needs of our Allies who are fighting our battles for us upon the war fronts of Europe.

Some months ago we called attention in this REVIEW to the need of greater productiveness on existing farms, as well as of increasing the number and area of farms. We pointed out the fact that the average yield to the acre of

wheat, potatoes and other crops was more than twice as great in Europe as it was in America, and we urged the desirability of bringing our yield up at least approximately to that of the old countries across the sea. It seemed to us discreditable that we should be satisfied with twelve or thirteen bushels of wheat when European countries produce thirty or more; and with eighty or ninety bushels of potatoes when Germany has more than two hundred. A recent writer, analyzing the food conditions of that country, says that the fate of Germany depends upon potatoes. If she can keep up her yield of them so as to feed the people, she will win; if not, she will lose. We do not believe that even with unlimited quantities of potatoes and all other foods she could win this war. But we do know that if our yield of potatoes to the acre were as large as hers, we should be immeasurably better off than we are today. That large yields are possible here is indisputable. Individual farms, even considerable districts, in the Eastern States, produce as abundantly as Germany. Even that is surpassed. A report to the Secretary of the Interior tells that some farmers in Alaska—in Alaska, mind!—have produced from 575 to 750 bushels of potatoes to the acre.

Another striking confirmation of our plea for the greater improvement of the area now nominally under cultivation has been provided by a joint report of experts of the Agricultural Department at Washington, of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, and of the Department of Health of that State. This report, made after a painstaking survey, was to the effect that the agricultural productiveness of Massachusetts might easily be doubled, simply by reclaiming and cultivating neglected lands. Massachusetts farmers now produce from a total of 700,000 acres of land crops worth $30,000,000 a year. The survey showed the existence of 300,000 acres of rich land now quite unproductive, which needs nothing but drainage to make it capable of being cultivated and of producing more than the present 700,000 acres produce. In other words, the simple, inexpensive, and perfectly practicable expedient of drainage would enable the yearly returns from the soil to be increased from $30,000,000 to $60,000,000. And what can be done in Massachusetts can be done elsewhere.

Now is the time to do it, in this present month of May, 1917. There is reason to hope that it will largely be done.

From almost every State in the Union come reports of agitation on the subject, and of practical organization to that end. The needed end ought to be attained through voluntary effort. But if not, if men are willing to incur the odium of "slackers" by neglecting to till their ground to its full capacity, then by all means the Government should apply compulsion with a strong hand. By the right of eminent domain, for the public purpose of supplying the essential needs of the people, neglected lands which the owners refuse to cultivate could legally be taken over for the time by the State for cultivation by those who are willing to do the job.

Nor should we hesitate, if it were necessary, to resort to compulsory labor in the fields. Certainly it would be fitting thus to employ all able-bodied inmates of jails and prisons and almshouses, and especially of the detention camps in which ill-affected aliens are confined. But it would be quite logical, in case of need, to go beyond that. If it be lawful for the Government to draft men for a military army, it should be equally lawful for it to draft them for an industrial or agricultural army. One suggestion now being considered is that enlisted men of the army, in training camps, be detailed to do a certain amount of farm work daily. If training camps were situated in farming regions, this might be practicable. Of course many of the recruits will be skilled farmers, and it seems probable that they might work at farming for a few hours each day without injury but rather with profit to the military training which they will be undergoing.

Another suggestion, urged by a high authority in Illinois, is that there shall be recruited, by voluntary enlistment or by conscription, an industrial army of men and boys not qualified for military service but quite able to do agricultural work. These should be placed under military organization and control, receive regular military pay, and be recognized as a part of the public service of the nation.

Now that we have entered upon this war, we should throw ourselves into it with every ounce of weight and of strength at our command. It would be madness to trifle or to temporize with the food question, to "wait and see if prices are unduly raised," and to "wait and see how the crops turn out." We need Government control and conservation of all our food supplies, and mobilization of all our food-producing forces; and we need them now.

OUR WAR WITH GERMANY

A MONTHLY CHRONICLE OF EVENTS

I.

(*April* 6—*April* 18)

At eighteen minutes past one o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, April 6th, the United States went to war against the Imperial German Government. That was the hour and moment at which President Wilson wrote his name in approval at the bottom of the parchment bearing the resolution of Congress making the formal declaration. No pomp of circumstance or ceremony attended the signature of this resolution, the most important and far-reaching in its effect that any President has signed since Abraham Lincoln put his name to the official draft of the immortal Emancipation Proclamation. As you enter the main North door of the White House—the "Big House" to distinguish the residence from the office wing—there is a small room at the right, used by the chief usher, about eight by ten feet in dimension. There, seated at the usher's desk, and with only his wife and cousin present besides three employes of the executive and White House staffs, the President signed the national decree of outlawry against the Imperial Government of Germany.

Immediately he issued his proclamation notifying all who might be concerned; enjoining vigilance and zeal upon all United States authorities, civil and military; calling upon all American citizens to give loyal support to the nation and warning all alien enemies to preserve the peace and obey the laws. Simultaneously official word went to army and navy, and as far as long adherence to the practice, if not the policy, of pacifism permitted, the United States was on a war footing, with the most powerful military organization the world has ever known as its enemy.

Thereupon, with characteristic American confidence—with characteristic Anglo-Saxon confidence—there was a general setting to work to put the United States into proper condition to make good that declaration.

The case for the United States against the Imperial German Government had been long in the making. President Wilson had displayed more patience than some of his countrymen would have shown, and there had been times when it seemed that the outlaw practices authorized and per

mitted by the German Government must force the United States to armed resistance. Only the promise solemnly given on the 4th of May, 1916, by the Imperial Government, to curb these practices on the part of its uniformed subordinates, prevented the break from coming that year. Then, when on the evening of the last day of January of this year, the Imperial German Government served notice on President Wilson that it intended to revoke that promise at midnight—only six hours later—it was evident to all who had any skill in reading American character that the crisis had come.

Only the Imperial German Government failed to understand. But this was but the addition of one more to the already long list of its failures to comprehend the psychology of other peoples. Proceeding upon the theory that any sort of wanton practice might be made lawful by its proclamation, that Government scorned the suggestion that it would drive the United States into the list of its open enemies, and scoffed at the prediction that even in the event of war the United States could inflict material damage upon the German cause. And so the Imperial German Government rejected the possibility of preventing American participation in the war, even after President Wilson had issued his call for a special session of the Congress, and it was apparent to all the world what course he would take when it met.

The Congress assembled on Monday, April 2nd, and at a joint session of the Senate and House of Representatives that evening President Wilson presented the case against the Imperial German Government in an address which will always rank among the greatest, as it is among the most important of American state papers. Opening with the statement that there were " very serious choices of policy to be made " which it was neither right nor constitutionally permissible for him to make, the President laid before Congress a concise summing up of the course of Germany under its decision to " put aside all restraints of law or humanity." He described how " in the progress of the cruel and unmanly business " on which the Imperial German Government had embarked every restriction had been swept aside and the work had gone on " with reckless lack of compassion or of principle."

The German submarine warfare against commerce, the President said, " is a warfare against mankind. It is a war

against all nations. . . . Challenge is to all mankind." The armed neutrality which, in an earlier address to Congress the President had felt would be sufficient answer to Germany's menace, he was now convinced was impracticable, "because submarines are, in effect, outlaws, when used as German submarines have been used. . . .

"There is one choice we cannot make, we are incapable of making," declared the President, "we will not choose the path of submission and suffer the most sacred rights of our nation and our people to be ignored or violated. The wrongs against which we now array ourselves are no common wrongs; they cut at the very roots of human life."

And then Mr. Wilson made that recommendation to Congress which it had been his deepest hope to avoid—the recommendation that it make formal declaration of war:

> With a profound sense of the solemn and even tragical character of the step I am taking, and of the grave responsibilities which it involves, but in unhesitating obedience to what I deem my constitutional duty, I advise that the Congress declare the recent course of the Imperial German Government to be in fact nothing less than war against the Government and people of the United States: that it formally accept the status of belligerent which has thus been thrust upon it, and that it take immediate steps not only to put the country in a more thorough state of defense, but also to exert all its power and employ all its resources to bring the Government of the German Empire to terms and end the war.

This course, the President said, would involve "the utmost practicable co-operation" with Germany's present enemies; the extension to them of "the most liberal financial credits" so that our resources may be added to theirs so far as possible; the "organization and mobilization of all the material resources of the country"; the "immediate full equipment of the navy," especially with means of dealing with the enemy submarines; the immediate addition to the armed forces of the United States of at least 500,000 men "to be chosen upon the principle of universal liability to service" with subsequent equal increments as needed; and finally, the "granting of adequate credits to the Government," sustained, as far as may be equitably, by taxation.

Having thus summed up against the German Government, made his recommendation for action and stated what he conceived to be involved by it, the President pro-

ceeded to a declaration of the motives justifying the proposed action.

This message of the President met with instant response and approval from all parts of the United States and from all the civilized world. His statement of motives was received as " an appeal to every instinct, every impulse, every tradition of democracy." Among his countrymen the voice of criticism and political opposition was hushed, if not wholly silenced. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, who had been one of the most vigorously critical of Mr. Wilson's political antagonists hailed the message as one of the greatest of American state papers, and called at the White House to express his appreciation of it and to offer his services in raising a division of troops for prompt service in the field against Germany.

The press of England and France, and of the newly republican Russia greeted the message and the advent of the United States into the ranks of the enemies of the German Government with enthusiastic approval and every manifestation of profound satisfaction. Similar expressions came from Italy and from Belgium, and from Japan came the added suggestion that the United States might assist in furnishing transportation for an army of a million Japanese soldiers to go to Europe and take part there in the final task of overthrowing the German armies.

But while the Entente Powers rejoiced over the acquisition of a new ally the press of Germany, which had maintained a cynical and sneering indifference up to the moment of the actual break, received the President's merciless description of the Imperial Government with an outburst of savage rage which manifested itself in the application of such epithets as " dishonest," " untrue," and " perfidious " to the President and his words, at the same time indulging in the old line of threats and boasts about this marking the certain end of the Monroe Doctrine. Yet the rest of the world considered that it more certainly marked the end of the Imperial German Government if not also of the House of Hohenzollern.

Congress proceeded to act promptly upon the President's recommendation. A resolution formally declaring " the state of war between the United States and the Imperial German Government which has been thrust upon the United States " and authorizing and directing the President to put

the country in a thorough state of defense, and also "to exert all of its power and employ all of its resources to carry on war against the Imperial German Government" was introduced immediately in both Senate and House.

Action was delayed one day in the Senate by the opposition of Mr. La Follette, who numbers among his constituents probably a larger percentage of voters of German descent than any other Senator. When the vote was taken after a debate in which Mr. La Follette had assailed England and defended the German course, the resolution, amended so as to pledge the nation's entire resources to the war, was carried by 82 to 6. The influence of German constituencies manifested itself also in the House, where it had the assistance of Mr. Kitchin, the Democratic leader, who, like Miss Rankin, of Montana, the first woman elected to Congress, simply could not bring himself to cast a vote for war, and who practically admitted, in debate, that he was for peace at any price. The House adopted the resolution as it passed the Senate, about half past three o'clock on the morning of April 6th, by a vote of 373 to 50, and as soon as it had been signed by Speaker Clark and Vice-President Marshall it was sent to the White House for the President's approval.

Besides the opposition to the declaration inspired within Congress by German influences there was an organized opposition of small proportions but noisy character, coming from professional pacifists and peace-at-any-price people. One delegation from Boston was so vigorous in its opposition to combat that one of its members assaulted Senator Lodge at his committee-room door, and was knocked down by the veteran Massachusetts statesman. The adoption of the declaration of war, and the promulgation of the President's proclamation materially checked this purely pacifist opposition, but did not seem to exert any noticeable influence upon that proceeding from German sources, either in or out of Congress. Some of the pacifists took their cue from William J. Bryan who telegraphed the President asking to be listed as a volunteer for any service he could render as a private whenever the President desired to call upon him. The man who assaulted Senator Lodge announced that he had been cured of his mental slant and would support the war as best he could. Mr. Kitchin and some of his followers in the House, and Mr. Stone in the Senate, stated publicly that since the country had determined to make war despite

their opposition they would support the country's attitude, although it was against their convictions. Mr. Kitchin retains his place as leader of his party in the House, and will have charge of the war revenue measures, having conducted one of them, for the $7,000,000,000 bond issue, to successful passage already. Opposition responsive to the influence of German constituencies continued, being especially marked in certain cases in the House as well as in the case of Mr. La Follette.

The promulgation of the formal declaration of war brought at once from the heads of the Allied Governments formal expression of rejoicing over the action of the United States, and of deep satisfaction with President Wilson's statement of the motives and purposes of the American nation. President Poincaré, in a personal message to President Wilson gave expression to the profound emotion stirred in the French Republic. King George, Lloyd George, the British Premier, and Asquith, his predecessor, with other members of the British Government, were quick to telegraph their joy that the "whole English-speaking race is to fight as comrades side by side in the most momentous struggle in history," and to give recognition, on behalf of "all the peoples of the British Empire" to the "chivalry and courage which call the people of the United States to dedicate the whole of their resources to the greatest cause that ever engaged human endeavor."

From Rome came similar messages, and from Petrograd came word that the American Republic was giving new strength to the cause of liberty and assisting to render solid the foundations of the new democratic Government of Russia. From Japan, also, and from Belgium and others of the Allied Governments, there came the same note of deep rejoicing. Even China, which had already broken diplomatic relations with Germany, felt the urge to follow still farther, and declare war. But from Germany there were renewed snarls of rage with scornful belittlement of what the unorganized and unprepared United States could do to injure mighty Germany.

Most striking and significant was the response from American citizens of German birth or descent. Despite the active opposition of the representatives in Congress of some of the strongest of these constituencies, it was made apparent by the public utterances and acts of many influential

men of German blood that no matter what the severance of their ties of kinship might cost them their loyalty was to the United States and their allegiance would be true.

One result of great importance flowed from the American declaration which had not been anticipated. That was a solidification of Latin-America behind American leadership such as had not been believed possible. Here at last was a stand taken by the United States to which the rest of the Western hemisphere seems willing to credit genuine unselfishness and sincerity.

The island republic of Cuba led in this acknowledgment. As an expression of duty to the United States, in gratitude for what it had done for her, and of duty to the principles of justice and humanity, President Menocal, on the day following the declaration of war by the United States, asked the Cuban Congress to give him authority to take the same action. And without a dissenting voice the Cuban Congress responded. "Whatever effort Cuba shall make to assist the United States of America"—so ran the report of the Cuban committee, "will be looked upon as the generous action of a grateful people, and of a friend who can never forget the sacrifice and effort made by the United States to co-operate in our struggle for independence."

In line with this action by Cuba, although not yet as far-reaching, was that of Brazil in breaking off relations with Germany. Brazil had as motive the same wanton disregard of her rights by Germany that had impelled other nations, and her rupture of relations was expected to lead very soon to declaration of war. Argentina declared intention to maintain neutrality but announced that the Government supported the position of the United States. Chile, Uruguay and Paraguay took similar action. Peru, Bolivia and even Colombia showed their sympathy with the position taken by the United States. Bolivia terminated diplomatic relations with Germany.

In Central America Panama promptly ranged herself with the United States as an avowed enemy of Germany. Costa Rica announced that she was with the United States and "would prove it if necessary." Guatemala and Nicaragua indicated their strong sympathy with the United States, and only in Mexico, where German intrigue had made strong efforts against us, were there symptoms of unfriendliness. Never has there been such sympathy of purpose and

of action on the part of Latin-America with the leadership of the United States.

Having declared war against the Imperial German Government, and having directed the President to employ all the resources of the United States to bring that war to a successful termination, Congress set about the work of passing upon the recommendations of the President as to the means of employing the nation's resources. While Congress was making ready for this work agents of the Government were seizing the German merchant ships and auxiliary cruisers which were lying in American waters, and beginning the task of making them ready for war service. Many of them had been badly damaged, especially in machinery, by their crews. The crew of the interned cruiser *Cormoran,* lying in the harbor of Apia, Guam, blew up the ship to prevent her falling into American hands in serviceable condition, several of them losing their lives in the explosion. There were 91 German ships seized, aggregating 593,790 tons. The German crews were removed from all these ships and taken to immigrant stations or other suitable places for detention. German ships were seized at seventeen different continental ports and in the Philippines, Hawaii, Porto Rico and Samoa.

At the same time that these ships were seized many persons suspected or charged with espionage or other violation of law or the President's orders to alien enemies were arrested. Statutes enacted in 1798 were invoked in some of these cases, and seizures were made without reference to local courts. Many evidences of enemy activity of greater or less degree were discovered, including the finding of mines placed in such position as to destroy two of the ships held at Philadelphia when they were moved. The National Guard was called out in many of the States and stationed to protect railway bridges and other public works which might be injured or destroyed by explosives. In numerous cases such guards were fired upon from ambush at night, and some casualties occurred. Guards repeatedly fired on prowlers who refused to heed their orders, and some such persons were killed. But in general good order was preserved, and there was no material disturbance. An explosion in a munitions plant near Philadelphia resulted in the loss of more than 100 lives. The belief was widely held that the explosion had been caused by alien enemies, and numer-

ous arrests were made. No definite proof has come to public notice as yet, however.

Meantime Washington has hummed with activity in preparation for energetic participation in the war. Estimates calling for appropriations of $3,400,000,000 for the first year were submitted to Congress by the War and Navy Departments. The President's recommendation that a substantial loan to the Allied Governments, and adequate credits for our own Government, be provided for, was acted upon with great promptness. A bill passed the House of Representatives, unanimously, on April 14, and the Senate on April 17, providing for an issue of $5,000,000,000 of 3½ per cent. bonds and $2,000,000,000 of short-term Treasury certificates. This bill authorizes the President and Secretary of the Treasury to invest three billions before the end of the war in securities of Governments at war with Germany. The intention of the Government is to grant assistance to Russia at the earliest possible time. Some influential bankers have advised against attempting to float the entire loan at once on the ground that the transfer of so large a sum in a short time would tend to upset domestic conditions. But evidences of the popularity of the loan were very numerous, and offers of large individual subscriptions poured in to the Treasury Department.

Immediately upon the announcement that war had been declared advice as to how best to act against Germany began to flow into Washington from all parts of the United States and even from Europe. Two especially clear lines of action were proposed. One was for the immediate lending of credit and the early despatch of troops to France, both for their moral as well as their physical effect. The other proposal was that the most helpful course for the United States would be to furnish food and other supplies to the Allied Governments, and to build ships with all our energy in order to insure the transportation of such supplies.

Congress prepared to follow the action as to war funds by authorization for increases of the army and navy. The Senate very promptly passed the Army Appropriation Bill which had failed of enactment at the regular session, together with some minor military measures. Much opposition to the President's recommendation for selection of the new troops upon the principle of universal liability to service appeared in both the House and the Senate. Many

senators and representatives advocate making just one more trial of the volunteer system despite the fact that it has failed at every crisis in the history of the country when it has been invoked. President Wilson has given no indication of withdrawing from his position as this is written. Preparation is going forward for raising an army of more than a million men at first, with subsequent plans depending upon the course of events.

The demand for ships has met with ready response. The Federal Shipping Board acted favorably upon suggestions that it undertake the construction of wooden ships, and the initial steps to accomplish that were taken quickly, with the expectation of having the first vessels available for service within a few months.

Simultaneously the purchase in large quantities of supplies for all services began, the War Department making one contract for 3,000,000 trench bombs. The National Defense Council, acting in close harmony with the different Government departments, labored to secure the best service from the industrial organizations of the nation. The presidents of the leading railroads of the country met at Washington and named a board of five men to direct the operation of all the American railways throughout the war in order to insure the fullest co-operation with the Government, and "in the effort to produce a maximum of national transportation efficiency."

The representatives of organized labor lost no time in pledging the support of labor to the effective conduct of the war, and manifested it in their support of the huge bond bill in Congress.

Responsive to the suggestion that the greatest possibility for effective service from the United States was in the provision of food, the Administration at Washington and those of practically all the various States called upon the people to exert every energy in the production and frugal use of food. Warnings against waste were issued everywhere, and the wives of cabinet members set the example of saving food by cutting down their own meals. Organizations to stimulate agriculture and to furnish needed assistance to farmers have been effected in many States, the purpose being to facilitate supply of money, or of seed or fertilizers, and to assist in securing farm labor. A National Food Board was suggested by the National Defense

Council, and Herbert C. Hoover, chairman of the American Commission for Relief in Belgium, accepted its chairmanship, with an urgent appeal for national economy. In many ways and along many lines the nation began its belated preparations for war. Steps were taken also for consultation with the Allied Governments in Europe. Army and navy officers in London and Paris communicated with the authorities of their services, and discussion of methods of effective co-operation began. Then it was announced that a commission from the Allied Governments would come to Washington, and that former Premier Arthur J. Balfour would represent the British Government. It was also announced that ex-Premier Viviani and Field-Marshal Joffre would represent the French Government. Preparations for the reception of this commission are under way as this is written.

Following the declaration of war against the Imperial German Government, the United States took no action against Austria, Bulgaria or Turkey. But those Governments being allies of Germany, in turn broke off relations with the United States, and accordingly this Government seized fourteen Austrian ships that were lying in American waters, and is prepared to include Austria in the declaration of war if that becomes necessary.

Thus the great democracy of the New World has joined the great English and French democracies of the Old World, and the new democracy of Russia, in mortal challenge to the Imperial Autocracy of Germany, and the American democracy has begun to rouse itself for the struggle.

(This record closes as of April 18 and is to be continued.)

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA AT WAR

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

It has been my good fortune during the past few months to watch at close range the reactions of American opinion to the stresses of the Great War. I landed in New York in October when Mr. Wilson was winning the Presidential campaign on the slogan that he had kept the United States out of it. I have stayed long enough in the country to see him get the United States into it up to the hilt. I am now assisting at the birth of the legend—soon to become one of the fixed points in American history—that nothing could have happened except precisely when and as it did happen, that it would have been fatal for the United States to have declared war one moment before Good Friday, that the country was not attuned to it, was not ripe for it, at any earlier stage, and that a President of greater initiative and resolution and more given to forcing tactics would have impaired, and might even have disrupted, the unity of the nation. And in between these developments I have studied as best I could the reflex action upon American views and sentiment of Mr. Lloyd George's rise to the British Premiership, of the peace drive which Mr. Wilson set on foot very soon after his reelection, of the Russian revolution, and of those nearer and more dramatic incidents that led first to the breaking off of diplomatic relations, then to the penning in of the American merchant marine and finally, after successive outrages upon American ships and citizens, to war. Traveling and lecturing in the East, in New England, and on the outskirts of the Middle West, while these events were in progress, I have tried to find out what was being thought of them, and what impressions of opinion they were surprising out of the average man and woman.

What I think has most struck me has been the gradual

awakening of the "plain people" to the realities of the German political character. I was a good deal in Ohio and Michigan after Count Bernstorff's dismissal, after the publication of the Zimmermann note, but before the declaration of war. Are Ohio and Michigan to be reckoned as forming part of the Middle West? I do not know. But if they are, then the Middle West as a separate and distinctive section of the Union, with a point of view all its own, indifferent to the war, indifferent to preparedness, indifferent to what a New York paper called "the abstraction known as national honor," is and always has been simply a figment of the Eastern imagination. I had often doubted whether it really existed. I could never quite persuade myself that so robust and virile a portion of the United States, one that had responded with such emphatic resolution only a few years before to Mr. Roosevelt's leadership, was really as dead and as plethoric as my New York friends made out. That it was remote from the war and perhaps a shade over-engrossed in its own affairs, and rather too much preoccupied with the little State point of view, was true enough. But there are many other parts of the United States, and I dare say of all countries not actually in the war or on the very fringe of it, of which as much could truthfully be said. The tug of intimate, personal things is something that only a counter-strain of abnormal potency can resist.

But the good people of Ohio and Michigan, as I went among them in February and March, seemed to me to have far more interest in the European struggle than the average Englishman or Frenchman would have in, let us say, a civil war in China. The men and women who one would expect to be pro-Ally in New York or Philadelphia or Providence were not less so in Toledo and Dayton and Saginaw; and if there was less general discussion of the war in the press, on the streets, at the dinner table, and in the railway cars, I found none of that pervasive apathy I had been led to expect. It was my own fault entirely that I should have been surprised. I ought to have known that New York is the worst of all possible watch-towers from which to spy out the currents of American emotion. I should have remembered that it knows about as much of its own hinterland as a Londoner of what is going on and being felt and thought in Manitoba. So far as I could judge all that Ohio and Michigan needed—all, indeed, that the whole of the United States

needed—was a lead. The ordinary citizen one encountered had, I found, been somewhat nettled by the assumption that he cared little for his country's security or good name; and to repeat in his presence that famous phrase about being too proud to fight was to evoke on the spot an outburst of most satisfying Americanism. Here and there one came across the trail of the professorial type of pacifist. One soon found that he could safely be left for local opinion to deal with. After the Zimmermann revelations, which unquestionably unsealed many eyes, there was no room for any sort of doubt as to where the Middle West stood. People saw and said that Germany had become a world-nuisance which America would have to play her part in abating. But there was no war-fever. Indeed the student of national temper and psychology could hardly wish for a more striking contrast than that between the America of 1917 and the America of 1898. The days that preceded the outbreak of the Spanish War were days of hectic flag-wagging and heedless but at the same time idealistic ferment. I saw very little of all that when Mr. Wilson broke off relations with Germany or even when he summoned Congress to declare war. America has lived much in the last twenty years; and the poise and dignity of the national bearing during the past two trying months have been one of the most impressive features of the whole crisis.

I was journeying from town to town in the Eastern States when Germany flung her challenge of unrestricted submarine warfare in the American face. Undoubtedly I seemed to detect a pretty wide belief that the President somehow or other would contrive to dodge the issue. The relief when he met it squarely with admirable restraint was literally intense. Men heard the news without passion, without a trace of jingoism or hysteria, but with a grave satisfaction. A fateful, a necessary step had been taken. People recognized both its necessity and its momentousness. They were elated that there had been no further beating about the bush. They felt that an unhappy and too protracted chapter in American diplomacy had been closed and they were thankful to have done with it. Its consequences were canvassed eagerly but temperately and once more without a particle of belligerency. The main thing and the joyous thing was that the President had taken his stand. There seemed to be an instinctive feeling that he could best

be supported by emulating his own calm steadfastness and waiting coolly for the sequel, whatever the sequel might prove to be.

For a long while, as everyone remembers, there was no sequel. During the weeks when the country waited for an "overt act" and American shipping was tied up in the east-coast harbors and the Administration seemed at a loss how to proceed, and Germany was as plainly at war with the United States as the United States was plainly not at war with Germany, and a faction in the Senate added the last drop to the humiliation with which pretty nearly all the American people had watched the Congressional mishandling of practically every problem propounded by the war—during those weeks public opinion, so far as I could gauge it, grew anxiously and restively impatient. The hope of preserving peace had well-nigh vanished and there came in its place the fear that the United States instead of entering the war boldly and in a manner befitting the splendor of her position and prestige would be dragged, cuffed and kicked into it. Especially since the Russian revolution there set in a deepening realization that the submarine issue, after all, was not the vital issue, and that behind its shifting phases democracy and civilization itself were at grips with a despotic barbarism.

At the same time, and more perhaps in the Middle West than in the East, I noticed a general readiness to leave the whole problem in Mr. Wilson's hands. This tendency on the part of the American people to throw the entire responsibility for the conduct of foreign policy upon their Chief Executive and to confine their own share in international affairs to "standing by the President," is a phenomenon new in my experience of the country. Twenty years ago the nation swept Congress and the President before it and hurried on the war with Spain, and I have known since then question after question in which public opinion made itself sharply felt. But throughout the whole of the Mexican situation and during the successive crises arising out of the war in Europe, the mass of the American people have simply accepted whatever line of action or inaction was imposed upon them by the White House. The idea that they had themselves some say in the matter had apparently vanished from their consciousness. In the East individuals like Mr. Choate, Mr. Root, Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Beck, Mr. Robert

Bacon, Mr. Whitney Warren, Mr. George Haven Putnam, Mr. Coudert and Mr. Paul Cravath have spoken out valiantly and have formed leagues and associations for the more effective presentation of their views. But outside of New York and a few other coast cities, opinion has been quite content to take its cue from the President. The result has at times been singular, the more so as the President has repeatedly professed to be taking his cue from the people. With President and people thus politely waiting upon one another, the former fearing to lead lest he should find himself without followers, and the latter anxious only that, in matters so far removed from their own spheres of interest and knowledge, they should do nothing to embarrass the head of the nation, a certain vacillation and uncertainty in the development of national policy has been inevitable. Great popular ignorance of internal questions, a deeply entrenched belief that nothing can really harm America, an atmosphere of secrecy at the White House such as no other democracy tolerates in the handling of its foreign relations, and the enormous difficulty, in so vast a country as this, of concentrating opinion, have together produced a condition of affairs which, when the President is not quite sure of himself and the people are even less so, is apt to end in a conspiracy for doing nothing.

Certainly I got the impression that if in February and March the Middle West had been asked to give the President a lead, it neither would nor could have responded to the request. The situation was beyond it. It had not the material for forming a judgment. Its inclination was all on the side not of giving a lead but of getting one. Clay in the potter's hand, it had no thought of being anything else. The President could have moulded it whichever way he pleased. Had he thrown a veil of resounding generalities over a policy of uncompromising pacifism and announced flatly that, though he had broken off diplomatic relations, under no circumstances would he go to war, a great body of Middle Western opinion would have rallied at once to his support. Had he set to work to rouse public opinion and give it a belligerent twist, a still larger body of opinion, in my judgment, would instantly have gathered round him. But as he chose to do neither, the news and sentiments of an uninstructed and leaderless populace were split into a hundred channels. It was only by standing back a little dis-

tance that one could see that these channels, or most of them, converged on a single point and would ultimately unite. The common sense of the average citizen told him that "armed neutrality" was merely a half-way house and not a permanent refuge. He could see from the moment of Count Bernstorff's dismissal that the chances favored war. He looked forward to the prospect without enthusiasm, but with resignation. He knew that when the inevitable came it would be in spite of the President's most patient efforts to avert it. When American shipping was held up and the results were brought home to him in the congestion of the railroad service and when Germany began to prove on American ships and American citizens that her threat of unrestrained murder on the high seas was no empty one, it was understood in Ohio just as clearly as in New York that the state of affairs was becoming intolerable, that the breaking-point was at hand, and that the honor as well as the interests of the United States called for decisive action. The Zimmermann disclosures came just at the right moment to precipitate the hardening conviction that Germany was an international mischief-maker, a pest that had to be made an end of, and that even in the Americas there could be no security until chastisement had induced a radical change in her temper and ambitions.

One saw the workings of this conviction very clearly in the change of feeling towards the Germans and the pro-Germans in the Middle West. Up to the rupture in diplomatic relations they had been tolerated with true American kindliness. After the rupture, though outwardly they were treated by their American friends and neighbors with careful politeness, they were made very sensible of a difference in the atmosphere. And the difference was marked enough to penetrate even their not over-sensitive skins and cow them into a discreet and silent retirement. There was hardly a whisper coming from the anti-Ally elements in the Middle West after the German Ambassador had sailed and Germany's dickerings with Mexico and Japan had been revealed. I was told wherever I went, and whatever kind of audience I was to address, that I could say what I liked, could paint the cause of the Allies and even Great Britain's contributions to it in the strongest colors I had on my palette, could pitch as hard as I pleased into Germany and her conduct of the war, that not a single voice of protest or even

of expostulation would dare to make itself heard. All the likely objectors had run to earth and were lying as low as they could. They were having none too comfortable a time of it. When a German or a pro-German was around little hints would be dropped, little things would be said and done, that made him look up with a quite visible apprehension. Doubts began to cross his mind as to whether the limits of American good nature were not being dangerously neared. Visions of internment camps and even of lamp-posts would shape themselves before him with disconcerting frequency. As the days went on, each one bringing the ultimate collision so much the nearer, it would occur to him that his own position might be anything but secure the moment war was actually declared. He knew that when Americans, normally the most long-suffering people in the world, make up their minds to act, they act quickly and effectively.

It was not merely that the country in whose interests they had been plotting had outraged American dignity, had murdered over two hundred American citizens and had hatched conspiracy after conspiracy against American interests. These things the ordinary citizen in the Middle West had put up with, though with a gathering indignation, as being perhaps the unavoidable incidents of a world at war. But what was stirring in the depths of his consciousness was, as I have said, the perception, incredible at first, then admitted, then passing through various stages of doubt or hazy belief, and finally crystallizing into a pretty firm persuasion, that Germany under her present rulers, in her present spirit, was like some hideous scourge of old, some immensely multiplied Black Death pestilence, and that in the face of it all peoples and Governments ought to unite on instant measures of sanitation. We in Great Britain waked to this conclusion some time ago. But it was only after much questioning and turmoil of spirit that Americans, especially in the Middle West, where the Germans have formed a large, industrious, kindly and stable element of the population, could be induced to accept it. Nothing but the brutal argument of the facts could have forced them to revise their old conceptions of the Germans of Germany or to grasp the simple truism that they have transformed themselves into the enemies of mankind.

It was the growth of this perception that to me made up the supreme difference between the America that declared

war on Germany in April and the America that last December was seeking the ways and means not only of ending this war but all wars. In December and even later Americans were talking and thinking of peace as an early possibility. They were discussing whether the conference between Germany and the Allies should be an open one or fettered by preliminary agreements. They did not see that a conference of any kind was hopelessly out of the question. They did not see that between Prussianism and democracy there could be no compromise and that one or the other had to go under. They did not see that the Prussian military system was to be uprooted before the ground can be prepared for any scheme of future peace, and that the war would go on, and ought to go on, till that end was completely and thoroughly achieved, and that any talk of a makeshift settlement by so much hindered its achievement, alienated the Allies, and encouraged the Prussian war-makers to hope that they might still by diplomacy save their skins, escape the penalties of their unparalleled crimes, and avert the downfall that otherwise most surely awaits them. We of the European world had a clearer vision because we had enjoyed far ampler opportunities of sizing up the character of Prussian power. We knew it to be unchanged since the days of Frederick the Great and in its essence unchangeable. We have felt in our own persons and fortunes the disturbances and unrest which have radiated from the presence in the center of Europe of a nation that for centuries has made conquest and encroachment and a fatuous creed of racial superiority the law of its being. We remember, far more vividly than Americans can be expected to remember, that Prussia within the last sixty or seventy years has fulfilled her primal instinct by first isolating and then striking down in succession Denmark, Austria and France. We realize how imperative is our common interest in banding against her now when she has made a bloodier and yet more desperate bid for the mastery of Europe. And we are all alike convinced by an experience that goes deeper than reason that anything short of open and acknowledged defeat will mean for Germany merely the postponement of her ambitions and not at all the abandonment of her fundamental faith. It has all along been our view that to agree to an inconclusive peace is not only to connive at one of the most nefarious crimes in human

history but to condemn the world a generation or two hence to a repetition of the horrors it is experiencing now.

What I seem to have witnessed in the past month or two is the steady approximation of the American point of view to the European point of view. Americans realize at last that Prussia is not as other States and that Prussianism is a disease that will infect the whole universe unless it is stamped out. They no longer therefore talk peace or think it. They understand that if the world is ever to be remodeled on a saner and safer plan Hohenzollernism and all it connotes must be destroyed; and that only when the Germans are convinced that militarism does not pay and that Prussianism is synonymous with disaster and humiliation will they be cured of that " will to power " which has penetrated their whole attitude towards life and morals and the scheme of international relations; and that they will be cured of that cancer of the mind and heart by one thing and one thing only—unmistakable defeat. Politically the United States and the Allies in the prosecution of this war may remain separate until events, as they assuredly will, oblige them to make common cause at every point. But in sentiment, in objectives, in faith, in agreement as to what it fundamentally is that has to be done, they are one already. The President added a golden page to the literature of Liberty when he framed his address to Congress summoning it to war. There was not a line or a suggestion in it that all the Allied Governments and peoples would not enthusiastically endorse.

Three times in her history has America struck resounding blows for liberty. On the first occasion she asserted a great political principle. On the second she made an end of human slavery on this continent. Now she is taking up arms to beat back a tidal wave of deharmonized tyranny that threatens the very fabric of civilization itself. Seeking nothing for herself, impelled by no lust of territory or conquest, lured on least of all by any dream of military glory, America has entered the lists under the compelling power of her primal passion to serve and save the world at whatever cost to herself. She has entered them, as we in Great Britain entered them, because duty and honor left her no alternative. She has entered them, as we also entered them, in the consciousness that she is fighting for the noblest causes that ever summoned a nation into the paths of war.

More than once in the past eighteen months I have heard Americans express doubts as to their country. They have doubted whether it was really a nation. They have doubted whether great ideals had not lost something of their power to appeal to the heart and conscience of the American people. Well, those doubts have been silenced not only by the President's address—an address that breathed the authentic spirit of liberty and the light of a brooding and dispassionate statemanship—but also by the spectacle that America presents today, an unanimous nation, with all racial divisions healed, with all sections united, soberly, regretfully, with no touch of martial frenzy but with the grimmest determination and with a large and quiet efficiency setting about the business of rescuing humanity from its present agony of chaos. One may be sure that those who founded this Republic and those who fifty odd years ago gave their all to preserve it, if they were alive today, would be proud of America and its people and its President. One may be sure that the grave soul of Washington and Lincoln's rugged and masterful spirit are hovering over this land today with benedictions on its new and greatest crusade. One may be surest of all that those who in Europe for the past two and a half years have been holding the fort of civilization welcome to their ranks so splendid and redoubtable a defender.

This war will test America through and through. It will test her efficiency, her political and industrial capacities, her power of handling big things in a big way. It will test the valor of her sons and the endurance of her daughters. It will test the national spirit of self-sacrifice and most of all, perhaps, will it test the national gifts of imagination. Tremendous results await the United States if she is to fulfill with credit to herself and advantage to the Allies the responsibilities she has shouldered. But I have known America for over twenty years and I have no fears. She will not only do her best; she will, if need be, achieve impossibilities. And she will emerge from her ordeal a broader and nobler nation, purged from many weaknesses, and with the knowledge and the will of the power to play that larger part in the ordering of the world for which she was always destined and to which she is now committed.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

AMERICA AND THE WORLD WAR

BY MUNROE SMITH

For more than two years the German Empire has been waging a limited and intermittent war against the United States. Not quite two months ago our Federal Administration decided to conduct a limited defensive war, which it described as "armed neutrality." In this unacknowledged war we sustained further losses and achieved no success. On April 2 the President proposed, and four days later Congress adopted, a formal declaration of war.

What is to be the relation between our war and that which the Allies have been waging against the Central Empires since August, 1914? That our Government must co-operate with the Allies is obvious. If the policy outlined by the President is supported by Congress, our co-operation will apparently be as complete as our material and military resources permit. A formal alliance for the duration of the war is not officially proposed. Whether we shall form such an alliance is, of course, not a matter for our sole determination. It is for the Allies to decide whether they wish to take us into an equal partnership and to give us an equal voice in settling the affairs of the world. It is only in the Kingdom of Heaven that the laborer who begins work at the eleventh hour is assured of the same reward as those who have borne the heat and burden of the day. In this world men and nations get, as a rule, only what they earn. It will be for the Allies to say whether such material aid as we can give them now, such naval assistance as we can give them soon, and such military assistance as we may be able to offer next year, will justify our admission to an equal partnership.

If it be assumed that the Allies will accept our present and prospective performances as satisfactory, the conclusion of a formal alliance on the part of our Government will of course require the assent of the Senate, by a two-thirds majority. Whether the Administration will negotiate and the Senate will confirm any such arrangement will depend, in last instance, on the sentiment of the American people. If we choose to wage a separate war we shall, indeed, take obvious risks. If we make a separate peace before the greater conflict is ended we shall have no friends in the world. If Germany refuses to make a separate peace with us and offers satisfactory terms to the Allies we may be left to fight out our quarrel single-handed. It is by no means clear, however, that these risks are generally appreciated. In our comparative isolation from world movements few Americans have been interested in world politics, and lack of interest has precluded understanding. The extent of our territory and its remoteness from the fields of foreign wars have bred a dangerous sense of self-sufficiency. The Zimmermann note to the German Minister in Mexico seems only to have aroused anger, tempered by the national sense of humor; it has not yet brought enlightenment.

Under these circumstances the attitude of our people is likely to be determined rather by sentiment than by reason, and American sentiment will be determined in no slight degree by the popular view of the issues involved in our war and in the larger conflict. If our people cannot see that any American interests are at stake except unmolested trade and travel on the high seas, they will not be inclined to contract any "entangling alliance" with other warring Powers, and they will be particularly loth to ally themselves with Powers that have themselves interfered with these same interests. And even if the American people as a whole come to see what the President is trying to make them see, that other and higher interests are involved—interests which are American because they are universal—they will not be ready to make common cause with the Allies until they are convinced that a common victory will really secure and advance national freedom and international justice and will make for the peace of the world. Once convinced, however, the American people will enter the struggle wholeheartedly, moved less by appeals to enlightened self-interest, and much less by any appeal to their fears, than by that vein

of idealism that runs deep-down, but broad, through the national mind and character.

That the American people as a whole have not hitherto been convinced that the Allies are fighting for freedom and justice, nor even that the triumph of the Allies will promote these supreme human interests, is a matter of common knowledge. Had this conviction been general, no true American could have been pro-German, nor could he have been neutral or indifferent.

The division of sentiment that has prevailed among Americans since the outbreak of the world war is explained only in part by differences of national origin. It is by no means true that all Americans of British descent are pro-Ally; it is not even true that all Americans of German descent have been pro-German. Further, as we all know, a large part of the American people has been neutral in thought as well as in speech—an attitude that is irreconcilable (except in case of Swiss, Dutch or Scandinavian origin) with any strong attachment to the ancestral home.

It is a pity, but it is true, that international antipathies are far more easily developed and are immeasurably stronger than international sympathies. If the attitude of Americans toward the belligerent groups in Europe be closely examined, it will be found to be controlled more by antipathy to some of the leading nations than by sympathy with any of them. With France alone, among the chief combatants, do Americans generally seem to be in positive sympathy. As regards the other great Powers, distrust and dislike are more general than confidence or attachment. Not only is pro-Ally sentiment at bottom chiefly anti-Teutonic, but pro-German sentiment has been at bottom chiefly anti-Russian or anti-British.

Of those Americans of British descent who have been labeled as pro-Germans, the majority really represent the survival of anti-British traditions. There are the traditions of our War of Independence and of the War of 1812. There is the memory of the unfriendly attitude of the English governing classes in the War of Secession. The impression that Great Britain is a Power constantly and unscrupulously striving for world dominion was strengthened by the Boer War. The change in feeling that came during our war with Spain—a change that was largely due to the fact that in that

war the English were our only friends—is too recent to have struck deep root. Among Americans of Irish descent anti-British feeling is incomparably stronger. They are apt to view all European and many American questions solely from the Irish angle. To them England is still, as always, the enemy of freedom and the oppressor of weak peoples. The Irish-Americans have been pro-German only because their enemy's enemy was necessarily their friend.

Among Americans of German birth or ancestry attachment to the Imperial Germany of today has been far less strong than prejudice against Great Britain and fear of Russia. It was especially the latter feeling that led many Americans of German blood and a few Americans of German education to accept what they had always detested and to support what they had always opposed, German monarchy and German militarism. They convinced themselves that these agencies were necessary to protect the great, industrious, thoughtful, and kindly Germany that they loved from the menace of pan-Slavism. They believed that Great Britain was determined to arrest German commercial expansion, but it was the Slav deluge that seemed to them to threaten Germany's existence. It was this same fear, sedulously cultivated for years by the German Imperial Government, that secured for that Government the support of the majority of the German Social Democrats.

American neutrality or indifference has been largely ascribable to similar and even more sweeping prejudices. To many Americans all four empires—the German, the Austrian, the Russian, and the British—have looked very much alike. They were all regarded as predatory organisms. Each of them was supposed to invoke principles only to cover its lust for power; in reality the war was nothing but a struggle for world dominion. In such struggles America was deemed to have no interest. The ultimate victors, should there be decisive victory, might menace our peace and independence, and it was in our interest that all the four empires should bleed themselves white and that the great war game should end in a draw. Few neutral Americans have been cynical enough to say this openly; there are probably not very many who have been willing to say it to themselves; but it is to be feared that this has been the underlying conviction that has kept thousands of Americans neutral. There have been, however, as I firmly believe, other and many more American neutrals

who have been moved by no such selfish considerations—Americans who are sincere lovers of peace, and who have been neutral because they believed that the chief combatants were impelled to war by equally selfish ambitions and were therefore equally blood-guilty.

Anti-British sentiment in this country has smouldered—and occasionally flamed—ever since the British colonists began to strive for independence. Distrust of Austria and of Russia and sympathy with the peoples whom the Hapsburgs and the Romanoffs have oppressed are no new feelings. Anti-German sentiment, however, is almost wholly a product of this world war. The evidence that for half a century Germany had been organizing its military power with unexampled concentration of effort and persistency of purpose, and that it deliberately attacked its neighbors at the moment when they seemed hopelessly weakened by internal dissensions; the fact that it overran the little neutral state of Belgium in contempt of law and in violation of its own plighted national faith—all this did much to arouse the American conscience, with its love of peace and its sense of justice, and to align American sentiment on the side of the states wantonly attacked. Many who would otherwise have been indifferent became pro-Ally. Many whose anti-British or anti-Russian prejudices might easily have led them to support the German cause became neutral. In the course of the war American antagonism to Germany was increased by the manner in which the German military authorities treated the Belgians and the inhabitants of other conquered districts; by the disregard which they exhibited for the laws and customs of civilized warfare, and in particular by the slaughter of non-combatants and even of neutrals by airships and by submarines.

It is, nevertheless, true that, until our controversy with Germany began to overshadow other issues, the conduct of the German Government had less effect upon American public opinion than might have been expected. The charge that Germany was responsible alike for the outbreak of the war and for the ruthlessness with which it has been waged was met, at least superficially, by German denials and counter-charges. Relatively few Americans had the time or the patience to examine the evidence adduced upon both sides. Most Americans accepted the conclusions of the few

who had, or who said that they had, prosecuted such an investigation. And since opposing verdicts were presented to them, many Americans accepted that which tended to support their antecedent bias. Many more decided that neither side could be altogether right or altogether wrong and were confirmed in their attitude of indifference.

As regards injuries inflicted on neutrals, it is held with truth that both belligerent groups have acted illegally. Almost all Americans agree with the President that the sacrifice of neutral lives cannot be put on the same plane with money losses, but this seems to be regarded by many as a matter that concerns us only in so far as American lives were taken. German conspiracies on our soil, and German intrigues against us in Mexico, in other Latin-American States, and in Japan, clearly concern us alone. None of these American grievances against Germany necessarily affects the American view of the greater conflict.

In the main, I believe, the attitude of those Americans who have been or have seemed pro-German and of those who have been really neutral or indifferent has been determined by their traditional notions regarding Great Britain and Russia. Opposition to alliance with these Powers springs largely from the same traditions. Like most traditions, these are based on history, but not on recent history. Each of these empires has undergone and is undergoing profound changes in its spirit and tendencies, and the results that will follow the triumph of the Allies will be determined not by their past, but by their present tendencies.

During the past hundred years Great Britain has made no attempt to weld its scattered possessions into a centralized world empire. Its policy has been federation, based on decentralization. In the last half-century in particular it has granted so large a measure of home rule to Canadians, New Zealanders and Australians as to make them practically independent, and it has encouraged the union of these peoples into great self-governing federations. Since the Boer War it has pursued the same policy in Africa. With equal courage and wisdom it has given to the conquered Dutch not only power to rule themselves, but also power to rule the British settlers in those regions in which the Dutch element is the stronger. In those parts of the empire in which the subject peoples do not seem capable of self-gov-

ernment—in India, for example, and in Egypt—Great Britain has encouraged native participation in local and even in general administration; it has decreased the number of British and increased the number of native officials.

We Americans pride ourselves on the manner in which we are ruling our insular dependencies. In fact, we are simply applying the principles which have controlled British colonial administration for half a century.

For the protection of its colonies and its self-governing dominions, and in particular for the protection of the British Isles, Great Britain has developed the most powerful navy in the world, and to many Americans British "navalism" seems as objectionable, as great a menace to the world, as German militarism. This naval power, however, has been employed not for aggression, but for defense. Had British statesmen intended to use the British sea power to dominate Europe they would not have given the Ionian Isles to Greece. Had they intended to throw about Germany an "iron ring" they would not have ceded Heligoland, the key to the Kiel Canal, in exchange for African territory.

The instinctive Prussian view of Great Britain's pacific policy was voiced by Bismarck when, in allusion to the cession of the Ionian Isles, he said: "A Power that ceases to take and begins to give away can be counted out of European politics." To his successors the generous treatment accorded to the Boers was equally unintelligible. It was ascribed to fear; and German statesmen were more assured than ever that in the event of a war with Great Britain they could count on a Boer rebellion.

Americans, of all people, have the least reason to denounce British navalism. It was largely in consequence of British suggestions that President Monroe formulated, and it is the British sea power that has enabled us to maintain, the policy of "America for Americans."

Closely connected with the newer British imperial and foreign policy is the recent movement of England toward democracy. Forty years ago a wise Frenchman said: "England is in reality a republic with an hereditary President." Since that time the English republic has steadily grown less aristocratic and more democratic. It is this change that has inspired and directed the newer British imperial and foreign policy. It was the new English democracy, joining hands with the older Scotch and Welsh democ-

racies, that, just before the outbreak of this war, carried an Irish Home Rule bill through the House of Commons and broke the power of the House of Lords.

In the stress and peril of this world war English democracy has gained more ground than it could have gained in a generation of peace. In 1913 Lloyd George was as cordially hated by the English governing classes as was Abraham Lincoln, at the outbreak of the War of the Rebellion, by the Southern slaveholders and their Northern supporters. To-day Lloyd George leads a united nation. If the Allies win this war England will be committed to democracy. If they fail English democracy will be discredited and its triumph will be deferred.

Until the recent revolution in Russia most Americans regarded that country as given over to despotism. Even those who realized that England was becoming as democratic as the United States found themselves unable to believe that the triumph of a coalition that included Russia could make for popular government. Few Americans realized how strong was the demand among the Russian people for a more representative political system. Few were aware how large a measure of local self-government the people had already obtained; few appreciated that the establishment of an imperial parliament, a dozen years ago, marked a long step toward constitutional government. These reforms, it is true, were followed by reaction, and in 1914 Russia was still essentially autocratic and bureaucratic. It was undoubtedly the old governing class that carried the country into this war. In Russia, as in Germany, the military authorities had the decisive word. To them it was simply a question of Russian or Teutonic control of the Balkan Peninsula and of Constantinople. Sympathy with their Slav brethren in Serbia was rather a popular catchword than a motive. Among the Russian people, however, this sympathy was real and controlling, and the war begun by the governing class was carried on by the people. The mobilization of Russia's industrial resources and the transportation of munitions and of food, as well as the care of the wounded and other charitable activities, were largely taken out of the hands of the inefficient bureaucracy and were conducted by extra-legal, popular agencies. A body of parliamentary representatives, including men of all shades of

political opinion, made itself the central agency. It worked in connection with the elected county and city councils and with volunteer committees. The development of this extra-legal organization of the Russian people—a development which gives the lie to the German assertion that the Slavs are incapable of collective action—and the efficiency with which it worked alarmed the governing class. In this class there was no real hostility to Germany; it was largely composed of men of German descent, and its ideals of government were practically identical with those of the Prussian military aristocracy. It was among these hyphenated Russians that there was talk of a separate peace. Among the Russian people there was an increasing feeling that Prussia stood for all they most detested; that the German culture was inimical to Slav ideals, and that the expulsion from Russia of the German armies and of German influences was necessary for the free development of the Slav genius. In France and in England they found a civilization that appealed to them, and it was to France and to England, and apparently also to the United States, that they looked for guidance in the development of Russian institutions.

In Russia, far more than in any other country, popular government is on trial. It is subjected to the ordeal of battle; its maintenance depends on the victory of the Allies.

Greater freedom in Russia will make for European peace. The Russian people, as its traits are revealed in its wonderful literature, is a kindly folk. Among the Russians the instinct of fraternity seems stronger than among any other Europeans, and this instinct reaches beyond the Russian and even beyond the Slav world; it is a feeling of human brotherhood. It seems to include even the Germans.

A victory of the Central Empires would mean, on the contrary, the perpetuation of militarism both in these empires and in Russia. In the Teutonic empires, because, as Bismarck said, no war against Russia can be final. Russia may be defeated, but it cannot be crushed. And a defeated Russia must remain militaristic in order to be better prepared for the next war.

To find the practical issues involved in the European conflict, to see what will be the results of the victory of this or

of that belligerent group, we must consider also the present spirit and tendencies of the Teutonic Empires.

Of Austria-Hungary little need be said. It has become in the last half century a "Dual Empire," in which the Hungarians have been placed on a footing of equality with the Germans, while the people of other nationalities, more numerous than the Germans and Hungarians together, are practically subject to German-Hungarian control. In German-Austria and in Hungary alike the dominant influence is aristocratic, and the heterogeneous empire is still held together by a common ruler and an imperial army.

In Germany since 1850 there has been a political development directly opposed to that which has taken place in the majority of European countries. In the early part of the nineteenth century the German people were overwhelmingly liberal in their political sentiments. They desired liberty as well as union, and they expected to gain unity through liberty. The revolution of 1848 gave them an opportunity to carry out this programme. This opportunity was frittered away. Between the years 1864 and 1871 Bismarck unified Germany, in spite of the energetic opposition of the Prussian Diet, and gave to the German people the form at least of representative government. This he accomplished through the Prussian monarchy and the Prussian army. The result of this double experience—the failure of 1848, the triumph of 1871—was to establish a belief that parliamentary institutions are of little value and to enhance the prestige of the monarchy and of the army. A very large portion of the old Liberal party abandoned its traditions; and in the generation that grew up during and after the German victories, there were practically no true Liberals, except the Social Democrats. If in this war the German Imperial Government had achieved the rapid and complete success it confidently anticipated, Germany would have been committed for generations to the maintenance of monarchic power. There would certainly have been no further concessions to democracy. Today, when it has become clear that Germany cannot win this war, it is already evident that very considerable concessions will be made to the German people. Official assurances have already been given that, in recognition of the devotion which all classes of Germans have displayed, it will be necessary to accord greater power to the representatives of the German people. Should the

Central Empires be decisively defeated, the future of German democracy seems assured.

Since the outbreak of the war, recent German writings, works on history and philosophy as well as those voicing the aspirations of the pan-Germanists and the militarists, have been searched to show that the Germans are not as other people; that in their feelings and thoughts there is something abnormal. Through much of this literature there runs a conviction that the Germans are a chosen people, "the salt of the earth," as the German Emperor puts it; that they have developed a higher type of social organization than any other people, and that they have been intrusted, by Divine Providence or by the "Spirit of History," with the mission of extending this benefit to the world. By many German writers it is said or implied that this mission is to be fulfilled through war; and not a few praise war as good in itself, or at least as a necessary "medicine" for nations corrupted by peace and prosperity. It has been worth while to study these writings, because they reveal notions and aims that have become temporarily dominant. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that these ideas and aspirations are shared by the entire German people or even by a majority. Treitschke and Bernhardi mirror the soul of the Prussian governing classes, but not the soul of the German people.

It is a further mistake to assume that in the development and temporary domination of these ideas there is anything unprecedented. In the wars of 1866 and of 1870 Prussia was too easily successful. Such an experience is not good for any people. Power rapidly gained, like wealth quickly won, develops many of the least desirable traits of human nature. Power begets lust for more power. It was this lust for power that carried the armies of Alexander into Asia and the Roman ships and legions over the whole Mediterranean basin. It was this lust for power that made Austria and Spain under the Hapsburgs and France under Louis XIV and the Napoleons, menaces to Europe. In every such case national ambition has sought to cover its nakedness with the drapery of a mission. It was the mission of the Greeks to carry into Asia a finer civilization, as it was the mission of the France of Louis XIV to render a like service to central Europe. It was the mission of Rome to confer upon all peoples the boon of just and equal laws. The

empire of the Hapsburgs was charged with the duty of defending and diffusing orthodox religion. The armies of the first French Republic crossed the Rhine to free their neighbors from princely tyranny; those of Napoleon I overran Europe to abolish feudalism and to establish legal equality; those of Napoleon III went into Italy to complete this work and to establish the principle of nationality.

When victory has corrupted the soul of a nation, defeat is salutary. In such cases it may be conceded that war is a necessary medicine. Today, as was the case a century ago, when the allied Russians, Germans, and English overthrew Napoleon I, the defeat of an empire may be the salvation of a people.

It would be folly for the Allies, in case of victory, to do what some irresponsible speakers and writers are demanding—to deport the German Emperor and to exclude the Hohenzollerns from power. Such a punishment would reestablish the Emperor's shaken popularity. It would make him a German martyr. It might even foster a Hohenzollern cult, just as the relegation of Napoleon I to St. Helena helped to create a Napoleonic cult and opened the way for Napoleon III. A beaten people should be left to settle its accounts with its rulers in its own time and in its own way.

After this war, as in 1815, the map of Europe will be redrawn. What will be the probable changes?

We need not inquire what would have happened if the Central Empires had achieved the overwhelming victory they anticipated in 1914. We need consider only their latest and most moderate demands. Germany is to maintain its rule over Alsace-Lorraine, annexed in 1871; over the Danish people of North Schleswig, conquered in 1864, and over the Poles brought under Prussian authority in the eighteenth century. Austria and Hungary are to keep the millions of Slav, Roumanian and Italian subjects whom they severally rule. Belgium, Serbia and Montenegro are to be "reestablished," but under such "safeguards" as to make them vassal States. Another vassal State is to be established in Russian Poland. This programme is in accord neither with the principle of nationality nor with the older principle that Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.

What changes will result from a triumph of the Allies?

No intelligent statesman in England or in France contemplates the dismemberment of the German Empire. There will be no serious attempt to take from Germany any territory that is really German, nor to dissolve the existing federal union of the German States. As well might a victorious coalition of European, American and Asiatic Powers —such a coalition as was suggested by the German Foreign Office in January, 1917—attempt to dissolve our federal union. In Germany, as in the United States, there has been and is jealousy and friction between sections, but at bottom the people of the German Empire is as solidly German as ours is American.

If the Allies are victorious Germany will not recover its colonies. This will be no great loss financially, for they have not hitherto proved a profitable investment. Politically also the German colonial experiment has been a failure. Germany has not known how to govern colonies, any more than it has known how to govern its French, Danish, and Polish subjects in Europe. German administration keeps a country orderly and clean, but it increasingly irritates and estranges the people who live in the country. Germans have never developed the instinctive wisdom shown by the Romans in the ancient world and by the English in the modern world; they have not understood that in the government of alien peoples there should be as little interference as possible with indigenous habits and ways of living. Germany has carried into its colonies, as it has maintained at home, the minute paternal supervision, the benevolent despotism, of the eighteenth century. Not only has this system estranged its alien subjects; it has also discouraged the settlement of its colonies by Germans. In a new country trade and industry need a degree of freedom which they have not enjoyed in any German colony.

French colonial administration is also over-bureaucratic, but irritation is lessened by tact. In British colonial administration antagonism is avoided by non-interference in non-essentials but is often aroused by tactlessness. German colonial administration has exaggerated the defects of both systems: it is more meddlesome than the French and more tactless than the British.

In the coming reorganization of Europe the Austro-Hungarian Empire is exposed to more serious peril than is the German Empire. In the event of the triumph of the Allies not only Italy, but also the independent Poland which Russia

promises to organize and the Balkan States which the Allies are pledged to re-establish will claim kindred peoples now under German or Hungarian rule. That the composite Empire will lose some of its border provinces seems inevitable; that it will be broken up seems highly improbable. Europe would not know what to do with the fragments. Any attempt to re-organize Southeastern Europe in strict accord with the principle of nationality would encounter insuperable difficulties. If the plan long ago seriously advocated by Austrian statesmen—the plan of so re-organizing the empire as to give to its Bohemian and other Slav elements the same degree of self-government and the same voice in federal affairs that are now enjoyed by the German and the Hungarian elements—if this plan could be carried out, it would go far to satisfy the Austrian Slavs, and it would be a long step toward government resting on the consent of the governed. That people of different tongues and of different faiths can dwell peaceably together in a federal union is established by the experience of Switzerland.

No political principles recognized by Americans call for the maintenance of Turkish rule in Europe. The Turkish Empire still represents the rule of a conquering race over subject populations. The attempt to re-organize this empire on modern lines, to establish representative government, has utterly failed. It is possible for the Turk to recognize other Mohammedans as his equals; it seems impossible for him to recognize the equal rights of infidels. In Europe, at least, Turkish-Mohammedan rule must disappear.

The most serious problem is the disposal of Constantinople. As Moltke said, half a century ago, the partition of Turkey is like the division of a solitaire ring; the question is: who shall have the diamond? Control of Constantinople by Russia would arouse apprehension in the Balkans and jealousy throughout Europe. No outcome of the Russian revolution is more reassuring than the news that democratic Russia will be satisfied if Constantinople becomes an international city.

The victory of the Allies will hardly make it possible so to redraw the map of Europe as to redress at once all ancient wrongs. If, however, the little States of Belgium, Serbia and Montenegro receive again their independence; if the French and Danish subjects of the German Empire are restored to France and to Denmark, and the Italian and

Roumanian subjects of Austria and of Hungary are transferred to Italy and to Roumania; if an independent Poland be established which, unlike the Poland "made in Germany," will include not only the Russian Poles, but some of their compatriots now ruled by the Teutonic Powers; if the new democratic Russia, which has already restored the self-government of Finland, carries out the programme it has announced, granting a fair measure of autonomy to all the peoples who have been brought under Russian rule and transforming the centralized Russian Empire into a "Russian United States"; if the Slavs of southeastern Europe are permitted to join their kinsmen who have established independent States, or are at least granted self-government and equal rights in a reorganized Austrian-Hungarian-Slav Empire; if some of the Greeks now under alien rule are permitted to cast in their lot with Greece—with the democratic Greece of Venizelos—there will emerge from the carnage and waste of this worst of wars a better Europe than that of 1815 or of 1914.

We may well be glad that the great European States with which our common hostility to the German Imperial Government forces us to make common cause are committed to the political principles which we regard as fundamental. We may well be glad that a common victory over the common enemy will not only secure our national rights, but will redress many ancient wrongs, and will make a better Europe than we have yet known—better for the people of Europe to live in; better for us, in a world that is growing very narrow, to live with. If our people can free themselves from prejudices that have become baseless and antipathies that today are senseless; if they can be brought to see things as they are, not as they once were; they will recognize that the democracies of the world have today a cause that is really common. They will not then hesitate to bear their share of the common burden, nor will they dream of betraying the common cause by a separate and selfish peace.

MUNROE SMITH.

THE BREAK AND SOME ENGLISH GUESSES

BY NORMAN ANGELL

THE news of America's rupture of diplomatic relations with Germany had just come to hand, and the six people at this particular English dinner table were doing some guessing as to "what it would ultimately mean." The guesses were enormously divergent, and, as indicating first impressions among Englishmen of various sorts, may have their significance. The most "representative" perhaps was the host—a "practical," successful English banker. The guests included an old Whig, who had been a close associate of Gladstone's in his later days; next him was a young front bench Radical, a keen supporter of Lloyd George—able, jaunty, cocksure; then a prominent Labor parliamentarian whom the war and industrial conscription had pushed from "moderate pacifism" to something resembling non-resistance, as it had pushed so many of his colleagues in the opposite direction toward Protectionist Imperialism. The fourth was a permanent Government official—revealing that abstrusest form of prejudice which consists in the unshakable conviction that one is completely free of all prejudice; the fifth an Englishman who had spent sufficient years in America to think of himself sometimes as American.

The last-named had been asked what he thought would be the course of events in America; would her entrance make for an internationalist "League of Nations" peace or an imposed Balance of Power one?

"Only astrology can really say. But I'll hazard my guess. America's entrance brings a League of Nations nearer. Internationalists, in my view, should rejoice. Firstly, because nothing short of actual participation in the war will sufficiently interest Americans in foreign affairs

to give any impetus in public opinion to the maintenance of foreign alliances, and after all a League of Peace is a foreign alliance; secondly, it will reconcile the Lodge-Roosevelt type of opposition to the President's foreign policy; thirdly, it will kill the undercurrent of anti-Americanism in England and France and convince both that the League to Enforce Peace talk is not American bombast, but that America can be depended upon to "play up"; fourthly, it will give America a place at the settlement, and, lastly, because the war will serve no American end unless something resembling a League of Nations, some better international organization, emerges. If that is not created America will stand at the close of the war just where she stood at the beginning. What "guarantees" for future observance of international law at sea—the thing for which she will be fighting—can she secure unless her intervention results in more solid international organization in the future?

The young Radical broke in: "Oh! but she will have shown the belligerents of a future war that the side which gets to sinking merchant ships and drowning passengers will have to reckon with the power of Uncle Sam."

"Well, naval war is changing, and if the submarine really does replace the surface battleship you will in the next war have both sides engaged in the unlimited sinking of merchant ships. And part of the sinking is done by mines. Must America in the future be ready to fight *all the belligerents?* Anyhow, if one navy is going to have the restraining effect you claim, how comes it that the very thing which has brought her into the war is a frightfulness the growth of which the armies and navies of half a dozen nations during two and a half years of war have not been able to check? No, failure to establish a League of Nations will mean the failure of America's policy—incidentally the failure of the President."

The banker-host interjects: "The co-operation of England and America will be the real League of Peace in the future. Between us we can settle this sea matter somehow. The big thing, the thing that matters, is that this nightmare of Anglo-American estrangement is now lifted. To my mind that estrangement was the real disaster of the war. I have not known for fifty years such anti-Americanism as the last twelve months have shown in England. Nothing could compensate for a split in the English-speaking races. The

future will never be without hope so long as their unity is maintained. Only one thing now is necessary to make that certain: immediate Home Rule for Ireland. That, I believe, is the price of a permanent Anglo-Saxon alliance which will make our future secure."

The Labor M. P.: "Yes, it would be very secure if instead of a League of Peace we get an Anglo-American Alliance that has to confront a combination of Germany, Russia and Japan! Just imagine Russia and Japan added to the Central Powers in this present war. Would the addition of anything America could do even the balance? And I don't quite relish an Anglo-Saxondom organized under a George-cum-Roosevelt dictatorship—that kind of thing made permanent, which it would be, if we had to face the world. My fear is that the real meaning of America's coming in is that the President's policy *has* failed. It was not his fault perhaps, and he has done miracles compared to what other chiefs of state have done. But the madness has been too much for him. The one hope of making your League of Nations a reality was to persuade the German people as a whole that the League offered a means of security and fair treatment less burdensome than the militarism which they certainly don't love, but which they have come to believe necessary. So far, with our Paris Conference and our talk of the destruction, not of European, but of German, militarism, we have managed to persuade the Germans that if they are beaten they will be at the mercy of the first great Power that cares to pick a quarrel with them. Wilson had struck the one possible note: Equal rights, equal security, a negotiated peace, no victory—yes, along that line there was some hope. But how long do you suppose the policy and temper of the speech to the Senate will last, now that America has entered the war? You know, of course, what will happen. An American regiment will be sent to France, accompanied by another regiment of newspaper correspondents. It will then become America's war. An American ambulance will be fired upon, an American nurse killed, a hospital ship sunk—and if Wilson dares to breathe such a thing as "peace without victory," and without punishment, he will be impeached. He will probably be impeached anyhow. What country has managed to get through this war without a change of Government, without the existing Government having been accused of coddling the enemy, of being pro-

German, without the hysteria of a " ginger " party? Neither Haldane, nor Grey, nor Asquith had one-twentieth of the ' pro-Germanism ' to their account that Wilson has to his. Are the Americans less Chauvinist, less emotional than Europeans? You talk of Wilson's ' programme,' Wilson's policy. There will only be one programme and one policy possible as soon as the first American soldier sets foot on European soil: ' Victory.' Bottomley and Maxee will be milk and water to what we shall see America producing. We shall have a ' settlement ' so monstrous that Germany will offer any price to Russia and Japan for their future help to even things up. And as soon as this war is over we shall have the Japanese menace. Universal conscription, military and industrial; no man or woman free to choose his life or calling, but reconciled to his servitude by the intense patriotism of national hates that will be a flaming religion—a world in which hate, fear, coercion and compulsion will be the predominant elements, every life in every corner of the globe lived to one end—to kill. Well, Roosevelt and Strachey and that lot should be pleased."

To most of which the Americanized Englishman objects. America will keep her head better than the European nations in this war because she is not so menaced; fear is the mother of panic in policy. Wilson has an anchor to windward in the shape of a limitation of liability. While he will not stress that at the outset, at the appropriate moment he will make it clear that America's objects in this war are her declared ones: common security, not conquest, either for herself or others.

" There," said the Government Official, " are some of the phrases with which the Americans drug themselves. Limitation of liability; security, not conquest. In international affairs such things have no meaning. The notion that America should come in with an internationalist programme which does not include essential points in the Allied programme might prove disastrous—the worst disaster that could happen. To back out just at the point where her demands were satisfied, even though those of her Allies were not, would be to betray them. For they would be placed in a false position for continuing the war and would have been beaten, not by the enemy, but by America. If we prolong this war so that Russia may occupy Constantinople, or Italy Dalmatia, we are not fighting in order that either may secure

territory, but that we may secure their help against a common enemy. A nation that did less and talked about limiting its liability would not have a friend in the world. *We* cannot be the judges of other nations' policy. So long as, say, Russia's policy is not inimical to ours—and to have a powerful state cutting the Berlin-Bagdad corridor is, of course, entirely in keeping with the necessities of the case from our point of view—and Russia regards it as essential, we pay the price for her help. That sort of reciprocal service is the only real basis of international arrangement, and America will have to come in on that basis—unless she wants to be left to fend for herself in world policy. Large, vague, general principles won't do. Foreign policy is a matter of specific cases, not of general principles. Every nation has some particular thing that it wants more than it wants a doubtful arrangement for security, in which it does not believe, anyhow. No nation has illustrated this more than America herself. Americans seem to look upon themselves as the unparalleled champions of arbitration. Yet—after oceans of highfalutin about their love of arbitration—they rejected the Olney-Pauncefote Treaty and signed the first Hague Convention with a maiming reservation, and then proceeded to reject two further arbitration treaties and very nearly rejected arbitration over the Panama Canal by allowing a treaty to lapse for fear it might be applied in a case which they evidently regarded as a bad one for them. So they are hardly in a position to blame other people who want certain things more than they want Leagues to Enforce Peace. For the most part these wants—Alsace, Dalmatia, Jugo-Slavia, Constantinople—are mutually exclusive, and a League of Peace which crystallized a Europe leaving them in any considerable part unsatisfied would be a farce. It is an American vice to divorce ideas from practice. A pioneer political conception is not a policy. These territorial questions toward which Americans show such large disinterestedness are of the very essence of the problem. They may seem small in Kalamazoo or Detroit, but in Rome, Vienna, Paris, and Petrograd they remain obstinate facts which cannot be swept aside—and as to the 'League of Peace,' well, the truth is, Wilson would never have been able to deliver the goods. It was not the kind of thing you could rely on, and it is a mercy to have it out of the way."

The Labor M. P. threw up his hands with a gesture of

weariness. "Has the failure of all your Congresses taught you nothing? You talk as though your diplomatic, expert, *realpolitik,* foreign office settlements had brilliantly succeeded. But for the most part they have egregiously failed, for neglect of the very factors which you make a crime in Wilson to take into account. At Vienna a century since you took the old dynastic conceptions as fixed and unchanging things which constituted the only factors of international politics. Popular rights, the sentiment of nationality, and other ideas which were already fermenting and were bound to live and grow you brushed aside as uplifting notions having no relation to practical politics. But in a very few years those notions, only nascent at the beginning of the nineteenth century, rendered the dynastic settlements quite impossible, just as these new notions about the economic freedom of movement for nations, the need for a common security, and so forth, will, if they are ignored, upset your territorial settlements based simply on the old ideas of absolute sovereignty and independence. Unless these pioneer ideas are recognized at the settlement, and shape it, the coming peace will be as unstable as the past ones. To keep those ideas well to the fore now is the best chance of avoiding the mistakes of last century at Vienna and Berlin. Can't we yet admit that the old methods have failed and that unless the war is to end in dreadful and tragic futility we must somehow apply new? Why are international politics to be the only field in which new ideas are barred? For the purposes of war we have introduced internal measures so radical that old notions of private property, individual freedom, and so on have gone into the melting pot, yet in turning the victory to account you are as frightened of a new idea as a savage. It is not true that Americans have confined themselves to vague generalities. The League to Enforce Peace is itself a proposal for an alliance as definite and objective as the Franco-Russian Alliance, or the Triple Alliance, or any of the other alliances concocted by your diplomats and which show remarkable instability. The proposal to create economic rights of way through ports or territory that may shut off a hinterland is not merely a 'pioneer conception,' it is a policy as definite as your 'integrity of the Ottoman Empire' of the past or your bag and baggage of the present. Only it happens to be based not on the weight of a few sitting on the lid, but on removing the causes of

explosion by the satisfaction of the many. Your terror of anything to which your experience has not accustomed you reminds me of an illustration used by William James. A child taken from a burning house by its mother was hugely delighted at the spectacle: it was accustomed to fires in its own nursery. Here was a much bigger one; it found it delightful. But when the screech of the fire engine made itself heard it was frightened to death—it had never heard a noise like that before and, like all young animals, was afraid of unusual things. So it howled. Just as you howl. But people who have grown up don't. Really it is time you people grew up. Still, you'll get your American '*real-politik*' now. Now that the Americans are in the war they will think of it in the old military terms of power and sitting on the lid."

The Lloyd George Radical: "Oh, yes, the Americans will get excited enough. But what will they *do?* What can they do? Money, supplies, munitions? But we had all that before. It would not be good economy to send men until the submarine issue is settled and more ships are built. The truth is that America comes in too late. If she had taken these measures at the beginning the war might now be over. And, of course, if it should be necessary to call for a real sacrifice and keep a stiff upper lip for the last lap the President will be a bad person to do it. He's not a war President, he——"

The old Whig broke in: "The fact is, M., you did not want Wilson in at the peace. George was to be the great peacemaker, and now Wilson threatens to steal his clothes, eh? Personally I hope Wilson will do it, but I shall be astonished if he does. From what one can gather of the past the Americans are so emotional that they can have only one emotion at a time. After Bryan, Roosevelt. And the trouble is that both are equally hopeless. This notion that the alternatives are as between peace and war is one of the fatal confusions of international politics. Merely keeping peace obviously won't solve America's problems—her right to use the sea free from menace, safety of non-combatants, and the rest. The mere fact of going to war just as obviously won't, as our friend from America has pointed out. It is what you will secure in the way of settlement by going to war or remaining at peace, as the case may be, that counts. Yet neither Pacifist nor Militarist seems to worry about that. From the

moment that Wilson seems ready to make war Roosevelt is content. He shakes hands with the President metaphorically. Does he know what America's arms are to stand for in the future settlement of the chaos: what really will be demanded about mines, submarines, mails, neutral trade in the future? The Roosevelts do not know and do not care. What these people want is the gesture of war, just as what Bryan wants is the gesture of peace, and what our people want is the gesture of victory. Very, very few really care or understand about Constantinople or Dalmatia or the Tzecho-Slovaks, of whom the vast majority had never heard until the other day. We don't really care about the freedom of Europe. What we care about very intensely is to beat the Germans. As to the peace and the future map of Europe, when the Peace Congress has been sitting a fortnight we shall be utterly bored with it, and not one in ten thousand will dream of reading a word of the reports. Why should America be different? She will now want the Government to 'act.' That means, of course, visible action—guns going off, regiments marching to the station. The hard labor of men devising better policies, sounder rules for the future: that is not 'action' at all. You can't take pictures of it for the daily papers. America's part in the war will absorb about all the attention and interest that busy people can give to public affairs. They will quite forget about these international arrangements concerning the sea, the League of Peace —the things for which the country entered the war. In fact, I rather share the view that if Wilson so much as tries to remind them of the objects of the war he will be accused of pro-Germanism, and you will have their 'ginger' press demanding that the 'old gang' be 'combed out.'"

The Englishman from America: "You are forgetting Wilson's record."

"It may be. Shall we go upstairs?"

The present writer is the mere recorder. *"Pour copie conforme,"* as the French journalists say.

NORMAN ANGELL.

IS THE HOHENZOLLERN DYNASTY DOOMED?

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

THE German ultimatum of January 31st, with its affront to the United States, and its ill disguised attempt to humiliate us by taking away our independence on the seas, was accepted at its true value by right-minded Americans. Not sufficient attention has been paid to it, however, as a symptom of the state of the German Empire, and especially of the anxiety of the German Kaiser. The resumption of submarine Frightfulness meant but one thing,—desperation.

Persons on the inside who knew the straits Germany was in believed the act of desperation would not be committed before next May or June; that it was ordered for February first indicates that the German plight was keener than had been supposed. Not that the Germans were actually starving, but that they had reached the point where they felt hungry all the time, and were beginning to understand that, as there was no way to replenish their stores, the approach of real starvation was inevitable and would be more and more rapid. For a people which ordinarily devours more and drinks more than any other, deprivation of food was a grievous ordeal. It must have occurred to the Kaiser and the General Staff that possibly hunger might open the eyes of this docile and abjectly subservient people and that the Almightiest must have asked himself, "If they should awaken, what then?" Hunger would accept no excuses. Hunger might not be duped by lies. Other nations, plunged into ruin by arrogant and self-seeking monarchs, had, when their eyes were opened, taken the first opportunity of ridding themselves of those monarchs, either by killing them or by deposing them. England beheaded one Stuart, and drove

another into exile; France repudiated the first Napoleon after Waterloo, and the third Napoleon after Sedan; and Spain ousted Isabella the Second: although none of these sovereigns, not even the great Napoleon, had brought on their respective countries such disasters as Germany has already suffered under William the Second.

Napoleon used to be regarded as unrivalled as a concocter of false despatches and lying bulletins; but he dwindles into insignificance before the fabrications of William the Second. The Kaiser began the War with a lie when he told the Berlin populace that the sword had been forced into his hand, the fact being that for twenty-five years he had made every preparation to draw the sword at a favorable moment and had frequently become so impatient to draw it that he rattled its scabbard ominously. He drew it on August 1, 1914, because he supposed that the enemies whom he expected to make his victims by a quick dash were unprepared. Even in those last days he might have prevented it by a single word to his vassal Austria; but he withheld that word, and when he found that Austria was opening "conversations" with Russia he sent the ultimatum to Russia and the threat to France which assured war within twenty-four hours: and yet he pretended that the sword had been forced into his unwilling hand—and the German people believed him.

The war once begun, he served his subjects with falsified news. For more than two months they were led to believe that he had overwhelmed the French and taken possession of Paris, and even to-day Germans are ignorant of their armies' defeat at the Marne and of their retreat. So when the German troops, obedient to the system of Frightfulness, which had been elaborated in cold blood by the General Staff long before, perpetrated atrocities, hitherto unpractised in modern times by civilized men, the Kaiser saw to it that his Germans should believe that these atrocities were perpetrated on German soldiers by the French and by the Belgians. And this transparent deceit, which an Iroquois Indian would have disdained, was resorted to when each new horror was let loose, and the German people was duly humbugged.

As time went on the Kaiser's scale of falsifying facts reached larger proportions. He told his Teutons and the World, for instance, that the United States had no right to

export munitions to the Allies: and yet for fifty years Prussia has sold munitions to any belligerents in time of war, and sold them impartially, and the Kaiser has presumably enjoyed the extra dividends which this traffic brought to him, as a stockholder in the Krupp Works. His paid agents in the United States worked this dodge so persistently that they succeeded in having a bill introduced into Congress to put an embargo on the exportation of munitions. And yet no one doubts that if American munitions could have been or could now be landed in Germany the Kaiser would have bought as many of them as American dealers could supply.

Next he declared that the British blockade was illegal, because a blockade to be legal must be effective; but in the same breath he protested against the cruelty of the British who by their blockade were starving the innocent noncombatant women and children of Germany. Yet to-day he is justifying the renewal of the submarine Frightfulness on the ground that by it he can quickly starve England into submission and raise the British blockade which has reduced the Fatherland to hunger. "Well," we ask, "how can the British blockade be both ineffective and so devilishly effective at the same time?" But why expect even the consistency of a successful liar from clumsy perjurers who when one false statement fails contradict it by another equally false?

Of all the German transactions with mendacity none has a more comic aspect than that by which they attempted a few months ago to convince their people that the Allies were responsible for the continuation of the war. "We have beaten them," said the Kaiser and his echoes, "and yet they insist upon going on fighting. They are a wicked people not to know when they are beaten. Let the blood of further contest be on their heads! In my desire for peace, in my abhorrence of the inhumanity of war, I graciously condescend to stop now and to grant terms which will leave them shorn of territory, devastated, impoverished and mightily bereaved, and will establish beyond cavil the fact that militarism pays and that there is no punishment for a predatory War-Lord." Such the substance of the Imperial declaration.

Similarly comic was the Kaiser's pronouncement as to the Battle of Jutland when he assured the world that he had won the sublimest naval victory of all time, a victory by

which he became Lord High Admiral of the Atlantic (and probably of other oceans). Now a victory of that kind is easily verified. The victorious fleet not only holds the scene of the conflict, but it passes imperiously and unchallenged over every sea. But the German fleet that fought off Jutland not only did not stay on the scene, but it actually slunk away under cover of darkness to its well-protected base, from which it has taken care not to emerge since, its chief audacity being to send out occasionally in the night or in a fog a cruiser that can quickly run home when she sees an enemy. Such practises revolutionize our conception of a naval victory. Nelson's fleet did not slink away after Trafalgar, nor did Farragut after he crushed the enemy at Mobile Bay; and yet a victory so overpowering as to entitle the Kaiser to the supremacy of the ocean must at least have been as decisive as those of Farragut and of Nelson.

The Kaiser now protests to his Hunnish hearers that the responsibility for war between Germany and the United States must fall on us. Germany, he says, has never wished for war with America. "Why should she?" we ask: "For ever since 1914 she has committed with impunity whatever warlike, or atrocious acts she chose. Her agents conspired at violence here, to terrorize our people. They blew up factories, mines and steamships; they connived at assassination; they organized sedition; on the high seas she destroyed our ships and our citizens without even an apology: and latterly, her submarines have sunk all ships without warning. Her crimes against humanity make respectable the deeds of pirates who sailed under the black flag."

And when at last the United States takes steps to dispose of the German monster, Germany whines that she ought not to be treated in this fashion. A gunman, who shot up a town at pleasure, and insisted that nobody must stop him, could not act more contemptibly, if, when the police surrounded him, he whimpered that it wasn't fair. But the Prussian whimper has always been the counterpart of the Prussian truculence.

It was doubtless as pleasant for the Kaiser to beguile his subjects with such tales, as it is for the victim of paresis to insist that he is sovereign of the world: but as the Arab proverb says, "Falsehoods like chickens come home to roost." And even in Germany, if we may judge by the signs which reach us in spite of the most rigorous censorship, will-

ingness to swallow the Kaiser's assertions is no longer universal. German soldiers who have come back from the front have told their people that the army never entered Paris; and a few civilians, at least, must know that the German fleet instead of sailing triumphantly over the Atlantic, has huddled prudently under cover at its base. The facts in regard to the rest of William's falsifications have also trickled through the dense barrier officially raised against the passage of perilous truth and through the predisposition to accept the Kaiser's utterances as a revelation from Heaven.

How far this has gone we cannot say, but the fact that the truth has penetrated any German minds—as recent utterances in the Reichstag indicate—is of great significance; for it must inevitably spread, and unless the entire German nation is as barbarous as the acts and creed of the Prussian militarists who have misled it, there will be, when the truth is generally understood, a mighty revulsion against the misleaders, the Kaiser first of all. That he has already had an inkling of this possibilty appears from the frequency with which he has disavowed his responsibility. "I did not will war," he has proclaimed; but if the war were really the stupendous victory which he has also proclaimed it to be, is it not strange that he evades taking credit for it? Such modesty in him would be unlooked for; assuredly, it is suspicious.

The political revolution in Russia, has given the Kaiser and his Ring terrible anxiety: for although the Slavs at Petrograd who carried that revolution through are, politically, far in advance of the Germans, there is still the possibility, at least, that some Germans may try to imitate them, and so start an avalanche which may bury the Autocrat and his satellites. The deification of the Czar did not save him: what if the "Me and Gott" superstition should fail to save the Kaiser?

From now on the gnawing at the stomachs of sixty-five million Germans—a gnawing that will grow day by day more mordant as the means to appease it lessens—will force the sixty-five million German minds, dependent on those hungry stomachs, to inquire: "What have we been fighting for? Why should we go on fighting?" The seductive dream of world-empire, which they had been taught to cherish, during the twenty years before 1914, was dashed at the Battle of the Marne. The dream which they substituted for it of

an empire extending from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf, seems likewise unattainable. "Why, then, should we go on fighting? All these projects were undertaken to gratify the ambition of the Kaiser, who imagined himself greater than Napoleon, and of the Junkers and militarist oligarchy, who having throttled Prussia, have Prussianized Germany. The Kaiser and his henchmen deceived us by assuring us that the immense costs of this war would not fall upon us but upon the vanquished enemy, from whom crushing indemnities would be wrung; but we see now that there will be no indemnities except those that we may be compelled to pay. The deceivers, these betrayers of Germany, have sacrificed her good name. Only a generation ago, before we were inoculated with the Prussian virus, which like a serpent's sting maddens its victim, we were honored throughout the world: where is our honor now? Our word is despised: we tear up treaties and forswear our pledges; by our system of Frightfulness we have reverted to the level of Huns and have earned the loathing and abhorrence of the civilized world forever. What gain in territory could compensate for this loss of honor or could redeem us from this reversion to the standards of the brute?"

Such poignant questions we can believe that the intrepid Liebknecht, and those who think like him, are already asking themselves, and the number of such questioners must surely increase. We can easily imagine that the princes and the people of the non-Prussian German states also will begin to search their hearts. The King of Bavaria, for instance, may wake up to perceive that he has been wasting his Bavarian treasure and his Bavarian troops in a war for the glory of Prussia and of the House of Hohenzollern. Possibly some Bavarian will recall that complimentary Prussian saying—"A Bavarian is the missing link between monkeys and Austrians." Even if the war had resulted in the winning of world-power, it would be Prussia and the King of Prussia who profited by it; and in proportion as the King of Prussia, under his alias of the German Emperor, became magnified, the King of Bavaria would be reduced to insignificance. And this would be true of the King of Würtemberg and the other princes. If the war ends in the defeat of Germany without the destruction of Prussian militarism it is quite within probability that Prussia may annex Bavaria, Saxony, Würtemburg, and the other autonomous states, depose their rulers

and abolish their independent governments. This action might serve as a sop for the insatiable ambition of the Hohenzollerns. Nor is the idea fanciful, since Bismarck in 1866 despoiled Hanover and other non-Prussian German states in order to aggrandize Prussia. When such thoughts begin to seethe in the brain of the Bavarian King, he too may ask himself, "What are we Bavarians fighting for?" So long as there was a likelihood that he and his brother princes might receive a share of the world, which the Pan-Germanists, inspired from Prussia, preached was to be won in this war, they might think it worth while to engage in the adventure. Paternal and dynastic pride must justifiably swell at the thought that the Bavarian Crown Prince might rule as Proconsul of England, or a Würtemberg as Satrap of New York State, or a Saxon personage as Viceroy of India, and all within a year or two. But General Foch pricked all those bubbles on September 8, 1914.

In nothing have the Hohenzollerns since 1871 been more astute than in persuading the non-Prussian Germans that their welfare, if not their very existence, depended upon the House of Hohenzollern. Military service fostered this creed; so did the educational system, which, from the kindergarten to the highest grades of the University, magnified the person and authority of the Kaiser. The mighty influence and fame of Bismarck, to whom was owing far more than to the King of Prussia himself the creation of the German Empire, with the consequent glorification of the Hohenzollern, helped immensely in this process, because he was regarded as a German national hero long before they were accepted as the national overlords. The school boy of Baden or Saxony or Bavaria was brought up to acknowledge allegiance to the ruler of his special state, but he inevitably recognized a higher allegiance to the German Emperor, who was actually supreme. If the German Emperor decided to make war, the small monarchs had perforce to follow him; because, although there is the pretense of equality in the German Imperial Federation, it is a pretense and nothing more. From 1866, Prussia has taken care to hold the dominant vote and the little princes have taken care, after casting their vote, not to risk extinction by thwarting Prussia.

The question now is whether the loyalty of the Germans to the Hohenzollern monarch will hold in disaster. Now, when the Kaiser has not won, what do non-Prussians

think? They say little or nothing yet,—except a few significant voices in Parliament—because it is still dangerous to speak out; but they must be thinking; and as they enjoy once a fortnight the luxury of an ounce of meat-dripping or a quarter of a sausage, they must be formulating opinions in regard to the Kaiser who has reduced them to this. What are their opinions? Do they begin to suspect that they were duped by those rainbow promises of the Kaiser? Do they ask on what ground the Kaiser and the General Staff asserted that the war would be a very easy enterprise—two or three weeks in which to destroy France and then a month, at the longest, to crush Russia? Do they doubt whether a Warlord who made so colossal, so ruinous, a misestimate of the primary factors in the war, is a leader to be trusted or to be obeyed any further? How must German fathers and mothers feel on learning that when the Kaiser was told at the beginning of the war that it would cost a million lives to hack his way to Paris, he replied cold bloodedly, "Go ahead! We can spare them!" This same Kaiser sacrificed half a million Germans at Verdun in the hope of winning a victory which would give prestige to the degenerate Crown Prince: do the scores of thousands of bereaved families of those soldiers immolated for the dynastic schemes of the Hohenzollerns, regard such slaughter for such a purpose with approval? On one hand, half a million of the best soldiers in Germany, on the other, a weazel-featured Crown Prince.

The stability of the Kaiser obviously depends on his success in hiding from the German people the truth about the war. It seems unlikely that he can keep up much longer his original falsehood that the jealous and wicked enemies of Germany had leagued themselves together against the German nation. For a long time, myriads of Germans have known that this was not true, but of course they have held their tongues. The silly pretense that Belgium was about to invade the Fatherland has also been discarded. So too the charge that England was the aggressor fell foolishly when it was known that at the outbreak of the war she had less than 160,000 soldiers ready for immediate service, and that she required more than a year in order to train and to put into the field a million men. Many Germans are quite aware of these truths now but they go on denying them because they do not dare to disobey orders from above, and because the

official German has been taught to believe that a lie well stuck to is more effective than truth.

But what will happen when the day of disillusionment comes to the German people, when they understand that the war was not thrust upon them by wicked enemies but that their Kaiser and his Militarist Ring engaged in it for selfish and dynastic ends? The Kaiser can hardly go on much longer appeasing them by telling them that they hold Belgium and Northeastern France, Poland, Serbia, and Roumania. Even a docile people will at last inquire why it is that these victories, instead of bringing peace, simply serve to protract the war? Why does each "victory" increase their hunger? The answer is, to quote a common Hindu proverb, that he who holds a tiger by the ears dares not let go; but the Kaiser, of course, would not vouchsafe so true a statement. Nevertheless, the German people must before long begin to suspect the truth, and in their hour of disillusion they may rise in wrath and smash the House of Hohenzollern. That is what other races more advanced in political consciousness and self-respect and less servile in traditions would do. We surmise that that is what the Kaiser himself fears they may do. He is now in a position similar to that of the French Terrorists. He has adopted the atrocious method of unlimited submarine warfare as a last desperate expedient, just as Robespierre, in 1793, resorted to the frightful dispensation of the guillotine which never stopped. Atrocity for atrocity, the Kaiser's is the more abominable, and it may fail him as surely as unlimited guillotining failed to save the Terrorists.

The French, a high-spirited people, accessible to the noblest ideals, but ground down and almost cretinized by the Bourbon régime, rose and ousted the Bourbon king and put him to death; and then, when they found themselves being exterminated by the Terrorists, they rose and guillotined them. The Germans are a very different people, but, sooner or later, they too will feel the irresistible impulse of liberty and will rise against the Hohenzollern dynasty which has deprived them of it, which has seduced them into a terrible war, subjected them to immense hardships and brought them to the brink of ruin. Perhaps the day is at hand when they will repudiate their betrayers.

William Roscoe Thayer.

RUSSIA AND THE REVOLUTION

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

Modern Russia has given to the world many great pages of tremendous realism; none greater, vivider, more poignant than those that have come to us, self-written, self-edited, since the Ides of March. Not Turgenieff nor Tolstoi, nor Gorki nor Verestchagin, not even Dostoyevski himself ever drew more powerful outlines or mixed more compelling colors than those that have framed themselves from the abrupt phrases of the cablegrams. And how like the handling of the great Russian realists the whole drama has been: the figures have drawn themselves, the scenes have been set, the very persons have spoken, in the style that is unmistakably Russian: intense conviction, amazing vividness, deep religious emotion, an abiding sense of the eternal things!

Not Tolstoi nor Dostoyevski at their best conceived a more arresting figure than Rasputin: the huge, gaunt Siberian, shaggy and eloquent, half-visionary, half-charlatan, with his blazing eyes, his extraordinary power of fascinating women, his towering ambition, his wild profligacy, setting forth barefoot from primeval forests to enthrall the world; taking Petrograd by storm, for long months holding the Empire in the hollow of his hand, Church and State alike; hurled violently from power as a detected impostor; by force and craft breaking a way back again, once more appointing archbishops and ministers, dictating policies; giving himself up, drunken with insolence and wine, into the hands of Russia's most treacherous enemies, and coming within a hand's-breadth of ruining the cause of the nation, the still greater cause of the Allies; finally slain by a great noble, quite openly, as a mad dog is slain; his body thrown into the icy Neva; drawn forth again, carried in state by ministers, laid in a silver coffin borne on the shoulders of the Emperor and his ministers,

wept by the Empress in mourning garments: no novelist would have dared to paint a picture like that.

The figure of the Emperor, too, comes forth into the pitiless light with a certain pathetic dignity. Nicholas the Second was no mere incompetent or voluptuary; on the contrary, of irreproachable life, austere, gentle, almost puritanical, he stands among the great idealists of the world. We must not forget that it was he who dreamed the noble dream of The Hague Tribunal and the world's peace; that he himself framed and put into execution the system of the Imperial Duma which has now been able to save Russia from his almost fatal blunders; that he planned, and in part carried out, large schemes for the amelioration of the immense army of Russian villagers, so that his great nobles angrily reproached him with being "a peasant's king"; that he chose and loyally supported ministers of extraordinary ability and power—men like Witte, who doubled the income of the Empire within ten years, like Stolypin, who worked out the enfranchisement of the peasants, not from monarchical oppression, but from the shackles of the old village socialism, which had come down from the immemorial past; like Sazonoff, who alone among the Entente statesmen seems to have understood the real purpose of Germany, and whose incisive vigor stands out in very favorable contrast with the hair-splitting hesitancy of a diplomatist as able, as gifted, as scrupulous as Lord Grey; finally, that Nicholas the Second, like his grandfather Alexander the Second, embarked his nation on a great crusade, impelled by motives largely religious and humane, for the salvation of the Balkan Slavs; that for nearly three years he co-operated loyally with France and England, putting himself at the head of his armies when the enemy entered on Russian soil.

The very causes of his undoing, too, have their large element of time-old tragedy. Nicholas was not the first, nor will he be the last, to yield up judgment and will into the hands of a queenly and beautiful woman. The motive of Samson and Delilah of the vale of Sorek is a scarlet thread that runs through all history. And the Empress Alexandra herself, a broken-hearted woman from the beginning, was led to the brink of the precipice by forces of tremendous and universal strength: her passionate and morbid love for her invalid son, born after long waiting, whose pains were alleviated, it would seem, by Rasputin's magnetic force, just as

the fatal malady of the Czar's father, Alexander the Third, was lightened by the similar but more benign power of Father John of Cronstadt; her obstinate and unconverted devotion for the land of her birth; her passion for autocratic power. These are not vulgar or trivial motives; they have swayed great souls through all history.

The element of mysticism, even though it be a morbid and dangerous mysticism, runs through the whole drama. We shall, I think, be quite misled if we think of it as merely vulgar charlatanism, like Carlyle's probable misreading of Cagliostro. Nicholas the Second, like all Russians who are true to their blood, was impressed and oppressed by the presence of the invisible world. We must not forget that the Russian Church has always been, and is today, pre-eminently a church of men, in sharp contrast with modern Roman Catholicism, which has so largely tended to become a church of women; that the presence of a majority of men at church services is as much the rule in Russia as it is the exception, let us say, in France, or was, at any rate, in the years before the war; and that all these men are full of the sense of the supernatural, ardently revering their miracle-working saints, in no way thinking that the age of immediate divine interventions has passed. Nor can we venture to say, in these days of revived belief in the invisible, that the Russian millions are wrong. It is this universal mood which gives a Rasputin his power and opportunity, just as it gave power and opportunity to the benign influence of Father John of Cronstadt. And Nicholas the Second was as fully possessed by this mystical sensibility as any of his peasants. Stumbling in the midst of mighty difficulties, he longed for oracles from heaven, to make his intricate pathway clearer through the darkness. And if, blinded by devotion to the beautiful woman who dominated him, he followed lying oracles, it is no marvel; for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light. That fatally dangerous masquerade is the experience of saints and visionaries through all history.

Not less striking or less dramatic are the personalities of the men who brought about this marvellous revolution, unprecedented in its quietude and restraint. They won their power by service and sacrifice. They were at the point of vantage, where they could guide the transformation scene, because they had fought their way up by active, able, beneficent work. Prince Lvoff, the new Prime Minister, had held

together the great national union of Zemstvos, the popular District Councils which bear a certain analogy to our State legislatures, and which have been doing indispensable service in supporting the armies of Russia and supplying them with food and clothing, in part with munitions also. It was primarily the resistance of the former ministers to this great popular organ of Russian life, a resistance supinely permitted by Nicholas the Second, that brought the revolution to a head. It is characteristic, too, of Russia, and of the large lines on which this whole drama has been laid, that Prince Lvoff, the universally trusted leader of this organization of the people, is no demagogue suddenly risen to power by the arts of flattery, but an aristocrat of one of the oldest houses in Russia, going back to Rurik, the heroic ruler who first welded together the Russian nation. To be a "Rurikovitch," a descendant of Rurik, is the equivalent to descent, in England, from the nobles on the Battle Abbey roll.

Rodzianko has, in his own field, gained equal power by equal service. As President of the Duma, he deserves to be compared with the great Speakers of the Mother of Parliaments, whose wise guidance has gradually built up the constitutional practice of the world, framing the machinery by which all nations on earth are governed, in large degree, today. Again and again, in hours of parliamentary crisis, this able Moderator, whose name shows him to be of South Russian, perhaps of Cossack, descent, has shown that he possesses courage, wise judgment, sympathy, personal ascendancy and entire disinterestedness in a rare degree. His great co-adjutor, Milyukoff, is well-known in this country. Again and again, he has shown that self-forgetting acceptance of sacrifice for a moral ideal, which, for nearly a century now, has been so characteristic of the Russian revolutionaries, even of those whose methods of outrage and terrorism can never be condoned. Some of these men and women were guilty of grave crimes as well as frightful blunders, like the assassination of Alexander the Second on the eve of his promulgation of a constitution; but they were all, without exception, capable of the extreme of self-sacrifice. But Milyukoff, though a revolutionary, has been no fanatic, no extremist. He has, on the contrary, shown a power of tolerance, of self-subordination, with practical statesmanship and fearlessness of the highest order. There has been nothing of the doctrinary bigot in his thought or in his action,

but rather the sanest vision and constructive power. Gutchkoff, too, the new War Minister, won his way by sturdy and far-sighted work in the Duma; he holds the admiration and trust of the Russian army and its able commanders.

Not less notable is the character of the great soldiers in command of the Russian armies, whose far-sighted, profoundly patriotic acceptance alone made the transformation of Russia possible and almost bloodless. Not one of them but made, quite consciously and no doubt with a full sense of the tragic greatness of the necessity, the choice between a real loyalty to the Emperor and the greater loyalty to eternal principles, whose victory was endangered by the Emperor's supine blindness. They also are men who have fought their way to power through self-sacrificing devotion to duty, unsullied by personal ambition. General Alexeieff, Chief of Staff when the great change was made, was one of a group of soldiers throughout all the belligerent nations, who have shown that military genius is as likely to be found in the classes who live close to the soil, as among princely houses built on military traditions. Like Marshal Joffre, like General Nivelle, like General Robertson, the backbone of the British army, Alexeieff rose to supreme command without the slightest aid from patronage or favoritism, by sheer personal power and soldierly gifts. The heroism of Russia's fighting generals, with General Brusiloff at their head, shines out brighter than ever, now that we know of the imperial sabotage of which their armies were the victims: the sidetracking of priceless munitions, the curt refusal of millions of rifles offered by Great Britain, the calculated disorganization of food and supplies. Protopopoff, in prison, bethinking him of these doings of his, is said to have asked for religious books. Protopopoff has, it would seem, had a rare, belated flash of self-understanding.

Yet I think we shall show ourselves limited judges of human nature if we suppose that he and his fellow-plotters consciously thought of themselves as traitors. They were deeply concerned for their own stability and comfort, which they conceived to be bound up with the triumph of autocracy, and therefore of German autocracy. They were offered enormous bribes, not for themselves only, but for Russia also, bribes that included, we are told, the return of Poland and the Baltic Provinces, immediate possession of Armenia and Constantinople—the Turks to be betrayed for this pur-

pose by their Teutonic Allies. There may have been promises for Serbia also; probably there were. And, in disorganizing the service of the Russian armies, these separate peace-seekers were taking, no doubt they told themselves, the speediest way to get their nation out of war. They may even have been moved by pacifist convictions, ready to pay this price for peace. We may remember that Benedict Arnold wrote, on board the *Vulture,* on September 25: "The heart which is conscious of its own rectitude cannot attempt to palliate a step which the world may censure as wrong. I have ever acted from a principle of love to my country since the commencement of the present unhappy contest between Great Britain and the Colonies. The same principle of love to my country actuates my present conduct, however it may appear inconsistent to the world, who very seldom judge right of any man's actions."

There is little doubt that Arnold sincerely believed this; small doubt that Stuermer and Protopopoff gave themselves the same assurances. That is the fatal thing about treason: it begins by betraying the traitor himself.

Public comment here has described the Russian revolution as "the fall of the Romanoffs; the discrediting of monarchy." I doubt very much that this is how the matter seems to the best and wisest men in Russia. We shall probably be right in thinking of many of these men as saying that a monarchy is in principle higher than a republic, in this at least: that the mainspring of monarchy is devotion; that everyone is looking to something greater and higher than himself, while, whatever be the theory of democracy, in practice a democracy greatly fosters personal self-seeking, the individual citizen seeing no goal more important than his own well-being and comfort; and a goal like that is as ignoble as it is weakening and unnerving. To look no nearer home, the spectacle of the conflict of politicians in both France and England is hardly reassuring; the fall of a Briand, the formidable activities of a Caillaux, reveal defects and dangers. A democracy may be good; a monarchy may be good. It all depends on the aim of the men who compose them. If that aim be high, founded in spiritual law, consecrated by sacrifice, then it is well. But gross selfishness in a democracy is quite as ugly and dangerous as in a monarchy. Liberty is good; but liberty to do what? Everything depends on that.

"I AM THE MAN."

["What is wanted is a moral deed, to free the world . . . from the pressure which weighs upon all. For such a deed it is necessary to find a ruler who has a conscience . . . I have the courage."—*Extract of letter from the GERMAN KAISER to his Chancellor, dated October 31st, 1916, and recently published in "The North German Gazette."*]

From London *Punch*, January 24, 1917

We must draw a very clear historical distinction, too, between predatory Houses like the Hohenzollerns or Hapsburgs, who swooped down for prey from their *Habichtsburg,* their "hawk's eyrie," on the Danubian plains, and who have prospered by savage oppression and the enslavement of nations, and such a house as the Romanoffs, who were elected, in February, 1613, by a Constituent Assembly, representing all that was best, noblest and most devoted in the Russian people, both civil and religious. It is of high historic interest that, when that Constituent Assembly met, in the ancient Kremlin, the citadel of Moscow, Russia was at war with foes on her western frontier, who were bent on her destruction, and who were using fraud as well as force in their effort to dislocate the will of the Russian nation, seriously weakened by the long, dire struggle with the Tartars. A war in the West, following a war in the East, makes a close parallel with the present time. Russia was weak from this twofold struggle when the Romanoffs were called.

For several generations the Romanoffs had deserved well of the nation. Their record was unsullied. Archbishop Philaretes was "a lover of virtue" in fact as well as in name. Universally honored, he would doubtless have been chosen instead of his son, young Michael Romanoff, a youth of sixteen, had he not been an ecclesiastic. And so far were they from ambition that the boy passionately refused the high offer tendered to him, when, after a month's search, he was at last found in a monastery. Only the entreaties of the best men of the nation finally overpersuaded him. Since the day when he consented,—curiously enough, almost on the same day of March which saw the downfall of Nicholas the Second,—things began to go well with the little Muscovite kingdom, hemmed in on all sides by enemies; and, in a sense, the growth and consolidation of the vast Russian Empire, which today covers one-sixth of the land surface of the world, has been identical with the history of the Romanoffs. Since the day when Yermak, the Cossack adventurer, burst through the Ural mountains into Siberia, toward the end of Michael Romanoff's reign, Russia has been pushing further and further toward the sunrise, until she at last reached the Pacific Ocean and, for a time, held the great promontory of western North America. Under another Romanoff, Peter the Great, a man of tremendous

energy and genius, Russia hewed her way to the Baltic, her first outlet to the open sea. Thereafter, there was a continual infiltration of German blood, to which, without doubt, much of the obscurantism and oppression of the monarchy (qualities alien to the Russian genius) must be attributed; just as the truculence of the Hanoverian Georges severed two great branches of the English people. But let us be just: one of these Teutons, Catherine the Great, a Romanoff by marriage only, did valuable service in carrying Russia southward to the Black Sea, driving back the Turks, whose rule there was as fatal as it has been in the Balkans or in Armenia. It is curious that the manly Turks, whom most Russians like and admire, should, throughout their history, have made such a tragic failure of the work of government.

The Romanoffs of the nineteenth century will stand forth as great historic figures: Alexander the First, foe and friend and again enemy of Napoleon, an idealist, but with the same quality of morbid mysticism that has been so fatal to Nicholas the Second; Alexander's brother, Nicholas the First, an iron despot, yet a stately personality; Alexander the Second, liberator of the serfs, hailed by the Balkan nations as "the heroic figure from the north": maliciously and unwisely opposed by Disraeli and Bismarck in this second work of liberation, assassinated at the moment when he was ready to anticipate by a quarter century his grandson's work of giving Russia representative institutions; Alexander the Third, censured by many as a reactionary, but greatly admired by more as a sturdy upholder of the Russian spirit; and, finally, Nicholas the Second, who, we must remember, developed the first working plan for world-wide arbitration and dreamed the splendid dream of universal peace.

The monarchy has, without question, borne very heavily upon some of the greatest Russian writers. Pushkin, Lermontoff, Tolstoi and, above all, Dostoyevski, in some things the greatest of them all, in turn felt the iron hand. Yet there are compensations. It was the dire oppression of the Tartars which gave Russian music its characteristic sadness, one of its most valuable qualities; so it was precisely to the concussion with the monarchy that we owe some of the chief works of these Russian writers. Had Pushkin not been exiled to Bessarabia, we should never, in

all likelihood, have had the fine poem on Mazeppa's country; Lermontoff got his finest inspirations, that went to the making of a poem like *Demon,* a prose masterpiece like *A Hero of Our Time,* from his exile in the Caucasus; had Dostoyevski not been sent to Siberia, we should never have had the *Letters from the House of Death,* and the deep strain of tragedy that runs through all his works—and makes them infinitely more precious to the human heart than the novels of easy-going hedonism which more comfortable circumstances bring forth. These considerations, real as they are, will not make us excuse oppression and tyranny; but they may suggest that, in view of the fruits which divine destiny has been able to pluck from oppression and tyranny, God may not be the bungler, in his dealings with the nations, that we sometimes are inclined to think him.

The Romanoffs, then, fill a great place in the history of the Russian nation, in the development of the vast territory now open for the free play of the Russian genius. They fill a great place in the hearts, too, of many Russians, and not the least representative or least worthy. There are, I feel certain, very many who, looking back through three centuries and more to the election of the first Michael Romanoff by the Constituent Assembly of 1613, cherish an earnest hope that the coming Constituent Assembly will again choose a Michael Romanoff to reign over Russia, no longer as an autocrat, but under conditions conformed to the most liberal spirit of our time. These Russians are not quite convinced, perhaps, that the word Democracy settles all things, an "Open sesame" to the earthly paradise. Or they may feel that the earthly paradise is not altogether the best place for our present humanity: they may bethink them that the road to the true earthly paradise lies through the fires of purgatory, of sacrifice, of acceptance of the law.

But the form of their future Government is something that the Russians will decide for themselves. Let us pray that they may so choose as to bring all blessings to a gifted and loyal nation, which believes in honor, in pity, in valor, and in compassion: a nation which has already brought rich gifts to the treasury of mankind, and which seems certain, in the future, to bring even greater and better gifts.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

INDUSTRIAL AMERICANIZATION AND NATIONAL DEFENCE

BY FRANCES A. KELLOR

ANYTHING that takes "efficiency" out of the text-books and psychological laboratories and puts it into the plant would revolutionize industrial organization to the great satisfaction of the progressive business men of America. Through too many years industrial "efficiency" has remained outside, in the field of popular experiment, legitimate clay in the hands of philosophers and sometimes of fakers, leading employers astray with false lights, inveigling them to pay large sums for efficiency advice that somehow didn't fit, and exploiting their very open-mindedness.

Now, strangely enough, while we are on the threshold of war, with the industrial world face to face with mobilization, with every possible factor in mechanical production challenged to the utmost, the real meaning of "industrial relations," the real and immediate necessity for better organization of the "human side of industry," far from being set aside, is now clearly sensed by industrial leaders. It is time to lay aside the theory that "industrial relations" is an interesting but not pressing objective and ideal, to be consummated by the healing power of Time and the deliberations of wise and august national organizations and committees. Industrial statesmen in this crisis *know* that industrial mobilization will never proceed faster than industrial understanding. It is the basis of efficiency, for war quite as much as for peace—and more. Labor now sits on the Council of National Defense. But labor also meets *alone* in this crisis to draw up terms and consider how much it can yield or forego. What is the answer to the contradiction? Not statutes, not governmental operation, but industrial understanding—the product of industrial co-opera-

tion. Without it, no matter what our need of guns, or ships, or supplies we cannot long maintain either maximum production or a "maximum citizenship."

And if after a considerable period of trying to put efficiency into industry *from the outside,* "experts" and employers alike come to see that the real development of efficiency is *from inside* the plant, and cannot proceed much faster than the fundamental principles and spirit that prevail throughout the organization of the particular industry, the crisis will have realized its maximum industrial effect. "Standards" developed in laboratories or by the experience of other industries are useful, but the plain truth is that unless every single industry that adopts them goes through a process of internal reorganization at the same time, *with reference to itself and nothing else,* the standards become mere rules of conduct, counsels of perfection, rather than governing principles, and their usefulness becomes chiefly academic.

Nothing but failure could meet the attempt to put efficiency into the organization of production and of selling, without putting it into the organization of men. So long as we regarded "the human side of industry" as something to turn to after the house was in order on every other side, the very marrow of any permanent efficiency was lacking.

In practical terms this means that the greatest industrial task of the present period is to make what is commonly called "welfare work" not an exercise of the individual employer's paternalism, but a legitimate part of business organization everywhere. There are now innumerable *kinds* of "welfare" work. One employer does it from the point of view of "good business"; another on the "big brothers" theory. One man confines himself to play grounds; another to safety appliances. In one firm it is under the employment manager; in another under a Y. M. C. A. director; and in a number of other firms it is classified in as many different ways. There is no agreement among American employers as to where the organization of the human side of industry really belongs. And there are no standards for it. What we need to do is to extend scientific methods to the human phases of industrial organization, and thus give "welfare" work a definite place and definite standards.

If we speak frankly we have to admit that at the present

time if an employer decides for this reason or that to "humanize his industry" he goes out and gets either a sociologist or a human efficiency expert or a social worker or visiting nurse, gives him a minor—and quite isolated—position in the plant, and bids him godspeed in his task of putting religion and the milk of human kindness into the plant. Thereafter all ideas on "industrial betterment" that drift into the offices of the company from the outside, and do not immediately fit in elsewhere, are referred to the "welfare director" and conveniently pigeon-holed with him. The stream of ideas on industrial progress is really thus diverted and isolated, put where it will be least disturbing. And this fact is, in plain words, the reason why in so many plants the "welfare department" has become a static thing, functioning well within a small circle, usually performing services for the more infirm of the working force, but having very little contact with the organization of the plant as a whole, and getting very little attention from the more robust of the workmen.

So long as the human organization in a plant means the employment department to one employer, the safety first division to another, the hospital or the playground to another, there will be neither organization nor standards in the human side of industry. Organization of the human side of the plant begins with the very choice of the site, which in some measure determines where and how the workman is to live and how he is to get back and forth from his work. Every principle of the actual constructing of the buildings has its reaction on the working efficiency of the men. Every principle of mechanical production, every arrangement and choice of machinery, every principle in its operation is inevitably connected with the human organization of the plant. And there are added the fields of employment management, and educational opportunities within the plant—fields more generally recognized by employers as "human organization" than the others I have mentioned.

Oversight of the human factor *as a whole,* through every branch of production and of plant organization, by *some one chief executive* of the firm is the alpha and omega of "welfare" and it is the principle by which industrial organization will stand or fall in this country. The executive would be in most cases a vice-president, a man very near the

president, and very near the men. He must be *thoroughly trained in production,* with super-added training in the handling of men and in the relation of human and mechanical efficiency. This is a very large qualification, but it is also a very large task. An industry interested in organizing its human side could do no better than to put its best executive, not its weakest and most amiable, its supernumerary partner, in charge of the work. If the industry concerned had no further theories of welfare procedure than this, it would have taken a sound first step. And this act of definite organization would quickly result in an enlightened experience.

This is the main thing now—that employers shall see how and why the human phases of industrial organization are as directly a matter of good business as the machinery itself and the cost systems. This has been proved in isolated cases and over and over again—not by the psychology experts and fakers, but by hard-headed business men, watching results and accounting them carefully month by month. A great automobile plant tries a shorter work day and finds its production increased. *More* not *fewer* cars drop down upon their chassis and run out of the yard under their own power. They try an eight hour shift—and the production increases further. One of the great steel companies increases its safety provisions, and in spite of thirty-three per cent new and green employees reduces its accidents by thirteen per cent. A railway maintenance engineer gives the foreign-born employees a potato patch to cultivate—and finds that the " terrible instability among immigrant workmen " is a thing of the past. The men stay to harvest the potatoes. They wanted a home stake. A munition plant gives its men decent houses to replace the tar paper bunks, and finds that it no longer has to hire 4,000 men to keep 1,000. The men stay. A great supply factory with thousands of foreign-born workmen with no ties in America and no American contacts begins to see that its men learn English and are encouraged to become American citizens. The result is that the " new Americans " develop a new American efficiency, the " migratory tendency of the immigrant workmen " becomes a thing of the past and the plant's labor turnover is cut in half. All this is old data to the industrial student.

I doubt if the problem is so much to convince employers of these practical facts as it is to get them to shift their

point of view, and cast aside the hoary tradition that somehow or other anything that has direct relation to a work-*man* instead of a work-*machine* belongs to Christian Charity rather than to business. A few years ago the employers of one of our big industrial communities got together in a practical industrial movement, which had, however, a civic expression. In promoting the publicity attending it one large employers' organization put out a statement headed "Am I My Brother's Keeper?" Nothing could have done the movement more harm. "Am I My Brother's Keeper" is sound Christian doctrine for those intelligent enough to understand the democratic spirit, the combination of obligation and *uncondescending service* it really means. But that is not the spirit the American business man needs in organizing the human side of his industry. The spirit he needs is combination of a sound realization of *business values* and a quickened sense of *industrial justice.*

The things most in the way of this kind of industrial progress now is the confusion that exists in the mind of the average business man on just this point. On these human matters, he confuses his responsibility as an employer with his responsibility as a Christian, or if you like, as a tax-paying citizen. And the result is that workmen often get playgrounds when what they need is a square deal in the shape of a reasonable chance at promotion. Or they get a chance at a hospital bed when what they need is an incentive to bring out the best day's work of which they are capable, with correspondingly higher wages.

It is easy, in practical definition to see how clear cut is the responsibility devolving on the employer through the *headship of his business* and how distinct it is from his responsibility as a tax-paying citizen. The first responsibility he carries not only *within* the plant, but as a risk of business, as a part of the cost of production. And he carries this for two purposes, increased efficiency, and reduction of cost of production. The second responsibility, that of the tax-paying citizen, he carries outside the plant, for the different purpose of fulfilling his civic duty and playing his part in the social scheme. It is because these two responsibilities have been so often confused not only in the minds of employers and others, but also in actual operation that so much "welfare" work has failed or reached a stage of arrested development, making no *citizenship* appeal to the men

it assumes to serve and receiving little co-operation from them.

The organization of the human side of a given plant affects practically every principle and field of the organization, *in every one of which it means the conservation of men—for the good of the service.* It means organization of the physical conditions of work. It means the regulation and limitation of hours to guard against extreme fatigue. It means that adequate lunch and wash rooms will be provided not in the interests of enlightened welfare, but in the interests of enlightened business—because they belong there. Proper ventilation and sanitation and safety appliances will exist not merely to satisfy an outside law or a chance inspector, but to satisfy the dominant inside principle of the particular business—the conservation of men.

When the conservation of men is balanced regularly in the company's books, labor will cease to be, as it now very generally is, an unknown quantity. Many plants with most accurate and carefully compared figures on production have only views and impressions on such matters as employment, promotions, dismissals, etc. They may be noted in the records, but the records are rarely balanced—and the causes rarely analyzed. I visited lately an industry with one of the most highly developed " welfare " organizations in this country. This same company had one of the largest turnovers of labor I have known, yearly hiring many thousands of men to keep one thousand. But this had never become a matter for consideration—and hardly for comment. I was in another plant where they hired a hundred and ninety-one men to get nine men to swing a crane and then discovered that they had to change the type of crane as no men were made strong enough to stand the strain of this work.

Those who find it difficult to see that the human factor is a legitimate part of industrial organization will do well to consider in what other way these admitted requisites of sound management could be achieved: *knowledge of the personnel*—which certainly means a shop census; *a sound employment system*—which certainly means a central employment office, an examination and record system, with careful attention to individual equipment and promise; *a system of promotions and transfers,* which certainly means efficiency records and definite planning for the education of promising workmen: *the provision of proper incentives*—

which means adequate wages and careful scrutiny and grading of them, insurance against accident, sickness and old age, and perhaps some form of what we call profit sharing or co-operative management, and above all else finding ways of interesting men in their work, releasing great stores of creative energy now shut off.

Very important in the work inside the plant, and of immediate interest now, is the policy toward foreign-born workmen, and their Americanization. For two reasons, both of them matters of plain business, this is now of increasing importance, and of greater business responsibility. The first reason is that the present shortage in the immigrant labor supply, and the greater shortage to be feared, make conservation imperative. And the conservation of immigrant workmen is in proportion to their Americanization. They need American standards of living for physical efficiency. They need English and citizenship to give them a stake in this country, an interest in it, and thus to make them a dependable *and an American* labor supply. The second reason is that, in the present crisis, many of our industries strategic in national defense, as munition plants and railroad trackage are largely manned by immigrants. Industrial difficulties with these men now, due to the misunderstandings that go with lack of Americanization, may mean national difficulty of great magnitude. The main reason that our troops are today stationed at strategic industrial points is not alone because Germany has her agents at work here. Had we done our industrial Americanization work thoroughly during these past years, there would be no field in which its emissaries could find sympathetic co-operation. Americanization is now a "Rush Order" but it comes too late to safeguard all of the weak points in our Americanism. Americanization is the responsibility of the government, its mainspring being patriotism; of the school, its mainspring being education, of the neighborhood and home, its mainspring being fellowship, and of the industry, its mainspring being the conservation and development of men.

In industrial Americanization, the main thing is that welfare shall thus be placed, *in the employer's mind and in the plant,* exactly where it belongs, *as a charge upon industry, definitely organized and accounted.*

This is not to belittle the employer's opportunities as

a tax-paying citizen *outside* the plant. Indeed, in new industrial communities, for instance our new munition towns like Hopewell and dozens of others, many employers set the whole civic pace and determine most of the workmen's opportunities and conditions of life—not because it is their business to do so, but simply because there is nobody else to do it. Of the definite problems before the employer in this connection, housing is likely to be pre-eminent. The employer probably determines the population of at least a section of the town. It is not his business directly to house his employees save in emergency, or for temporary work. But certainly if he brings employees to the town it is his business to see that they *are* housed—and that civic standards are maintained in the operation. In his civic capacity the employer has often a direct control over health—through the civic regulation of water supply, sanitation, control of diseases. He has considerable control over education, the power to aid largely in adapting the school and industrial system, in promoting vocational education, in influencing school boards to extend night schools for this purpose and for the teaching of English and civics to foreign-born workmen. Through Park and Recreation Commissions he has the power to promote playgrounds and social centers. Through square real estate associations, the Postal Savings Bank and savings and loan associations he can have a direct, legitimate and unpaternalistic influence upon the promotion of thrift among his workmen and fellow citizens, and upon their investments.

But all this is outside our immediate field of consideration. And may it remain outside! Taxpayers and large employers, who profit largely by the resources of a community (which they have sometimes created!) ought to live up to their privileges, and responsibilities. But the " public spiritedness " they show in so doing is a separate matter from their task of organization *inside* the plant, which is our present consideration.

If the first great need is to get employers to agree that their scientific methods must be extended to the human side of their organization, and a subsequent willingness to put their best executive in charge, *the second need is to get men trained to carry out the policies of this executive* in the departments of employment, safety, and in every aspect of production in which the human factor is accounted. There

are few such men available and there are few places in which they are being trained. If industry were to call for them in large numbers right now, they could not be produced.

The engineering colleges are the chief source from which industry draws its trained men. But only a few engineering colleges in the country, notably the University of Cincinnati under Dean Schneider, and the University of Pittsburgh under Dean Bishop, produce industrial engineers who upon graduation know *workmen,* as well as engineering and industry. They know them because they have worked with them in actual work in the plant, not as a "field experiment" or a summer vacation project, but throughout the six years of their course. The gist of the matter is that these men are equipped to *interpret one group to another*—which is the very secret of national industrial organization and the only solution of those problems in "industrial relations" which the American business man now has to let out to government commissions and committees of the general public for attempted solution.

The institutions that train men for production must train them also for the management of men. There is no easy way around, no short cut. This knowledge comes not out of books, but out of contacts. One of the engineering colleges in which the men spend half of their time in the plants reports that in the sophomore year the great majority of the students are socialists—they have the workman's point of view, they see industrial injustice, and see the only remedy in a religion of resentment. By the fifth year this is not true. The students have not then forgotten the workman's point of view, but they have seen what organization and cooperation will do. They have the psychology which American industry most needs today, learned in the only place it can be learned, the laboratory of the factory or foundry.

How, if not from the engineering colleges, is industry to secure men? The man that knows *only* production, that has grown up *only* with the industry has rarely the breadth of gauge that fits him for the work. This is not theory, but the testimony of practical men. On the other hand, the man that has only the school education, only the theory of management, is quite as hopeless—and perhaps his mistakes are more costly.

With some recognition of the need, a number of engineering colleges require courses in economics, and dismiss the

obligation with that. But leaders not only among engineering educators, but among the greatest practical engineers of the country are now pointing out to the colleges that this will not do. It is not a smattering of themes on social control which the young industrial engineer needs. What, after all, is the engineer's destiny? Is he to be the "consulting mind" of industry, or merely the mechanical man around the plant, subordinate in every real way to the real executives and consultants and those who determine policies? If the real genius of industrial organization is to rest with the engineer where, by every token, it belongs, *then engineering education must produce men capable of handling the human side of industrial management.* If the industries will get behind those who are interested in presenting the challenge to the engineering colleges of the country, in practical form, there are enough leaders already interested in the educational field to carry the message over.

Once convinced, the American business man means business. And there is coming to be a very considerable number of employers who are convinced that they have no more immediate problem than their human organization.

Industrial management on the human side will never be more important to America than it is now. There is no more direct road to industrial preparedness. The war situation brings us face to face with the need of maximum production in every line. This means organization, and organization means the conservation of men. Far from being an interesting industrial philosophy, the industrial manager, and not the production and sales managers, is now the important man in industrial mobilization. The handling of men not of materials will determine our efficiency and our ultimate success in this struggle. Capital and labor must get together and they can never do it with the indisolvable lump of the immigrant workmen standing between them un-Americanized. The employer has the great opportunity and privilege of rendering his greatest service to his country in making and keeping every man in his plant fit, from the Slav stoker to the native manager, to have them act as a unit for America First.

FRANCES A. KELLOR.

PARTIES AND NATIONAL WELFARE

BY A. MAURICE LOW

England having taken from Rome the party system, it was from England that the United States took the party and incorporated it into its political institutions. Theoretically nothing could be more in accord with democratic principles. Among a free people there must always be a division of opinion, and that difference of opinion must be fought out first among the people themselves and then among the delegates of the people in the national assembly, whether it be Roman Senate or British Parliament or American Congress. Theoretically again, it is the only way by which liberty can be preserved and progress made. A governing class, whether it is a class that governs by the accident of birth or the accident of popular favor, is always under the temptation to forget the rights of the governed and to arrogate to itself autocratic powers. Hence the theory of parties in politics, and the balance of opposing forces. The party in power must be both checked and stimulated by the opposition; if it goes too fast the opposition serves as the brake; if it becomes lethargic and lags when energy is required, the opposition supplies the necessary energy. Let parties cease to exist and self-government is in danger.

We, Englishmen as well as Americans, have been brought up from childhood to believe in the truth of these generalizations. We who have read our English history and remember how the barons, acting as the opposition, wrested from King John the Great Charter and how reform was slowly fought through those long years when the sovereign not only reigned, but ruled; who recall that time when an obstinate king and his even more stupid ministers were driving a loyal people into revolt, accept as a matter of faith the party, and a political system in which there shall always be a ma-

jority and a minority; in which men shall wear a party brand and oppose as a matter of conviction that which their opponents champion. The system has the sanction of antiquity and is entitled to the respect due to tradition buttressed in custom. It may not be perfect we are frequently told, but despite its imperfections it has worked fairly well, and what other system can be suggested that would be an improvement?

Now it is a curious thing that this nearly perfect system is only a fair weather craft, and invariably founders whenever subjected to stress. The party system works smoothly so long as it is under no great strain, but in time of national emergency it is almost always abandoned. The proof of the seaworthiness of a vessel is not when it is tied up at a dock, but when it buffets the waves. The great ship that, despite its shining brasswork and luxurious accommodations, had to jettison its ornamental trappings as soon as the barometer fell would not be accepted by naval architects as the last word in shipbuilding. That is what happens to the party system. When nothing greater is at stake than an experiment which may cause inconvenience, but cannot work irretrievable disaster, we in England as well as you in America are content to take chances, because we know that today's mistake can be repaired tomorrow; but when life or death hangs on instant decision, when the fate of a nation rests on immediate action, then we throw parties to the wind and ask for something more vital than a brand.

Englishmen take their politics seriously and are stricter party men than Americans, yet the Englishman, despite his adherence to party, has not hesitated to cast his party system overboard when crisis threatened. Not to go back to the past, it is only necessary to see what has happened since the outbreak of the war. When war was declared Mr. Asquith, a Liberal, was Prime Minister and the members of his Cabinet were all Liberals, but the Unionists, his political opponents, decided that the opposition should virtually cease to exist during the continuance of the war and they would not attempt to profit by party advantage. The war compelled the creation of new offices, and the appointees were selected without regard to political affiliations, but because they were supposed to be the men best qualified to fill them, although the Government was still, in a party sense, "Liberal"; when, later, Mr. Asquith found it necessary to reorganize the Gov-

ernment a coalition Cabinet was formed; today we have Mr. Lloyd George—before the war a Liberal so advanced that he was contemptuously termed by his Conservative opponents a "Socialist"—the head of a Cabinet composed of ultra Tories, moderate Conservatives, Liberals, and extreme Liberals. In a word, the party system has disappeared so far as England is concerned. In the past a Liberal Premier appointed Liberals to office; a Conservative would have considered it as impossible to call a Liberal to his side as for the Pope to create a Protestant a cardinal. And not only has this been done in England, but also in France, Belgium, Italy, and Russia. In those countries, as in England, the party system is in abeyance and the party Cabinet has been displaced by the coalition.

That the party system is worthless in an emergency is so self-evident that it is not open to argument, and that being the truth it may be asked why peoples of the highest civilization and intelligence, who are continually seeking the perfection of government, still cling to it and believe with all sincerity that to abandon it when conditions are normal would be a backward step. What originally signified devotion to a cause and the symbol of principle has become cheapened and corrupted, without meaning, a vehicle for dishonesty, and an injury to the body politic. We have degraded party politics to make them serve man instead of doing service to the state in the same way that we have obscured the meaning of religion by meticulous regard for dogma and ceremonial. O. Henry, usually the most genial of philosophers, was right when in a burst of unwonted cynicism he declared that "Wherever you find a god you'll find somebody waiting to take charge of the burnt offerings."

It is the burnt offerings of the party system that have kept it alive and must eventually destroy it. It has become perverted into a negation of what it was originally devised to accomplish. Intended to promote good government, to make for efficiency, to prevent corruption, to center responsibility with power, and yet to place a check upon unlimited power, it has defeated its purposes. Partisan government—that is, government by parties—is the most fruitful source of corruption, frequently the sure invitation to inefficiency, often the readiest means to escape responsibility and yet to enable the majority to become possessed of unwarranted power. The great evil of the party system is that it robs

the individual of his independence and makes him merely part of an organization. The Member of Parliament, the Deputy, the Member of Congress, in those legislative assemblies where there are " blocks " and the membership is split up into " left " and " right " and " centre " and other party divisions, must either blindly follow their leaders, submit to the command of the caucus or conference and obey the orders of the whip or suffer the penalty of excommunication. When a man enters the legislature and enrolls himself in the party he surrenders his will to his party. A party man remains a party man so long as he votes with and supports his party, but let him oppose his party or vote against it and he is no longer a party man in good standing; he is there under false pretenses, and honor and self-respect require that he shall " cross the floor," to use the English parliamentary expression—that is, join the opposing party, which may appeal to him as little as the one he would like to leave.

Yet we are told that in a representative government parties are a necessity and that free government could not exist were it not for parties. Let us see how much of this is truth or simply superstition. There are certain great principles on which men must divide, which may well be made the party article of faith. One can very well understand that slavery or liberty admit of no compromise; that on such great principles parties should be founded, and to them men pledge their allegiance. There are a few great questions which may well serve as the cornerstone of party, but they come at long intervals, once in many generations. In the meantime, government concerns itself with the things which are not principle, but expediency, about which men may differ as to details, but are agreed as to fundamentals.

Let us go back to that happier time when men's minds were not solely engrossed with thoughts of international slaughter. A session of Congress (and much the same thing applies to a session of Parliament) would concern itself with one or two important measures of a controversial and party character, and the rest of its time would be devoted to the routine business of government. The important measures, if the Democrats were in control at Washington or the Liberals in London, met with the opposition of Republicans or Conservatives not because they were bad measures, or unnecessary measures, or measures injurious to the country, but simply because " the business of an opposition is to

oppose." That is the only justification for the existence of an opposition. If it did not oppose it would cease to be an opposition, and if there was no opposition the parliamentary system would be destroyed. Consequently no measure can be given consideration strictly on its merits. "Of course we expect the Republicans to fight it," Democratic leaders will say about their great bill of the session. Their expectations are never disappointed. The bill will be fought because it is the bill offered by the other party; the minority will miss no opportunity to expose the bill's weaknesses or crudities, but will make little attempt to strengthen it; and should they, in a moment of forgetfulness, offer a valuable suggestion nine times out of ten it will be rejected, for the principle of party government holds that a bad bill of the party is better than a bill perfected by the opposition.

We shall be told by the devotees of the party system that this is the true function of party: that the country, having sinned with knowledge in electing the wrong party, the minority cannot sanction any of its legislation. Being in the minority it is powerless to oppose, but it can obstruct and criticise and can at least decline to have any share in legislation which, by implication, it is pledged to repeal as soon as it shall once more be entrusted with power. In a word, legislation enacted by a Democratic majority must be so bad that a Republican will repudiate it at the first opportunity.

But in practice this is not true. Some of the most bitterly contested legislation has not been repealed when the opposing party had the power, but, on the contrary, the former minority, now become the majority, has accepted the contentious legislation, at times strengthened it, and gone further with it than even its authors dared or hoped for.

I give a few illustrations taken at random: Every student of American politics recalls the bitter partisanship aroused when Mr. Reed was elected Speaker and had the courage and wisdom to change the rules of the House of Representatives so as to destroy filibustering. Mr. Reed was denounced as a czar and tyrant, abused on the floor and slandered in the newspapers, but when, a few years later, the Democrats were in the majority instead of throwing out the Reed Rules they accepted them substantially as they stood; only, for the sake of consistency, they made a few minor changes and took off the Republican curse by rechristening them the Crisp Rules, Mr. Crisp at that time being the Democratic Speaker. The

whole world recognizes the importance of the Federal Reserve System. Here was a reform most urgently needed, an economic problem in no sense political except that in a democracy every question—social, moral, or economic—loses its real character and under the poison of party becomes political. The efforts of Senator Aldrich and his Republican associates to modernize the fiscal system encountered the strenuous opposition of the Democrats, who were able to prevent Congressional action. When the Democrats came into power they made the discredited Aldrich scheme a party measure. It is true that the Democrats, to salve their conscience, made certain changes, but the fact remains that the law as we now have it is in substance the measure offered by Mr. Aldrich which the Democrats opposed; which they opposed simply because they were in opposition; which they would not allow to be passed simply because the requirements of party slavery required it should be defeated; which they preferred to see defeated rather than join with their political opponents in improving it, and by its defeat injury was done to the country. That is too often the effect of party. The welfare of the country is held to be of slight consequence compared with party success.

We have seen the same thing so often in England that we have become hardened, and accept it as a matter of course. English laws are administered rigorously, and crime seldom goes unwhipped of justice, but there is one crime that may be committed with impunity. Let a man purloin a handkerchief and he must answer to the magistrate, but a political party may steal the opposing party's entire wardrobe and turn it out naked to shiver in the icy blast of minority without fear of the policeman's heavy hand. In fact, the British public, taking its politics cynically (although, paradoxically, seriously), enjoys the discomfiture of the politicians stripped of their garments and amuses itself by speculating what changes their new owners will make to bring them into fashion. Liberals have poached on Conservative preserves no more flagrantly than Republicans have raided Democratic cupboards. In politics larceny, grand or petit, is not an indictable offense.

The defenders of the party system while stoutly contesting not alone for its necessity, but by a strained construction trying to find in it a virtue, forfeit their consistency at a certain point and thereby prove that government is possible

without party. In England the Speaker of the House of Commons has long ceased to be a partisan, and although he enters the House as a party man, on reaching the Chair he is purified from the dross of party politics. He is the presiding officer, his duties being to enforce the rules impartially, to show neither fear nor favor, to know nothing of party strife. An English Speaker who would lower the dignity of his office to make it a political asset to the party of which he is nominally a member would quickly be degraded, and no one would more sharply resent the dragging of the Speakership in the party mire than the men of his own political faith. In England so extra-political is the Speakership that it is an unwritten custom for him to be returned unopposed from his constituency; he is the one member of the House who may take no active part in the electoral campaign, and although the majority of the House may have changed since he was first elected Speaker he is retained in office to signify that the Speakership is a judicial rather than a political office.

The Speaker of the House of Representatives has not been entirely divorced from politics, but a long journey has been made on the road upon which Englishmen have traveled. Until a few years ago no member of the House of Representatives could aspire to the Speakership unless he had given unmistakable evidence of his violent and courageous partisanship—"courageous" being interpreted to mean that his vision was microscopic when advantage was to be gained for his own party and myopic when his opponents were concerned. He was required to know the rules of the House so that usually he might interpret them for the benefit of his own side. He packed committees to promote certain approved legislation. In short, in his official capacity he was too often an unscrupulous partisan who did not hesitate to stretch the rights of majority to the limit while abridging those of the helpless minority, but in his private relations he was a conscientious and estimable citizen with a fine sense of honor and a detestation of trickery and sharp practice. As Speaker he must do the things expected of him; not to have done them would have been disloyal to the men who had honored him; so he did them gladly and without wrench to his conscience, for it was all part of the accepted party system.

To the sorrow of your dyed-in-the-wool party man this has been changed. The Speakership is now a place of dis-

tinction and additional emolument, but it has been shorn of its autocratic power. The American Speaker is still a recognized politician, but he no longer controls legislation, and he dare not attempt to ride roughshod over the minority. The majority, of course, has the power to make the rules, but those rules must be applied impartially and fairly interpreted; were the Speaker to prostitute his office by favoritism or the abuse of the minority his own party and the country at large would show its disapproval.

Having accomplished one great reform by taking the Speakership out of politics, to the advantage of politics and the business of government, may it not be that the time is coming when the party can be taken out of politics? It sounds paradoxical, of course; to some persons so absurd, perhaps, that it is not worthy of serious discussion; yet reflection will show that it is neither absurd nor impossible, although, I admit, the days of the politician are not numbered. It is possible, I conceive, for a House of Commons or a House of Representatives to be elected on a single great issue: on peace or war, tariff or free trade, universal service or disarmament, prohibition or liquor, state socialism or *laissez faire,* regulation or non-interference, government control or private ownership, imperialism or parochialism, which great issues under our present system of party politics become a party question by mere chance. It is simply fortuitous whether, for instance, prohibition shall be a Democratic or a Republican "policy," but if circumstances make it a Democratic policy, or if it was the policy of their grandfathers, then it becomes a sacred heritage, and automatically it must be opposed by the Republicans. Now the truth is, as every sensible man knows, that if, for example, the great question before the country today is prohibition, honest men, their politics aside, will desire to vote according to their convictions, but the majority of them dare not because of their party obligations. If you elect members of the House as prohibitionists or anti-prohibitionists, pro or con any other question, the sentiment of the country can be fairly tested, and when the great question is decided—decided, as it ought to be, by the vote of the majority—all other subjects coming before the House can be treated not as party questions, but on their merits.

Would anything be gained? Undoubtedly, because in the first place the standard of Congressional representation

would be immensely raised. The State or district is seldom represented by its best men—best, that is to say, in the sense of the highest intellect or character—not because the best men are unwilling to serve, but because of the wretched party system. "Medicine is too often a practice of trusting to nature and confirming the diagnosis at the autopsy," a cynic has remarked, and we follow much the same practice in electing our Representatives, accepting them haphazard on party faith only to discover their unfitness when it is too late. There are Democratic States and districts just as there are Republican States and districts; so, at the very beginning, men admittedly of the highest qualifications are barred if they are unfortunate enough to be of the minority faith. That in itself lowers the tone, as it restricts representation to one party, and that party, knowing it has nothing to fear from the opposition, does not feel compelled to put forward its best men. Abolish party and you afford an opportunity for the best men to be selected, but you do more than that. Men of high standing and great capacity, who would be tempted to enter politics, refuse, because they will not make themselves servient to a party organization or surrender their freedom of action to the party caucus, but the man of easy convictions or limited mental equipment is only too glad to be relieved of the burden of responsibility and to vote as he is directed, and that is the type of man who is always the truest party man and is loudest in denouncing as a traitor the man who shows his independence.

A man about to make his will and thinking of the welfare of his wife and children selects as his executor a man of clear judgment and proved honesty, rather than one whose judgment is doubtful and his honesty uncertain, no matter how reliable his politics may be. Government, in the main, is business, pure and simple. There is a certain amount of "policy," just as there is in every large mercantile establishment, in every household—for every father and mother must have their domestic code, their "policy," in fact. But that established, whether in government or the shop or the household, the rest is business. Honesty, efficiency, economy, morality—these are things government ought to strive for, but which cannot be attained so long as they are tossed about between parties and made the football of politicians.

A. Maurice Low.

CAN MAN ABOLISH WAR?

BY HAROLD BEGBIE

All those social virtues, all those noble qualities of human character, which manifest themselves in a nation under the scourge of war, are not the fruits of war. They are the witnesses to an immediate and natural reaction of the human spirit against war. The fruits of war are massacre and murder, wounding and death, destruction and ruin, mourning and lamentation, rapine and rape, desolation and despair, hatred and the legacies of hate. Those things which quicken the beatings of our hearts, which pulse through the national life in waves of strengthening enthusiasm, namely, the valor of the soldier, the devotion of doctor and nurse, the self-sacrifice of the whole people, and the stoic silence of the mourner, these things are but the manifestation of a spiritual reaction against war. War is Satan let loose upon the earth. All the splendor that we associate with war is humanity's instinctive reaction against Satanism.

If there be any man left in Europe who still cherishes the tradition of Treitschke, or who still finds a more wholesome manhood in Nietzsche than in Christ, let us be sure of this: that he is far from "the bath of blood"—and far beyond the utmost range of the guns. To those who make War, whose bodies are shaken by the shuddering thunder of the shells, whose bayonets are red with human blood, whose eyes have seen the blanching terror of a crouching enemy, whose days are spent in earth burrows, whose nostrils are filled with foulness, and whose hearts are heavy with home longings, war is hell. And to those millions who mourn, to these also war is hell.

This contention needs not to be argued. But that which

comes from it, namely, the urgency of our question, Can Man Abolish War? this needs to be pressed upon the attention of reasonable men. For in no hour, except the dreadful hour of war, can it be asked with hopefulness. In times of peace men are so set upon their own affairs that they will not listen to the idle idealist, and nations are so consumed with the politics of the State that they shove out of their way the man who would interrupt them with the politics of the world at large; and as for governments, they are so convinced of the continuity of their perilous diplomacy that they regard only with amusement the idealizing layman who presumes to trespass on their everlasting ground. But in times of war there is on all sides a different mood. Death suddenly springs into the homes of men, seizing the well-beloved and dragging him through torture to the grave; panic, sweeping all the ancient freedoms aside, as suddenly presides over the discussions of senate and forum; and blood is splashed on every trembling parchment of the diplomatists. Horrible beyond the reach of language is war—yes, but only in times of war.

Can man abolish this Fury who devastates the world, who slays youth by the million, and who fills the homes of men with unutterable agony? We are not now thinking of war as an abstract idea, as a far-off contingency, as something of which in times of peace heroic men sing manful songs and coward men twitter their shivering fears. We are thinking of this actual war, this war that has killed our son, blinded our brother, crippled our friend, and maddened our neighbor, this beastly war that stinks under heaven like some colossal fungus rotting in a wood that nature made for poets and lovers, this ruinous war that has destroyed the accumulated centuries-old wealth of Europe in a few months, this malignant war which has made men hate each other with such an acrid bitterness as has destroyed even the chivalry and ceremonial of the battlefield, this war which has dragged delicate women, defenceless children, and poor, decrepit old age into its steel net of blood and death—*this* war, can it be abolished so that never again will it destroy a peasant's cottage or break the heart of a mother?

Let us make no mistake of the urgency of this question. It is *now,* in the hour of death, that we must make answer. Let us wait till " Peace " returns, and it is like to be only that false peace which brought this very war to our hearts.

But now, while the precious blood of youth is still draining into the cesspits of death, *now* if we ask ourselves this question, then such a peace may we make as shall outwinter all the journeys of the earth. But we must ask with an agony of the heart, a determination of the mind, and a longing of the soul, as if we were drowning men to whom a rope has been thrown out of the darkness that engulfs us.

The answer I make to this question, Can Man Abolish War? is a swift, an unhesitating, but not, I hope, an immodest affirmative—not immodest, because my answer is a tribute to the good sense of humanity, and does not run before any remedy that I think I have discovered for the securing of peace. Yes, man can abolish war, as he has abolished the duel, smallpox, slavery, feudalism, ecclesiastical tyranny, the rack, the thumbscrew, and many other ills which afflicted him in years gone by, and which he bore with patience, taking them for dispensations of nature, till they came something too violently for his patience. Man is by nature conservative; it is only his sufferings which drive him into reformation. Easeful bondage, for many, is better loved than Milton's strenuous liberty; and not until "God shakes a kingdom with strong and healthful commotions" does truth become a passion to mankind. Such a shaking, God knows, is the whole world enduring now, and in this strong and healthful commotion there must be many in all lands—"men of rare abilities, and more than common industry, not only to look back and revise what hath been taught heretofore, but to gain further and go on some new enlightened steps in the discovery of truth"—many such men in all lands who are now saying, war shall be no more.

But, you will reply to me, How can such men entertain a purpose so impossible when a war is yet raging which has blown, with the lives of youth and the happiness of parents, all the fine theories of idealists into the vast derisive silence of the universe? What, you will exclaim, are you proposing to speak to us of Grotius and Kant, Franklin and Channing, Bloch and Angell at a time when every word they uttered is being ground under the wheels of war's chariot into blood and nonsense? Neither the horrors of modern warfare nor the grabbing hands of the international financier has had strength to stay those terrible wheels. Liquid fire and smothering gas have been loosed, gigantic shells have exploded in the streets of peaceful cities, bombs have been

dropped out of the dark skies upon the cradles of sleeping children, torpedoes have torn open the steel plates of ships painted with the Red Cross, all these things are now shocking the soul of humanity; and with these direful things, starvation begins to stalk through Europe, and money is manufactured inexhaustibly by the printing press, money which vanishes in smoke and death as fast as it is printed, money which men will have to labor for many centuries to make current coin, but still the war goes on—how, then, can you speak of the abolition of war? Tell us, in one word, what is it you seek to say.

All this is true. Neither the horrors of war nor the financial exhaustion of war have power to end war. Pacifism is learning in the midst of this universal ruin the lesson taught by Mahan: "So far as the advocacy of peace rests upon material motives like economy and prosperity, it is the service of Mammon, and the bottom of the platform will drop out when Mammon thinks that war will pay better." Peace does not belong to Mammon. It belongs to God. And the condition of peace is good will.

Here, then, is my answer in one word. It is the word *will*. Can Man Abolish War? Yes. *Will* Man Abolish War? And again I say, Yes. But in this case, a condition must be added. Yes, man will abolish war when he realizes with Grotius that he *is* Man—"a creature most dear to God."

To encourage you to have faith and hope in this matter let me speak at the beginning of something which is a greater bar to faith and hope than all the vanished theories of the pacifists. I mean that dreadful spirit of hatred which is now abroad in the world. Men cannot think that peace is possible because their hearts are so full of hate. The German, believing that England encircled his country and set France and Russia upon him, who sees his women and children suffering deprivations because of England's sea policy, hates the Englishman with a passion which looks as if it must be eternal. And the Englishman, thinking of German atrocities in Belgium and France, rehearsing to himself the deadly philosophy of Treitschke, and hearing every day of ships sunk without warning in the midst of the sea, feels in his heart such a bitterness of hatred towards the German as he swears shall never so long as he lives give place to forgiveness.

How can we hope for peace if such is the condition of feeling between England and Germany? We must, I think, begin by warning ourselves against "the shortness of thought" which Bishop Butler saw to be a main danger in forming rational opinions. We must encourage ourselves to take an historical view of this great matter. For example, do we realize that our present alliance with France would have been unthinkable to Nelson? There is not a man in England who does not now love France, who does not thrill at the thought of her valor, who does not bow in reverence before the patience of her long-suffering, and who does not feel that France is England's natural comrade and eternal friend. But to Nelson, France was the most hated enemy of this same England, nay, the most hideous enemy of human civilization.

"There are three things, young gentleman," said Nelson to one of his midshipmen, "which you are constantly to bear in mind. First, you must always implicitly obey orders, without attempting to form any opinion of your own respecting their propriety. Secondly, you must consider every man your enemy who speaks ill of your King; and, thirdly, you must hate a Frenchman as you do the devil." And again, "Down, down with the French! is my constant prayer." And again, "*Down, down with the French!* ought to be written in the council-room of every country in the world; and may Almighty God give right thoughts to every sovereign, is my constant prayer." And when our Minister at Naples proposed to send a confidential Frenchman to him with information, he made answer: "I should be very happy to receive authentic intelligence of the destination of the French squadron, their route, and time of sailing. Anything short of this is useless; and I assure your Excellency that I could not, upon any consideration, have a Frenchman in the fleet, except as a prisoner. I put no confidence in them . . . I believe they are all alike . . . not a Frenchman comes here. Forgive me, but my mother hated the French."

And in like manner the French hated the English.

If you say that all this is more than a hundred years ago, let me remind you that less than twenty years ago there was a hatred between the two nations almost as strong and certainly as virulent. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain advocated an alliance with Germany against France, Mr. Cecil Rhodes was for friendship with Germany for a like reason, and a

newspaper of such popularity as the *Daily Mail* urged that France should be fought, that her colonies should be taken from her, and that those colonies should be given to Germany. In one of his lectures delivered in America ("The Dangers of Half-Preparedness") Mr. Norman Angell said:

> It is a favorite thesis with the "trust-everything-to-force school" just now, that if only England had taken Lord Roberts's advice and adopted conscription twenty years ago (when the advocacy of that measure first became active in England) all would have been well. There would have been no war, we are told. Well, do you know the purpose for which conscription was advocated in England about twenty years ago? For the purpose of fighting France!

Need I remind you further that not many years ago Russia was an enemy, and the unspeakable Turk a friend, that our word, jingo, had its origin in hatred of Russia, and that Palmerston declared the real object of the Crimean War to have been the protection of "German civilization against Russian barbarism?"

This present hatred between Germany and England will pass. It belongs to a generation; it is born of a period that will retire. I confess that it is a deep and terrible hatred, that it looks lasting, and that it has a spiritual quality not very discernible in the past hatreds of European countries. But I am convinced it will pass, as these other hatreds have passed. We Englishmen shall see that what we hate is not the German peasant or the German child at its mother's breast, but a system of government which is called Prussianism. If someone had brought to Nelson a French child or an old gracious French priest, he would not have exploded with anger; he would have known that his hatred was for Napoleonism, not for the French people. Do we not feel it to be irrational that the Irish Irreconcilable should visit upon *our* heads the sins committed against his ancestors by Cromwell's soldiery? And as we have repented for those terrible sins, and the far later sins of our forefathers against the starving peasantry of Ireland, so we may hope that there are those in Germany who will repent of the crimes committed by the Prussian Government, and who will come to see, as the French have come to see in their views of Napoleonism, that England is fighting their battles as well as the battles of Belgium and France.

I speak with particular emphasis on this score, because

my whole argument turns upon good will, and where anger is, and hatred, and bitterness, good will is impossible. If you think that the present hatred which sunders England and Germany is of a lasting kind, then put out of your head all thought of peace, and prepare your back for such a load of armaments as will presently crush you to the earth. For you cannot impose peace, you cannot make peace as you make war, you cannot force peace down the throat of an enemy. Peace is a state of the soul, not a condition of the political world. There has never been peace in the world only because it has not been recognized as a state of the soul. From the greatest writer on sea-power, and not from any pacifist, comes the wisest word ever uttered on this subject: "So far as the advocacy of peace rests upon material motives like economy and prosperity, it is the service of Mammon." The service of Mammon! But peace belongs to God, and to serve both God and Mammon is impossible. Why, then, dream of any mechanic means for securing peace, when your hearts are filled with hatred and you are longing with all your souls to destroy your enemy? Can Man Abolish War? Nay, but War can abolish Man! Man is a creature most dear to God, but if Man make himself a child of the devil, then assuredly will the devil destroy him.

I beg you to look this matter full in the face. We shall discuss presently the best political means for securing the peace of the world, but our discussions will come to naught, like "the exploit of that gallant man who thought to pound up the crows by shutting his park gate," if we do not rigorously hold fast to the fact of man's spiritual nature. There is nothing can bind Satan but the power of God. You may devise another Holy Alliance, you may have such a League of Nations as before was never known, you may set up an International Court, with just judges and a military force behind it to execute its decrees, but you will never have peace unless there exists between all the nations of the earth the saving spirit of good will. There is a sacred connection between these two things, and it is well worthy of reflection that a new era in the history of humanity was ushered in by these very words, peace and good will. That era had for its master-word the word of Love, but before He, who was destined to breathe that mystic word, had breathed word of any kind, it is said that angels of God sang to the sleeping earth of Peace and Good Will.

> The time draws near the birth of Christ;
> The moon is hid; the night is still;
> The Christmas bells from hill to hill
> Answer each other in the mist.
>
> Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
> Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.

Yes, but this same poet, when Bright and Cobden protested against a war which all Englishmen now condemn, was so little mindful of the holiness of peace, so little aware of the connection between good will and peace, that he rapped out a bitter poem with the inglorious taunt, "We are not cotton-spinners all!" It is most easy for the very elect to deceive themselves.

War is a great realist. Let us be equally real at this blood-drenched turning-point in the history of the world. When we use the word "peace" let us be sure that we mean peace, and when we speak of "good will" let us try to understand what the term signifies. Do we earnestly and truly desire peace? That is to say, not a truce to present hostilities, not an end to these contemporary massacres and mutilations, but the Peace of God; do we, earnestly and truly, desire this Peace upon earth? It means that we must cast out of our hearts much selfishness, out of our minds much egoism, out of our souls much hatred and bitterness. Are we prepared for this self-sacrifice? It means that we must do unto others as we would they should do unto us, that we must be more willing to give than to receive, that we must love our enemies. Are we prepared for this exercise of our highest nature? Good Will signifies an absence in our minds of all prejudice and all selfish intolerance: it signifies a desire to help, to be friendly, to serve, and to sacrifice. Are we conscious in ourselves of the motions of this great spiritual quality? In vain are all the contrivances of statesmen and politicians if in the life of mankind there is not this god-like disposition of the will.

But before you say, "This is impossible; this is a millennial dream," reflect upon that which is a prosaic fact touching your life at every point and threatening with foulest murder the life of your children. War *must* be ended. If war is not destroyed, civilization will be destroyed. You cannot contemplate any such end to the present carnage as marked the end of the Napoleonic Wars or the Franco-

Prussian War of 1870. You dare not think of an embittered Europe, staggering on the edge of bankruptcy with the armaments of revenge on her back. You dare not think of the temptation presented to Asia by such a mad and ruined Europe. You *must* see that our only hope of salvation in this war lies in making it the end of war. You must perceive, surely, that the taxed democracies of Europe will not have strength enough to support in greater weight than ever the old burden of armaments with which statecraft has hitherto loaded them. It is not now an academic question which militarist and pacifist may debate forever, but a matter of life and death, which does not tarry for an answer. As we decide this question, so will be the future of Europe, a future either of peace or destruction.

Idealism, then, is forced upon you. Do not fear it, do not dismiss it. With the knowledge in your heart that materialism has failed you, that your trust in materialism has brought you into this place of massacre and mutilation, have the courage, have the honesty, have the willingness to examine idealism. It may be that only in idealism is there safety for mankind, and that idealism is more closely related to practical politics than politicians and journalists have yet discerned. In any case, it cannot damage our understandings to inquire of idealism what it has to teach us in this great concernment of human life. I think it is the only way to peace, as it is the only way to God. And I think, too, that while nothing is so dangerous and unpractical as materialism, nothing is so eminently sane and practical as idealism.

International arbitration has been tried. It has succeeded whenever good will came to the tribunal on both sides, as in our disputes with America, but it has failed whenever national dignity and national jealousy presented its case. Something stronger (men are now saying) is wanted than a Hague Tribunal. I reply, something even weaker than the Hague Tribunal might suffice if you had good will among men. And when you say to me, How are we to get this good will? I make answer, By faith. But we must not faintly trust the larger hope. We must have the courage, the resolution, and the fighting strength of Milton. For to gain such a peace as that of which I write there must needs come a revolution in the human mind.

Do not let us imagine, because we have almost the whole world on our side against Prussianism, that therefore we,

the Allies, after our necessary vindication of the public law of Europe, can dictate any semblance of peace which shall abolish war from the earth.

"All history," says Norman Angell,—"since the last Congress in Vienna in 1815 and that of the hundred years which preceded it, and which preceded the previous great European treaty—shows that when you have managed to form a group of nations for the protection of some great human need, they begin to break apart, to harbor illusions connected with the desirability of stealing each other's territory; or to quarrel over something of that sort. We are likely to repeat that history unless we take care. Are we going to take care?"

Materialism will pursue us and overthrow us again, if we persist in our worship of Mammon. Peace has no more to do with materialistic politics than purity or reverence or love. It is because men have so regarded it that the world has never yet known peace. Let us assure ourselves of that. There have been truces on the earth, cessations of carnage, suspensions of massacres, an armistice between slaughter and slaughter; but there has never been peace on earth. War has always been standing at the anvil of preparation, biding his chance to strike. This is not peace on earth. It is what the politician, or even the historian, may call peace, but God would call it by another name.

"So far as the advocacy of peace rests upon material motives like economy and prosperity"—have Kings and statesmen ever sought it for any other motives than these?—"it is the service of Mammon, and the bottom of the platform will drop out when Mammon thinks that war will pay better."

But hear the full words of Admiral Mahan:

> *I believe with full intensity of personal conviction, that when moral motives come to weigh heavier with mankind than do material desires there will be no war, and coincidently therewith better provision of reasonable bodily necessities to all men. But the truth still remains as stated by Jesus Christ twenty centuries ago, that between material and moral motives men and nations must commit themselves to a definite choice; one or the other—not both. We cannot serve God and Mammon. The question is not of the degree of the devotion,*

but of the service chosen—of the Master. This will be either the moral motives summed up in the phrase Kingdom of God or the material. So far as the advocacy of peace rests upon material motives like economy and prosperity, it is the service of Mammon, and the bottom of the platform will drop out when Mammon thinks that war will pay better. The common-sense of mankind recognized the truth of this affirmation. We speak of mixed motives; but we know that to one alone belongs the title "Master." . . .

And he concludes: "I believe that the time is coming when conviction of this truth will take effect in practice, and that indications of its distant arrival can be seen."

You remember the words of Milton: "Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam: purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms."

The brotherhood of the world is at hand—if we will have it so.

HAROLD BEGBIE.

LES TRAITS CARACTÉRISTIQUES DE L'ESPRIT FRANÇAIS

BY GUSTAVE LANSON

L'ESPRIT français ne se laisse pas aisément définir. Et la raison de cette difficulté est assez apparente. Un des penseurs les plus sagaces de ce temps la disait l'an dernier dans une de nos revues.

Tous les tempéraments tous les caractères se manifestent on France, et cela en proportions plus égales qu'ailleurs . . . Dans tous les domaines de l'activité civilisée, nous avons à citer, en grand nombre, des hommes de premier ordre, et le plus souvent des grands hommes; c'est ce qui nous distingue des autres nations, dont telle ou telle peut nous égaler ou nous surpasser sur un point, mais qui sont toujours affligées par ailleurs de quelque notable lacune. Où sont les sculpteurs de la Hollande, qui a de si grands peintres, et de l'Angleterre, qui a Shakspeare? Même différence lorsque l'on considère le cours de l'histoire: partout des léthargies ont suspendu, pendant de longues périodes, certaines activités intellectuelles, la vie de certains arts: des arts plastiques en Allemagne, depuis le XVI siècle. En France, et cela à partir du Moyen-age, toutes les activités sont restées en éveil: leur intensité seule a varié. . . . .

La vérité est . . . . que chaque aptitude est représentée en France par une petite élite, guère plus nombreuse qu'ailleurs, mais que toutes les aptitudes y sont comparativement bien représentées, tandis qu'ailleurs certaines le sont mal.[1]

On ferait la même constatation dans le domaine de l'activité sociale et politique. L'Angleterre a le génie de la liberté; la Prusse a le double génie de la docilité et de la domination: et ces génies s'affirment avec continuité dans l'histoire. Certaines nations n'ont jamais dévié de la ligne de l'intérêt, et n'ont jamais connu les élans de l'honneur ou

[1] Jules Sageret. *L'avenir de l'Union sacrée*, Revue de Paris, 1er Octobre 1916.

de la générosité. Nous, nous avons été realistes avec Louis XI, Richelieu, Louis-Philippe, impérialistes avec Louis XIV et Napoléon; nous avons fait des guerres utilitaires, des guerres de magnificence, des guerres humanitaires et idéalistes; et dans la même décade le monde nous a vus élever les autels de la Liberté et nous précipiter aux pieds de l'Empereur. Toutes les aspirations, des plus froidement âpres aux plus follement chevaleresques, se sont à tour de rôle, réalisées dans notre histoire, et nous avons paru, selon les heures, nés pour l'anarchie ou pour l'obéissance. Inconstante et déconcertante nation, chez qui la veille n'engage jamais le lendemain!

Voilà ce qui fait la difficulté de définir l'esprit français, et voilà justement ce qui nous fournit le premier élément de la définition: la variété. L'esprit français est le moins déterminé, le moins limité des esprits nationaux: il se révèle capable de tout.

La cause naturelle de cette variété se découvre aussitôt. "La France, dit M. Sageret, est le pays le plus riche en races." Par dessus les races encore mystérieuses de la préhistoire, sont venus s'entasser sur ce bord occidental du Vieux Monde, à l'aube des temps historiques, des Ibères, des Celtes, des Gaulois, sur lesquels les invasions et les migrations ultérieures ont encore déposé des Grecs, des Romains, des Italiens, des Francs, des Burgondes, des Wisigoths, des Bretons, que sais-je? Il ne nous a même pas manqué des Sarrasins, ni quelques Huns.

De ce *pot-pourri* d'humanité, les forces égalitaires et assimilatrices du sol, du climat, de la religion, de la langue, des moeurs, du gouvernement, de la culture, ont fait un peuple. Notre esprit s'est déterminé, avec notre nationalité, entre le Xe et le XVIe siècle dans la France du Nord et du Centre, entre la Somme et la Loire, autour du primitif domaine royal, autour de Paris, dont la fonction régulatrice s'exerce déjà dans ces époques de centralisation très faible, et dont l'attraction intellectuelle et sociale se fait sentir même au delà des régions soustraites au pouvoir politique de nos rois.[1] La personnalité de la France est dès lors si fortement construite que toutes sortes de variétés humaines peuvent continuer à se déverser chez nous sans l'affaiblir ni

[1] Voyez les admirables descriptions des régions et provinces de la France de Michelet (Hist. de France, t. ii) et de M. Vidal de la Blache, (Hist. de France pub. sous la direction de M. Lavisse, t. i. p. 1).

l'altérer. Par l'extension de l'autorité royale et par l'eélargissement des frontières, toutes les provinces de langue d'oc, Massif central, midi Méditerranéen, midi Pyrénéen, puis la Bretagne, l'Alsace, des parties de la Flandre et du Hainaut, des Basques, des Catalans, des Italiens de Nice et de la Corse,—par l'hospitalité donnée aux débris des races et des nationalités opprimées, une multitude de Juifs d'Espagne, de Portugal, d'Allemagne et de Russie, d'Irlandais, de Grecs, de Polonais, entrent dans la vie française, et s'incorporent l'esprit français. Nous avons même étendu la France en dehors de la race blanche jusqu à des *jaunes* et des *noirs*. D'une esclave de couleur sont sortis les trois Dumas—le général, le romancier et l'auteur dramatique.

Tous les matériaux hétérogènes se sont si bien fondus, absorbés, assimilés que parfois les plus nettes expressions da notre génie national, dans tous les ordres, se sont produites sous des noms qui accusaient l'origine étrangère. Les différences de race ont été réduites sans laisser dans l'esprit français autre chose qu'une richesse de nuances et d'aptitudes. Ainsi notre unité n'est pas physiologique, mais spirituelle; et nul n'en est exclu. La France n'est pas un "sang": c'est une âme, une méthode, un idéal, une civilisation. Dans l'empire de l'Angleterre, fondé sur la liberté, chaque groupe ethnique reste lui-mème. Dans la nation française, dont la base est une culture, tout s'unit, tout s'identifie, tout communie. Il faut plus que du loyalisme pour faire un Français. Ce caractère *d'unité spirituelle,* ce sera, si vous voulez, le second trait de la définition que nous cherchons.

Mais pour sortir de l'abstraction, et trouver de quoi est faite cette unité spirituelle, regardons sous quelles formes l'esprit français s'est manifesté au cours des siècles. Il a pris, dans notre vie sociale et intellectuelle, trois formes principales, bien tranchées et assurément inégales, que quiconque est familier avec notre histoire et notre littérature reconnaîtra tout de suite.

En bas est *l'esprit gaulois,* qui est la forme inférieure, si l'on veut, mais sans doute l'étoffe première et commune de notre esprit national. Positif, sensé, clair, terre-à-terre, peu indulgent, badin, gouailleur, il a tantôt l'âpre crudité de la jovialité paysanne, tantôt la leste verdeur de la malignité bourgeoise. Il crée le *roman du Renart,* les fabliaux et les

farces; il coule à flots chez Rabelais; il se mêle à des sources plus délicates chez Molière et chez la Fontaine; il teinte encore de sa couleur l'oeuvre de Paul Louis Courier, d'Anatole France, et même d'Henri de Régnier. Voulez-vous le saisir tel qu'il est aujourd'hui dans nos faubourgs et nos villages? Regardez *Nono,* l'ivrogne bourguignon, ou *Gaspar,* le poilu de Montparnasse, ou *Bourru soldat de Vauquois,* le vigneron des côteaux de Champagne.

Nous avons été souvent sévéres à cet esprit. Il nous semblait s'attaquer à tout ce qui dépassait le niveau de la médiocre humanité, des opinions reçues, des aspirations vulgaires. Avions nous raison? N'était-ce pas la prétention surtout qu'il raillait, le fracas des grands mots, l'orgueil des attitudes théâtrales, la vanité des mensonges magnifiques? Après tout c'est l'esprit gaulois qui tient la tranchée depuis trois ans; et ne semble-t-il pas nous avertir que c'est une chose très simple de mourir, et qu'il n'y a pas à faire tant d'embarras pour donner sa vie, quand on a une bonne raison de la donner. Nous disons de celui qui meurt: c'est *un héros.* Là bas, ils disent, eux: *Le pauvre bougre!*

Au dessus est *l'esprit mondain,* préparé dans les ruelles des *Précieuses,* épanoui dans les salons et à Versailles, et qui est devenu peu à peu la forme habituelle des classes cultivées. Ce n'est que l'esprit gaulois épuré, affiné, poli, enrichi de culture, décoré d'élégance. Précis, net, sec, impertinent, sceptique, dissolvant, ironique, défiant de la profondeur par haine de l'obscurité, de la sublimité par peur du vertige, amoureux avant tout de lumière et de délicatesse, et redoutant l'ennui plus que l'erreur, léger, brillant, exquis: il s'appelle tour à tour Voiture, Mme de La Fayette, Mme du Deffand, Doudan; il est un aspect de Voltaire, de Musset, de Mérimée. Dans les écoles, dans les ateliers d'artistes, il se rapproche de l'esprit gaulois, et devient "la blague."

Mais voici la forme supérieure de l'esprit français, le forme sérieuse et grande, qui tire sa séduction de sa hauteur. C'est *l'esprit d'analyse,* critique, logique, ordonnateur, démolisseur et constructeur, curieux du vrai, avide de clarté, détestant la confusion et la contradiction: l'esprit de Descartes et de Pascal, l'esprit de Montaigne et de Montesquieu. On s'étonnera que j'inscrive ici le nom de Montaigne. Mais le désordre de Montaigne n'est que l'aversion de l'ordre faux, et tout son livre est une recherche passionnée des conditions d'un ordre qui ne serait pas un artifice.

Lorsque l'on rapproche ces trois formes, *esprit gaulois, esprit mondain, esprit d'analyse,* on n'a pas de peine à discerner dans leur structure un caractère commun et dominateur: c'est *l'intelligence.*

Je ne voudrais pas qu'on se méprît sur ma pensée. Je ne prétends pas que tous les Français soient plus intelligents que les hommes des autres nations, ni qu'on trouve parmi eux plus d'hommes intelligents que nulle part ailleurs. Je ne fais pas d'ailleurs de l'intelligence une supériorité absolue, et nos défauts y prennent racine comme nos qualités.

Je ne nie point non plus que la sensibilité soit la source profonde de l'énergie, de laquelle on pourra en dernière analyse toujours faire dériver toutes les croyances et les actions des hommes. Mais, cela posé, il y a pourtant des différences entre les hommes, des types différents de structure mentale; et l'énergie qui vient du sentiment, se laisse plus ou moins capter et transformer par le mécanisme intellectuel avant d'aboutir à la croyance ou à l'acte.

Tous les hommes sont composés, pour prendre la classification consacrée, de sensibilité, d'intelligence et de volonté. Chez les nations comme chez les individus, ces trois facultés (qu'on ne distingue que par abstraction) se mêlent et se composent en proportions variables. C'est tantôt l'une et tantôt l'autre qui commande. Une sensibilité intense, manoeuvrée par une volonté forte, avec une stricte économie d'intelligence, fait un très beau type humain. De la sensibilité et de l'intelligence, avec un minimum de volonté, fournissent aussi un type tres séduisant et très riche. Il est évident que la qualité de la sensibilité importe beaucoup pour la valeur du type. Une volonté magnifique, employant une intelligence laborieuse au service d'une sensibilité grossière et égoiste, ne fera jamais un type humain supérieur.

Je dis donc que chez les Français, la combinaison caractéristique est celle où l'intelligence organise et colore l'activité spirituelle. La domination de l'intelligence se marque par la capacité et le goût de former des idées claires, des idées générales, et des séries logiques d'idées, par l'habitude aussi de regarder les choses du point de vue de la vérité, et non pas seulement de la bonté, de l'agrément, ou de l'utilité.

On ne contestera pas que notre langue ne soit l'image et la création de l'intelligence: ce *merveilleux instrument d'analyse,* comme l'appelait Condillac, oblige la pensée à se démêler, à montrer ce qu'elle est, et se prête mal à masquer

de beauté verbale la misère, la confusion ou l'incohérence des idées.

Pour notre littérature, c'est une banalité d'y louer la clarté, la logique, l'ordre, la mesure, ce qu'on appelle les *qualités françaises,* c'est à dire des qualités intellectuelles.

Si l'on nous regarde dans les dix siècles de production littéraire que nous avons derriére nous, nous ne sommes pas une nation mystique; nous ne sommes pas non plus une nation poétique. Nous sommes le pays de la prose, c'est à dire de l'esprit et de la raison. D'autres peuples étaient une poésie plus riche que la nôtre: notre prose défie la concurrence. La collection des prosateurs français—moralistes, conteurs, romanciers, historiens, critiques, mémorialistes, épistoliers, publicistes et vulgarisateurs de tout ordre—est d'une qualité, dans l'ensemble, incomparable.

Sommes-nous très artistes? La réponse variera selon qu'on se fera une conception de l'art plus ou moins sensuelle, mystique et poétique. Nous avons l'imagination artistique la plus logique, mathématique, mécanique, abstraite: l'imagination de la ligne et du mouvement, du symbole et du type. Nous excellons moins en musique qu'en peinture, en peinture qu'en sculpture, où depuis le douzième siècle nous n'avons pas eu une époque de fatigue; et pas plus en sculpture qu'en architecture, qui est le moins sensuel et le plus géométrique des beaux-arts. Dans tous les arts, nous cherchons l'idée sous la forme, nous aimons le fini, le précis, l'équilibre, l'ordonnance solide et claire.

Nos sciences aussi sont celles du précis et du fini. Nous fuyons les régions nuageuses de l'indéterminé, de l'inconnaissable, de l'infini, où s'ébattent les poètes et les mystiques. Nous sommes mal à l'aise dans les espaces vagues où le rêve achève plus que la raison. Aussi malgré nos grands métaphysiciens, ne sommes-nous pas une nation métaphysique: nous avons trop de prose dans l'esprit. Si l'universel nous attire, l'absolu nous donne le vertige. Nous nous tenons dans la zône du connaissable, où l'on rencontre des problèmes déterminés. Les sciences françaises sont la psychologie, où l'on saisit l'être immédiatement, et les mathématiques, où l'irréel, l'infini, l'inconcevable entrent en symboles précis. Notre conception de la science est essentiellement mathématique, et notre métaphysique a été souvent bâtie, depuis Descartes, par des mathématiciens.

Nous construisons avec plaisir des idéologies, et nous

nous confions un peu trop à la théorie. Mais notre esprit s'aperçoit vite qu'il ne dispose pas de la réalité, et que les faits n'ont pas de respect pour les belles idées. Nous ne nous amusons pas à penser le monde sans le voir, et nous ne nous enveloppons pas d'un nuage idéaliste. Le bon sens narquois du paysan français, comme la sagesse pratique de Montaigne, de La Rochefoucauld et de Voltaire, est le produit d'un exercice assidu de l'intuition et de l'observation.

Mais nous perçons si vite, et si clairement, à travers la réalité, nous en ramassons si aisément la signification, que nous sommes tentés de ne point nous charger de faits. La théorie se construit en nous sur quelques bons échantillons. Dès que la réalité nous la casse entre les doigts, nous avons bientôt fait de nous en procurer une autre, où la fâcheuse expérience s'ajuste. C'est là ce qu'on appelle la légèreté française, la légèreté de Voltaire, qui est d'ailleurs aussi bien la vivacité de Montesquieu.

Assurément nous avons su nous plier aux lentes méthodes de la science expérimentale. Claude Bernard, Berthelot, Pasteur sont bien français. Mais c'est la dernière leçon que l'intelligence reçoive, de suivre les faits au lieu de les devancer. L'image de notre tempérament national, c'est Descartes déduisant la physique, et faisant de temps en temps des expériences pour vérifier que ses chaînes d'idées suivent bien la ligne des phénomènes. C'est Leverrier démontrant la nécessité théorique d'une planète, et laissant à un astronome étranger le soin de s'assurer qu'elle est là en effet dans le ciel, à l'endroit marqué par la théorie.

La science anglaise accumule les observations et les expériences jusqu; à ce que l'idée soit imposée presque automatiquement par les faits, et s'en tient à la loi qui est le résumé exact des faits. La science allemande accumule les faits en les tordant pour en exprimer l'idée métaphysique et mystique qui doit se trouver au fond de la réalité, qui est la raison des apparences, qui est l'être.

La science française, sur quelques faits significatifs bien choisis, bien vérifiés, et finement analysés, dresse une théorie, qui n'est ni la simple formule de l'expérience, ni la manifestation d'une vérité transcendante, mais l'expression mathématique ou mécanique de l'enchainement et de la génération des faits.

Dans la vie morale aussi nous nous distinguons par une lucidité, une clarté de conscience qui fait la physionomie de

notre sensibilité. Il y a chez nous, comme ailleurs, de la sensualité et de la passion, mais peut-être ce fond est-il moins trouble et moins désordonné. La France a le coeur intelligent. On aperçoit chez notre peuple une sorte d'amortissement des instincts, et des énergies sensibles, une certaine habitude d'équilibre et de modération, qui sont justement des facteurs de notre prosaïsme; et cela me parait bien venir d'une aptitude à voir clair en nous-mêmes, à nous rendre compte de nos sentiments et de nos mobiles. Certains fanatismes doctrinaires mis à part, il n'y a de brutal et de violent que l'instinct ou la passion qui s'ignore: dés qu'on se regarde, on se réprime.

Nous nous gouvernons comme tous les hommes, par le sentiment, l'amour, la foi; mais nous réduisons nos sentiments en idées, et nous prétendons ne donner notre amour ou notre foi qu'à des vérités universelles. Nous rationalisons notre vie affective, et, avec plus ou moins d'illusion, nous ne cédons à l'appétit, à la passion, à l'intérêt que lorsque nous leur avons donné la clarté d'une idéologie, et la beauté d'un idéalisme.

La conscience française, entre toutes les lois morales chérit celles qui se prêtent le mieux à être conçues comme des idées de la raison. C'est d'abord la loi d'égalité, la plus intellectuelle, abstraite, géométrique des notions morales: un homme = un homme; moi = toi = lui. Liberté, justice, fraternité, tout dérive de là, et dans notre facilité à professer que les Peaux-Rouges, les Chinois et les négres sont des hommes comme nous, il entre moins de charité que de géométrie. Notre puissance d'abstraction élimine spontanément de la notion " homme " la couleur de la peau.

Dans la France, par delà l'amour irraisonné du sol natal, nous aimons une patrie; nous préférons notre patrie, sans la mettre au-dessus ni en dehors de l'humanité. Jusqu'au 19ème siècle, l'expression littéraire du patriotisme français a été la tragédie d'*Horace,* qui, en offrant à chaque homme de n'importe quelle nation sa patrie à chérir sous le symbole de Rome, nous enseignait à la fois le dévouement à la France et l'égalité de toutes les patries.

Nous avons fait plus encore pour rationaliser le patriotisme. La France a toujours été mise par ses enfants au service d'une idée. Nos aieux, à la croisade, travaillaient pour Dieu: *gesta Dei per Francos.* La France de la Révo-

lution, moins sans doute qu'elle n'avait rêvé, mais plus qu'aucun autre peuple, a travaillé pour l'humanité.

Un besoin de notre nature nous fait regarder les affaires de ce monde du point de vue universel, du point de vue de la justice, du point de vue de Dieu. Aussi défendons-nous, parfois selon et parfois contre nos intérêts, l'indépendance Américaine, l'indépendance Grecque, l'indépendance et l'unité Italiennes. Nous nous passionnons pour la Pologne et la Finlande jusque dans l'alliance du tzar. Nous entrons facilement, contre nous-mêmes, dans les raisons des autres nations; et nous prétendons soutenir notre droit, parce qu'il est *droit,* non par ce qu'il est *nôtre.* La partie adverse a toujours chez nous d'ardents avocats, et notre patriotisme, autrement si fier, ne s'excite pas, même devant l'affront, si notre jugement nous fait douter de notre droit: nous l'avons bien vu aux jours de Fachoda. Même aujourd'hui, nous ne voulons pas que l'Alsace-Lorraine nous revienne par le simple fait brutal de la victoire; mais nous voyons ce retour dans le plan total d'une Europe nouvelle fondée sur la justice.

Notre moralité prend la forme de la raison. Le bien et le mal s'expriment pour nous en termes rationnels, dans leur rapport au vrai et au faux. C'est ce qui nous permet de rire si gaiement du vice. Molière nous en signale l'absurdité plus qu'il n'en excite l'horreur. Cette remarque expliquera notre aptitude à la comédie, et le rôle de la plaisanterie dans notre littérature morale. Nous détestons le prêche et le catéchisme. Nous aimons mieux qu'on nous montre l'homme et la vie en images fidèles et fines, et qu'on instruise notre intelligence, laissant à notre conscience autonome le soin de s'appliquer les leçons et de se faire sa règle.

Voilà pourquoi notre littérature morale est surtout une littérature psychologique; et voilà pourquoi, s'occupant plus d'être vraie que d'édifier, et vraie gaillardement, plutôt qu'édifiante lourdement, elle s'est faite, en certains lieux, une réputation de *frivolité* et d'*immoralité.*

Le devoir s'impose à nous par l'évidence de la raison. Sans doute, en 1914, notre peuple comme n'importe quel autre à sa place, a été entraîné par l'amour de la patrie. Mais cet amour chez nous n'avait rien d'un instinct aveugle ni d'un enthousiasme mystique. Quand le paysan de France a dit en 1914: " il faut y aller," quand il a dit en 1915: " il faut tenir," quand il a dit en 1916: " jusqu'au bout, il le

faut,'' il était parfaitement conscient, lucide et de sang froid; les mots " il le faut " lui représentaient moins l'obligation morale que la nécessité logique. Il savait que, le postulat patriotique étant admis, c'était le moment de marcher, de durer, de ne pas lâcher: la lâcheté, la faiblesse, la capitulation eussent été absurdes comme l'avarice *d'Harpagon,* ou la crédulité du *Malade.* De là l'absence de fièvre, d'ébullition, dans l'heroïsme du *poilu*: si l'on veut que la France vive, est ce que l'on peut refuser de la défendre? c'est le simple bon sens qui mène l'homme sous les shrapnells ou le maintient dans la boue des tranchées.

L'Allemagne a essayé plusieurs fois de nous tenter par une paix baclée. Mais " pas si bête ": tous nos poilus aperçoivent trop nettement l'avenir qu'elle nous ferait.

Quelques singularités, quelques contradictions de notre vie sociale et politique s'expliqueraient par le jeu aisé de l'intelligence.

Nulle part les différences intellectuelles entre les classes, entre les supérieurs et les subordonnés, ne sont plus atténuées que dans notre pays. Nulle part l'inférieur n'est plus prompt et plus apte à juger son chef; nulle part le chef n'a plus besoin de justifier à chaque minute qu'au grade, au galon, il joint le mérite. Il en résulte un affaiblissement de la discipline, une facilité à s'insurger contre le commandement qui ne parait pas justifié par la circonstance ou la raison, un émiettement incessant des partis et des groupes, une tendance pour tout dire, à l'anarchie, qui nous ont conduits souvent près de l'abîme.

Nous avons jusqu'ici toujours trouvé le remède dans la source même d'où venait le mal. Quand l'heure du danger national est venue, le coup d'oeil clair et prompt qui nous fait juger les situations, nous ramène instantanément à la discipline, nous fait taire et obéir, désirer l'authorité ferme, même dure; et l'intuition instantanée des nécessités urgentes nous fait nous transformer, nous réadapter d'une façon surprenante: nous sommes *débrouillards.*

On expliquerait de la même façon que nous soyons à la fois si routiniers et si révolutionnaires. Routiniers, parce que nous doublons toujours le fait d'une théorie, et nous ajoutons à la résistance passive des habitudes une adhésion active de la raison qui légitime ce qui est. Révolutionnaires, par ce que, quand l'idée a conquis nos esprits, nous ne

pouvons pas souffrir qu'elle ne soit pas inscrite dans les faits. Plus les institutions et les habitudes résistent, plus la vérité nouvelle nous travaille; elle acquiert sourdement une puissance explosive, et un beau jour tout saute.

La violence de nos luttes politiques résulte de ce que l'on ne se bat chez nous que sur des idéologies, pour lesquelles on ne peut accepter de transaction ni d'arbitrage. Qu'il s'agisse d'un impôt, des douanes, d'une augmentation de salaire, ou du thème latin, il ne s'agit pas d'accorder des intérêts, ni même de chercher l'utilité sociale; il s'agit de servir ou de trahir la Vérité, de confesser ou de renier la Doctrine. Il y va pour le moins de l'avenir du pays ou de la civilisation. Notre fanatisme n'est pas brutalité ou violence de tempérament; notre intolérance est une intolérance intellectuelle. Nos contradicteurs sont des gens qui ne veulent pas voir clair en plein midi, qui nient que $2+2=4$: est-ce qu'on n'aura pas raison de leur couper un peu la tête, pour leur apprendre à raisonner?

Je n'ajouterai plus qu'une observation. Le Français comparé aux autres types nationaux, est un homme qui a des idées générales, qui raisonne par idées générales. C'est notre péché mignon: la différence de culture et de classe n'y fait rien. Dans les académies, dans les salons, au Parlement, dans les journaux, au village, il se fait en France, un débit, un échange, une bataille d'idées générales qui dépassent toute imagination. Les cabarets mêmes bourdonnent d'idées générales plus que de mouches, et il s'y consomme plus de concepts que d'alcool.

La *culture générale,* c'est à dire le développement d'une aptitude universelle de l'intelligence, est la forme même de *l'honnête homme,* qui n'a pas " d'enseigne," qui n'est ni mathématicien ni grammairien ni ingénieur, mais qui au besoin suffira à tout. C'est parce que notre littérature a été faite pour cet homme universel, qu'elle est si riche d'idées. Nombre de livres qui ailleurs eûssent été des ouvrages spéciaux, des livres de philosophie, de théologie, de sociologie, d'histoire naturelle, d'érudition, d'éxégèse, ont été offerts chez nous au grand public. Les dames même ont lu Descartes, Montaigne, Pascal, Montesquieu, Buffon, Renan. Si technique que soit le sujet, nous voulons penser pour tout le monde, et écrire avec les mots de tout le monde.

Nous n'avons cessé de subordonner le savoir spécial à la valeur humaine. Nous ne nous contentons même pas de

réunir plusieurs spécialités : être à soi seul une collection de spécialités, ce n'est pas encore être un homme. Rester un homme, ce n'est, pas pour un militaire, jouer de la flûte ou causer métaphysique, comme le grand Frédéric. C'est conserver la conscience qu'au dessus des vérités militaires il y a des vérités humaines que même les nécessités de la guerre, la science technique de la guerre, doivent respecter. Nos Bugeaud, nos Faidherbe, nos Brazza, nos Galliéni, pour ne parler que des morts, le savaient bien. Ils n'ont jamais consenti à être de purs spécialistes de la conquête et de la destruction.

Evidemment, à certains égards, notre goût de la culture générale nous fait dans le monde actuel une position désavantageuse. La civilisation moderne réclame de plus en plus impérieusement la spécialisation. Nous le savons, mais nous ne voulons pas résoudre le problème par le sacrifice de l'un des termes : c'est trop simple. Nous voulons, même au risque de certains retards et de certains périls, conserver l'humanité dans la spécialité, et porter au maximum chez notre citoyen la capacité technique sans affaiblir le bon sens universel. Nous croyons fermement que, si c'est difficile, ce n'est pas la quadrature du cercle.

Je ne voudrais pas qu'on se méprît au sens des remarques précédentes. Je ne fais pas de tous les Français des rationalistes, des logiciens, des amateurs d'abstractions. Nous avons chez nous de toutes les sortes d'esprits. Nous avons des mystiques, des inconscients, des passionnés, des poètes. Comparez les Français entre eux : vous retrouverez toute l'échelle des caractères humains. Mais comparez les Français aux étrangers. Vous apercevrez sans peine qu'un romantique Français est moins loin d'un classique Français que d'un romantique Anglais ou Allemand ; qu'un Catholique Français ressemble plus à un rationaliste Français qu'à un mystique Espagnol ou Flamand ; qu'un socialiste Français a moins d'affinité avec le camarade Allemand ou Russe qu'avec un libéral ou un réactionnaire Français. Et c'est ce trait d'union du tempérament national, sous la contradiction des doctrines et des croyances, que j'ai essayé de faire apparaître.

Gustave Lanson.

THE LADY IN FICTION

BY RUTH SHEPARD PHELPS

The Lady, according to Mrs. Putnam's definition in the fascinating volume which wears her name, is to be distinguished from other women by the number of things she may not do. This we must understand to be the hierarchic lady of the social order, born and bred upon a certain social stratum, unable through the accident of her birth to be anything else, but enabled to forfeit certain of her privileges if she transgress society's rules for her. Society, that is, makes her and can unmake her. Those things she may not do are things society will not let her do. Her opposite, we suppose, is the woman born upon the lowest terrace of the walled garden which is society, or rather on no terrace at all, a weed sprung up without gardening outside the walls. It is she who has rung the street bell in so many a novel and play, of whom so many a perfect English servant has said, in answer to his mistress' query, "It's not a lady, Madam. It's a person."

As for the lady, we would not disparage her. At her best she is a precious thing. She is elegance, she is grace; she is rarity and costliness; she is ornament, decoration, sometimes even she is beauty; and when we see her pictured at her fairest, as in Lady Barbara in *The Patrician,* we find her such a masterpiece that she seems worth all she may have cost to anybody. We would not disparage her, we would not destroy her—but we should like to rename her. She is the Great Lady, and her opposite is the Person.

The true lady resembles the great lady in being distinguished by the things she may not do; the difference is in her sanction. Those are things she will not let herself do, her inhibition comes from within—the other's from without. She blooms upon every level, in every parterre, she and her opposite, and we may often find them the children of one

mother. Though she is one, her opposite is various, and for the latter it is harder to find a name than to use one of the ready-made classifications which will content society. Sometimes she is what Tristram of Blent was probably the first to call one of her sex—a curmudgeon. Sometimes she is a martyr, sometimes she is a cat. Sometimes she is not really the opposite, only the embryo of a lady. But in every case we shall find her, I presume to think, describable by the new word coined for another use by Mr. Sydnor Harrison—an "egoette," her ego as intrusive as the head of Charles the First, though she continually seeks to keep it down by a system of studied deprecation, by which in part she may be known.

We can best understand many things by looking first at what they are not; and the lady is not a martyr, nor an "egoette," nor a curmudgeon, nor a cat. She never makes scenes, and her feelings are never hurt; she never sets you right, never condescends to score, never puts you in the wrong, but quietly creeps into the wrong herself; she is unselfish, but willing, with a superhuman touch of unselfishness, not to appear so; she can give over woman's most cherished attitude, forego the martyr's crown, and seem to be always doing what she likes. She is able and willing, in short, to do entirely without credit and to be paid with an uncomprehending love—willing to be misunderstood! Indeed her virtues are for the most part so difficult and uncongenial to unregenerate feminine nature, that we can only wonder and admire on reflecting how many women have succeeded in being ladies at all. For the different forms of failure to be such, we may borrow a distinction which the moral judgment has had to invent for a more sophisticated moral order. We used to do very well with only the moral and the immoral, but subtler distinctions have taught us to consider also the non-moral. Likewise, beside the ladylike, we have to recognize not only the unladylike (whose failures might be called technical), but also the non-ladylike. Such, for example, was Undine, Undine of Apex, who stood as much outside the realm where such values are discerned and can govern action, as the pagan outside that of Christian morality, a phenomenon not to be weighed in such scales. Such might also be some great lady, some Duchess of Wrexe, standing like the Pope not outside judgment but above it, to whom the delicate problems of ladyhood would, like principle in a

politician, interfere with her calling. Finally there is discernible what the convenient and inexpensive language of commerce is teaching us to call the "near" ladylike, and the distinction between this and true ladyhood is the most useful, the most interesting, and the most difficult of all.

In such personal questions as these a world of enlightenment comes from a little analytical gossip, and fortunately we have a vast acquaintance in common, who will not be offended or hurt though we talk them over never so freely, not even if we say of one of them now and then that she is no lady. There is Charlotte, for example. She was no lady, though she believed herself one, and it was an article of creed with her. But if we are to arrive at some understanding of these subtle matters it is precisely from among those women who assume themselves and are generally assumed to be *hors concours,* that we must draw our warnings. Otherwise we are no better off than British society with its stiff classifications of ladies and persons. With them a woman is either a lady or a person, and there you are; but in a democracy one must dig a little deeper. Charlotte was an Englishwoman who, according to Mr. E. M. Forster, sojourned for a period in "A Room with a View" in an agreeable pension on the Florentine Lungarno. Her nearest female relatives were undoubted ladies, but Charlotte was not one. Not that Charlotte was ever unladylike, but she was a martyr and a curmudgeon and an "egoette," and once, at least, when she told what she had seen among the violets on the hillside, she was a cat. She was always doing what you desired, never what she liked herself; she never allowed you to do her a kindness without protesting until you no longer desired to do it; she never failed to show herself aware of your responsibility for a slip in the least important of enterprises, and while never cross, she always, subtly, made you feel to blame. Yet her failure is really more intellectual than moral; inability to analyze and lack of humor keep the Charlottes from ever really seeing themselves.

It has sometimes seemed to me that there have not been in American fiction a great number of these choice creatures we are trying to analyze, though Mr. Howells has given us a good many—provincial ladies, rustic often, but authentic. Yet fiction needs the lady almost as much as it needs character; she is as much its natural material. It is perhaps, for instance, her protracted absence from the pages of Mr. H. G.

Wells that keeps his novels from being as interesting as we are always expecting they will be. His heroines have no inhibitions except their moods and dislikes; there is no struggle, consequently no story, merely the history of a series of inclinations and the practical consequences of giving way to them. Yet too much emphasis must not be laid on this point. Hardy and Meredith are both there to dispose at once of the theory that fiction cannot do without the lady. Only, we must have something quite as definite and typical in her stead. So Hardy gives us women, while Meredith deals for the most part in goddesses.

At any rate this lamentable rarity of the lady's appearances between the covers of American fiction may be the reason for a defect that Mr. Garnett has recently with much acuteness attributed to it, a kind of "standardization," which permits of no very individual or temperamental kinds of action. The standardized is the common, by its nature, and the lady by her nature is not common. She must be individual and inventive in her behavior, for she is constantly faced, like all the world, with situations that are not a bit standardized, and her manner of dealing with them affirms her ladyhood. A comment of Mr. Garnett's on the novels of Mrs. Wharton and Miss Anne Douglas Sedgwick, who have provided a small gallery of ladies of quality for our study, is a little cruel in its intention and appears a little unjust in its upshot. Mr. Garnett says that the manners and morals of the characters in "the admirable novels" of these two authors are, one almost feels, "like tightly cut clothes in which people cannot be quite at ease." Taken at its worst, this would seem to say that the finest ladies in these romances are a little vulgar, and at its best suggest that they seem to find their ladyhood difficult at times. But why shouldn't they? Is it supposed that the *moral* life is easy? Surely the constant revision that the lady gives to her behavior, her frequent renunciations and mute acceptances of misinterpretation, are not more so. Her manners are easy, but it is not easy to have good manners. Those it would be easy to have, the first that come to hand, worn not as tight clothes but as the loosest and comfortablest of *négligés,* would be precisely those of an Isabel Rivers or an Ann Veronica. Or does Mr. Garnett mean that her manners do not *seem* easy, and are therefore not quite good, the lady not quite a lady at best? In this case, for the novels of Miss Sedgwick especial-

ly, should we not have to disagree with Mr. Garnett? Surely her finest ladies have the smoothest, most anonymous of manners, and make their renunciations of whatever dimensions without a sign. They and their renunciations, at any rate, are what most preoccupy Miss Sedgwick as a novelist.

For Mrs. Wharton, certainly, the distinction is as important, but she is perhaps a shade too explicit. There are pages in *The Custom of the Country* that remind us of the outworn literary mode of "conduct books." The differences in social standard between Apex and aristocratic New York are emphasized until the reader has a pained suspicion that not all of this enlightenment is intended for Undine; some of it seems directed to his own address, for the general betterment of American manners. His suspicion nears certainty at the point where not only Ralph explains to Undine, but the author fairly explains to her reader, that to have the old family jewel which has been her engagement ring reset in the current mode, is a breach of taste as well as of sentiment.

Miss Sedgwick seems more disinterested. Her slow analysis of the lady, aspect by aspect, in book after book, seems as much for her own enlightenment as for ours. Assuming that both she and we can recognize the genus when we meet it, her interest lies in getting at what constitutes its infallibly recognizable marks.

In her novels we seldom have the lady "given" without her opposite, or at least her clearly differentiated imperfect copy. In *A Fountain Sealed*, for example, Miss Sedgwick uses for the first time a rather deceitful device which she repeats with success in the following two novels; she presents first to our view, amid the admiring plaudits of all her little circle, what is apparently the heroine, and leaves it to our cleverness to discover it when she is quite eclipsed by some one whose entrance is accomplished later with less heraldry. So we are introduced in this book first to Imogen, among her lovers of both sexes, and find her so beautiful, so full of a "beautiful wisdom," that it is several chapters before we realize that she is a monument of selfishness, conceit and sententiousness.

Whereas it is her mother, whom Imogen looks upon with some disdain, both intellectual and moral, and whom, when we first see her alighting from a steamer with her little dog, her maid, and her matchless elegance, we are inclined to

judge with Imogen's eyes as being dangerously frivolous and European,—it is she who compels our final admiration. For Imogen captures her mother's nice English lover, who is evidently about to become her fiancé, and the mother does not lift a finger to hold him, unwilling to join the ladies' ignoble battle over man.

Knowing her child for the monster she is, realizing that even yet Sir Basil could easily be made to recognize his love for herself, she sacrifices both him and herself to her ideal of ladyhood. It would have been impossible for her to act otherwise, and we hardly wish she had, even though we see her choice made at a cost which the author leaves us no excuse to minimize. To her unselfishness, moreover, she must add the artistic touch of generosity, and when Sir Basil, good blundering gentleman that he is, comes to her in some anguish of spirit lest he be dealing shabbily by her, she contrives to make him believe she does not care and never has. To have stirred to recover him, she would have lost something more precious than himself, and it is hard to detect in her smiling negligent gesture of relinquishment any lack of freedom and grace, which might betray that her Parisian garments anywhere constrict her.

In *Franklin Winslow Kane,* that remarkable book in which the characters exchange relationships like the changing partners in a formal dance,—where, like a decorator seeking "color combinations," the author tries the effect, as it were, of either man with each woman and of either woman with each man,—we again begin with a woman who is a center of adulation in her little circle. Althea is a refined and cultivated woman living in a Boston suburb, and held as "wonderful" by all her friends and neighbors. She is pretty, in a neat, not very effective manner, pretty but not graceful, and, we conclude, without style; and a certain lack of fluidity in her bodily mould repeats itself in her nature. It has no flexibility, but is full of small stiffnesses and inhibitions which make simplicity difficult to her. She is self-conscious, yet her self-consciousness has as it were to be built up from the outside; one feels that if it were not supported by the sense in a great many minds that she was "wonderful," she would somehow, like the man in *The Private Life* not altogether succeed in being there at all. Among her admirers is the hero of the tale, her humble and persistent wooer, whom she has never fancied she quite wished to

marry, but whose steady inexhaustible devotion helps largely to constitute her element. To see herself in his eyes enables her to continue existent, and it is in his faithful heart that takes place the drama of dispossession in favor of a later comer. This is Helen, the English girl, whose freedom from alloy in the pure flawlessness of ladyhood reveals little by little by her mere existence to Franklin's bewildered loyalty, that his Althea's perfections are paste. Helen is an aristocrat, one born, like Towneley in *The Way of All Flesh,* knowing all the things that are really worth knowing, all the little points of beautiful behavior which have most to do with the ordinary kinds of happiness of dull daily life, which enable one " to make on the whole a family happier for his presence." Negligent of her appearance, we are told, we do not precisely know what Helen looked like, but we conceive that any room was prettier as well as pleasanter if she were in it. If Althea's manners were of the sort that makes easy things hard, Helen's could make the most difficult ones easy. And by comparing these two we seem to make out, as a further quality of the lady, integrity, the ability to exist alone by her own standards, an absence of reference, some degree of self-knowledge.

From these various examples we can draw some material for judging what are to be the signs of the woman who has or has not the graces of the exquisite and elusive creature we seek to celebrate.

Essentially, the principle of ladyhood seems to reveal itself as that of the Christian—self-renouncement, but carried over, whenever necessary, from the realm of moral values into the minutiæ of social intercourse. The perfect gentleman according to Samuel Butler would be the perfect saint; why may not the perfect lady be the perfect Christian? Her relinquishments are sometimes, as in the case of Mrs. Upton, as difficult as the human soul can make. Butler himself, we may be sure, if he could not have had both, would have chosen the lady. He would make loveableness and good breeding the tests of civilization, and condemn all ill-mannered, ill-conditioned folk to perish from the earth.

The perfect lady is not the perfect Christian, because her inner light is rather aesthetic than moral, and she acts more from pride than love. Behavior that seems to her " ugly " she cannot bear, and to illustrate it would be beneath her pride, to behold herself acting in such ways would be worse

than any loss. She is more artist than saint. Roderick Hudson, we remember, saw himself in an intolerable moment of enlightenment as hideous, and died. But we feel no note of penitence in him. He suffered as artist, not as sinner. And so her standard of conduct is taste, not principle, though here, as elsewhere, " there is simply no limit to the misfortune of being tasteless "; for while Christian conduct may win esteem, admiration, respect, make one to be relied on and trusted in, yet performed without taste, without grace, it rarely achieves the priceless gift of personal love.

So we are not asking a new version of an old question—The Lady or the Christian?—for either without the other is a lame and imperfect being. The lady may in her softness be facile, and fail at some crisis for lack of iron in her. The Christian, on the other hand, who is imperfectly a lady, is capable of keeping for her nearest and dearest a self so unbeautiful that not one person of her acquaintance would recognize it as a portrait of her. So we must have them both; and this is not one of life's true dilemmas, for we can have them. The Christian must provide the motive, in love of someone or something other than herself; while it is the lady who must see that the sacrifice is performed in a way to make no one uncomfortable. She must suffer as a Christian, but smile as a lady; to smile as a Christian would make her a martyr and spoil the picture. She will be essentially unselfish, but she will never utter the word. The Christian makes the sacrifice, the lady disallows the credit for it, and she can well afford to " take the cash and let the credit go," for the cash she keeps is the general appreciation of her " niceness."

Throughout the world of Henry James we see women who unite the two gifts of ladyhood and moral principle. The gift of renunciation is evidently for him the hall-mark of the lady. If other authors seem interested in showing us women like Charlotte and Althea, who have the moral sense but lack charm, James on the other hand has given us minute and fairly appalling studies of women of exquisite finish and a social grace raised to the level of genius, who quite lack the moral sense. There are Mme. Merle and Kate Croy and Charlotte Stant, beautiful predatory creatures who snatch the prizes of life from the others. But it is clearly to the others that Mr. James yields the palm, and to whom, were he interested in such explicit categories as the one we are

using at present, he would have accorded the name of lady. If among the appealing group of cheated hearts—his Isabel, his Milly, Fleda Vetch, and Maggie—only the latter is permitted to retain both the substance and the spirit, those who have but the spirit we may never dare wholly to pity. Being is always more than having. And to be so true to ideals of fineness as little Princess Maggie in *The Golden Bowl* would be enough in life, in her creator's belief, even had she finally lost her prince.

We discern in her all the qualities we have been analyzing one at a time, as she seeks to save her step-mother's attitude for her in that momentous interview on the moonlit terrace. She cannot be satisfied merely to forgive Charlotte Stant, on the eve of her departure, for her ambiguous relations with the Prince; she must add the touch of artistic generosity and imply that she has not seen the ambiguity, has, in fact, nothing to forgive. It is not enough for her to be at last rid of Charlotte; she must let the departure seem not only Charlotte's choice, but a triumph over herself. The Christian can abdicate a great triumph; only the lady can forego a small one. The Christian might have forgiven; only the lady could have lied.

Yet it need not be feared that the grace of such actions will conceal the moral power that makes them possible, or that the disclaimer of credit will prevent its being seen that credit is due. Character cannot be hidden. Maggie's is clearly seen not only by the reader who is in her confidence, but by the Prince her husband who has been but the sometimes puzzled spectator. In so far as life is art, character is the medium, and manners, as their name implies, the form; and why may we not reserve that term which we can only somewhat vainly hope we have not cheapened with our repetitions, to her who practices this art, this "continent art of living well," to her who shapes a fine character with her fine manners? To her who governs her life in accordance with taste by means of pride, we may apply a slightly different label, and call her the woman of charm. Thus we arrive at the very last moment at a definition. The lady, as we seem finally to descry her lineaments, we may define as the woman of charm "doubled" with the woman of principle.

Ruth Shepard Phelps.

THE CZAR'S SOLILOQUY[1]

BY MARK TWAIN

After the Czar's morning bath it is his habit to meditate an hour before dressing himself.—London Times Correspondence.

(Viewing himself in the pier-glass.) Naked, what am I? A lank, skinny, spider-legged libel on the image of God! Look at the waxwork head—the face, with the expression of a melon—the projecting ears—the knotted elbows—the dished breast—the knife-edged shins—and then the feet, all beads and joints and bone-sprays, an imitation X-ray photograph! There is nothing imperial about this, nothing imposing, impressive, nothing to evoke awe and reverence. Is it this that a hundred and forty million Russians kiss the dust before and worship? Manifestly not! No one could worship this spectacle, which is Me. Then who is it, what is it, that they worship? Privately, none knows better than I: it is my clothes. Without my clothes I should be as destitute of authority as any other naked person. Nobody could tell me from a parson, a barber, a dude. Then who is the real Emperor of Russia? My clothes. There is no other.

As Teufelsdröckh suggested, what would man be—what would *any* man be—without his clothes? As soon as one stops and thinks over that proposition, one realizes that without his clothes a man could be nothing at all; that the clothes do not merely make the man, the clothes *are* the man; that without them he is a cipher, a vacancy, a nobody, a nothing.

Titles—another artificiality—are a part of his clothing. They and the dry-goods conceal the wearer's inferiority and make him seem great and a wonder, when at bottom there is nothing remarkable about him. They can move a nation to

[1] Reprinted from THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of March, 1905.

fall on its knees and sincerely worship an Emperor who, without the clothes and the title, would drop to the rank of the cobbler and be swallowed up and lost sight of in the massed multitude of the inconsequentials; an Emperor who, naked in a naked world, would get no notice, excite no remark, and be heedlessly shouldered and jostled like any other uncertified stranger, and perhaps offered a kopek to carry somebody's gripsack; yet an Emperor who, by the sheer might of those artificialities—clothes and a title—can get himself worshiped as a deity by his people, and at his pleasure and unrebuked can exile them, hunt them, harry them, destroy them, just as he would with so many rats if the accident of birth had furnished him a calling better suited to his capacities than empering. It is a stupendous force—that which resides in the all-concealing cloak of clothes and title; they fill the onlooker with awe; they make him tremble; yet he knows that every hereditary regal dignity commemorates a usurpation, a power illegitimately acquired, an authority conveyed and conferred by persons who did not own it. For monarchs have been chosen and elected by aristocracies only: a Nation has never elected one.

There is no power without clothes. It is the power that governs the human race. Strip its chiefs to the skin, and no State could be governed; naked officials could exercise no authority; they would look (and be) like everybody else—commonplace, inconsequential. A policeman in plain clothes is one man; in his uniform he is ten. Clothes and title are the most potent thing, the most formidable influence, in the earth. They move the human race to willing and spontaneous respect for the judge, the general, the admiral, the bishop, the ambassador, the frivolous earl, the idiot duke, the sultan, the king, the emperor. No great title is efficient without clothes to support it. In naked tribes of savages the kings wear some kind of rag or decoration which they make sacred to themselves and allow no one else to wear. The king of the great Fan tribe wears a bit of leopard-skin on his shoulder—it is sacred to royalty; the rest of him is perfectly naked. Without his bit of leopard-skin to awe and impress the people, he would not be able to keep his job.

(After a silence.) A curious invention, an unaccountable invention—the human race! The swarming Russian millions have for centuries meekly allowed our Family to rob them, insult them, trample them underfoot, while they lived and

suffered and died with no purpose and no function but to make that Family comfortable! These people are horses—just that—horses with clothes and a religion. A horse with the strength of a hundred men will let one man beat him, starve him, drive him; the Russian millions allow a mere handful of soldiers to hold them in slavery—and these very soldiers are their own sons and brothers!

A strange thing, when one considers it: to wit, the world applies to Czar and System the same moral axioms that have vogue and acceptance in civilized countries! Because, in civilized countries, it is wrong to remove oppressors otherwise than by process of law, it is held that the same rule applies in Russia, where there is no such thing as law—except for our Family. Laws are merely restraints—they have no other function. In civilized countries they restrain all persons, and restrain them all alike, which is fair and righteous; but in Russia such laws as exist make an exception—our Family. We do as we please; we have done as we pleased for centuries. Our common trade has been crime, our common pastime murder, our common beverage blood—the blood of the nation. Upon our heads lie millions of murders. Yet the pious moralist says it is a crime to assassinate us. We and our uncles are a family of cobras set over a hundred and forty million rabbits, whom we torture and murder and feed upon all our days; yet the moralist urges that to kill us is a crime, not a duty.

It is not for me to say it aloud, but to one on the inside—like me—this is naïvely funny; on its face, illogical. Our Family is above all law; there is no law that can reach us, restrain us, protect the people from us. Therefore, we are outlaws. Outlaws are proper mark for anyone's bullet. Ah! what could our Family do without the moralist? He has always been our stay, our support, our friend; today he is our *only* friend. Whenever there has been dark talk of assassination, he has come forward and saved us with his impressive maxim, "Forbear: nothing politically valuable was ever yet achieved by violence." He probably believes it. It is because he has by him no child's book of world-history to teach him that his maxim lacks the backing of statistics. All thrones have been established by violence; no regal tyranny has ever been overthrown except by violence; by violence my fathers set up our throne; by murder, treachery, perjury, torture, banishment and prison they have held it for

four centuries, and by these same arts I hold it today. There is no Romanoff of learning and experience but would reverse the maxim and say: "Nothing politically valuable was ever yet achieved *except* by violence." The moralist realizes that today, for the first time in our history, my throne is in real peril and the nation waking up from its immemorial slave-lethargy; but he does not perceive that four deeds of violence are the reason for it: the assassination of the Finland Constitution by my hand; the slaughter, by revolutionary assassins, of Bobrikoff and Plehve; and my massacre of the unoffending innocents the other day. But the blood that flows in my veins—blood informed, trained, educated by its grim heredities, blood alert by its traditions, blood which has been to school four hundred years in the veins of professional assassins, my predecessors—*it* perceives, *it* understands! Those four deeds have set up a commotion in the inert and muddy deeps of the national heart such as no moral suasion could have accomplished; they have aroused hatred and hope in that long-atrophied heart; and, little by little, slowly but surely, that feeling will steal into every breast and possess it. In time, into even the *soldier's* breast—fatal day, day of doom, that! . . . By and by, there will be results! How little the academical moralist knows of the tremendous moral force of massacre and assassination! . . . Indeed there are going to be results! The nation is in labor; and by and by there will be a mighty birth—PATRIOTISM! To put it in rude, plain, unpalatable words—*true* patriotism, real patriotism: loyalty, not to a Family and a fiction, but loyalty to the Nation itself!

. . . There are twenty-five million families in Russia. There is a man-child at every mother's knee. If these were twenty-five million patriotic mothers, they would teach these man-children daily, saying: "Remember this, take it to heart, live by it, die for it if necessary: that our patriotism is medieval, outworn, obsolete; that the modern patriotism, the true patriotism, the only rational patriotism, is *loyalty to the Nation* all *the time; loyalty to the Government when it deserves it.*" With twenty-five million taught and trained patriots in the land a generation from now, my successor would think twice before he would butcher a thousand helpless poor petitioners humbly begging for his kindness and justice, as I did the other day.

(Reflective Pause.) Well, perhaps I have been affected

by these depressing newspaper-clippings which I found under my pillow. I will read and ponder them again.

(Reads)

POLISH WOMEN KNOUTED

RESERVISTS' WIVES TREATED WITH AWFUL BRUTALITY—AT LEAST ONE KILLED.

Special Cable to *The New York Times.*

BERLIN, Nov. 27.—Infuriated by the unwillingness of the Polish troops to leave their wives and children, the Russian authorities at Kutno, a town on the Polish frontier, treated the people in a manner almost incredibly cruel.

It is known that *one woman has been knouted to death* and that a number of others have been injured. Fifty persons have been thrown into jail. Some of the prisoners were *tortured into unconsciousness.*

Details of the brutalities are lacking, but it seems that the Cossacks tore the reservists from the arms of their wives and children and then *knouted the women who followed their husbands into the streets.*

In cases where reservists could not be found *their wives were dragged by their hair into the streets and there beaten. The chief official of the district and the Colonel of a regiment are said to have looked on while this was being done.*

A girl who had assisted in distributing Socialist tracts was *treated in an atrocious manner.*

CZAR AS LORD'S ANOINTED

PEOPLE SPENT NIGHT IN PRAYER AND FASTING BEFORE HIS VISIT TO NOVGOROD.

London Times—New York Times.

Special Cablegram.

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LONDON, July 27.—The *London Times* Russian correspondents say the following extract from the *Petersburger Zeitung,* describing the Czar's recent doings at Novgorod, affords a typical instance of the servile adulation which the subjects of the Czar deem it necessary to adopt:

"The blessing of the troops, *who knelt devoutly before his Majesty,* was a profoundly moving spectacle. His Majesty held the sacred ikon aloft in his own name and that of the Empress.

"Thousands *wept with emotion and spiritual ecstasy.* Pupils of the girls' school scattered roses in the path of the monarch.

"People pressed up to the carriage in order to carry away an indelible memory of the hallowed features of the Lord's Anointed. Many old people had spent the night in prayer and fasting *in order to be worthy to gaze at his countenance with pure, undefiled souls.*

"The greatest enthusiasm prevails *at the happiness thus vouchsafed to the people."*

(Moved.) How shameful! . . . how pitiful! . . . And how grotesque! . . . To think—it was *I* that did those cruel things . . . There is no escaping the personal responsibility—it was I that did them. And it was I that got that grovelling and awe-smitten worship! *I*—this thing in the mirror—this carrot! With one hand I flogged unoffending women to

death and tortured prisoners to unconsciousness; and with the other I held up the fetish toward my fellow deity in heaven and called down His blessing upon my adoring animals whom, and whose forbears, with His holy approval, I and mine have been instructing in the pains of hell for four lagging centuries. It is a picture! To think that this thing in the mirror—this vegetable—is an accepted deity to a mighty nation, an innumerable host, and nobody laughs; at the same time is a diligent and practical professional devil, and nobody marvels, nobody murmurs about incongruities and inconsistencies! Is the human race a joke? Was it devised and patched together in a dull time when there was nothing more important to do? Has it no respect for itself? . . . I think my respect for it is drooping, sinking—and my respect for myself along with it . . . There is but one restorative—*Clothes!* respect-reviving, spirit-uplifting clothes! heaven's kindliest gift to man, his only protection against finding himself out: they deceive him, they confer dignity upon him; without them he has none. How charitable are clothes, how beneficent, how puissant, how inestimably precious! Mine are able to expand a human cipher into a globe-shadowing portent; they can command the respect of the whole world—including my own, which is fading. I will put them on.

MARK TWAIN.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

"THE NEW POETRY"[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

THE chief perplexity of the lay reader in the presence of much of what is handily but too generously called "The New Poetry" undoubtedly centers in the plaintive query: "How can I tell it from prose?"—or (when he is in a particularly reflective mood): "What, anyway, is the ultimate difference between Poetry and Prose?" Even the convinced and responsive student of the new forces in poetic expression must sympathize with the honest confusion of the lay reader who is told that when Charles Lamb wrote this:

> We are not of thee, nor are we children at all. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been . . .

he was writing prose; but that when "H. D.," an admired Imagist, wrote this (entitled *The Pool*):

> Are you alive?
> I touch you—
> You quiver like a sea-fish.
> I cover you with my net.
> What are you, banded one?

she was writing poetry. "I ask to know," says our troubled and argumentative layman, in the immortal phrase of Mr. Wallace Irwin.

Let not the layman be cast down by a confusion of counsels: it is, we think, still true, as of old, that poetry is poetry

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[1] *The New Poetry: An Anthology.* Edited by Harriet Monroe and Alice Corbin Henderson. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1917.

and that prose is prose, though often the twain may meet—may meet, but never mingle. There *is* an ultimate distinction, perceptible by sensitive minds, but unformulated save by the unwary or by those under the sway of what Meredith called "a too despotic intellectual ascendancy." The classic definitions are hopelessly sentimental, or patently vague and foolish. As for the moderns, they are less sentimental, but equally ungratifying and quite as anserine. Here is Miss Amy Lowell, for instance, informing us, with delightful complacency, that what chiefly distinguishes poetry from prose is "its more marked rhythm and more obvious effort at balance . . . the difference between good oratorical prose and verse is a difference in degree, not in kind"—for prose, as she graciously allows, "has rhythm, of course, and balance." That is a good definition; but it isn't true. It serves well enough to distinguish, say, the verse of Tennyson from the prose of Colonel Roosevelt; but it does not begin to account for the difference between the verse of Miss Lowell herself, for instance, and the prose of William Butler Yeats. Miss Lowell's sense of poetic style is acute and often exquisite, but her sense of prose style is curiously rudimentary. Yet in the councils of The New Poetry she speaks upon these troubling questions of æsthetic philosophy with delphic impressiveness.

Perhaps it is in the mind of Miss Lowell, and in the minds of those for whom she is the consecrated prophetess, that prose cannot be elaborately rhythmed—cannot, in her own words, have qualities of "marked rhythm and balance"—and remain artistically self-respecting. And certainly prose is a villainous thing when it is self-consciously and ornately rhythmical and balanced—as in that incomparably atrocious passage of Oscar Wilde's on the death of his mother: "Never in the most perfect days of my development as an artist could I have had words fit to bear so august a burden, or to move with sufficient stateliness of music through the purple pageant of my incommunicable woe . . ." Miss Lowell seems to have forgotten (she can hardly, of course, be unaware) that the finest prose may be as richly, subtly, and complexly rhythmic, as exquisitely balanced, as fine verse—as even the best of Miss Lowell's own artful and fascinating *vers libre*. It would be hard to exhibit any verse, classic or contemporary, as intricate in rhythmic organization as the prose of Mr. Yeats,

or of Mr. George Moore at his best. No—the difference between fine prose and fine verse is not a difference in the measure of their dependence upon rhythm; it is a difference that gets itself stated in verbal character rather than in rhythmic effect. In poetry you do not say:

The next annual meeting . . .

or, if you do, you cease to write poetry. In prose you do not say, if you have a sensitive instinct in this matter:

The snow whispers about me . . .

or, if you do, you will almost certainly be perpetrating that once fashionable but now abandoned hybrid, a "prose-poem."

What Swinburne called "the docile and conventional student of English poetry" will do well to bear in mind some such realistic distinction as this in reading the excellent and truly valuable anthology of The New Poetry edited by Harriet Monroe and Alice Corbin Henderson; else he will find himself unhappily buffeted by conflicting winds of poetic doctrine. Even so, he will often, we fear, be puzzled and disconcerted—perhaps more often than he deserves. What will he make of an anthology of The New Poetry that, seeking to exhibit the results of those new forces in poetic art which make for simplicity, sincerity, freedom from rhetoric and the *cliché*, for courage and precision and honesty: the results of that "floriferous, magical great gale of the shifty Spring" that today is blowing so freshly through our poetry—what, we say, will the unwarned student make of such an anthology when he finds it assembling the best of this work together with the work of those who (to speak gently) are "following darkness like a dream"? There are in this handsome but too indulgent volume many of the children of light—here are important exhibits by Richard Aldington, Walter de la Mare, John Drinkwater, Arthur Davison Ficke, John Gould Fletcher, Robert Frost, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, Hermann Hagedorn, D. H. Lawrence, Vachel Lindsay, John Masefield, Edgar Lee Masters (with a score of *Spoon River* epitaphs), John G. Neihardt, Carl Sandburg, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Ridgely Torrence, Louis Untermeyer, Edith Wyatt; there is scarcely enough of Amy Lowell, and there is an excess of Ezra Pound.

But what is Mr. Percy MacKaye doing here with his *Song from "Mater"*—a piece of sentimental *flonflon* that is as anachronistic in this company as a Mendelssohn *Song without Words* in a ballet by Stravinsky? And what is Mr. Frederic Manning's *At Even* doing here?—and Ford Madox Hueffer's conventionally indignant *Antwerp* (which, among similar inspirations, dares to observe that "there is no new thing under the sun"), and Grace Hazard Conkling's *The Little Rose is Dust, My Dear,* and a dozen other mechanical or characterless performances? Their entertainment by the compilers was a curiously callous breach of faith.

"He took it for granted," says Mr. Wells of one of the people in *The Research Magnificent,* "that Benham was an orthodox unbeliever." Miss Monroe and her collaborator Mrs. Henderson are more than orthodox unbelievers—they are goaded by the sense of an increasing revelation. "We have tried," says their preface, "to be hospitable to the adventurous, the experimental, because these are the qualities of pioneers." We would commend that simple motto to the heart-searching attention of all critics of the future and all poets of the past.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

MARSHAL COUNT DE ROCHAMBEAU

MEMOIRS

OF THE

MARSHAL COUNT DE ROCHAMBEAU,

RELATIVE TO THE

WAR OF INDEPENDENCE

OF THE

UNITED STATES.

EXTRACTED AND TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

BY M. W. E. WRIGHT, Esq.

PARIS:

AT THE FRENCH, ENGLISH, AND AMERICAN LIBRARY

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1838.

ROCHAMBEAU: AN APPRECIATION

BY G. P. BISHOP

"In France," wrote Segur, "The cause of the American insurgents excited the interest of all. From every side public opinion was pressing the royal Government to declare itself in favor of Republican Liberty!" Thus influenced, the French decided that aid must be sent across the seas and a man found capable of rendering that help—a leader not only trained as a soldier, but a man of great tact and decision; willing to accept Washington as his superior officer and make allowances for an ally ill prepared. Happily for us, Louis XVI summoned to Versailles Jean Baptiste Rochambeau, a great soldier, and a great man in character and understanding.

Jean Baptiste Donatien de Vimeur, Marshal Count de Rochambeau, was born in 1725 at Vendome. He studied for the priesthood, but at the age of sixteen decided to follow in his father's footsteps and become a soldier. Through his long military discipline and varied experience in the War of the Austrian Succession and the Seven Years War were developed those traits that made him an invaluable ally. In 1780 he was made Lieutenant General by his King to lead 6,000 troops in allied support of the American patriots in their fight for liberty.

Ordered to leave his home and France, a man of fifty-five (he was Washington's senior by seven years), to fight in a country practically unknown, by the side of men not less so, speaking an unknown tongue: these were some of the ordeals to which Rochambeau summoned his forces of will power and wisdom.

After seventy days at sea (longer than the voyage of Columbus) Newport Harbor was reached. A welcome of thirteen grand rockets was fired in his honor. But Rocham-

beau realized that he faced the task of overcoming a natural prejudice against foreign troops, whose national frivolity was widely assumed. Before the coming of his troops the isolated Colonists' imagination pictured the French "as a kind of light, brittle, queer-shaped mechanisms, only busy frizzling their hair and painting their faces, without faith or morals." After the war, in harmony with many other tributes from different States offered to Rochambeau, the Maryland Assembly remembered these prejudices, and to make amends declared that "to preserve in troops far removed from their own country the strictest discipline, and to convert into esteem and affection *deep and ancient prejudices,* was reserved for you."

To Rochambeau's inspiring help we may attribute the final success of the Siege of Yorktown. And on his departure from the United Thirteen States in the Autumn of 1782 all those States vied in showing him honor. May we be allowed to join with those of William and Mary College, who saluting Rochambeau, said: "You have reaped the noblest laurels that Victory can bestow, and it is perhaps not an inferior triumph to have obtained the sincere affection of a grateful people."

On his return to France the King, as well as his country, prepared to do him honor. The first boon that Rochambeau asked of Louis was to divide these honors of victory with the unfortunate Admiral de Grasse, who, after his successful encounter in Chesapeake Bay, had been taken prisoner by the English. Rochambeau himself was given the order of Saint Esprit and appointed Governor of Picardy. Napoleon, recognizing the greatness of the old soldier, made him a Grand Officer in the Legion of Honor.

In one of his letters Rochambeau wrote Washington: "At last I am to enjoy philosophical quiet in the shade of my own laurel tree." There, at the age of eighty-two, having known both the glories of war and the blessings of peace, the old soldier died. But we have learned that his spirit and its ever quickening power is still alive in France.

G. P. Bishop.

WHAT FRANCE DID FOR AMERICA

MEMOIRS OF ROCHAMBEAU

TRANSLATED BY M. W. E. WRIGHT

[The following translation from the Memoirs of the Marshal Comte de Rochambeau, published in 1838, is now out of print and difficult to procure, even in libraries. It was believed that the readers of the REVIEW would welcome the opportunity at this time to recall the services France rendered America, as revealed in these memoirs.—THE EDITOR.]

The Memoirs of the Marshal Comte de Rochambeau were published in 1808 *by M. Pillet, bookseller,* 5, *Rue Christine, Paris, according to the last will and testament of the Marshal, who died in* 1808.

THE object of this translation into English of an extract of the Memoirs of Marshal Count de Rochambeau, is to make known to the Americans a narrative so highly honourable both to them and to France; and, at the same time, to explain and show, in their proper light, the difficulties of the celebrated campaign of 1781, which decided the triumph of independence in the United States. At the end of the extract of the said Memoirs will be found quoted the diary commenced and published on the 1st of May, 1781, by Washington, and in which he describes the then state of affairs with that true patriotic spirit and loyalty, which on every occasion distinguished that great man.

I had been preceded in America by the Count d'Estaing, whose brilliant exploits, after the taking of Grenada, and the naval victory he gained over the English, were baffled at Savannah, in Georgia; and he with difficulty returned to the French coast with a fleet in a most dilapidated state, and nearly totally dispersed by a most disastrous hurricane which it encountered on its homeward course.

The unexpected result of this expedition, projected at New York, the ill success of an attack against Carolina, and the depreciation of paper currency on the continent, produced a most awful crisis in America. She had contended by herself against the entire forces of

England since the commencement of her revolution. The more she had struggled, the less able she was now to hold out. The Congress, in this critical situation, resolved to solicit from her ally the King of France further assistance, by a fresh supply of naval and land forces and money, which the latter accordingly granted, by immediately sending out a squadron of seven ships to cruize off the coast, a corps of four thousand able troops, and a considerable supply of specie. The Chevalier de Ternay was appointed to the command of the squadron, and I to that of the troops which the king had been pleased to send out to the succour of his ally. On my observation of the inability of so small a body of men as that placed under my command to act efficiently at so great a distance, their number was immediately doubled, and the effective of artillery was also doubled. The ammunition, arms, and every material connected with the war department was sent to Brest with the most remarkable dispatch, and the whole had reached that port early in April, which had been the epoch fixed for its embarkation. The naval preparations were not so expeditiously achieved.

Nearly all the transports of the Brest station were employed with the fleet lately sent out under M. de Guichen, or in the conveyance of drafts or supplies of stores to our colonies. The Minister of Marine had been backward in giving the necessary orders for vessels to be sent up from Bordeaux, and these vessels had been delayed by contrary winds, so that, on my arrival at Brest, I found only enough vessels to contain half the troops intended for America. M. de Choiseul used to say that M. de Sartines' watch was always slow; in this case the adage was really applicable. By the diligence of M. Hector, the naval commandant at Brest, I was enabled to muster vessels enough to embark five thousand men. We represented to our respective ministers the injudicious plan of dividing a corps which was already of itself inefficient; but the active fitting-out of a fleet in England to follow us, its advantage over us, in being unencumbered with a convoy, the necessity of an immediate departure, and, still greater, the urgency of the affairs of America, which required our effective and undelayed interference, induced the Council to send us the most positive orders to divide into two divisions the corps of troops for the United States, and to set sail by the first fair wind, with as many as we could muster accommodation for, in the first; promising to take the most active measures to enable the second to follow us with all possible dispatch. The convoy and the squadron were delayed in the roads of Brest by contrary winds until the 2d of May; these same winds retained at Bordeaux the transports which had been ordered to Brest to embark the second division. At length, we had no alternative but to obey orders, which were too precise to allow of further remonstration. Fifteen days before this, Lafayette, who was returning to join the American army, with the rank of major-general, which had been bestowed

upon him in recompense for his able services during his first voyage, sailed in a frigate from the island of Aix, in company with a commissary of war, charged to announce the arrival, and provide for the landing and supplies, of the French corps at Rhode Island.

We lay a month in Brest roads wind-bound; till, at length, during the night of May the 1st to 2d, a sharp breeze sprung up from the northward. The Chevalier de Ternay took advantage of this, and with all his convoy cleared the passage called the *Passe du Rat;* three days afterwards his ships encountered the most boisterous weather in the Bay of Biscay, and he was separated from his convoy during four days, but as the wind calmed he rallied them, and doubled Cape Finisterre in their company. The English admiral had sailed with the same north wind; but the hurricane drove him into port, which circumstance had allowed the French convoy to take the lead of him, and get some distance ahead. We steered our course slowly, on account of the calm, to the south of the Azores. On the 20th of June, when to the south of Bermuda, we discovered six sail bearing down with all possible speed upon the convoy; the Chevalier de Ternay rallied them in the rear of his line, and faced the enemy, who was surprised to see seven line-of-battle ships boldly emerge from among the merchantmen. The body of our squadron bore up before the wind; one of the English ships ventured away from the others, and came within reach of our line; but she was soon sharply chased, and was nearly being captured. The Chevalier de Ternay, perceiving that one of his ships, the *Provence,* although carrying her full complement of canvas, was unable to keep up with him, and left a breach in his line, fearing at the same time that the enemy, who by this time was bearing up before the wind, should separate her from us, and then attack the convoy, signaled the two vessels next to her to lessen sail; the English ship took advantage of this to tack back to its squadron, our line pouring in broadsides upon her, but we did not succeed in cutting her off. The two squadrons fired away one upon the other until sunset, when the Chevalier de Ternay, preferring the safety of his convoy to the personal glory of taking an English ship, steered his course onwards.

We were subsequently informed that this English squadron was that of Captain Cornwallis, who was returning to Jamaica, having conducted a convoy to Bermuda.

A few days before this, our squadron captured one of the enemy's cutters, which was conveying a party of officers from Charlestown to the islands. By them we were informed of the siege and capture, by the English, of the capital of South Carolina. On the 4th July, our soundings proved that we were not far distant from the coast of Virginia. We took a small vessel belonging to the enemy, and from it papers, which fully confirmed the report of the taking of Charlestown, and of the return of Admiral Arbuthnot's fleet to New York, with the troops under the command of General Clinton, and

who had taken part in the siege. Five thousand men had been left at Charlestown, in command of Lord Cornwallis. The passengers informed us that the return of this corps to New York had increased the force of the garrison of that city to fourteen thousand men, and that Arbuthnot was hourly expecting Lord Graves' fleet to join from England, to act in conjunction with him. On the same evening, the Chevalier de Ternay spied off the capes, at the opening of Chesapeak Bay, eleven sail, which our most experienced seamen considered to be large line-of-battle ships. We conjectured that they could be no other than the vessels we had come to action with on the 20th, and which had joined those of Arbuthnot or of Graves, and were now coming up to take their revenge. The Chevalier de Ternay's orders being to land his convoy at Rhode Island, he tacked, and several times altered his course during the night, latterly steering in a north-east direction, towards Rhode Island. Here was a capital opportunity lost; as the eleven sail in question, as we afterwards were informed, were only a convoy proceeding from Charlestown to New York, in company with two or three frigates. But the Chevalier, anxious to conduct his convoy safe to its destination, wished as much as possible to avoid engagements which could only tend to his personal glory.

On the 12th July, we entered the port of Rhode Island, after a passage of seventy days. We were closely followed by Admiral Graves' squadron, which arrived at New York the following day. The boisterous weather which we had encountered in the Bay of Biscay had driven the latter into Plymouth Sound, where he was detained fifteen days by contrary winds; he fell in, off the Azores, with the *Fargès*, belonging to the French East India Company, gave her chase, and finally captured her; as she was richly laden, he took her in tow part of the voyage, by which his progress was delayed, and our convoy probably saved; as we should most likely have had rough work if Graves' fleet had joined Arbuthnot's, and barred our passage to Rhode Island.

The French corps disembarked at Newport, the capital, and immediately encamped across the island, covering the town, with their left flank to the sea, and their right extending to the anchorage of our ships, which lay protected by a number of batteries, which I erected on the most eligible spots of the shore. I flanked these batteries by outworks, which I erected everywhere the enemy were likely to land, and I prepared trenches, to enable the troops to attack it as soon as it should make its appearance. In this position, the French corps could proceed by the shortest line to the spot at which the enemy might land; whilst the latter, on the contrary, to vary its points of attack, would have to make a very circuitous movement. In twelve days, the position was rendered respectable by the labour of all the hands, both soldiers and sailors, who were able to work; but the scurvy had made sad havock among our men,

and two-thirds had been sent up the country to hospitals which had been established for their reception.

Since the taking of Charlestown, the American credit had greatly declined. The paper currency was so depreciated that sixty dollars of it were not worth more than one of specie. General Washington, having sent to Carolina nearly all the troops of the southern States, under General Gates, was confined to the defence of Jersey, with his army, consisting only of the troops of the northern States. The arrival of the French troops, although inferior in number to what had been anticipated, was hailed by General Washington and Congress with sentiments of the greatest joy and gratitude; the early arrival of the second division, which was announced to Congress by the French representative, was anxiously looked for, as well as the increase of naval forces which it was to bring, to give us the upper hand at sea, which was so necessary, to enable us to act efficiently against the English, who had possession of every place along the coast.

Ten days after the French troops had landed, the English fleet, consisting of twenty sail, of which twelve were line-of-battle ships, came in sight of Rhode Island, and repeatedly attempted the attack of the French squadron; but they finally delayed hostile demonstrations until they could be seconded by the land forces which the English general was actively embarking in the Sound, near New York, to join them. General Washington, who observed all their movements, frequently communicated them to me, and finally, in consequence of the great reduction of our little army by sickness, authorised me to call out the militia of Boston and Rhode Island, to assist us in preparing for the defence of the island. The latter States afforded us four or five thousand good and willing soldiers, led by the American General Heath, who had been detached by General Washington to assist the French in their operations, and who fulfilled his mission with really quite patriotic zeal. I kept only two thousand of these men, giving the command of them to General Lafayette, whom General Washington had also sent to me, and I requested General Heath to send the remainder back to their harvest, which they had been kind enough to leave to come to our assistance.

In the meantime, General Clinton had embarked at Long Island, with ten thousand of his ablest troops, a great quantity of heavy artillery and mortars, to attack the French at Rhode Island; but having either learned the active operations we were making to receive him, or fearing, General Washington having marched in the direction of New York, to place that city in jeopardy, by leaving it with too small a garrison, he ultimately disembarked his troops, and encamped them on Long Island. We then heard of several altercations that had taken place between the English general officers, and of which, doubtless, their demonstrations at the latter end of August and beginning of September were the consequence; but

these demonstrations came too late to annoy us in any way. However, their squadron still blocked up our ships, and seemed to be waiting only for a concurrence of forces and a favourable opportunity to attack them.

I will mention here a beginning of *tracasserie* on the part of Washington, and of which I remarked the first symptoms originated in my correspondence with that general, but disappeared almost immediately. He replied in the most flattering terms to my first letter, but, in subsequent letters, I perceived that, on the plea of being but little familiar with our language, he alluded but distantly to our affairs; he sent Lafayette to me with full powers from him. The latter soon had an opportunity, as I have already stated, of witnessing our active preparations against the expected attack of the enemy, and of judging to what extent our troops on shore could afford protection to our flotilla against the superiority of that of our enemy. With respect to our offensive tactics, the Chevalier de Ternay and myself judged it prudent to defer them for one of the three following chances, on which we founded our most sanguine hopes:—1st, the arrival of the second division; 2d, the sailing from France of an additional fleet to our assistance, which the Chevalier had required of M. de Guichen, in virtue of his powers; 3rd, or lastly, that the enemy, by directing their forces to the south, would so impoverish the efficiency of the garrison of New York, that our ships would have no molestation to guard against from that quarter, and that we should then be able, with the assistance of our ships, to attack vigorously the island of New York.

As soon as Lafayette returned to General Washington's headquarters, he wrote me the most pressing dispatches, reminding me of the substance of our former conversations, and concluding, by urging me, in the name of that general, to join him immediately, to attempt forthwith an attack on the island of New York; his letter finished with a species of summons, founded on the policy of the country, and implying that the campaign was the last effort of his patriotism. We were the more displeased at these dispatches, as, by the same courier, I received letters from General Washington himself, and not a single sentence of those letters alluded to the proposed plans of Lafayette; neither did they contain any reply to my request of an interview, when, in one single hour's conversation, we could have decided on more matters than could be contained in whole volumes of writing. I took an early opportunity to write on the subject to Lafayette. I reminded him that, as he himself had stated to us, it had been ascertained to be a fact, that there were fourteen thousand regular troops in the islands of New York, besides the militia force; that the French fleet was blockaded in Newport by a squadron much superior in number; I added that, if I were to leave our ships in their present predicament, the English admiral would immediately bear down upon and destroy them,

and prove himself the most pusillanimous man in existence, if he did not immediately afterwards attack us in our communications, on the arm of sea which divides the continent from the New York and Long Island, allowing that we should have succeeded in taking up a position there.

I wrote at the same time to General Washington in English; I expressed myself grateful for the letters I had received from him, and begged that he would in future allow my correspondence with him, on all matters, to be direct, without the interference of a third person, and I concluded by renewing my request of an interview.

I must, however, do General Lafayette the justice to say, that he always showed himself the faithful interpreter of General Washington's sentiments, and that the latter had repeated recourse to the youthful ardour of his friend to express these sentiments with greater energy. The latter really believed at that period, and he was not perhaps altogether mistaken, that, on account of the late great decline in the finances of Congress, this campaign was the last struggle of expiring patriotism; under these circumstances, he was anxious to strike a decisive blow, by attacking the very centre of the enemy's position, whilst he could still count on the assistance of the French troops. He was fully aware, however, of the consequences, and he concurred with the principles of my letter; since I have corresponded directly with him, I had many proofs of his sound judgment; his style is peculiarly amiable, and the death of either of us, I feel confident, can alone break off our correspondence; at least, at present I can foresee no circumstances which can possibly lead to a rupture of our friendly intercourse.

At the beginning of September, we at length received the tidings of M. de Guichen's squadron having been seen off the southern coast of America. Having gained several naval victories near the Caribbee Islands, he proceeded homewards in charge of a large convoy from our colonies. The Chevalier de Ternay, as soon as he found himself blockaded by superior forces, required M. de Guichen, as his powers authorized him, to send four vessels as a reinforcement to those he had under his command. The letter to this effect did not reach the Cape until after M. de Guichen had sailed for France, and it was accordingly put into the hands of M. de Monteil, who could not decipher it, and who had besides joined the Spaniards in an expedition against Pensacola.

At the beginning of September very unfavourable intelligence also came to hand from the southern States. Lord Cornwallis had been to Cambden to meet General Gates, who had marched to encounter him. The latter was defeated, and the American army was obliged to retreat in the utmost confusion. A French officer, named Cabb, was killed at the head of an American division, which had been harassed throughout the day, and had had to sustain the whole

of the enemy's fire; General Gates fell back upon Hillsborough, in North Carolina, with the remains of his army.

However, as soon as we were apprised of M. de Guichen's approach, I obtained the long-requested interview of General Washington, to decide upon the operations which the superior number of our naval forces might enable us to undertake. We met at Hartford, on the 20th September; the operations were fully discussed and agreed upon, under the supposition of the arrival of our second division, or of a reinforcement of our naval forces being sent or brought out to us by M. de Guichen. But our plans were soon frustrated by the arrival (of which we were almost immediately informed) at New York of the English fleet, under Admiral Rodney, which increased their numbers threefold; this unexpected intelligence put an end to the conference, as the French generals were anxious to return to their respective posts, where their presence was now more than ever required. They found, however, on their return, that the Baron de Viomenil had taken the necessary measures for the safety of our ships; General Washington, too, was anxious to get back to his army, where his presence was indispensable.

I will here venture to intrude on the kind attention of the reader with an anecdote, which is strikingly characteristic of the manners of the good republicans of Connecticut. The conveyance in which I proceeded to the conference, in company with Admiral de Ternay, who, by the way, was very infirm, broke down. I dispatched my first aide-de-camp, Fersen, to fetch a wheelwright, who lived about a mile from the spot where the accident occurred. He soon after returned to us, however, and informed us that he had found the man sick with the ague, and that he had positively declared to him that for his hat full of guineas he would do no work at night. I prevailed on the admiral to accompany me to the man's shop, and we repaired thither; we told him that General Washington would arrive at Hartford the same evening, to confer with us the following day, and that unless he could repair our carriage, we should be too late to meet him. "You are no liars, at any rate," he replied; "for I read in the Connecticut paper that Washington was to be there to confer with you; as it is for the public service I will take care that your carriage shall be ready for you at six in the morning." He kept his word; and we proceeded on at the promised time. As we returned, another wheel broke, and we were once more obliged to have recourse to our old friend. "Well!" said he, "so you want me to work again for you at night?" "Aye! indeed, we do," I replied; "Admiral Rodney has arrived to reinforce threefold the naval forces against which we are contending, and it is of the highest importance that we should return without delay to Rhode Island to oppose him." "But what can you do," he continued, "with your six ships against the twenty English?" "It will be the most glorious day of our life if they attempt to

break our line." "Come, come," said he, "you are good honest fellows; your carriage shall be put in repair by to-morrow morning at five o'clock. But tell me, before I set to work, although I do not wish to inquire into your secrets, how did you like Washington, and how did he like you?" We assured him that we had been delighted with him; his patriotism was satisfied, and he kept his word. I do not mean to compare all Americans to this good man; but almost all the inland cultivators and all the land owners of Connecticut are animated with that patriotic spirit, which many other people would do well to imitate.

This was about the time of Arnold's conspiracy; he had agreed a month before with André, aide-de-camp to General Clinton, to deliver up Westpoint Fort, the grand dépot of American stores on the river Hudson, and which contained all their supplies of ammunition, and had reckoned on the absence of General Washington for the execution of his treacherous plans. The general, who had a very high opinion of his military abilities, had entrusted him with this important command, and had intended visiting his protégé and his garrison on the very day on which André was arrested by a party of militia. They were on the alert to secure the safe return of their general to his army, and their suspicion was excited by meeting André disguised, on the road from Westpoint to New York. They stopped him, searched his person, and found, carefully concealed in his shoes, the whole plan of the conspiracy. He offered them money; but they scornfully refused it, and conducted him to head-quarters. General Washington had just arrived at Arnold's; but the latter, as soon as he was apprised of the arrestation of André, hastened down from the castle, threw himself into a boat, and put off with all speed towards an English frigate, which he knew was lying below Kingsferry. General Washington was at a loss to account for his absence, and his wife could give no tidings of her husband; but advices which he shortly afterwards received from the army, gave him all the particulars of the conspiracy. He gave the necessary orders for the safety of the garrison, and returned in all haste to his quarters. All the world is acquainted with the tragical end of the ill-fated André, whom every body pitied, even his judges, who were compelled, by the severity of the law and for the sake of example, to return a verdict against him.

On my return from the conference, my next care was to provide winter-quarters for my soldiers in a free country, where each individual held his own property in such sacred veneration, that General Washington's army, throughout the summer, had no other residence than their camp, and, for the winter, were obliged to make shift with the wooden huts which the soldiers built for themselves in the forests. This plan was impracticable at Rhode Island, because the English had cut down and used for fuel, during the three years of their occupation, every tree that stood on the island.

I should here speak of the discipline of the army; and I can safely state, and on this point I am sure the Americans will not contradict me, that it far exceeded the idea they had formed of it, and that, moreover, it contributed, in no small degree, to correct the unfavourable impression with which they had been prepossessed against the French. The different deputations of savages who came to the camp, evinced no surprise at the sight of our cannon, our troops, and their evolutions; but they could not contain their astonishment when they beheld apple trees loaded with fruit hanging over the tents which our soldiers had occupied for three months past. The discipline of the French army was always rigorously adhered to throughout the whole of its campaigns. It was due to the zealous efforts of the generals, the superior officers, and subalterns, but more particularly to the good disposition of the soldiers, which on no occasion failed them, and contributed in a great measure to the acquiescence on the part of the State of Rhode Island to the proposition which I made them, to repair at our expense the houses which had been damaged by the English, but on condition that we should be allowed to use them for winter-quarters for our soldiers, and that the inhabitants should provide separate accommodation for the officers. Twenty thousand livres were expended in the repairs of these houses, and ample tokens of the generosity of France to her allies were left in this town when we quitted it. A barrack-camp would have cost us upwards of a hundred thousand livres, on account of the immense expense in bringing the necessary timber from the continent, for our own boats were hardly sufficient to convey the fuel we required.

One of the chiefs of the above-mentioned savages made a remark to me at a public audience, which much surprised me. "My father," he said, "I wonder that the King of France, our father, should send his troops to protect the Americans in an insurrection against the King of England, their father." "Your father, the King of France," I replied, "protects the natural liberty which God has given to man. The Americans were no longer able to bear the burdens with which they were loaded, and he listened to their just complaints; we shall always be the friends of their friends and the enemies of their enemies: but I must urge you to preserve the strictest neutrality in all these quarrels." This is how I contrived to solve this question as well as I could, and which had placed me in rather an awkward predicament. Good treatment and plenty of presents went more way towards the contemplated negociation with these savages, which was afterwards concluded and maintained to our entire satisfaction, during the three years' campaign of the French army in America.

Another object which I had in view, and which was becoming daily more urgent, was to take an early opportunity to get one of our frigates through the English lines, to convey my son to France,

to explain to the ministers our wants and those of our allies. It had been settled at the conference at Hartford that he should proceed thither with the particulars and result of our interview, together with a memoir, containing the full account of the additional troops, vessels, and specie which we were in need of. The latter item was the more essential, as, by heavy loans which had been contracted, the pay of the troops was not provided for beyond the 1st of January. My son had committed to memory the whole of my dispatches, so as to be able to render a full verbal account of them to the ministers, lest he should have the misfortune to fall into the hands of the enemy, the dispatches be taken from him, and he be set at liberty on parole. M. de la Peyrouse took charge of the Chevalier de Ternay's dispatches, and was appointed to convey them and Colonel Rochambeau, on board his frigate, to their respective destinations. This able officer put to sea on the 28th of October, in a gale of wind, which would not allow of the British ships riding in company; he passed through the midst of them, with two other frigates, which were proceeding on a mission to Boston. They were hotly pursued by the English cruisers, and the *La Peyrouse* lost her mainmast, fortunately, however, when beyond their reach.

Admiral Rodney proceeded to the islands in the course of November, leaving a squadron of twelve sail of the line in command of Admiral Arbuthnot, who established his winter moorings in Gardner's Bay, at Long Island Point, so as not to lose sight of the French fleet, and sent fifty gun-ships and several frigates to cruise off the other ports of America. In spite of this, however, and although the latter had assembled the whole of his forces, with the view of attempting an attack on the French, the American trade continued very flourishing, both at Philadelphia and Boston, and their privateers captured several of the enemy's ships; besides the circumstance of the two fleets lying off Rhode Island being a source of great relief to the other ports, on a coast of such immense extent.

Lord Cornwallis, after the victory at Cambden, followed up the American army as far as South Carolina; but his stores were scarce, and he was obliged to detach strong drafts from the body of his army to protect his convoys. One of these detachments, commanded by Major Fergusson, was attacked by several parties of American militia, and completely defeated, with the loss of twelve hundred men, killed and prisoners. This unexpected check obliged him to retrograde to Cambden. General Clinton had sent off, at the end of October, a detachment of three thousand men, in command of Brigadier-General Leslay, who had landed at Portsmouth, in Chesapeak Bay, with a view to combine his operations with those of Lord Cornwallis; he was recalled by the latter, and re-embarked immediately to join and reinforce him in South Carolina. The vacuum in the garrison of New York was filled up by a draft of three thousand troops, which had arrived from Ireland in

convoy from Cork. General Green proceeded at this period, by order of Congress, to relieve General Gates in command of the army of the South.

The French corps took possession of the winter-quarters, which had been prepared for them at Newport, early in November. De Lauzun's legion was obliged, for want of provisions, to divide from its cavalry, which was sent, with the artillery-horses and provisions, to the State of Connecticut, to occupy the barracks which had been built at the Banora for its militia. The Duke of Lauzun-Biron, who was in command of this cantonment, rendered himself very agreeable to the Americans by his prepossessing manners, and succeeded in every transaction which he had to conclude, either with the veteran Governor Trumboldt*or with the other members of the legislature of the State. I will relate an anecdote, which will convey a just idea of his private character. One of the good villagers asked him of what trade his father was in France. "My Father," replied De Lauzum, "is not in business; but I have an uncle a marshal" (*maréchal*), ** making allusion to the Marechal de Biron. "Ah, indeed!" said the American, giving him a hearty squeeze of the hand; "there are worse trades than that."

I next occupied myself in reconnoitring other quarters in the State, so as not to be unprovided, in the event of the arrival of the second division. The letters we had received from France, since our departure, were of old date; the most recent bearing that of the day before we sailed from Brest. They were brought to us by a frigate, which had conveyed M. de Choiseul and the young Berthiers to the islands, and from thence to Newport. We concluded that the dispatches from the ministers were on the way with the second division, so anxiously looked for, and that the latter could not now be far off, as we were aware of the return to Europe of the greatest part of our naval forces, in command of M. de Guichen.

On my return to Newport, I found the Chevalier de Ternay confined by a fever, but his indisposition presented then no alarming symptoms. I accordingly continued my reconnoitring expedition towards Boston, where I had no sooner arrived than I received the afflicting intelligence of the death of the Chevalier de Ternay. His most bitter enemies must allow that he was a man of most exemplary probity, and a very skilful navigator; the French corps will do him the justice to say that it was impossible to conduct a convoy to its destination with greater skill and vigilance than he did the one confided to his charge. The Chevalier Destouches, as senior officer, took the command of the squadron; he acted in every point in accordance with the instructions of his predecessor, and maintained the most perfect harmony between the squadron and

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* Jonathan Trumbull.

** *Maréchal*, in French, signifies farrier and marshal.

the troops on shore, which had to protect each other in this port, although blockaded by forces far superior in number.

This year began very unfavourably to the American cause. A third of General Washington's army mutinied; the league of Pennsylvania put their general and their officers under arrest, and, led on by a sergeant, marched up to Philadelphia to demand their pay of Congress. I should here mention a most extraordinary trait of patriotism in these times of rebellion. General Clinton, the commandant of New York, within whose reach these men had to pass, sent off emissaries to beg them to join the American refugees who were serving in his army, offering, at the same time, to pay the arrears which were in fact really due to them. The sergeant who commanded them exclaimed, "Comrades, he takes us for traitors; but we are brave men, who demand justice of our countrymen; but we will never betray our country." He hanged the spies sent by Clinton and proceeded on. The assembly of Pennsylvania deputed members to meet them, and they succeeded, after a very difficult and intricate negociation, in enticing them back to their duty.

The mutiny extended to the confederacy of Jersey, and General Washington was obliged to stop, by a severe example, the course of these mutinous proceedings, which were the more contagious, as nearly the whole army had the same legitimate cause of complaint.

The French corps were unable, on account of the restrained state of their finances, which, by onerous loans, barely sufficed for the daily pay of their own soldiers, to assist the American army in this dilemma. It was at this period that bills of exchange on France were negociated at Boston and Philadelphia, at the exorbitant rate of forty per cent.; and that American paper had fallen nearly a hundred to one, and with every prospect of its falling shortly to a total non-value.

It was under these circumstances that Arnold proceeded from New York, with two thousand men, to attack Portsmouth, in the State of Virginia, and to make plundering excursions in Chesapeak, where he was sure to fall in with no other antagonists than the harmless militia of the country.

All these misfortunes, which were fast accumulating, induced Congress to send to France Colonel Laurents, aide-de-camp to General Washington, and the son of the famous Laurents, late President of Congress, and then a prisoner in the Tower of London. This officer received orders to represent to the court of France, in the clearest light, the state of distress of his country.

The French frigate, which had left Boston in a gale of wind, after having weathered it during three weeks, reached Newport towards the end of January. Its return gave to Chevalier Destouches the idea of forming a light squadron, to consist of the three latter frigates and a ship of the line, to proceed forthwith to Chesapeak

to disconcert the operations of Arnold in Virginia. We were aware that his transports were escorted only by two small forty-gun ships, and a few other smaller vessels. In detaching this expedition, the Chevalier had acceded to the reiterated request of the State of Virginia. The little squadron, commanded by M. de Tilly, was prepared, and put to sea with the greatest mystery; it accomplished in part the object for which it had been intended, by the capture of the *Romulus,* a forty-gun ship, and of several transports; but the enemy's forces proceeded up Elizabeth River to Portsmouth, and the Chevalier de Tilly could not follow them because his ship drew too much water. He therefore returned with his prizes, and gave a very lucid account of his reconnoitring expedition, which gave rise to a more serious undertaking, in which, from the following circumstances, we had every reason to hope success.

The same gales which our frigates had encountered on their return, had been more disastrous to the four English sail, which had put out of Gardner's Bay to intercept them; two of them being driven ashore, and two others dismasted. The Chevalier Destouches sent to the different points of the continent in order to reconnoitre the state of their fleet, of which the anchorage could be distinctly seen, and gave, at the same time, the necessary orders to prepare our own for sea, at as short a notice as the want of money, provisions, and means of every kind, could allow. I apprized General Washington of the event, and he immediately sent off Lafayette, with a thousand men, to reinforce the militia of Virginia. He proposed that I should send off a similar detachment from the corps under my command to proceed with this squadron to join Lafayette, in attacking Arnold in his position at Portsmouth, whither he had taken refuge, after the encounter of the Chevalier de Tilly. I placed twelve hundred men in command of Baron de Viomenil, with a sufficient number of mortars and howitzers for the expedition, if our squadron had been fortunate enough to reach it; but the immense time which it took to prepare, although the army on shore had furnished it with all the stores and money which could be spared, did not allow of its putting to sea till the beginning of March: this gave the English fleet time to repair the damage it had sustained, and proceed to meet ours four and twenty hours before we could quit our moorings. The boisterous weather and the difficult navigation at this season of the year obliged the Chevalier Destouches to put out to sea, in order to be able to make the coast again, as soon as he should reach the latitude of Virginia. A very heavy sea and the irregular course of his ships caused them to separate; this separation might have been fatal, if he had not been fortunate enough to rally his squadron on the morning of the action. It consisted of eight ships, including the *Romulus,* which he put in line. He caught first sight of the enemy as it stood off the landing-places of Chesapeak Bay; their squadron consisted of the same num-

ber of vessels; but Admiral Graves had hoisted his flag on board the *London,* which differed in size from the *Romulus,* as she was a three-decker; the other ships were about equal strength. A hot engagement commenced between the four vessels at the head of the line of the Chevalier Destouches and the first four vessels of the English fleet, and continued with great obstinacy and bloodshed. The *Conquérant,* commanded by M. de la Grandière, the *Jason,* and the *Ardent,* by Messieurs de Marigny and La Clocheterie, were among the French vessels which distinguished themselves. Three English ships were obliged to quit the line greatly damaged; two of ours also came off very badly, and just as the Chevalier Destouches was preparing to get his ships round to re-engage, he perceived the British fleet making off to leeward, towards the entrance of Chesapeak; this manœuvre on their part induced him to put back to Rhode Island, taking in tow the *Conquérant,* which had lost her rudder, and had her commandant, the Marquis de Laval, wounded on board. He finally returned to Newport with the Baron de Viomenil, after a hard but doubtful combat, and with the bitter regret of not having accomplished his mission.

In the course of February, we received intelligence of the defeat of Tarleton by a detachment in command of Brigadier General Morgan. But this check tended only to irritate the feelings of Lord Cornwallis, who immediately marched, with the whole of the forces under his command, in pursuit of Morgan, but could not come up with him in time to prevent him joining the army of General Green, with all the prisoners he had taken. The latter had been obliged to retire to meet the reinforcements which were coming up to him by the Roenoke, in North Carolina. Having rallied them, he took his position at Guilfort Courthouse; Lord Cornwallis here attacked him vigorously, and, after a very bloody combat, succeeded in dislodging him; but the American general was only driven from the field of battle, for he took up another position a few miles in the rear. Lord Cornwallis and his army having suffered all the harassing inconveniences of a long and tedious march, a disastrous combat, and a great scarcity of provisions, was compelled to retrograde towards Cape Fear, to a place occupied by a party of Scotch Royalists, where he hoped to procure provisions for his exhausted army, and assistance for his bleeding wounded.

The conduct of General Green in his retreat, on the day of the action at Guilfort, and subsequently, did him great honour, and fully justified the brilliant talent of which he afterwards gave proof.

(To be continued)

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

Ulysses S. Grant. By Louis A. Coolidge. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1917.

Any one who is familiar with Grant's *Personal Memoirs* may begin the perusal of Mr. Coolidge's book in a critical, if not hostile, frame of mind. One reads the *Memoirs* not merely as a "source," but as a vital record. Equaling Caesar's *Commentaries* in authority, in decisiveness of judgment, and in clearness of expression; ample in detail, yet concise to the point of curtness—a narrative that recites bare facts with unconscious eloquence, and that closes the discussion of important questions with a tone of finality inevitably suggesting the snap of a gunlock—Grant's own story, though it leaves room, of course, for supplementary matter and for explanatory remarks, may seem so much the best story of Grant's military career that no secondary narrative could hope to rival it in interest.

But the disposition, if it exists, to make unfavorable comparisons of the sort suggested must soon give way to approval. There is nothing second-rate in Mr. Coolidge's biography of Grant. Interest in it as a story is not dimmed by recollections of what Grant himself wrote. In fact, the biography, while it embodies in quotation or paraphrase all that is most significant in Grant's narrative, has abundant freshness and vitality of its own: it is written with more than a touch of eloquence. Not merely because of its fullness and accuracy, but also through its literary qualities—its virility and incisiveness—it is not unworthy to stand beside the *Memoirs* as a companion piece.

In recent years, what may fairly be called a new ideal of historical and biographical writing has been built up. Scholars are becoming more and more adept at embodying the results of an increasingly minute research in treatises that are precise without diffuseness, spirited without being superficial, impersonal without being lifeless. Matter-of-fact prose is acquiring a new effectiveness; the art of exact and well-balanced truth telling is being practised more methodically by a greater number of writers than ever before.

There was room for a biography of Grant written in full conformity with the modern concept, and Mr. Coolidge has made the most of this opportunity. His book is compact, studied but not labored in style, especially notable for certainty of emphasis and for correctness of proportion.

A chapter is given to Grant's ancestry and to his boyhood. Another tells all that one needs to know about his training in West Point and his experiences in Mexico with Taylor and Scott. Ten pages sum up the interval between the ending of the Mexican War and the firing upon Fort Sumter. In all this part of the narrative there is wise selection and real effectiveness. All that is essential is related, and the man Grant, as he was in his earlier days, is portrayed distinctly yet without exaggeration. Then follows the story of Grant's campaigns—a story that cannot be too often rehearsed. In sixteen chapters Mr. Coolidge traverses the period of the Civil War, describing military operations and evaluating personal equations with rare clearness and justice. The historic narrative is admirable in itself and the central figure is never lost sight of. The simple truth is made impressive and Grant in the midst of his battles is portrayed with few but adequate touches.

Thus, the first half of the book, as compared with other versions of the story related in it, fully justifies itself. The second half—the story of Grant's political career—has an additional claim upon the reader's interest. It has been the literary fashion to speak with little commendation of Grant's achievements after the Rebellion—though there has been no difference of opinion as to the glory due him as a soldier. On the whole, the easy contrast between the two phases of his career has been made much too prominent. That Grant as President made serious mistakes cannot, of course, be denied; but these errors, arising as they did almost without exception from child-like trust and unfortunate associations, had little adverse effect upon measures of broad public policy. "Those who criticize the course of his Administration and condemn him for his choice of advisers," writes Mr. Coolidge, "might first point out what statesman of the day would have done better in his place and what advisers would have aided him to more beneficent results." Indeed, through his unsparing analysis of Grant's official conduct, the author thoroughly convinces one of the rightness of the broader view which he upholds. Not only is Grant lifted, without the aid of special pleading, far above the range of petty criticism, but he is assigned to a high place among American statesmen.

Grant's faults—his weakness for unworthy friends, for example, and his disposition to interfere with Congressional affairs—are by no means concealed. But charges of a more serious and specific nature, from the absurd accusation of "Caesarism" to the suggestion that in order to secure a decision affirming the constitutionality of the Legal Tender Act he packed the Supreme Court, are fully

refuted. On the other hand Grant's foresight and firmness are made much of.

To Grant properly belongs a large share of credit for the diplomatic triumphs won during his Administration. Hamilton Fish, to be sure, as Secretary of State, was "far-seeing, firm, and sensible, but he would have been quite futile without Grant. It was the steady backing of the White House that made it possible for Fish to carry through his foreign policy." Even in the unhappy business of San Domingo, Grant's prevision has been justified. To Grant, too, must be given the honor for establishing the principle of arbitration in international disputes. If at any time his conduct in regard to the American claims upon Great Britain had been marked by vacillation, this result could not have been achieved. He was among the first, moreover, to encourage the principle of a World's Congress, as afterwards embodied in the Hague Tribunal.

His influence upon domestic policies is in general no less to be commended. Though Congress did not permit him to establish firmly a reformed civil service, "he gave reform an impetus which has continued to this day." He strongly urged the building of an American merchant marine. He was the first President to call emphatic attention to the peril of an ignorant foreign-born electorate. His veto of the Inflation Bill was "the turning-point in the financial policy of the United States. If Grant had done no other praiseworthy thing during his eight years of office, this in itself would have given him rank among our great executives."

Examined in detail the record as set forth by Mr. Coolidge is an impressive one, and there would seem to be justice in the conclusion that "if we except the baneful Southern problem, which was bequeathed to him, and where his fault, if fault there was, lay in the rigid execution of the law, it would be hard to place the finger upon an executive policy approved by Grant which subsequent experience has condemned."

Business Competition and the Law. By Gilbert H. Montague. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1917.

Although there has been, first and last, a good deal of discussion of the anti-trust law as a broad public policy—as a means of preventing abuse of power by huge corporations—it has never been easy for any one but a lawyer to find out just how the law affects every-day trade conditions. Persons who have never been in danger of violating the Sherman Act have doubtless been content to believe that the law touches only gross and obvious abuses. Business men, on the other hand, have frequently complained of the difficulty of distinguishing between what is legal and what is illegal. It is clear

that the law may bear heavily upon some who are not conscious violators. A certain insignificant and unobtrusive manufacturer who secured from each dealer to whom he sold his goods a straight contract binding the dealer to resell the goods at a specified price, was compelled to recall his contracts on pain of a Grand Jury proceeding under the criminal sections of the Sherman Act, and several months later went into bankruptcy. "To apply to him the epithets reserved for violators of the Federal anti-trust laws sounds like a huge joke. Yet the machinery designed for curbing predatory business . . . pulverized him quietly and expeditiously."

Gilbert H. Montague's book entitled *Business Competition and the Law,* from which the foregoing instance is taken, does what such broad discussions of legal principles and precedents as William H. Taft's admirable book, *The Anti-trust Act,* do not accomplish: it shows in detail how the law bears upon small business as well as big business. Mr. Montague gives clear and concrete answers to questions which almost any business man may sometime need to consider. He discusses exclusive dealer agreements, the scope of patent protection, "tying contracts," the problem of price-cutting, the status of trade associations.

The whole matter is not extremely difficult to understand, and yet the results of the law are in many cases not precisely what would be anticipated. Thus, Mr. Montague's book—which sets out to show not how the law may be evaded, but how it must be obeyed—is needed. The case of the Continental Tobacco Company is instructive as pointing out one kind of pitfall. The defendant in this case was a salesman employed by the company to solicit orders from purchasers. The trial judge charged the jury that "if you are satisfied that the defendant offered for sale to the person or concern named in either count of the indictment the plug tobacco made by the Continental Tobacco Company upon more favorable terms if such person or concern should not sell or deal in the plug tobacco of any other person—it will be your duty to find the defendant guilty under any such count." Upon this instruction the defendant was convicted. When the case was appealed, the Massachusetts Supreme Court reversed the conviction, but intimated that if the terms offered by the defendant were such as virtually to make it prohibitive to purchase except by those who sold only his employer's goods, the case would be very different. Thereupon the defendant was promptly placed on trial again, and again convicted. On appeal, the Supreme Court this time sustained the conviction.

The case just noted shows clearly how fine in practise may be the theoretically clear distinction that the courts make between legality and illegality. Other cases, varying widely in cause and subject-matter, illustrate exactly the same difficulty. In reading Mr. Montague's discussion one is constrained to believe that though

the courts have on the whole interpreted the law in a manner as clear and consistent as is humanly possible, the business man who would avoid all danger of prosecution has need of something more than ordinary honesty and ordinary common sense—he has need of full information and of extreme caution. It is upon the principle of *intent* that the court necessarily bases its decisions, and intent is not easily determined. Mr. Montague has been notably successful in tracing the effect of this principle through a number of well-chosen cases, and in showing by concrete instances the dubiety to which it may give rise. Not only does he analyze court decisions but he explains—what may be of even more practical importance—the view of the Government as to what constitutes violation of the law, as embodied in so-called "consent-decrees."

Mr. Montague has written a well-conceived and useful book—a book that may be read with profit not only by business men, but by all who wish to study the workings of a law that is also a public policy.

THE MAN IN COURT. By FREDERIC DEWITT WELLS. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1917.

This book is in a high degree enjoyable, because it satisfies a long-felt impulse to smile at court formalities, and because it removes perplexities that probably have chafed in some degree the mind of almost every reader who is not a lawyer. The book gives relief to a smothered instinct of rebellion, both by pointing out the reasons for some things that seem unreasonable, and by recognizing as justifiable the ordinary man's dissatisfaction with court procedure. Each chapter is a visualization of a scene in court and also a shrewd analysis of human nature.

The mind of the judge, burdened as he is with real responsibilities, with endless technicalities, and with the necessity of being, or at any rate of seeming, important, is quite frankly exposed. "His position is not exactly one of bluff, but he is the central figure of the stage; like the actor's profession, the judge's job makes him an egotist. . . . He is supposed to know the law; at least he ought to know court procedure and the law of his State thereon by heart. In New York State, for example, the Code of Civil Procedure is five hundred thousand words long. He is bound to take judicial notice, without being told, of all the statutes of the State Legislature, which are being passed at the rate of six hundred a year. He is also supposed to know the laws of the United States passed at Washington, and to be thoroughly familiar with the latest decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, and those for the past hundred and twenty-five years. He must understand and look as though he knew beforehand any decisions of the courts of his own

State cited, which are conveniently and neatly printed in 219 New York Court of Appeals Reports, 173 Volumes of Appellate Division Reports, and 96 Volumes of Miscellaneous Reports.'' The necessity of sustaining a part that calls for preternatural wisdom is only one of many unwholesome influences to which a judge is exposed. Yet most judges retain a lively sense of duty and remain human at heart.

Judge Wells looks with keen insight into the minds of every participant in the court drama; he even gives an appreciative glance at the past history and present frame of mind of the court attendant. Besides describing exactly what goes on in the court room, he tells just what the anxious jury and the worried client, the strenuous lawyer and the confused witness really think. He explains why it is that a witness may not answer such a question as, '' What did you tell your wife about the accident when you got home?'' and much else that concerns the rules of evidence. He tells the meaning of technical objections and of '' movements in court,'' enabling the reader to estimate these bits of by-play at their true value. The chapters that describe the judge's '' heavy charge '' and the jury's subsequent deliberations are dramatically revealing. No novelist could more effectively set forth all sides of a solemn yet amusing situation than has the author in this instance.

The element of farce in all this is emphasized in no wanton spirit of satire. Indeed, it is hardly to be believed that a less diverting book than this which Judge Wells has written would have accomplished so successfully the serious object which the author had in mind. This object seems to be twofold. First, the author has aimed to show that the apparent ineptitude of court procedure—its offensiveness to the common sense of the average citizen—has after all a perfectly natural and logical basis. The rules of evidence which prevent the witness from telling what he wishes to tell and what the jury want to know, are well grounded in logic, if not in psychology. Nor can the various evils complained of be removed simply by the use of '' a little common sense.'' And secondly, Judge Wells has intended to suggest the need of a radical change, a change that would involve complete abandonment of the antiquated notion that a trial is essentially a contest between two parties, a sort of ordeal by battle. What this change might ultimately mean the author makes plain in his chapter entitled, '' Looking Backward.''

It would be well if more men of experience in responsible positions would write as frankly and good-humoredly concerning what they know best as Judge Wells has written about the courts. A book so tolerant and witty as this should have no little effect in promoting that good understanding between all parties that is most favorable to wise reform.

POEMS. By FLORENCE EARLE COATES. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1916.

The effect produced upon the mind of a faithful reader by two volumes of miscellaneous verse all from the same hand constitutes a rather severe test of poetical merit. Not every poet whose stanzas, appearing from time to time in the magazines, give pleasure, could well sustain this ordeal, even if his verses were all of equal merit.

That the poems of Florence Earle Coates, instead of losing in effect when read in sequence gain much in enjoyability and compel a higher critical estimate than one might accord to any single piece if read separately, is a proof of their essential worth. The further one penetrates into the world of faith and beauty which the poet reveals—a world that is deficient in none of its aspects of feeling or visualization—the further one wants to go.

In execution the poems keep to a uniformly high level of excellence. There is perhaps a noticeable lack of surprising beauty in individual phrases. In general, one does not especially remember or care to quote single lines—though many lines have no small measure of verbal inspiration—but one does remember the impression produced by whole poems. Occasionally in the verse-making there is an approach to the conventional; there are inversions that are none too graceful and there are rhymes that seem a little too obtrusively commonplace. But these faults are so closely connected with the virtues of sincerity and simplicity that they hardly seem faults at all: they do not interfere with one's enjoyment of a perfectly natural and genuine poetic style.

The poet is, perhaps, at her best when she writes most simply of the purest and deepest passions, as in the verse entitled *Madonna:*

> " He gazed, the little vagrant lad,
> On the Madonna's gentle face;
> And all his wistful visage sad
> Renewed its infant grace:
> He gazed, reluctant to depart,
> Then kissed her, shyly, as he stood—
> Ah, wondrous Art! His lonely heart
> But yearned to motherhood.

Unfailingly musical and full of pleasurable imagery, the poems have, nearly all, an unerring emotional appeal—an appeal that cannot be wholly denied by any one and that in some one poem, if not in many, may touch an individual reader with a peculiar sense of intimacy.

THE ROAD TO CASTALY. By ALICE BROWN. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1917.

Whoever has read the novels of Alice Brown with due appreciation of style and spirit is prepared to find her poetry both exquisite in expression and full of life. This expectation is more than satisfactorily fulfilled in the recently published volume, *The Road to Castaly.* Originality, daring, delicacy—these are the qualities that mark this book of verse from beginning to end.

The poems are often strikingly original in conception. Opening the volume at random one may perhaps light upon the poem called *The Violin,* which begins:

> At midnight, when the desert choked his heart,
> I burned my violin to warm the child.
> But when day dawned, more hostile than the night,
> The child was dead, still huddled in my robe,
> And I, a naked man, crouched there alone
> Beside the ashes of the violin. . . .

The strange and arresting idea of the poem is carried out with wonderful skill and—despite its bizarre quality—with an effect approaching grandeur.

Even more characteristic than the vividness of imagination that appears in such passages, and perhaps more truly poetic, is a child-like fancy that allies itself with a playful and affectionate mood toward nature, as in the poem entitled *Candlemas:*

> Oh, hearken; all ye little weeds
> That lie beneath the snow,
> (So low, dear hearts, in poverty so low!)
> The sun has risen for royal deeds,
> A valiant wind the vanguard leads;
> Now quicken ye, lest unborn seeds
> Before ye rise and blow.

In command of a spirited and dancing verse, in the skillful use of figurative language—a little strained and wild at times, but nearly always more or less inspired—Alice Brown is as individual as she is in her themes and in the quality of her sentiment.

Every one of the poems represents, in fact, a triumph of self-expression, a conquest over the difficulty of setting forth the very quality of a personal feeling, or of making explicit the meaning of a vaguely haunting theme. Yet the mastery is not complete; a certain obscurity clouds many of the poems, and the fascinating series of sonnets called " The Book of Love," which one feels ought to be the author's best work, is for this reason unsatisfying.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A 15TH CENTURY PROPHECY CONCERNING THE GREAT WAR

SIR,—While snowbound, a few weeks ago, and the solitary inmate of a country house, I spent most of my hours exploring in my host's library, which contained many remarkable first editions and old manuscripts. There, to my great interest, I came across a small pamphlet, the pages yellow with age, entitled: *The Wonderful Prophesies of Robert Nixon—The Celebrated Cheshire Prophet—From Lady Cowper's Correct Copy.*

I immediately took it to my chair before the fire and did what I suppose every person I know would have done—searched eagerly through the half dozen pages for references to the Great War. To my excitement and astonishment, there were several lines, scattered among the rather jumbled and incoherent verses, which could refer to nothing else.

It seems that our prophet was one Robert Nixon—a village yokel and idiot—who was born in the county of Cheshire, England, in the year 1467. From his infancy he was remarkable for such stupidity and ignorance "that it was with great difficulty his parents could instruct him to drive the team, tend the cattle and such sort of rustic employments." He spoke seldom, but when he did speak, albeit "with so rough a voice it was painful to hear him," it was to utter some remarkable prophecy.

His fame became so great that the King, Henry VII, sent a messenger ordering Nixon to be brought before him, and there in the palace the poor man's last prophecy was fulfilled, so the chronicle relates; for, upon leaving his village, he had sobbed bitterly, declaring that he should be starved to death at Court. To allay his fears he was lodged in the royal kitchen, where he soon became such a pest that the cooks shut him up in a closet in the cellar, where he was speedily forgotten.

As for the Prophecies themselves, the ones which evidently caused the greatest wonder at the time were those relating to local incidents, such as "There shall be a miller named Peter with two heels on one foot," or, "A boy shall be born with three thumbs on one hand"—all of which came true in the immediate neighborhood. He then enlarged his sphere and predicted The Wars of the Roses, The Great Plague, and other English historical events.

It is interesting to note that the last page and a half, which seems to refer directly to the present war, are the ones that appeared exaggerated and impossible of fulfillment to the publisher of the prophecies, who says: "As to any fixed period when these things will come to pass, we cannot learn—being all mentioned with the greatest uncertainty."

The first lines which caught my eye and seemed to me the most remarkable were:

> Three years of great wars—
> In all countries great uproars,
> The first is terrible, the second worse—but the third unbearable.

He goes on to say:

> Great wars and pressing of soldiers—
> But, at last, clubs and clouted shoes shall carry the day.

Recent events in Russia seem to be the beginning of the fulfillment of this prophecy, as well as of this:

> The bear that hath been long tied to a stake shall shake his chains—
> That every man shall hear and cause much debate.
> A great tax shall be granted but never gathered.
> * * * * * * * *
> Foreign nations shall invade England, with snow on their helmets,
> And shall bring plague, famine and murder in the skirts of their garments.

Although this has not (and, God willing, will not) come to pass, it certainly describes with great finesse the habits as well as the costumes of a certain enemy, somewhere in France.

> A fleet shall come out of the North—
> Riding on horses made of trees

This might, with some stretching of the imagination, refer to Zeppelin raids, as well as to anything else, and to the next prophecy we can all bear witness—without the aid of a blue paper, yellow paper, or white paper—as having happened before our very eyes:

> In those dreadful days slaughter shall rage to such a degree
> That infants left by those that are slain
> And damsels shall, with fear and glee,
> Cry, "Mother! Mother! Here's a MAN!"

But it is the last lines that bring real hope and cheer as to the outcome of the great struggle, and I give them here, with the fervent prayer that the Kaiser is a faithful and constant reader of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW!—

> With that the LION bears his banner to a hill
> Within a forest that's so plain,
> Beside a headless cross of stone.
> There shall the EAGLE die that day
> And the RED LION get renown.
> Then rise up George! Son of George!
> And bless the happy reign,
> Thrice happy he who sees this time,
> When England shall know rest and peace again.

NEW YORK CITY. MARJORIE IDA LESLIE.

MORE FROM OUR AGNOSTIC FRENCH SOLDIER

SIR,—In hand your copy of February. Let me firstly thank you for printing my letter in your number of December last. It brought me very interesting letters from America, and specially one of apparently a workman, from which it seems that things are not going to the general satisfaction of all the minds, as he insisted on my writing again.

I thank also Mr. J. Carter for taking the trouble to answer me. I would have liked more precision in his answer. That I have seen but two methods of conceiving the beginning of the world does not mean that there are no others. But I am yet waiting to be shown the others; and in his letter, Mr. J. Carter shows very clearly that he adopts one of these methods, that of the creation—what does he say?—"There are those who conceive of an existence whom they worship as God, who has been originating and maintaining in being what we call matter . . .." What did I say?—"or . . . an immaterial and eternal Something that we name God created . . . that matter." Where is the difference? I should be the wonder of the ages if I could answer my question: Why did God create the world? But does not Mr. Carter answer that question with a great precision? He says: "They perceive in the universe about us the evidence of intelligent design. They are inclined to be skeptical as to the assertion that there can be thought without a thinker or design without a designer." I never asked so much! If Mr. Carter knows that there is a design in the world and will explain that design, I am quite ready to take it as an answer to my question, "why did God create the world." Of course, I take for granted that Mr. Carter does not mean by "design" the arrangement of the things such as we see them simply, for then any haphazard jolting of things would be a design; but that that arrangement has a precise and well defined aim. The world-design would have no meaning without it. Well, if Mr. Carter does know that aim, he will have answered my wondering question.

In the end of his letter, Mr. Carter touched a subject on which I want also to say a word. He tells us that war has turned multitudes indifferent or deficient to the God of the Gospels. Well, that is a very curious effect of war in America. But after living in the middle of French and English soldiers for more than two years, my opinion (time will show if it is right) is that we shall have the biggest growth of free thinking and socialism ever seen in history.

The effects are already visible, at least in France. But to understand it quite well it must be understood clearly that religion is a very different thing in Latin and Anglo-Saxon countries. From what I have seen and read, an Anglo-Saxon mind never questions the existence of God. But he will most probably take a quite individual view of what he reads in the Bible and try to conform his life to the texts he likes best. Hence, an infinite number of sects. The Latin mind is very different. He jumps at once at extremities. If he believes in God, he is quite glad to accept the precepts of the established church and won't much bother about texts he has never read. But as soon as he begins to doubt, the primordial question of the existence of God presents itself implacably to his mind and nine times out of ten he jumps headfirst into atheism. Religion and politics are so closely allied here that it is almost impossible to be a socialist and go to church.

It follows that the idea of God is more and more weakening with the loosening of the grip that the Catholic church had on public business—and

that grip has been loosening very quickly since I was a boy, that is since 40 years. The church where I went as a youngster, where I was christened, was full then at the Mass and Vespers. It is pitiful to see it now. And it is a small country church, the same old priest (who is nearly 80) is there yet, and the number of the inhabitants passed from 1,800 to 2,200. The first real blow came with the separation of the church and the state. Up till then, priests had been paid by Government. As they got a good living, the priests were in sufficient numbers. But as soon as people had to pay out of their own pocket for religious services, it was seen very soon that they did it very reluctantly. On the other side, seminarists were to go in the army like all other young men, and that broke many vocations. The result was that at the beginning of the war, there were many country parishes without priests. Now the war sent to the army all the priests of military ages; and, although they were mostly put in the hospitals (which occasioned many a bitter comment) lots of the younger ones went to the front and were killed like ordinary soldiers. The young men being under the military age of 18, it has put a stop to the recruiting of the young students, so that after the war there will be a great lack of priests.

As for saying that the war turns unbelievers into believers, I will believe it when I have seen it. But till now I have not seen it. And I have been speaking daily with soldiers since the war broke out.

Let me end by thanking you, Mr. Carter, and the other American people who wrote me for the part they take in our struggle. Since it is possible (as I write) that you may be drawn in it, the opinion of those who wrote before is the more dearer to me.

(Sig.) M. Quesney.

Clinique La Primevère, Leysin, Switzerland.

[We reproduce our friendly correspondent's somewhat Gallicized English as he wrote it, save for the correction of one or two obvious inadvertences. His impression that "an Anglo-Saxon mind never questions the existence of God" is perhaps unduly trustful. —Editor.]

A PRO-ALLY GERMAN-AMERICAN

Sir,—We all know it is by no means exceptional for foreigners to look upon the United States as an "international hash"—as a country without a past. At present we read so much in our newspapers about America being "the melting pot"; we hear so much from our politicians about British-Americans, German-Americans, etc. (and so little about Americans), that we almost begin to believe the foreigners may be right after all. To us who have fondly believed there was such a thing as America and Americans, this comes as a terrible shock. What reaches our ears most frequently is the assertion that those Americans whose ancestors came from Great Britain are naturally pro-Ally, while those whose ancestors came from Germany (no matter how long ago) are naturally pro-German. If this is true then there is really ground for the allegation that America is an "international hash." To an Englishman or to a Frenchman all countries but his own are foreign; he likes some better than others, but only because their characteristics please him better and not because his ancestors came from it. If the majority of Americans cannot stand this test then we are a "political hash." Happily,

however, I am sure they can. I am sure it is still correct to say that the purely American element still predominates in the United States—though unfortunately the margin is too narrow.

The writer's ancestors came from Germany about two hundred years ago; however, he has absolutely no sympathy with Germany, looking upon himself as purely American. In one sense of the word all foreign countries are to him alike. He is pro-Ally because he believes the success of the Allies essential to the welfare of civilization and because he admires Anglo-Saxon civilization much more than he does Teutonic civilization. Not being a politician and having no constituency to cater to, I am frank enough to say that I think the old native American ideals are priceless, and worth any sacrifice to preserve. I am also bold enough to state that homogeneity is vital to any nation, and that at present we unquestionably have all the foreigners we can assimilate—patriotism and not economics should be our guiding principle.

JOHN L. SCHWARTZ.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MISS SENIOR'S "DREAM LIFE"

SIR,—I come not in the attitude of critic, but as an humble seeker of information. I take the REVIEW because I think it second to no periodical printed in the country, and I get full value for the expenditure. Perhaps its editorial articles are unequalled. But I want a short chat with the literary editor.

On page 429 of the March number appears a—I was about to say, poem—entitled "Dream Life."

Was it intended as a poem? If so, on what ground is it to be distinguished from prose? Is prose converted into poetry by simply separating it into lines and beginning each with a capital, regardless of measure, rhythm or rhyme?

Barring poems of the humorous and dialectic class, it seems to me that in order to gain admittance to the columns of so ably conducted a periodical as the REVIEW a poem should possess exalted thought, elegant English, an unbroken measure, uniform periods in its recurrent emphasis, and then such embellishments in the way of rhyme and alliteration as the author may command.

L. J. COPPAGE.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, INDIANA.

[Our correspondent's courteous enquiries merit a reply. We take them up in order:

1. "Was it intended as a poem?"

It was.

2. "On what ground is it to be distinguished from prose?"

A definition of the difference between prose and poetry is attempted with reluctance by all save the ignorant or the bigoted. However, we may assure our correspondent that the difference is *not* achieved simply by "separation into lines and beginning each with a capital," but rather by verbal qualities so subtle and so difficult of exposition that prudent critics

familiar with the history of poetic art are exceedingly chary of attempting to dogmatize about them.

3. "In order to gain admittance to the columns of so ably conducted a periodical as the REVIEW a poem should possess exalted thought, elegant English, an unbroken measure, uniform periods in its recurrent emphasis," etc.

In order to gain admittance to the columns of the REVIEW a poem need only possess distinction of thought and style—simple requirements that are seldom met.—EDITOR.]

A PRESBYTERIAN ANSWERS DR. McCONNELL

SIR,—In a recent number of the REVIEW is an article by my friend and former neighbor, Rev. Dr. S. D. McConnell, entitled "What Are the Churches To Do?" Among other statements is this: "Probably the minimum demand is that for membership in the Episcopal Church—"Do you believe all the articles of the Christian faith as contained in the Apostles' Creed?" I beg to correct this idea. The only question which the Presbyterian Church has any right to put to a candidate for membership in that Church is this: "Do you believe in Jesus Christ as your Saviour?" This is a minimum far less than that which Dr. McConnell intimates. Nor is there any special interpretation put upon the word "Saviour." There is no "plan of salvation" implied. It is as broad as the Gospel itself.

Dr. McConnell seems to imagine that the Church generally stands for an antiquated theology, that it still believes that "on a certain date A. U. C. in a remote district of Asia, God took upon himself the form of a man"; that it still believes the Virgin Birth, the physical resurrection and ascension, the miracles, etc. The fact is not so. Some do believe these things, and some do not. Some have discovered that what is called, most infelicitously, "the supernatural," does not enter into the essential Christian faith. The Bible uses no such word as supernatural. Its word is "spiritual," and that is a truer word. What the Church most surely believes today is the mastership of Jesus Christ. It believes in following him. This is its practical theology and its real religion. What the Church will do is to keep on growing and outgrowing, while following Christ.

L. MASON CLARKE.

THE MANSE, FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

SECOND WAR NUMBER

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

—

Edited by
GEORGE HARVEY

—

JUNE

FAIR PLAY for the GOVERNMENT

WHOLE TRUTH for the PEOPLE

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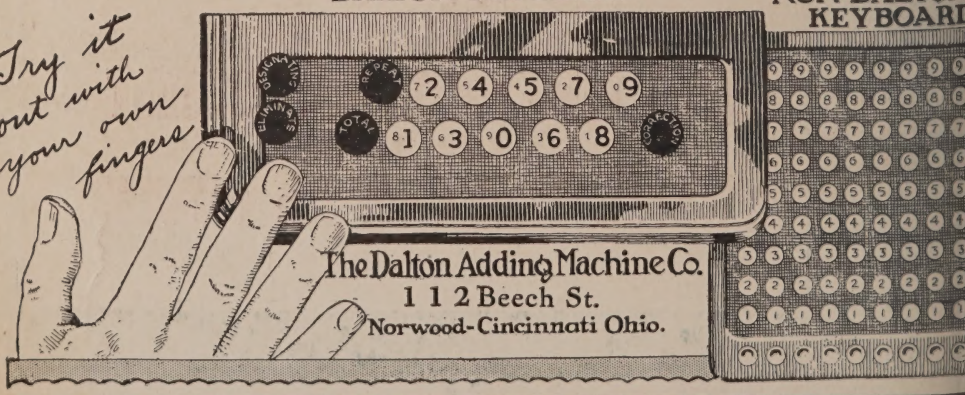

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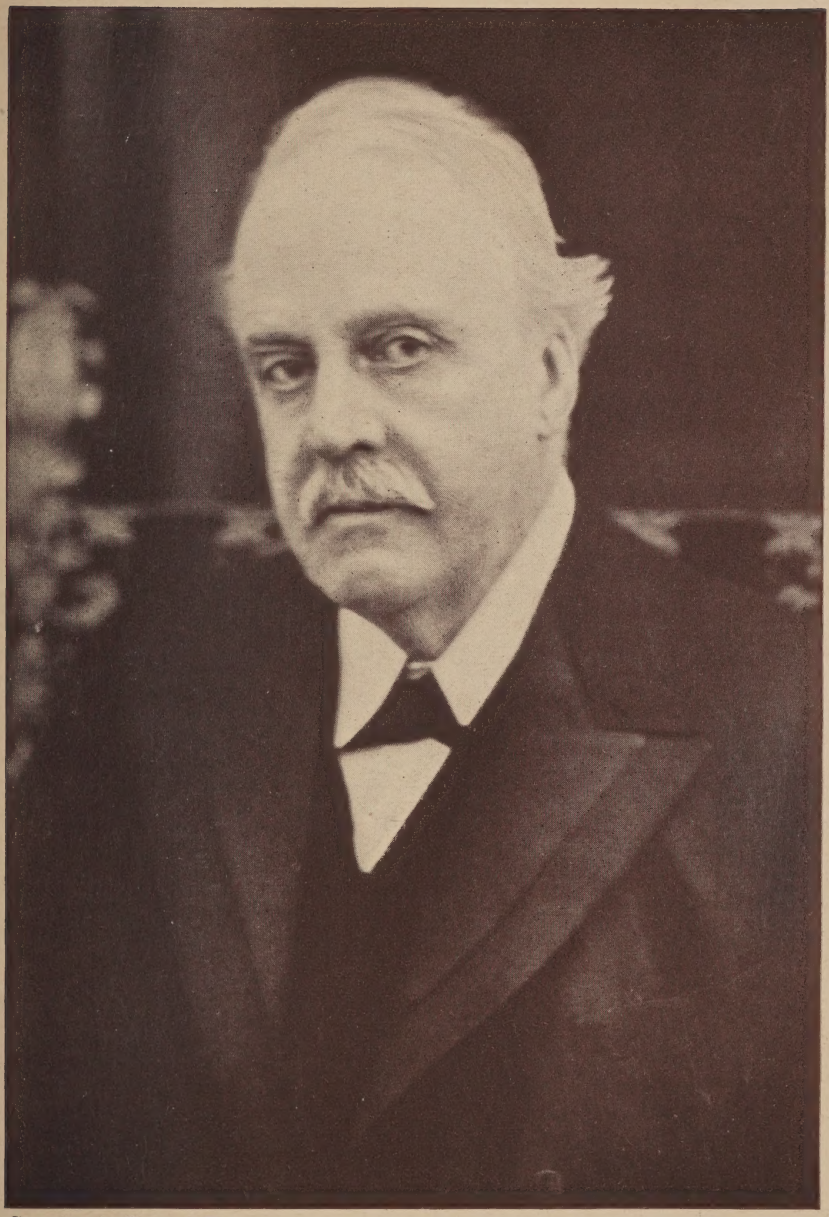

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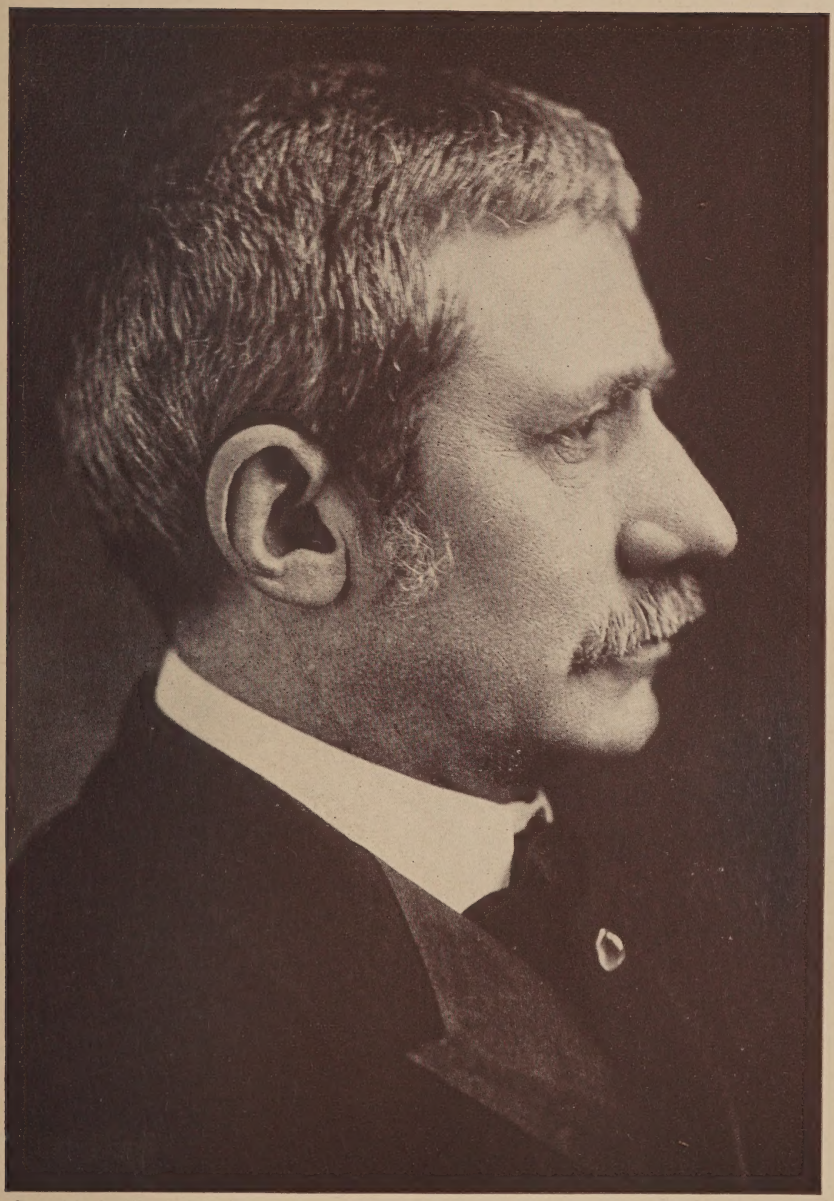

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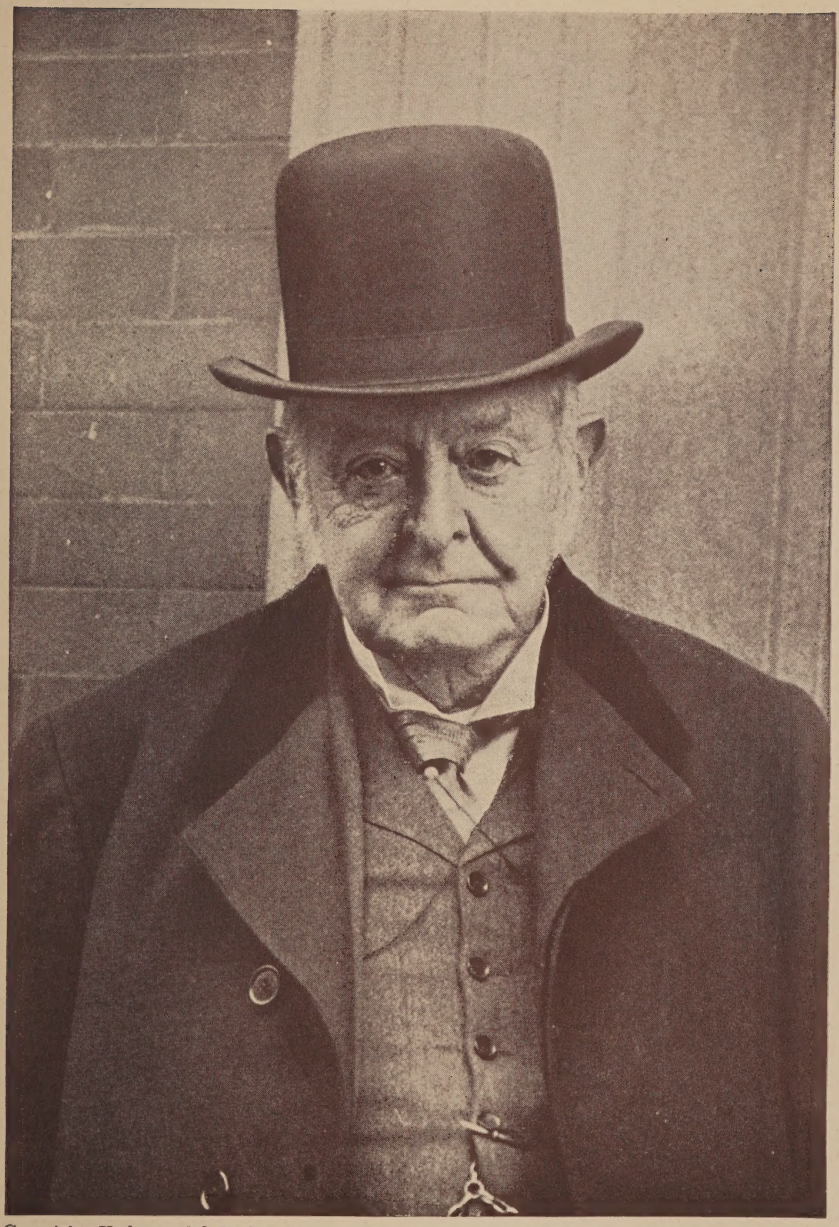

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JOSEPH H. CHOATE

DAVID FRANKLIN HOUSTON

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

JUNE, 1917

FAIR PLAY FOR THE GOVERNMENT AND WHOLE TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

BY THE EDITOR

It is a trite saying, but one which cannot be repeated too often, that if the United States is to continue a free and independent nation and if human liberty is to be secured to the world, *we* must win the war. France cannot do it; she has reached the extreme limit of her capacity and henceforth can only hold fast; England cannot do it; within a year, if forced to depend upon her resources, starvation would break the effectiveness, if not the spirit, of her people, and her colonies would be barred by the pirates of the seas from extending aid. Russia cannot do it; even though she should succeed in saving herself, her power to render affirmative assistance is broken. All of the Allies combined, including Italy, Japan, China and the minor States, negligible as determining factors, cannot do it; so much we now know, as of the day when —God be praised!—America assumed her rightful place beside the vindicators of civilization. Not that Germany could have conquered those hundred millions of freemen! Never! But neither, in the light of recent developments, is it conceivable that they, in turn, could have achieved a victory that would have assured an enduring peace.

So America must win the war.

That is the one overpowering fact that we must keep constantly in mind to the exclusion of all other purposes and considerations, not merely because it exists, but as a guide for all our actions and all our thoughts. It took England more than a year to comprehend this basic truth and nearly another twelvemonth to consummate that most difficult of achievements by a democracy—full co-operation in spirit made effective and invincible by unified compactness in direction. Here is the root of all of Britain's frankly acknowledged initial failures, which her statesmen are no less eager than ourselves that America shall avoid.

But how? Is it within reason to suppose that our loosely constructed governing bodies, designed primarily for service to a prosperous people in times of peace and wholly without experience in strife for half a century, can be transformed overnight into a solid and potent engine for war? We say it is impossible and, being impossible, would better not be attempted. We do not decry the *action* that every would-be Northcliffe of the Press is calling for. We think the President does well, from time to time, to urge the Congress to *speed up*. We dare say the prodding of Cabinet officers by Senators and Representatives serves a useful purpose, when not so overdone as to seem ridiculous. But it is a grave question whether the advantages accruing from such animadversions are not more than offset by the irritability which they engender in the minds of the people.

We all who have ears to hear and courage to recognize facts, know that this is not an enthusiastic war and that it is certain to be less and less popular as, with the passing of time, sons by the million are taken from their homes and taxes by the billion are imposed upon those left behind. Obviously, then, whatever can be left undone or unsaid that might enhance natural and inevitable resentment should be omitted by all officials whose words go far in search of ready response. This war must prove in the long run to be a people's war or it will prove a failure, regardless of appeals to reason or of the practical advantages of conscription. The President appreciated this pregnant truth long ago and waited watchfully and, in this instance, at any rate, wisely, until he felt confident of his ability to rally his countrymen to resistance of an invasion which, however real and menacing, was less tangible than constructive. That he is now straining every nerve of mind and body to make good in effect what

was right in conscience and correct in policy is admitted universally.

Wherefore we insist that, at this early stage, *Fair Play for the Government* involves far more than the respectful consideration ordinarily accorded our Chief Magistrate; it comprises exceptional forbearance towards his subordinates, whatever in the past their shortcomings may have been deemed to be; it includes lenience of judgment upon the Congress burdened with equal responsibilities and harassed by like difficulties; it embraces no less distinctly unhesitating honor for the staffs of an army and a navy whose disinterested patriotism has always been the pride of the Nation.

Impatience is rife at the moment because we are an impatient people, but there is no real ground for complaint. We have made more actual progress in fifty days than England made in six months and practically no blunders which cannot be quickly retrieved. Consider the laws enacted: (1) War declared after only three days of debate; (2) Selective Draft Bill, or Conscription, not yet adopted by either England, Canada or Australia, after nearly three years of war; (3) Bond issue of $7,000,000,000, the largest ever passed in the history of the world; (4) Four great appropriation measures including $1,000,000 for the use of the President; (5) Seizure of German ships; (6) Increasing seamen in the navy to 150,000 and marines to 30,000; (7) Espionage Bill, *without* censorship; (8) Amendment to Banking and Currency Act; (9) Miscellaneous measures of minor yet much importance in carrying on the war. Ordinarily the passage of any one or two of the eight bills enumerated would have required rightfully more time for discussion than has been taken for the whole number.

Meanwhile, the President has sent a Commission to Russia, has conferred at great length with ambassadors from abroad, has created and organized efficiency boards and has worked unceasingly to put together the many parts of the great machine which must *win the war;* the Secretary of the Treasury has loaned hundreds of millions to our allies and is paving the way through personal appeal for the floating of the biggest bond issue ever made; the Secretary of War and the General Staff have formulated to the last detail plans for the organization upon a modern basis of a mighty army; the Secretary of Agriculture has completed a programme of food control such as was never before dreamed of; the Secre-

tary of the Navy has thrilled his own country no less than England and France by placing in the danger zone, as if dropping them from the skies, a fleet of destroyers "ready for action, sir," on the day of their arrival; and so on and on. Like rapidity of action upon such a scale, except upon the part of France to repel invasion overnight, has never been known.

As we write, the largest of revenue bills ever drawn is under consideration and may now have passed,—though we hope not, because, unlike those who cry *speed, speed,* we hold unintelligent and ill-considered action upon a measure so vital to the well-being of the whole people comprising individual groups to be infinitely more hazardous than even unwarranted delay. Upon the fairness and wisdom with which the great burdens of taxation are distributed all may depend,—for, mark you, as we have said, this must be a people's war, share and share alike, and also just as between one another upon the democratic principle that those who cannot fight must pay. Here let us have expedition but no haste, since assuredly during the next few years we shall find slight leisure for repentance.

Again we say: The beginning is good.

Not that there has been no unnecessary delay; not at all. There has been and there will continue to be so long as popular or representative government maintains. Much time was consumed to no purpose by the friends of Colonel Roosevelt who demanded for their idol the privilege of showing off a nondescript private army of middle-aged men, all of whom ought to be and, thanks to the President, will be left at home to render service which they are fitted to perform. Since the impudent proposal has now been politely but definitely declined, it need be considered no longer upon its merits.

That it ought never to have been made is quite as obvious, we have no doubt, to Senators Harding and Lodge as to all other sane persons, who realize that the *winning of the war* should be our single aim; and yet it served a useful purpose. For one thing, its prompt rejection proved not only that the President cannot be bullied but that he is fixed in his determination to permit no personal considerations to interfere with "undramatic, practical" endeavor "of scientific definiteness and precision." Happily he has found a way to realize the hope, which we expressed last month, that a division of regulars might be sent under a competent profes-

sional commander at an early day, to evidence to our allies our efficiency no less that our volition; so we may consider the incident closed—not doubting for a moment that Mr. Roosevelt, patriotic to the core, will find some practicable method of applying his exceptional talents and remarkable popularity in the service of his country.

Another cause of delay, of unconscionable and utterly futile delay, was the attempt of the Administration to secure the enactment of an unprecedentedly drastic and quite indefensible Censorship Bill. How the level-headed Attorney-General could have been induced to sponsor and the President seemingly to approve such a measure we simply cannot understand. But here again, fortunately, recital of its iniquities is rendered unnecessary by the action of the Congress, and here again the time consumed in debate was not wasted if the lesson has been driven home to all officials that *Fair Play for the Government* can be obtained only through *Whole Truth for the People.* That the arrow did not miss its mark, we record with no little gratification, is clearly indicated by the commendable frankness with which the Secretary of War published the disagreeable information that actual training of the new troops cannot begin until September.

Obviously Mr. Baker, with a quickness of decision which has come to be regarded as characteristic, has reached the accurate conclusion that if this is to be in truth a people's war, the people themselves must be considered as principals, must not be required to fight in the dark, must not be barred from passing judgment upon the acts and capabilities of their agents, must in a word be allowed to face facts manfully as befits a nation of freemen lacking neither intelligence nor courage.

And yet there is real need of a legitimate and serviceable censorship. Lord Northcliffe, who was freely quoted in the debates as having defied successfully the British regulations, would be, to our certain knowledge, the last to deny that; even Mr. Massingham, who has suffered most, would admit it, along with Clemenceau or any other French publicist of note. Undoubtedly the President possesses ample powers, under the provision of the Constitution which authorizes him to direct the war, to apprehend and punish notorious offenders. He has, moreover, the best of precedents for exercising such powers. True, President Lincoln rescinded the order of General Burnside suppressing the New York *World* and the Chi-

cago *Times*, but not because he doubted the legality of the act; he simply, as Rhodes records, "responded"—as a matter of policy—"to the outburst of sentiment in Chicago, which was beginning to spread over the whole North." But he raised no objection when General Lewis Wallace calmly sent "two gentlemen of ample experience" to the proprietors of the Nashville *Argus*, "to take charge of the editorial department of your paper." Nor is it recorded that he disavowed the suppression by the same doughty officer of the Baltimore *Evening Transcript* or the stoppage of the *Metropolitan Record* by General Rosecrans or the forbidding of the use of the mails to certain New York newspapers. The Constitution's definition of treason seems upon its face to be narrow and sharply restricted, but the words "giving aid and comfort to their enemies" are surely capable of sufficiently liberal construction to disturb the peace of mind of an editor brought to trial for his life before a court martial.

Obviously there is no difficulty under existing law in disposing of major offenders. It is the petty, mean and cunning seeker of notoriety, not important enough to be treated as a traitor, yet irritating and essentially disloyal, for whose punishment a statute is required. And those most benefited by such a law, oddly enough, are the very great and patriotic public journals which have protested so vehemently against the passage of any protective act whatsoever. We have no doubt that the proprietors of the Chicago *Tribune* would accept with equanimity, as they announced somewhat truculently they would accept, the sentence of a fine or even a few months in jail, but to be brought to the bar on a charge of treason punishable by death, owing to the lack of a statute prescribing lighter penalties for specific offenses, would be another story. Frankly, we are amazed at the obtuseness of those leading editors who do not perceive that a proper statute is for them, not a menace, but a shield.

Perhaps they do; perhaps they went too far in egging on demagogues in the Congress who wished to curry their favor; perhaps upon reflection they may realize as much. In any case, a carefully constructed and quickly enforceable censorship law should be—*and still can be*—enacted. The truth of the matter is that a modified bill would have passed but for untimely promulgation of "rules and regulations" by members of the Cabinet. When the Secretary of State, for example, decreed that visiting journalists should thereafter attach

their photographs to their cards, he probably was not aware that he was, after a fashion, classifying them with European chauffeurs. Instantly the contemplative vision pictured Dr. Edward P. Mitchell, Dr. Charles R. Miller or Mr. Frank S. Cobb stopping at the gallery of Messrs. Harris and Ewing to obtain "proofs" for patient pasting or mayhap Colonel Henry Watterson tying a tag to his top buttonhole, before seeking the beleaguered presence. This, however, was incidental and would hardly have been considered an insuperable objection.

The chief obstacle in the way of sensible censorship appeared in the following communication addressed by the State, War and Navy Secretaries to the President:

> Premature or ill-advised announcements of policies, plans and specific activities, whether innocent or otherwise, would constitute a source of danger * * *.
>
> It is our opinion that the two functions—censorship and publicity—can be joined in honesty and with profit, and we recommend the creation of a committee on public information. The chairman should be a civilian * * *. Other members should be the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, and the Secretary of the Navy, or an officer or officers detailed to the work by them.
>
> We believe you have the undoubted authority to create this committee on public information without waiting further legislation, and, because of the importance of the task and its pressing necessity, we trust that you will see fit to do so.
>
> The committee, upon appointment, can proceed to the framing of regulations and the creation of machinery that will safeguard all information of value to an enemy, and at the same time open every department of Government to the inspection of the people as far as possible.

The quick inference, of course, was that if the opinion thus set forth respecting the "the two functions, censorship and publicity" was correct, there was no need of legislation. Even more disturbing, in the words of Senator Stone, was the evidence adduced by the proclamation—"that it is the subordinates of Government who will devise the censorship rules; that it is the subordinates of Government, however good they may be—and I criticize none of them—who will prescribe the requisite regulations; it will be the subordinates of Government, I know not how high or low, who will say whether I shall write or I shall speak my sentiments or whether a newspaper shall write or publish its views." Here in the end,

after "freedom of the Press" had been duly exploited, was the crux of the protestations, namely, that by arrogating to themselves the prerogatives of censorship of information which might properly induce criticism the Departments most susceptible of censure were achieving immunity for themselves. The Congress would have approved then, and would approve now, censorship by the President or by a disinterested person designated by and responsible only to the President, but the plan proposed was regarded rightly, in our judgment, as fundamentally wrong and vicious.

We hope, therefore, that the President will reconsider his reported determination to let the matter drop. There is no power, outside of the Executive, so great as that of the Press and a trustful and harmonious working relationship between the President and the people through the Press is absolutely essential to accomplishment of the best results and the *winning of the war*. But obviously the responsible intermediary must be a journalist, not only of first-class abilities, but of the highest recognized standing in his profession—one, indeed, who could not be expected, from mere respect for the mighty force which also, in a sense, he would represent, to regard his position as of less than Cabinet rank.

A happy and most efficacious solution of the whole difficulty, assuring complete co-ordination, would be the creation of a real Department of Public Information whose head would be a member of the official family of the President and responsible only to him.

It is not too late. Why not *make it so?*

THE overpowering and most pressing need of the hour is concentration of direction of the manifold divergent forces which must be exercised to their utmost if we are to *win the war*. Physically, although of toughest fiber, the President is not a superman. A Solomon and a Samson coalesced would collapse under the tremendous burden which now rests upon his mind and body. What he needs is a combined sieve and buffer. A War Council there must be, to co-ordinate, to perceive, to suggest, to study, to safeguard the life, the health, the perspective and the vision of the leader of the Nation. It should comprise the five best minds in the country. Its members should be drawn from our entire aggrega-

tion of brains—from the Supreme Court, from the Congress, from the Cabinet, from the law, from finance, from business, from labor, from any of the professions, from any walk in life. They need not, it is better that they should not, be experts in any one phase. They should be the biggest, the broadest and intellectually the strongest in the land. They should be men of such repute as would command at once the full confidence of both President and people. They should forsake completely their present vocations. They should be vested with such authority as the President in his wisdom and from his experience should deem most helpful. They should be designated by and subject to instant removal at any time by the President. They should receive compensation commensurate with their responsibilities. They should dedicate fully and unreservedly mind, soul and body to the single purpose of *helping the President to help the People to Win the War.* Every Power now in conflict has been driven to this recourse. It is only a question of time when the United States will be compelled to emulate the common example. So why not do it *now* and save God alone knows how much treasure and how many precious lives to a world which must and shall be made *safe for democracy?*

PROHIBITION VS. PATRIOTISM

Of the various extraneous proposals which fanatics, heedless of the urgent need of expedition, have tried to engraft upon war measures the least defensible from every point of view is compulsory prohibition. What the final outcome of the effort will be one would hardly venture to predict, in view of the readiness with which a Congressional body now completely reverses itself. For the present, common sense seems to have acquired ascendancy over rabid extremism in the Senate, but for how long nobody can tell, since the question is not permitted to rest upon its merits but is approached as one already settled, if not practically, at least ethically and morally, by the mere dicta of denatured Pharisees, who not only thank God that they are not as other men are but demand the right to say how those other men shall live and breathe and eat and drink and have their being.

Such minds, we are bound to say after having read the recent debates in Congress, contain no room for argument, reason or decent consideration for the personal and property rights of American citizens and mighty little for the welfare of their country as contrasted with the upholding of their fad. Is not revenue amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars to be considered at a time when the whole people are to be taxed to the limit of their resources? Oh, yes, but what is a mere half billion (only five dollars a head) when only billions are being thought of? Is the proposal Constitutional? Probably not; but before the point could be determined the factories would be destroyed. Is it not plain, unadulterated confiscation of properties whose protection has been guaranteed by, and whose profits have been shared by, the National Government? Undoubtedly; but the properties ought never to have been created and, anyhow, their owners are rich. And their hundreds of thousands of employes? Let them find other employment. Where? What kind? Anywhere. Any kind. Is this period of war the proper time to solve a social problem which has more phases than any other and which has confronted mankind since the days of Noah? Yes, this is the time, and *this is our opportunity* to impose our will, by fair means or foul, upon the whole people, by taking advantage of the Nation's peril. Stripped of all pretense, this is the plain answer of the incorrigible bigots, the hired lobbyists and the pusillanimous Congressmen who place Prohibition above Patriotism.

We would not think for a moment of placing Senator Cummins in either of the classes enumerated. Although as strong a temperance man as he is a Republican, his long and creditable record has established beyond question his possession of a breadth of mind, an independence of spirit and a fearless patriotism hardly excelled. Nevertheless, to our amazement, it was upon his motion that the Senate originally decreed that "it shall be unlawful to use or employ, directly or indirectly, any cereal, grain, sugar, or sirup in the production of intoxicating liquor in any form or of any kind," except, of course, for medicinal, sacramental, mechanical and industrial purposes.

Upon final consideration, however, as we have noted, common sense regained ascendancy and the amendment was struck out by a vote of 47 to 37, chiefly in response to Senator Borah's positive assertion that it was unconstitutional,

to Senator Underwood's demonstration that it would impair temperance by driving drinkers of beer to the use of whiskey, now in bond in great quantities, and to the sound and practical argument of Senator Husting, who said in part:

Now, that we are engaged in war, is it wise by an unjust act and an inconsiderate, if not wanton, act to divide the people of the United States upon a question that has no business here? We are engaged in a war that requires a strong feeling of unity throughout on the part of all. Vexatious domestic questions ought to be relegated to the rear and only legislation calculated to promote our success in arms should be passed now. None else should be considered even. We want to draw together our people, not drive them apart; and every Senator here knows that there is scarcely anything that has so aroused bitterness and dissension among our people as the prohibition question.

What are we accomplishing by this provision? We are destroying our breweries; we are causing a money damage of over a billion dollars; we are discharging nearly a million men and putting them into the world at a time when living is so high that it is hard to make ends meet; we are taking the barley market away from the farmers of the West; we are turning away about $550,000,000 of internal revenue; we are making paupers of thousands of large income-tax payers, all for what? Why, so that our farmers will be compelled to ship their barley to Canada for our allies; to England for our allies; so that they may buy American barley at their own figures and brew beer from our barley for their own troops, or to sell the beer back to this country at any price they may see fit to fix. Notwithstanding that our farmers have already planted their barley, without notice of any proposed change, you are going to cut off their home market and tell them they must either feed it to the hogs or sell it to our allies for beer and at whatever price they choose to pay. Where do we gain and where does prohibition gain us anything by that? We are simply doing something that is absolutely indefensible from the standpoint of those who advocate this proposal as a food conservation measure.

The men who have invested millions of dollars, the men who are working at this trade—and whether you like it or whether you do not cuts no figure—have rights that even you have got to respect. They are not outlaws; they are men who have been recognized as engaging in legitimate business; and in the name of fair play and common sense, I say that we have no right ruthlessly and pitilessly to take their property from them and drive nearly a million people out into the streets without a chance to make a livelihood. I want to say further that this is a bad time to divide the people by enacting legislation along this line. The question of national prohibition is too big and vital a question to be fastened as a tail to another legisla-

tive kite. It should be considered on its own merits, and if the time shall come when or if it shall be necessary to take away rights like the one in question, let there at least be consideration shown to the victims of the act and a positive showing and conviction that the sacrifice is imperative.

The final outcome was the adoption, as a legitimate part of a War Measure, of a provision empowering the President to make such rules as he might deem advisable governing prohibition in military camps and declaring further that "no person, corporation, partnership, or association shall sell, supply, or have in his or its possession any intoxicating or spirituous liquors at any military station, cantonment, camp, fort, post, officers' or enlisted men's club, which is being used at the time for military purposes under this act," and that "it shall be unlawful to sell any intoxicating liquor, including beer, ale, or wine, to any officer or member of the military forces while in uniform, except as herein provided." Of the desirability and propriety of this decree there can be no question and, to the best of our information, none has been attempted.

Probably before these words appear in print the effort of the Prohibitionists to enact their hobby, as a War Measure, in the guise of conserving foodstuffs, will have been resumed in the House of Representatives. We do not believe it will be successful for these reasons: (1) That the effect in practice would be the substitution of distilled spirits for beer and light wines in the face of the fact that every other country and every sane person recognizes that temperance is enhanced by a reversal of the process; (2) That neither wheat nor oats nor rye is used in the manufacture of beer or light wines; (3) That barley is worthless as a food product for human beings and has little value for animals; (4) That the barley already planted cannot be supplanted by other grains; (5) That confiscation of property has no warrant in law, in policy or in morals; (6) That such legislation has no standing in reason at this time except in so far and only so far as it may help to *win the war.*

Upon the last and most vital point, the *World* says succinctly and truly:

> The temperance advocate is concerned only with prohibiting the use of alcohol in all forms. The food experts measure all articles of diet first according to the amount of nourishment they afford. But the Government faces an entirely different problem. It must

take into account the settled habits of hundreds of thousands of men and women employed in essential industries. It is dealing with human nature, and it hesitates except in extreme emergency to lay down arbitrary rules as to food and drink for large classes of people whose good will contributes to their efficiency as producers of war supplies.

Whether the best results are to be obtained from malt in beer or malt in bread is purely a question of policy. There is danger of scientific organization being carried so far as to cause discontent among workers and reduce their energy. Any employer accustomed to handling large numbers of operatives must realize the difficulties the British Government faces in the problem of adjusting grain imports, fixing the exact consumption of beer and at the same time not interfering unwisely with the normal diet of the working classes.

To what extent alcohol is required in the manufacture of munitions and like necessities we do not know and the Congress does not know. The Department of Agriculture, having the advantage of Mr. Hoover's information, should know or be able to find out. Upon that Department, therefore, responsible as it must be for the conservation of all foodstuffs, should be conferred absolute power over the production and distribution of all grain products, with full confidence that it will apply every ounce of its intelligence and energy to the *winning of the war* to the exclusion of all other considerations.

MR. ROOT AS ENVOY TO RUSSIA

"The only objection I have to Mr. Root," remarked the President once upon a time, "is that he is a Republican." From his own viewpoint as a Democrat and from that of a majority of his fellow countrymen, as the election proved, the objection was valid. The country has never produced a stronger partisan than Mr. Root and has never heard a more telling arraignment of an opposing party than Mr. Root made as Chairman of the Republican State Convention, when he declared the "two distinct causes" of "the defects of the present Administration" to be "first, the temperament and training of the President" and, "second, the incapacity of the Democratic Party as it is represented in Washington, both in the legislative and in the executive departments, either to originate wise policies or to follow them when proposed by others or to administer them effectively if they are established." This seemed to be sufficiently

sweeping, but if a clincher were needed it was supplied in the further dry assertion that "President Wilson cannot change his nature and the Democratic Party will not change the character of its representatives."

Whether, in the light of recent happenings, Mr. Root would now uphold his own dogmatism is a question of interest rather than of importance. But, of the President's attitude there remained not a shadow of doubt when he named Mr. Root for the most difficult and most important position, except his own, in the world today. He thereby testified his belief that mere partisanship, however incorrigible, had neither engulfed the patriotism nor impaired the abilities of our most famous and most experienced statesman. And the honor which the President paid Mr. Root reflected luminously upon himself, evidencing clearly his readiness to ignore past political differences even of a personal nature in his determination to utilize the most effective forces at hand in facing an international crisis as the head of a united nation. With this quick understanding and, frankly, with no slight sense of relief, the public accepted and commended the appointment as distinctly the best that could have been made.

It is doubly a pity, therefore, though perhaps inevitable, that two quite powerful elements of our citizenry should now strive, as they are striving with might and main, to increase the difficulties of both the President and Mr. Root in their highly laudable and absolutely essential endeavors to win the confidence and hold fast to the cause of freedom the fealty of the Russian people. The first and most dangerous of these two forces is the pro-German section of the Socialist Party headed by Mr. Morris Hillquit and Mr. Victor Berger, who shrewdly but disingenuously object to Mr. Root upon the ground that he is "a conservative and a reactionary" and is "certainly known for anything but his support of democracy." If this were true and if Mr. Root had been delegated to instruct the Russian people in governmental policies, there might be here a basis of criticism. In point of fact, there is no stronger upholder of local self-government and of both the right and duty of States to manage their own affairs than Mr. Root; and yet the conduct of his party, we admit, has been such that his appointment by a Democratic President as a teacher in democracy would be hardly less paradoxical than would have been a like designation of

Alexander Hamilton by Thomas Jefferson. But the primary assumption is false. Mr. Root has no such mission. He goes to Russia as the representative of the President for the sole purposes of extending a welcome from the oldest to the newest republic, to proffer aid in maintaining her position and to confer as an ally respecting the ways in which her hands can be strengthened against the common enemy. His position is precisely analogous to that of Mr. Balfour and he has no more authority to suggest a form of government to the Russian patriots than the British representative has, for example, to propose a change to a constitutional monarchy in this country. Needless to say, the one would as quickly think of overstepping his prerogatives as the other. The mere fact, indeed, that the presence here, upon the same errand, of Mr. Balfour, aristocrat of aristocrats, conservative of conservatives, and tory of tories, has evoked not a word of comment, suffices to show the absurdity of the objection to Mr. Root.

The real cause lies deeper—if not in the actual pro-German and therefore disloyal attitude of Messrs. Hillquit and Berger, at least in their avowed antagonism to their professed country's warfare. Upon this point the proof is incontestable.

At the Socialist party convention, held at St. Louis on April 12, 1917, Messrs. Hillquit and Berger both signed the "Majority Report on War and Militarism," containing the following declarations:

> The Socialist party of the United States . . . proclaims its unalterable opposition to the war just declared by the Government of the United States. . . . We call upon the workers of all countries to refuse to support their Governments in their wars. . . . The war of the United States against Germany cannot be justified. . . . It is cant and hypocrisy to say that the war is not directed against the German people, but against the Imperial Government of Germany. . . . We brand the declaration of war by our Government as a crime against the people of the United States and against the nations of the world. In all modern history there has been no war more unjustifiable than the war in which we are about to engage. . . . We recommend to the workers and pledge ourselves to the following course of action:
>
> Continuous, active, and public opposition to the war. . . . Unyielding opposition to all legislation for military or industrial conscription. Should such conscription be forced upon the people, we

pledge ourselves to . . . the support of all mass movements in opposition to conscription. . . .

We recommend that the convention instruct our elected representatives in Congress, in State Legislatures, and in local bodies to vote against all proposed appropriations or loans for military, naval, and other war purposes. . . . We recommend that the convention instruct the National Executive Committee to initiate an organized movement . . . for concerted action along the lines of our programme.

This may not be "levying war against the United States," but if it is not "adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort," then words convey no meaning. The *World* speaks truly when it pronounces such men "false to their country and false to the cause of human freedom" and adds that "whatever their professed motives, they are partners of German autocracy in the infamous business of strangling democracy," but it errs when it laments that "for the crime there is no atonement." We say there is. The utterance which we have quoted, made after war was declared, is treasonable, and the punishment for treason is death. It is worse than idle, it is vitally wrong, merely to try to prevent these men from getting their damnable propaganda into Russia. If the Department of Justice had attended to its real duties instead of wasting time in drawing bills to muzzle the Press, Mr. Morris Hillquit and Mr. Victor Berger would be in jail at this moment awaiting trial for their lives. When word shall come, as it almost surely will come, of the dying in the trenches of thousands of American soldiers while fighting for their country, it will be too late to consider the consequences of the perfidious work enjoined by these scoundrels upon their gullible disciples. The time to put the fear of God into the hearts of all traitors is when the first sinister head appears,—and that time is now.

The second influential factor within our borders whose attitude has tended to handicap the work of the Mission is the segment of American Jews whose spokesman is Mr. Samuel Untermyer. We would not think, of course, of classing this group of citizens with the traitorous Hillquit-Berger crowd, but it is impossible to regard some of their utterances with favor or without impatience. Mr. Untermyer, for example, may have sufficient warrant for heralding Mr. Root to the Jews of Russia as one "utterly out of sympathy with our race" and as "narrow and provincial in his conception

of the Jew," but if so the fact is not generally recognized; nor should it have been emphasized in public speeches after the selection had been made. Everybody knew that Mr. Root's name was under consideration for a full week before he was appointed and nobody was in a better position than Mr. Untermyer himself, an intimate political and personal friend of the Administration, to apprise the President of his objectionable attributes. We can readily understand how Mr. Untermyer might have felt impelled to such a course while effective protest was still within range, but why he should have withheld his information or what he conceived could be gained by exploiting it after the event passes comprehension.

Subsequently, it is true, in a letter to the *World,* Mr. Untermyer denied that he had suggested in his speech that Mr. Root be supplanted; on the contrary, he had " urged that he be retained,"—a circumstance no less surprising for its lack of logic than for its omission from the published reports. That, however, is by the way. What Mr. Untermyer really asked, upon second thought anyway, was that the President also appoint as one of the envoys " some person to champion our cause in whose broad citizenship and sympathetic interest we can confide,"—meaning, of course, a Jew. This impressed us at the time as being, if not exactly, " a reasonable request," at least a pardonable suggestion, but whether it would have been helpful or the contrary was a question which only the President with his fuller sources of information from Russia, could answer intelligently. We have no doubt that he would have liked, conformably to his manifested predilections in favor of fair play for the Jews, to appoint such a representative of the race as Mr. Schiff, Mr. Marshall or Mr. Untermyer, but the matter was one of policy, not of right. If he had felt an obligation to be influenced by persecutions on religious grounds, he also should have named surely a Mennonite, a Mohammedan and a Roman Catholic and probably a Congregationalist and a Presbyterian; instead, he selected an excellent body of plain, undiluted Americans, some of whom may not go to church twice a year.

If anybody in this variegated land is freer from religious prejudice than this REVIEW, we should like his name and address; consequently it rejoices us to hear, as we do hear constantly, from our friends the Jews expression of an ardent wish to be regarded as straightaway Americans and nothing else, like a Campbellite or a Methodist or anyhow an Episco-

palian. But we notice that when something happens, especially in public affairs, which reveals possibilities of winning special consideration through being instead of not being Jews, they are as quick at getting things both coming and going as golf-playing Pagans.

But all this has nothing to do with what we had in mind. What we started to do was to administer a gentle but deserved rebuke to Mr. Samuel Untermyer; but it seems, after all, to be hardly worth while.

THE NEW WORK OF THE RED CROSS

In a million orchards between the Atlantic and the Pacific the fruit is ripening or has been garnered under the warm Spring sun. In a million valleys and fields and farm-lands, in countless homes and communities, there is abundance and well-being about us and among us. A half century of mounting national prosperity and almost unclouded national happiness have made it difficult for our people to visualize the stupendous and crushing calamity that has come upon the tortured lands of northern Europe. In the glow and warmth of our own immeasurable well-being, it is as hard for us to make real to our imaginations the infinite wretchedness of afflicted and ravished France, as it is hard for a man who has been looking at the visible world of trees and grass and skies and human faces all his life to realize the tragedy of the blind. Here in our own dear States there is productive work for all, opportunity for the energies and talents of a countless multitude of vigorous men and women: land to be tilled, grain to be sowed, fruit to be garnered, homes to be made, homes to be kept. Alone among the great nations of the earth, our wealth, our abundance, our opportunities and privileges, are unimpaired.

The Spring sun is warm and life-giving in northern France, as in Connecticut and Georgia and Ohio and California; but it cannot give life to dead and blasted things—to a countryside torn and racked and ravished by barbarian violence and hate. It is Spring in northern France; but there are none there to whom its coming matters greatly. There are no men plowing the scarred and wounded soil, torn and befouled as only a calculatd fiendishness could will and accomplish; for there are no plows and no horses. In the vineyards there are no workers, for the vineyards are

destroyed. There is no grain rippling in the wind: for the fields have been made bare by incredible mutilations; and there is no seed for the peasants to sow. If you were there now you would see that the Spring sun falls upon the blackened and chaotic ruins of a desolated countryside, ravished by the malignity of an inconceivable hate—upon charred timbers and fallen stones and bricks that were once a home; upon devastated farms, deflowered gardens, orchards that now are deserts; upon a fair land made prematurely and hideously old: a nightmare of unbelievable horror and desolation that mocks the Spring sun and the Spring winds.

Through this nightmare wilderness move, heavily and sadly, the stricken people of this ruined countryside, released at last from their long bondage to the retreating invaders. They do not live—they scarcely exist: for they have neither roofs to shelter them, nor land nor vineyards to sustain them, nor tools with which to work, nor seed to plant, nor knives nor forks nor plates with which to eat the necessarily scanty food with which their ill-supplied rescuers can furnish them. Their plight is extreme and piteous; their destitution and misery beyond the power of words to portray.

It has always been true of the sympathy of the American people that the measure of its response to need was the measure of the need which called to it. That need is present and actual; and its greatness is indisputable. There will be other needs for the sympathy of our people to respond to—other needs among our allies abroad, needs at home among our own people and among our own familiar scenes—for it is a vast and grave and unpredictable undertaking upon which we have highly adventured. But the need of the residents of those French lands that have just been yielded up, torn and wounded and bleeding, by the retreating German army, is urgent, imperative, and irresistible.

To this need the newly organized Red Cross War Council created by President Wilson, with Henry P. Davison as its Chairman, will devote its immediate attention. But to make its help in this quarter and at this time effective, it requires the instant and unselfish and hearty co-operation of every American. It must have funds and material, men and women, enthusiasm kindled and sustained, augmented and unflagging. The work of the Red Cross War

Council will cover in the near future other fields, innumerable and widely separated, at home and abroad; but in this immediate emergency there is a superb opportunity for American patriotism and generosity and greatness of heart and imagination to count at once for the *winning of the war.*

We have entered the war for a cause of superlative nobility and unselfishness, as our President has convinced the world; but for the present we cannot exert our strength by force of arms—that must still wait for the slow gathering of our military energies. But it is Mr. Davison's hope and belief—not as yet formally expressed, but embodied in the reflections here recorded—that we *can* exert to the full, and at once, the strength of our individual and united generosity for the relief and succor of wounded France: for the victims of those who are now the enemies of all who cherish righteousness and the ways of peace and liberty and justice. This is a broad path toward Victory.

It has ever been, and must be, the high privilege and function of the Red Cross to perform works of alleviation, to comfort and ameliorate and assuage. But here is an opportunity to enlarge that function: to make its agencies count constructively, creatively; to re-build and reconstitute. Above all, here is an opportunity for Americans to anticipate the ultimate great triumph: to achieve an immediate, unique victory, a victory that we alone, at the moment, can command—a victory of beneficence over might, of righteous and merciful strength over oppressive wrong: a chance, magnificent and unprecedented, "to hold a hand uplifted over Hate"; and the man named by the President for the leadership is incomparably the best equipped in the whole country for the performance of his great task.

GERMANY AND THE HOHENZOLLERNS

"The Hohenzollerns must go." That was the effect and the intent of the President's pronouncement. But will they go? Would the spirit and the state of mind of the German people be materially changed if they did go? Is it a dynasty, the mere accident of a reigning house, that we are fighting, or is it the settled policies and temper of a nation? And supposing that the President is right and that there does exist a latent antagonism of ideals and purposes between the German Government and its subjects, and that if the

former were destroyed and the latter liberated Germany would again become a tolerable neighbor and could be re-admitted to the comity of civilization—supposing all this, what are the chances of the experiment being tried? How near or how remote is the prospect that the German people will themselves effect the sort of enfranchisement the President was contemplating?

A few weeks ago the British took prisoner a man of the Third Reserve Ersatz Regiment. On him they found a letter which he had written to his wife but had not had time to mail. It was like scores and hundreds of the letters that for some months past have been coming into British hands—letters of wailing misery, letters of bitter despair, letters of deep, of almost murderous anger against the German officers. But in this letter the writer went beyond the stock complaints of the horrors of the blood-bath of the Somme, the familiar expressions of amazement at the power and skill of the British artillery and aeroplanes, and the usual rancorous diatribes against the brutality of the officers toward their men. He had his say on all these matters but he fetched also a wider compass. He tried to look beyond his immediate surroundings and grievances for the ultimate responsible cause, and he found it in the German Government. "The German Government," he said, "is always writing about other States and the German Government is far worse. The German Government deceives the people in a very shameful way; one sees it now very clearly in this wholesale murder. One can hardly help being ashamed of being a German. *We must turn our rifles round and destroy the whole Government.* If I should happen not to return, then think how I have written to you about it all, that the gang has caused us to be killed for fun and for sport. . . . It is quite clear that Germany is losing and is getting into a terrible state. . . . In this wholesale murder we get to know completely how much we are under the knout."

It is a question of intense interest, it is a question, too, of enormous political moment, how far the views expressed in this letter are individual to the writer, and how far they represent the sentiments of the German masses. Is the leaven beginning to work? Is a breach opening in that wall of officially manufactured opinion which, on all matters of politics and policy, has for so long imprisoned the popular

intelligence? Are there Germans—we know there are some, but are they many or are they few—who are beginning to see and to say that the Hohenzollerns must go and the whole form and spirit of the German State must be changed before there can be freedom and peace either for Germany or for Europe? Is there a movement, latent or otherwise, inarticulate, unorganized, half-formulated or otherwise, towards the democratization of the German Empire? And if there is—and unquestionably something of the sort exists—what is its strength? How has it been affected by the specific declaration of the Allies that they do not intend to negotiate any peace with the present heads of the German State? How, above all, has it been affected, and how is it likely to be affected, by that greatest and best of all political events since the French Revolution—the upheaval in Russia, the collapse of the autocracy of the Czars, the enfranchisement and regeneration of the mighty Empire of the East?

For the repercussion upon Germany of that prodigious development is bound to be sharp, even if it is not immediate. It means that the days of Prussianism in Russia are numbered. It means the destruction of those baleful influences that since the days of Peter the Great have corrupted the Slav spirit and interposed an estranging barrier between the Czars and their people. The true genius of Russia is kindly, tolerant, and democratic. It is everything, indeed, that the Prussian spirit is not. There is no land where social equality is so deep and true an instinct as in Russia. There is no land where the religion of humanity is so incarnate in the soul of the people. There is no land where the national temperament has behind it a greater spiritual power. That kind of brutal, soulless, regimented aggressiveness that has been drilled into the German character is something utterly alien to the Russian nature and the Russian psychology. In almost everything that determines the attitude of a people towards the fundamental things of life the Russians and the Germans are direct antitheses. Yet Prussianism for some hundreds of years, through its hold on the Russian Court, and the Army and the bureaucracy, has corked up and thwarted the expression and growth of all that is most genuinely Russian. More than that, in this war it has betrayed and exploited the country with a shamelessness and success that reduces to nothingness all the achievements of German intrigues in

other lands. How it has made traitors of Russian Generals, how it has bribed Russian officials and ministers to sell their country, how its agents have blown up Russian munition works, organized strikes, starved the Russian Armies of food and munitions and so mangled the internal communications that, even with a vast surplus of unexported wheat on hand, there are districts not far removed from famine—all this, when it is fully told, will make up a tale that will stupefy even a world that is at last beginning to know Germany as she really is.

A few months ago Germany had warrant for hoping that she could conclude an early and separate peace with Russia. She had sown the land with Benedict Arnolds. Some of the highest and most powerful officials were in her pay. The activities of her spies and tools, and the fears of a Prussianized bureaucracy, anxious only to retain its privileges, had defeated all the efforts of the Russian people to get the control of things into their own hands. And the Russian forces at the front were crippled by systematic treachery in the rear. It was a razor-edged situation. But through all its successive phases one could see, first, that the heart of the Russian people beat true; secondly, that they never faltered in their consciousness that this was their war—a war for the liberation of Russia—and thirdly, that once convinced that their most formidable enemies were those of their own household, they would make short work of the anti-Russian forces in Petrograd and elsewhere. That has now happened and though Russia is destined to go through some dark and troublous days, its results can never be undone. Henceforward Germany's hopes of a separate peace with Russia have to be added to the hundred other miscalculations with which she began this war. Henceforward the link that bound the Hohenzollerns and the Romanoffs through their common interest in maintaining the autocratic principle is snapped. Henceforward the Russian people are in the saddle, fortified by the special and intensified sympathy of all the Allied nations. Henceforward, too, all the forces that within the German Empire have dreamed of a similar upheaval must gather fresh strength and encouragement. The war that began as a struggle of German *Kultur* against " Slav barbarism " finds Russia emancipated while Germany is still chained to the chariot wheels of a despotic caste.

There is nothing, except measles, so infectious as democracy. The turmoil of a few years ago that saw the birth of the Russian Duma communicated itself to Austria and transformed its whole electoral system. We need not look for so speedy a reaction from this second and greater revolution. Germany in the shining armor of war will offer a stiffer resistance to the forces of liberalism than could her racially distracted Ally in the softer days of peace. But even in Germany the seed of political freedom, blown by the bushel over the Polish marshes, will not and cannot fall on wholly barren ground. For years before the war the German people had been beating against the bars. They were asking for a share in the government commensurate with their numbers and their intelligence. They had begun to realize that the ballot, as an end in itself, is insufficient; that, divorced from direct responsibility, it is little more than a national plaything, and that it affords no adequate security against the subjection of the State to the interests of a single class or against the capricious and hazardous policies of a semi-absolutism. They were working round to the conclusion that no Emperor, however patriotic, and no Chancellor, however dexterous, could be quite so safe a guardian of the national interests as the nation itself. Almost every year saw a slightly more definite movement in the direction of giving the people an increasingly effective control over domestic and Imperial policy; and the movement was marked by the growth of the Social Democratic vote, by the increasing difficulty with which the Agrarians maintained their hold over the fiscal policy of a mainly industrial country, and by the sharpness with which any too open display of the Emperor's ego or of military or bureaucratic arbitrariness was criticized and resented.

But the reformers and the malcontents had a long way to go before they could hope to effect anything substantial. One remembers the storm that burst over the Kaiser's head after the famous *Daily Telegraph* interview of 1908; how the law of *lèse-majesté* was simply disregarded while writers and cartoonists united in upbraiding their Emperor; how the Reichstag demanded the ending of the personal régime and guarantees and assurances that there should be no more duality in the control of German affairs; how the Kaiser did actually for eighteen months or so restrict himself to amiable commonplaces and generalizations; and how

then he resumed his natural self, came out with a slashing Divine Right speech, poured his Imperial scorn on "Parliaments, meetings of the people and popular decisions," and was rapturously welcomed back in his old familiar rôle by a nation and a legislature that swallowed at a gulp all the proud words and defiant harangues of two years earlier. That was a very illuminating incident. And it was not less illuminating to note that even at the height of the storm the Reichstag shirked the real issue. It never had courage enough to attempt to abridge the Kaiser's powers by amending the Constitution or to abolish Article II and replace it by a clause vesting the control of foreign affairs in a Reichstag committee or in a Minister directly responsible to the legislature. It was never, even when it was most furious against the Emperor, within measurable distance of uniting on any demand for an organic change in the German system. Before the war it was extremely doubtful whether Germany as a whole really desired to limit the prerogatives of the Crown or to make the Reichstag responsible as well as representative. Our belief is that though they chafed at times under their political system and were conscious of its absurdities and wondered how much longer it could possibly last, any concrete proposal to modify it in any detail would have encountered immense and, in my judgment, decisive opposition.

The truth is the Germans are the least democratic people on the face of the earth. They have no political instinct; they care not a rap for political freedom; they take about as much interest in the Reichstag as a New Yorker in the State Assembly at Albany and they think about as highly of it. They have always followed and never led. Their progress has been fashioned for them and imposed upon them from above. They have tested its results and before the war they found them good. It is not merely that they lack the capacity—they lack even the desire—to take the reins into their own hands. Discipline and autocratic leadership have rescued them from impotence and chaos; they are convinced that nothing else can preserve them in security. If the German, then, submits to authority where an American or an Englishman would start a riot it is because, in the first place, authority has justified itself, and, in the second, because his reason approves of it. The need for a united front takes precedence of everything, and to insure it the

German willingly, consciously, intelligently, as a matter of commonsense and prudence, sacrifices a large measure of personal and political freedom. He is deprived of nothing that he values; the chains do not gall him; habit and history and a malleable disposition and his own assenting judgment of the necessities of the situation make him not merely tolerant of autocracy but a firm upholder of its methods and implications. A community regimented from top to bottom, a Parliamentary system that serves merely as a screen for autocratic rule, a Press that dare not call its soul its own, the churches and schools and universities turned into State gramophones, popular opinion utterly inoperative in national affairs, and the remotest details of daily existence regulated by official prescriptions—these are the features of a system that thoroughly commends itself to the mind of the ordinary German. He likes it. He is used to it. He has prospered and grown great under it, and had it not been for the war he would have been very chary about changing it. When Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, in the first speech he delivered as Chancellor, declared his utter disbelief in the possibility of the party form of Government in Germany he carried with him the assent of the vast majority of the German people. When Prince Bülow affirmed that it was "contrary to the wishes of the German people" that the Kaiser should be a mere Constitutional ruler, he spoke the truth. The Germans, before the war, did not care for political liberty and did not believe in it. The upper classes strongly supported and still support the present system; the masses were not, nor perhaps are they now, keen politicians; the lines of division in Germany have always been social and not political; and the average German readily puts up with a great deal of political subjection so long as he retains the only sort of freedom he really values—the freedom to live as he likes, to dress as he likes, to think as he likes on all non-political subjects, and to defy the dominion of the tyrant that rides roughshod over all British and most American life—the next-door neighbor and all the conventions and respectabilities that are welded into that fearsome instrument of oppression, the "opinion of the neighborhood."

It is clear, therefore, that revolution in Germany has some considerable obstacles ahead of it. No doubt the war has quickened the liberal movement. No doubt there is now

a pretty general consensus that reforms of some sort there must be, that the Prussian electoral system, for instance, is doomed, that the Reichstag should become to a certain extent a governing and not merely a debating body, and that the Chancellor should be, at any rate partly, answerable to the representatives of the people and not, as at present, solely to the Kaiser. No doubt, also, that jealousy and dislike of Prussia which is never far below the surface of German life has been stimulated a good deal during the past thirty months. But there is no sign, but on the contrary very much the reverse, of any serious revolt against either the monarch or the monarchy. Nor will the Russian revolution by itself suffice to engender any such revolt. It might come as the result of total defeat in the field accompanied by acute privation at home. Otherwise it is hardly, so far as we can see, to be looked for; still less is it to be counted on. To the overwhelming majority of Germans a political existence that does not center on monarchy is still flatly inconceivable. The reforms at which the Chancellor was hinting a little while ago went no further than converting the German system into a constitutional monarchy. That probably is as far as any considerable group of Germans at present thinks of going; and the reforms necessary to effect that change are so comparatively few and simple that a beginning may be made with them even before the war is over. The Kaiser, in other words, may think it prudent to minimize the risk of losing everything hereafter by surrendering something at once. If he does so, and appears, as the Czar conspicuously failed to appear, in the light of the leader of his people, the throne and the dynasty may be safe. Left to themselves the German people will do nothing to uplift either. But if they are maddened by suffering, if they see their armies broken and their soil invaded, then, indeed, there may be no holding them, and the Kaiser's crown and those of his brother sovereigns in the Empire may all be forfeit. That, however, is to suppose an extremity of disaster to German arms and a power of initiative in the German people of which so far the tokens are few. And yet—

The Hohenzollerns must go!

BETWEEN US LIARS

Again we beseech our brethren in arms to keep their heads cool and their powder dry, and to be tolerant of one another's foolishness. We are all liars, of course, but there is no need to shout that particular truth from the housetops simply because we happen to disagree upon various matters of policy. Indeed, the time for such natural and ordinarily enlivening performances is most inopportune and will continue so to be until the Germans shall concede their inability to dominate the earth. Anybody can see that. So let us be calm and considerate and give special heed to the acknowledged desirability of hanging together rather than separately.

This is a general admonition uttered for the sole purpose of emphasizing the President's wise injunction to "-act and serve together"; so we mention no names. Being desirous, however, of making the point clear through illustration, we feel warranted in adverting to a minor episode involving four of our most distinguished and patriotic citizens engaged in more or less public service,—no others, in fact, than Speaker Champ Clark, Ambassador James W. Gerard, Pacifist-publicist Oswald Garrison Villard and Militant-editor James M. Thomson of New Orleans.

The *casus belli* was an impassioned attack upon the Conscription Bill by the Speaker, which some of his admirers regarded as a powerful argument and which others, including ourselves, dismissed quickly from mind as a quite commonplace and wholly unconvincing stump speech, so bereft of the plain, hard sense which usually characterizes his utterances that its delivery seemed incomprehensible until the following day, when a sharp colloquy elicited the fact that the orator had failed to acquaint himself with the provisions of the bill itself. Upon that occasion, after declaring his approval of a proposed amendment to prevent substitutes, the Speaker said:

> The amendment offered by the gentleman from Arizona [Mr. Hayden] to prevent substitutes, or paying out by a commutation tax, is the most sensible amendment, the fairest and most American that has been offered in this entire debate.
>
> If poor men's sons have to go into this war, and of course they will—for nobody is fighting the creation of an army here, nobody is fighting against this war, but we are exercising the freedom of speech to express our opinion about what we think is the

best way to raise an army—then I am everlastingly and teetotally opposed to giving rich men's sons an opportunity to back out of the war by buying their way out and letting the rest of our boys do the fighting. [Applause.]

The *Congressional Record* continues:

Mr. MANN. Mr. Chairman, our distinguished Speaker just said that he voted to strike the word "selective" out of the term "selective draft" because he wanted all on an equal footing. It is strange that he does not know what the word "selective" means, and that the term "selective draft" has nothing whatever to do with the exemptions provided for those who are drafted by the selective method.

Mr. CLARK of Missouri. I would like to ask the gentleman one other question. Have these provisions about bounties and substitutes in the old law ever been repealed?

Mr. MANN. They have all been repealed.

Mr. CLARK of Missouri. When?

Mr. MANN. Long ago.

Mr. CLARK of Missouri. When were they repealed?

Mr. MANN. Well, if they were not repealed before, they were repealed last year in the national defense act, but they were repealed years ago before the distinguished Speaker or myself came to Congress. There is no law authorizing a bounty or authorizing substitution. We fix here in this bill terms which can not be altered.

It would appear, therefore, that in one vital respect at least, Mr. Clark's vehement opposition to the bill was due to a total misapprehension of its contents.

Meanwhile Ambassador Gerard felt called upon to remark in the course of a public speech in New York:

We have Champ Clark coming out and saying that the flower of our young men must volunteer first. He says the War Office is jumping around trying to bulldoze people into passing the bill. He is lost in the terminology of old times * * * I supported him financially when he was a candidate for President, and I think that there is some beneficent instinct which keeps the American people from putting forward this type of statesman * * * If he did not suffer from constitutional cold feet he might be President today, because at the time of the Baltimore Convention in 1912, in the middle of the night, enough votes came over to give him a majority, but that was not enough. A two-thirds vote is required, and at his request his supporters caused an adjournment of the convention. The people of nerve who were supporting him said, "Go on with the convention and you will get enough votes before

morning. Rush the other side and tear them out." He wanted an adjournment. I suppose he wanted to go out and call for volunteers. And it is because of that want of nerve that he is not sitting where he could do us immeasurable damage today.

We have to confess that the pertinence of the Ambassador's historical reference is less obvious than its presumptuousness; besides being, according to the Speaker, "a preposterous lie" uttered by "a poor man struggling hard to keep in the limelight, out of which he is rapidly fading." There was some excuse for this rejoinder because, after all, a member of the House of Representatives should hardly be denounced for voting in accordance with his convictions, and, to the best of our information, nobody has questioned Mr. Clark's sincerity. The propriety, moreover, of an Ambassador still in the service, officially representing the President, making an extraneous assault upon a Speaker of his own party affiliations, is a matter of such extreme delicacy that we discreetly refrain from passing comment until we shall hear from Colonel House.

Therein we differ from Colonel James M. Thomson, who, being on the spot and speaking as the son-in-law of the Speaker rather than as proprietor of the New Orleans *Item*, promptly offered to return to Mr. Gerard the amount of his contribution to Mr. Clark's campaign fund and no less emphatically expressed a willingness "to assume fully, so far as Mr. Gerard is concerned, personal responsibility for the Speaker's characterization of his remarks,"—thus demonstrating to a nicety that, although opposed to his adopted parent's position on conscription, as an upholder of his use of a short and ugly word, he was present and ready to be accounted for or to. Well, as we said before, we are all liars anyway; so let us pass on to Mr. Villard.

The Ambassador continued:

> But the worst enemies we have are not open enemies. They are the insidious enemies at home who misrepresent facts for the benefit of the Prussian autocracy. Why, tonight, gentlemen, I read the following editorial in the *Evening Post:*
>
> Has it come to the knowledge of those who would relegate voluntary service to the stage-coach age that the German army does not disdain to make use of the enthusiasm and services of the volunteer? From the ranks of the volunteer one-year men (*Einjährige*) the German army has drawn its corps of officers for the reserve and Landwehr.

That, gentlemen, is an absolute misstatement of fact. In the German army every one is compelled to serve for two years, but certain people who have attained a certain standard of education are allowed to serve for one year only. After they have served that one year and passed certain examinations they come back for a period of training of seven weeks. . . . It is not a question of volunteering at all . . . and when the *Evening Post* published that editorial in its endeavor to defeat the President in his campaign for an army it is deliberately misstating and twisting the facts. I am sorry I read the paper, but I got in the habit of reading German papers in Germany. I hope the German proprietors will fire the man who wrote that editorial for misstating facts.

To this Mr. Villard promptly responded that Mr. Gerard was a liar, not once but twice and maybe thrice. As to the specific accusation, he was constrained to admit that if any reader got the impression from his editorial that the one-year volunteers were otherwise exempt from compulsory service, then the statement was "insufficiently guarded,"—a conclusion with which it is difficult to disagree; but when Mr. Gerard said the *Evening Post* was "German" he "stated an untruth" and when he pronounced its proprietors "German" he "again falsified." Well, we guess he did. The *Evening Post* is always pernickety, often tiresome and occasionally irritating in the constant exploitation of its fads, but its fundamental loyalty is beyond question. To asperse its honor because it prefers volunteering to conscription is to speak nonsense if not indeed malevolence. Of its proprietors, Mrs. Henry Villard, daughter of William Lloyd Garrison, is known throughout the country, especially to advocates of equal suffrage, as one of the most distinguished and patriotic of American women and Mr. Villard himself, even though his famous father was born in Germany and originally bore the name Gustavus Hilgard, is as straight United States as the Colonel himself. Anybody, moreover, who may suspect Editor Rollo Ogden of being "German" has only to take a look at him driving off the first tee. Mr. Scholz we are unacquainted with, but should judge from his spirited and defiant expressions that he is of Irish descent; not Ulster either; probably Cork.

And there the matter stands. What to do about it we hardly know. When the Psalmist pronounced all men liars he excused himself for speaking "in haste," but the great Apostle ignored the apology and accepted the declaration lit-

erally "as it is written." Even David did not take it back, and neither, we fear, will any one of those whose names we have considerately refrained from mentioning. So it may be as well to ignore the unhappy episode entirely, with the understanding that, until the war is concluded, neither those who afforded this painful illustration nor any of us shall speak the truth of one another.

It is a good thought. Make it so!

THE EDITOR WITH THE HOE

We can think offhand of no one whose opportunities of profiting from helpful criticism in recent years have exceeded those of Brother Josephus Daniels. It is without surprise, therefore, that we find him, doubtless in grateful and gracious recognition of such services as we have been able to render him in his official capacity, gently chiding us for presumably disregarding our uncommon Chief Magistrate's admonition to all the people to produce and to economize. "We cannot see," he declares in his Raleigh *News and Observer,* "any excuse or even extenuation for criticism of the farmer in connection with the high prices of food products." And he continues:

> George Harvey for instance in his North American Review lays the food shortage at the door of the farmer and declares that he is inefficient, lazy and ignorant. In passing, we would say that we should like to see the Colonel try farming a year or two and then say what he thinks about it.
>
> There can't anybody come along and fool us into believing that farming is a pleasant little diversion. By the same token we cannot be led to believe that the farmer is not a man for the rest of the people to honor and to be grateful to. We take our hats off to him.
>
> Are farmers lazy? Some of them are. Likewise many men in other callings are lazy. Are they ignorant? Well, some of them are not what might be termed classical scholars, but we note that farmers are keen enough to be compelling high-salaried men like Colonel Harvey to take note of the cost of living. As a class they are not inefficient, for by greater and greater diversification of crops they have accomplished a situation in which they can command a fair price for practically everything they have to sell.
>
> Colonel Harvey is a very able man. We would not discount his ability for a minute. Yet the man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is a mighty useful person.

We neither confess nor avoid; we deny the allegation;

and we add firmly that if, "in passing," Brother Josephus Daniels shall confer upon us the honor of dropping in, the ambition which he indicates will be quickly realized. We have 6½ acres in potatoes, 2¼ acres in corn, 4 acres in wheat, 3½ acres in oats, 1 acre in cabbages, ¼ acre in beets, ½ acre in turnips, 6 large beds of string beans, peas, tomatoes, onions, carrots and lettuce, and 9 acres in grass; not only, but also, as the President says.

We acknowledge apologetically two hired men, but we do our own full share of the hoeing and the weeding and concede no idle moments except such as are required for the enlightenment of our readers with respect particularly to dubious public policies and for the raising and lowering of the flag at sunrise and sunset.

Whether we shall succeed in our determined effort to make two blades of grass grow where only one weed grew before we cannot say. The outlook is not promising. We need rain; we always do—rain or sun.

We do not do the milking; the cows refuse to stand still and one of them, in training for editorship of this Review, is a kicker; but we feed the pigs handsomely.

We also feed the chickens and hunt the eggs, always praying that they, like Mark Twain's Missouri baby, may prove to be white, because white eggs fetch ten cents a dozen more than brown ones. Did Brother Josephus Daniels know that? We eat the brown ones.

We saw and split the kindling, wheel it to the house and put it in the wood-box.

If the first up, we build the fire.

We scrub the piazza, and wish to God it was a stoop.

We walk to and from the station to take the air and save gasoline.

We eschew parlor cars and regard with mingled pity and disdain those who do pridefully use them for appearance's sake.

Individually, we churn our own cream and beat our own rugs; collectively, we make our own coffee and cook our own food; vicariously, we wash and wipe our own dishes; confessedly, our hearts are lifted by the uncertain arrival of a peripatetic and capricious washer lady; but otherwise we are free, free as the birds of the air, free as any of the other peoples who, too, are striving to make the world safe for democracy.

We have neither manservant nor maidservant; and the stranger within our gates, if a lady, having made her own bed, must lie upon it. But if at any time Shadow Lawn—as yet unploughed, by the way—shall be filled to overflowing with noble foreigners and Brother Josephus Daniels shall remain perforce overnight, as we trust he may, we pledge a homelikeness equal at least to that of a battleship, with a Gideon's Bible, the Collected Orations of William Jennings Bryan and a pitcher of clear, crystal water on the bureau, a glowing obelisk of tallow on the what-not and a bootjack, of course, on the rug,—to the end that he may sleep as an Aristides and rise with the lark, refreshed in mind and body and eager for a morning tussle with the new spare rake before removing his napkin from the ring which, although received as a wedding present away back on May 2, 1888, needs only an application of sapolio to be as serviceable as ever and which, conformably to the usages of polite society, we assume he will fetch along.

True it is, as Brother Josephus Daniels remarks, that "men in other callings" than farming are "lazy and inefficient," but we meant no reflection, direct or implied, upon our First Lord of the Admiralty. We never said he was lazy anyhow. So he, too, should be just and, upon the evidence above set forth, accord us absolution. But do we like it? he inquires. And we answer No; we hate it. And yet —did Brother Josephus Daniels ever, while resting between times, watch the cavorting of a calf tied by a long cord to a staple in the ground? If not, great is the joy awaiting him. But for that rare privilege, we frankly confess, we should be disposed to say, with the prophet of old, "Let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockles instead of barley." But it was Job who said that,—and just now we are supporting the President.

"FIGHT OR PAY"—CANADA'S SOLUTION

BY SIR HERBERT B. AMES, M. P.
Honorary Secretary Canadian Patriotic Fund

No stranger can visit a Canadian city in war time without noticing on the bill-boards and hoardings, together with the recruiting posters, the constant recurrence of the words: "Fight or Pay." This is the watchword of the Canadian Patriotic Fund. It expresses the central thought of an appeal constantly being made throughout the Dominion. Enlistment is voluntary, and every Canadian is offered the option of serving his country in arms, or if this be for him impossible, of helping by a contribution from his income the family of his neighbor who enlists.

Canada, with a population of less than eight million souls, has already enrolled four hundred thousand fighting men. The care of their dependents has been assumed by those who remain behind, and it is the determination of the Canadian people that so long as the war endures no soldier's family shall be in need.

Hardly had the news of the commencement of hostilities reached Canada, than there flocked to the sea-board towns numbers of men desirous of taking immediate passage for the other side. These were, for the most part, British reservists formerly attached to famous fighting regiments, hastening to rejoin the colors. Many of these left their homes in Canada at the first call, without taking serious thought of what might happen to their families during their absence. They took it for granted—and as subsequent events showed not without reason—that those who remained would assume the care of the dependents of those who went overseas.

No sooner had the reservists left Canada than the Fed-

eral Government issued a call for a Canadian contingent, and within three months an army of 32,000 men had been raised, armed, equipped and sent forward.

Meanwhile had come the call for assistance for the soldiers' dependents. In most of the larger centers relief committees were formed, each a law unto itself, dealing with the local situation in the way that to each seemed best. There was no co-ordination, no uniformity, no united effort, and it was soon apparent that the problem of caring for the soldiers' families was one of such magnitude as to demand a national organization. To this end a conference was called at Ottawa, presided over by His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught, and the problem placed squarely before a representative gathering of leading men.

The situation was this: The Canadian Government, following the precedent of European nations with standing armies, had inaugurated a system of pay and allowances to enlisted men according to rank. On the theory that a married man, with the moral and legal obligation of supporting his dependents, should be granted an amount in addition to his pay in order that he might be "separated" from those dependent upon him, the Government allowed the family of each married man $20 per month. In the payment of this grant, however, there was no elasticity. The Government could not discriminate as between families in need and families already well provided for. The grant was the same were the family large or small. It was the same whether the family lived in a rural community where living was comparatively inexpensive, or in a remote mining town where the cost of foodstuffs was excessive. Since pay and separation allowance depended solely on rank, the condition and needs of the home were, from a military point of view, a matter of secondary importance. There was obvious need, therefore, for the creation of an auxiliary organization that would approach the problem from a different angle, an organization that would occupy itself, not with the soldier, already receiving adequate pay, but with the home he left behind, an organization that could sympathetically inquire into and adequately meet the needs of each individual family.

After careful deliberation, the Ottawa conference drew up a constitution and selected a strong executive. An Act of Parliament, incorporating the organization, was promptly secured, the objects, as therein specified, being as follows:

The objects of the Corporation shall be to collect, administer, and distribute the fund hereinbefore mentioned for the assistance, in case of need, of the wives, children, and dependent relatives of officers and men, residents of Canada, who, during the present war, may be on active service with the naval and military forces of the British Empire and Great Britain's allies.

Thus the Canadian Patriotic Fund came into being. It started on its way, poor in tangible resources, but rich in faith, the organizers believing that Canadians had only to be convinced that such a fund was needed, that the proposed organization was adequate, and that the administration was economical and sympathetic, to induce them to open their purses and generously subscribe whatever funds might be required. Results have proved that this confidence was justified. Although the demands that have been made have far exceeded early calculations, there has never been a time in its history when the Fund has not been able to meet all legitimate demands.

No country was ever less prepared than Canada for war. Prior to its declaration, the regular army consisted of about 3,000 men, and the Militia establishment contained approximately 60,000 men who had received some slight military training. But Canada was spared the agonies of indecision. Her people never doubted where their duty lay. "If the British Empire is at war, Canada is at war," was the immediate verdict. The only question was as to the extent of the possible contribution.

In the fall of 1914, the first contingent, with reinforcements in all numbering 36,000 men, was sent forward. It was followed in the winter and spring of 1915 by the second contingent of 48,500 men. By October, 1915, 165,000 men of all ranks were in khaki. The winter of 1915-16 witnessed a great effort in recruiting, and between October and June no less than 180,000 men joined the colors. By the 1st of September, 1916, the total enlistment figures had reached 361,500 men, which has since grown to 410,000 men.

Obviously, with this ever-increasing recruiting, the recurring monthly drain on the resources of the Patriotic Fund increased proportionately. Immediately after the incorporation of the organization, His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught, on the 26th of August, 1914, issued a message to the people of Canada. He pointed out the need of supplementary assistance for soldiers' wives, laying stress upon

the advantages of a Dominion-wide effort co-ordinating, so far as possible, the benefactions of the nation, and calling for generous contributions. His appeal was immediately effective. Within a week, four subscriptions of $25,000 each were received by the Treasurer of the Fund, and within a month, the sum of $285,000 was in bank. The independent organizations that had sprung up throughout the Dominion, almost without exception, became branches of the national Fund. Money came in freely, and by the end of 1914, though $511,000 had been expended, more than four times this amount had been received.

During the first six months of 1915, although the monthly demands for relief grew from approximately $175,000 to $325,000, each monthly period, save one, showed an excess of income over outgo. Throughout the heavy recruiting in the fall and winter of 1915-16, demands on the Fund increased alarmingly. These were anxious days for those responsible for the work. Then, indeed, did it become apparent how wise had been the idea of a Dominion-wide organization. Recruiting in some provinces had been far more general than in others. Broadly speaking, the heaviest enlistment was in the provinces where financial conditions were least favorable. Thus the weight of the burden of caring for the soldiers' dependents was frequently in inverse ratio to the ability of the community to carry it. It was the accepted principle of the common purse that saved the situation. Each branch was asked to give according to ability, and was permitted to draw according to proven need. Thus the strong helped to bear the burdens of the weak, and in the parent Fund there was enough for all.

In the first period of the war, all moneys required to meet growing needs had come in almost without solicitation; but when it was found that the administration would require $8,000,000 for 1916, it became evident that a new and more comprehensive system of mobilizing the benevolent resources of the Dominion was necessary. Again the Duke of Connaught issued a stirring appeal. It appeared on New Year's Day, 1916, and was read in every church and published in every newspaper throughout the land. In seconding this effort, the Committee prepared a careful allotment, apportioning to each province its fair share of the total burden. Thus from Ontario was asked $4,500,000; from Quebec, $1,500,000; from the Maritime provinces, $700,000; from Sas-

katchewan, $500,000; from Alberta, $500,000, and from British Columbia, $500,000. The most systematic campaign for raising funds ever instituted in Canada was then inaugurated. Each city and county was appealed to to assume its share. The employer and the employee, the rich and the poor, were exhorted to give according to ability—to "Give until it hurts," as the slogan ran. Every province was further subdivided and each subdivision duly rated.

As an illustration of this method, the province of Alberta, of which $500,000 was asked, will serve. This province naturally falls into two parts, the North and South districts. To each was allocated the raising of half the required amount, viz: $250,000. This sum was again subdivided as between the principal cities of Calgary and Edmonton, and the rural constituencies, every geographical area within the province being valued on the basis of possible contribution and steps taken to secure from each subdivision its allotted share. Elsewhere throughout the entire Dominion, similar organization was created. By literature, newspaper advertisement, posters, buttons and like devices, interest was stimulated. Speakers' Patriotic Leagues, composed of men of platform ability, were formed in every province and volunteered to assist in arousing the generous impulses of the people. The Head Office of the Fund, which had prepared in detail the allocation for the entire Dominion, watched anxiously the returns, and where any division or subdivision seemed unlikely to reach the goal set for it, a skilled organizer was sent from the Head Office to conduct a campaign of stimulation and to stay with the district until it fulfilled expectations. When the end of 1916 was reached, it was found that, although the requirements had exceeded the estimate by 20 per cent., the receipts for the year totalled $11,573,345, or nearly 50 per cent. more than the amount asked for in His Royal Highness' New Year's message.

Since June of 1916, the relief expenditure of the Canadian Patriotic Fund has averaged about $900,000 per month. This has meant the assisting of from 50,000 to 60,000 families, containing upwards of 165,000 individuals. It has meant that anxiety has been dissipated in 60,000 homes, and that 60,000 men are fighting at the front feeling confident that those dear to them are not in need.

Looking forward to the prospects of 1917, the administrators of the Fund have every reason for confidence. True,

it is no small task to provide "a million a month," but the canvass for the present year already guarantees this amount. A new high-level record throughout all Canada has been reached. Three Provincial Governments have made generous grants: Ontario, $1,000,000; Quebec, $1,000,000; Saskatchewan, $900,000, while several other Provincial Governments have given underwriting engagements that the provincial contribution will not be allowed to fall below the allotted amount. Most of the larger cities have recently held campaigns for voluntary subscriptions, with results beyond all previous records. Montreal, exclusive of the city grant, has pledged $3,000,000; Toronto, inclusive of the city contribution, $2,850,000; Hamilton, $600,000; Ottawa, $550,000; Vancouver, $400,000; London, $275,000; Halifax, $250,000. The smaller cities also, in proportion to their resources, have given no less generously, a per capita average of from $5 to $10 being by no means unusual. The place of leadership among the smaller cities has been vigorously competed for, and is in dispute as between St. Catherines, Windsor-Walkerville, Kitchener and Guelph, all these communities having exceeded a $6 per capita annual record.

In the early giving to the Fund, the cities supplied the major portion of the contributions. This was not due to the fact that the farmers of Canada were any less generous or less patriotic than the urban residents. The difficulty lay in collecting their contributions, since it required much time and labor to cover a thinly peopled district of wide extent. At the request of the farmers themselves, therefore, appeal was made to the county and township councils that by assessment might be raised the sums required to equalize rural contributions. Where a county council in close touch with its constituents unanimously makes a grant to the Patriotic Fund, none of the essential elements of voluntary giving is lacking. By this means the rural communities of Canada will give nearly $3,000,000 during the present year.

Canada's giving for war purposes is well-nigh universal. It is shared in by all classes of every community. While the banker and the munition manufacturer give large sums, the industrial workers, according to their means, are no less generous. The contribution of a day's pay per month or quarter to the Patriotic Fund is practically general throughout the Dominion. From the industrial establishments of Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Brantford and St. Catherines

alone, no less than $2,000,000 will be contributed this year out of the earnings of industrial workers. Throughout the Dominion, railway men, men in lumber camps, miners, smelter men, fishermen, are all giving the day's pay.

In the matter of recruiting, British Columbia, in proportion to population, leads all others. A province containing but few wealthy men, essentially a province of wage-earners, it has presented some of the most marvelous instances of generous giving in the record of the Fund. This is especially true in the mining towns of the Kootenay, where "a shift a month" from the miners and smelter men is the established practice. Some remarkable records are in evidence. Trail, with a population of 4,000, gives $50,000 per annum, or a per capita contribution of $12.50. Rossland, with a population of 4,000, gives $36,000 per annum, or $9 a head of population. Hedley, with a population of 400, gives $9,000 per annum, or $22.50 a head; Greenwood, with a population of 600, gives $15,000, or $25 a head; Phoenix, with a population of 1,200, gives $18,000, or $15 a head, and Silverton, with a population of 800, gives $16,000, or $20 a head.

In Rossland and Trail the miners and smelter men have strong unions. These men held a public gathering and determined to donate during the period of the war a day's pay a month toward patriotic purposes. They instructed the superintendents of the several mines and smelters to deduct approximately 3½ per cent. per month from their earnings and place the amount at the credit of the Miner's Patriotic Committee. Every month this committee meets and allocates the accumulated sum to the several war funds. The Patriotic Fund receives the largest share. Not long since, the miners and smelter men, thinking that the storekeepers of Rossland and Trail were hardly giving their fair proportion, prepared and issued a card bearing the words: "We are contributing our share each month to the patriotic funds." This card was placed only in the windows of the firms doing business in those towns whose monthly contributions for patriotic purposes were considered to be on a par with those of the miners themselves, and the miners' wives were told to deal only at the stores where the card was in evidence. Needless to say, giving is universal in Rossland and Trail.

In South Vancouver, the soldiers' wives, seven hundred and twenty-five in number, have a mutual protective league.

With separation allowance, assigned pay and Patriotic Fund assistance, the incomes of these families represent a large aggregate amount. They, too, issue a card, and only the storekeepers of South Vancouver who subscribe for patriotic purposes are entitled to exhibit the card, and the soldiers' wives give preference in their purchases where the cards are shown.

While stimulation of this character does not emanate from the Patriotic Fund, it is felt that those who themselves give generously are not to be blamed for using drastic measures in respect of others who, while benefiting by the sacrifice, are slow to contribute toward the national burden.

The history of the Fund contains scores of instances of giving where no inconsiderable sacrifice has been involved. Last year a mutual fire insurance company in Ontario, at the general meeting of its shareholders, voted the entire profits of the year, $50,000 to the Patriotic Fund. An old lighthouse keeper near Vancouver, by the cultivation of flowers which he sold to passing tourists, contributed more than $1,000 towards the work. The fisherman of Gaspé, the lumberjack of the Quebec woods, the cheesemaker of Ontario, all give a share of earnings or profits. Throughout many parts of the West, the farmers set aside a patriotic acre and give the product for war work. Many cases are on record where farmers have contributed a horse, a cow, a calf or a pig, to be sold for the benefit of the Fund. The North American Indians on the several Reserves have sent in approximately $12,500. One band having by road work of a fortnight earned a considerable sum in wages, turned it all into the Fund. The Doukhobors and the Mennonites, on principle opposed to war, nevertheless contribute generously to this cause. A gift of $20 came from the Eskimo Chikchagalook of Hershell's Island within the Arctic Circle. It is only through innumerable acts of sacrifice such as these that the sum total of "a million a month" is obtained.

One of the most prosperous districts of Ontario is the county of Waterloo. Of its 95,000 people fully one-half are of German birth or origin. Yet no community has been more generous towards the Patriotic Fund. Waterloo had paid in up to the end of 1916, more than $350,000, and has pledged a further sum of $250,000, payable during 1917 if the war continues till the end of the year. In this magnificent total the German population have borne their full share.

At the end of April the Honorary Treasurer reported that, since the war began, $23,879,322.87 had been paid in to the Patriotic Fund and $17,820,341.16 had been expended, leaving a cash reserve of $6,058,981.71, and he further stated that $11,000,000 was in sight as the result of the 1917 appeal. If the need still exists the Canadian Patriotic Fund will, it is estimated, have raised by the spring of 1918 not less than $35,000,000.

More than once has there come a demand that the Fund be taken over by the Federal Government. It has been contended that the Dominion should bear the whole cost of the war. But the argument for continued voluntary giving and for the maintenance of an organization, flexible, sympathetic, and independent, has always prevailed, and after careful consideration in the fall of 1916, the Executive declared and the public agreed " that it was neither necessary nor advisable to ask assistance from the Dominion Government." The Patriotic Fund, therefore, represents the free-will efforts of a generous people, and it is hoped that this characteristic may be maintained to the end.

While the Dominion of Canada has been thoroughly mobilized for raising patriotic contributions, it has been no less thoroughly organized for the intelligent and sympathetic granting of relief. Except for the single province of Manitoba (which has an independent provincial organization) and some half-dozen smaller cities and towns, the national Fund by its regular branches covers the entire Dominion. In every local center there is a relief bureau, a volunteer committee of representative citizens, and, where the amount of business warrants, an office in charge of a secretary in constant attendance. The Canadian Government pays $1 per day and 10 cents field allowance to every private. It further makes a separation allowance of $20 a month to his wife or to his widowed mother if she be wholly dependent upon him for support. Usually the man assigns to his family one-half of his pay. Where $35 per month is sufficient with other revenues, if any, for the support of the family no assistance is given from the Fund. If, however, a further sum is required to bring the family up to the level of reasonably comfortable living the Patriotic Fund is called upon to bridge the gap between bare subsistence and decent living. It takes over the family when

the soldier enlists and cares for it until he returns or until, because of death, his wife has become a widow and is in receipt of a Government pension. The Fund is administered locally through committees composed of persons having the confidence of the community, their services being given gratuitously. Each committee determines the standard of living adequate for the district, supervises the applications, and determines the amount of Patriotic grant. The Head Office from time to time issues regulations governing the methods to be followed in giving relief, and further exercises supervision over the acts of the local committees.

Not a few branches of the Fund have Women's Auxiliaries. Their work cannot be better described than in the words of the able head of the Montreal Auxiliary, Miss Helen R. Y. Reid: "When a man goes to the front we take it that he leaves his wife and family with us in trust. Anything we can do to assist the family to lead a normal life, anything we can contribute toward their physical, inlectual, or moral welfare, in addition to granting them financial aid, we regard as activity within our legitimate field of service. Our efforts to help the soldier's wife are limited only by the extent of her willingness to accept our aid."

In the work being carried on by relief committees the relationships that have grown up between worker and beneficiary have been of utmost value to both. The soldier's wife has come to feel that her attitude toward the Fund should not be that of one engaged in a tug-of-war, endeavoring only to secure the maximum financial assistance, but rather that of a partnership, since the right use of her money reflects credit not only upon herself, but upon the institution through which assistance reaches her. This spirit, everywhere prevalent, has won for the Canadian Patriotic Fund an essential place in Canada's war activity. Thousands of men now fighting overseas have, before enlistment, come with their wives to the office of the Fund and frankly asked: "If we enlist what will you do for my wife?" Probably 75,000 men have joined the colors feeling that with the protecting arm of the Fund over the home those dear to them should not in their absence suffer lack. No written pledge exists between the soldier's wife and the Fund, but the people of Canada will repudiate any other obligation before they will break faith with the men who have gone to the

front or with the women who have consented to their enlistment.

The problems that arise from time to time in the administration of the Fund are many and varied. It is in assisting local branches to deal with such that the Head Office supervision has been of special value. Conferences have been held, largely attended by Patriotic Fund workers, where questions have been debated and experiences given, out of which the policy of the organization has developed. While absolute uniformity is impossible, owing to the varied conditions throughout the Dominion, the branches in the main conform with the general regulations which emanate from time to time from the Head Office. Considerable latitude is given to local committees, in cases of dispute the Head Office acting as a Court of Appeal. Each branch has its area of relief activity carefully defined, the residue of unassignable cases falling upon the Head Office, but in February of 1917 there were throughout the entire Dominion only thirty-one cases that could not be placed under the care of some local branch.

It is estimated that about 6,000 men have come over from points in the United States to enlist in Canadian regiments leaving families south of the line. The Canadian Patriotic Fund is, by its constitution, debarred from rendering financial assistance to persons living outside the Dominion, but there have been established in all the large American cities auxiliary associations which raise and administer in each State the money required to place the American wives of Canadian soldiers on a similar footing to that of their sisters north of the line.

Some of the problems that have arisen have given the Fund no little concern. Here are a few examples: What treatment shall be accorded a woman who marries a soldier after his enlistment? Should the soldier's wife be encouraged to work? If she works and is no longer in need is she eligible for continued assistance from the Fund? What shall be done with the soldier's wife who misuses her money? Should the soldier's wife be urged to save? If she can save is she not getting more than she needs? Should the unmarried wife[1] receive assistance? What shall be done where

[1] The term "unmarried wife" is recognized both in the British and Canadian army as meaning the woman with whom the man had been living as a wife, who, however, cannot produce a marriage certificate.—EDITOR.

two wives claim help in respect of the same man? What test should be applied to prove dependency? Must a man have gone overseas in order that his wife may become eligible for assistance? These and a hundred others are conundrums which the Patriotic Fund has had to solve.

The international character of the Fund is a feature worthy of notice. Not only are its benefits extended to the families of those serving in the Canadian Expeditionary Force, but also to the dependents of those who fight with Britain's allies on any and every front. The French and Belgian families are, in fact, the most expensive the Fund is called upon to sustain, for the grant from their own Government with the former is very small and with the latter is nothing whatever.

Approximately $350,000 has thus far been expended in assisting French and Belgian families in Canada, and if, as now seems quite probable, an American resident with his family in Canada should enlist in the United States Army and proceed overseas the Patriotic Fund would care for his family in their Canadian home exactly as though he had gone with a Canadian regiment.

The splendid response which has followed the several appeals to the people of Canada for financial support has been due in no small measure to the generally accepted verdict that the Fund has been administered upon business lines. A most careful system of Head Office check and audit was early instituted. At the central bureau in Ottawa there is a card index containing more than 100,000 records, covering every man who has enlisted for overseas service and been reported to the military authorities as having dependent relatives. These records are kept strictly up to date. Reports are daily received from the military camps, hospitals, discharge depots, and elsewhere of all enlistments, discharges, transfers, promotions, casualties, pensions—everything, in fact, which might change the attitude of the Fund towards the dependents of the soldier. This daily information is recorded on the card.

As moneys are collected by the branches throughout Canada they are deposited to the credit of the Honorary Treasurer of the national Fund, and where convenient remitted by check to Ottawa. The branch from that time forward ceases to have control over the money so collected. It becomes the property of the corporation. Each month, how-

ever, every branch sends in a requisition asking for the sum of money that it is estimated will be required to cover the relief expenditure of the next thirty days. This money is promptly forwarded from Ottawa and placed by the Treasurer of the local branch in his working account, against which his checks for relief are drawn. At the end of each month the branch treasurer prepares a detailed statement on a standardized form, setting forth the names, with full information, of all soldiers' families being helped by that branch. These "disbursement sheets" as they are received by the Head Office are checked against the card index and every name compared with the record. It is soon discovered if a family is being assisted where the soldier is no longer in the force, and the branch affected is notified accordingly. The amount paid to each family is compared with the authorized schedules, and the average monthly payment per family and per individual is made a matter of careful comparison as between groups of branches similarly situated. Thus any tendency on the part of a local relief committee to be over-generous or to be unduly niggardly is checked and corrected by Head Office correspondence. The knowledge that expenditure is closely scrutinized has a salutary influence on the branch—and the feeling that all, without partiality, are submitted to like scrutiny causes local relief committees to accept Head Office criticism without taking offense.

The soldier's family, no matter where it may reside, receives the same separation allowance and assigned pay, approximately $35 per month, but the amount which the Fund is called upon to add in order to bring the family up to a proper scale of living varies with the province. Thus the average Patriotic grant for Prince Edward Island is $10 per month; for Nova Scotia, $12.50; for New Brunswick, $14; for Quebec and Ontario, from $15 to $16; for Saskatchewan, $21; for Alberta, $20, and for British Columbia, $20. The average throughout all Canada is about $16.25 per month, so that the typical Canadian soldier's family, consisting of a woman and two children, may be said to receive from all sources about $51.25 per month.

Owing to the fact that the direction of the Fund and the operation of its local committees is almost entirely in the hands of persons who give their services without remuneration the cost of administration has been extremely small. At the present time it is entirely covered by the interest

being earned upon the bank deposit in reserve. The impairment of contributions has never exceeded 75 cents on $100; that is to say, the management of the Fund has been able to assure the contributors that of every $100 subscribed $99.25 at least has reached a soldier's family. This economy in administration has largely influenced generous contributions.

Canada's participation in this war is of a purely voluntary character. It is the call of duty alone that has filled the ranks of her armies and the treasury of her Patriotic Fund. The message, "Fight or Pay," has been of well-nigh universal adaptation. For the man of mature years, the man physically unfit, the man engaged in an essential industry, or the man whose family ties are binding—for men such as these an outlet has been found in the Patriotic Fund. By the generosity of their giving such men can feel that, in some degree at least, they are making a sacrifice commensurate with that of others on the firing line. Canadians have never before prized as they should the privileges they enjoy, for these have come by inheritance and, for the present generation at least, without conscious effort. Now that they are struggling to conserve all they hold dear and are giving of their best blood and treasure to that end the character of the nation is undergoing a refinement as by fire. If out of the welter of blood and tears a higher appreciation for the liberties and privileges of self-government shall come to the Canadian people, and if this leads to purer and more unselfish administration, then the enormous sacrifices of the Great War will not have been in vain. In so far as the Canadian Patriotic Fund has supplied for the man who cannot offer his life an opportunity of feeling that he also is contributing toward bringing about the desired end, to that extent this great work will have been not only of immediate benefit, but of lasting advantage to him and to the nation to which he belongs.

HERBERT B. AMES.

WHAT HAPPENED IN RUSSIA

TOLD FROM OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

One of the most dramatic facts of the great event in Russia is that the prologue of the revolution was recited, not in the Duma or the barracks, but in the Imperial Palace at Tsarskoe Selo. The actors were the fallen monarch, Nicholas II, and the princes of the House of Romanoff, descendants of the earlier emperors.

Many months before the revolution, these Grand Dukes, keenly resenting the Hessian atmosphere of the court, had practically boycotted the Empress Alexandra. She retorted by haughtily declaring that she cared nothing for the more distinguished classes of society: that she loved only the Russian people, and honored Rasputin as a child of the people. This passive hostility of the princes changed to active intervention last Autumn when, dominated by the Stuermers and Protopopoffs, who in their turn were ruled by the Empress and Rasputin, Nicholas II finally refused to summon the Duma, to listen to the voice and will of the Russian nation. There was a council of the princes. Two of their number, Alexander Mikhailovitch and Mikhail Alexandrovitch, went from this council to the Emperor. They spoke to him, very directly and earnestly, of the imminent danger to Russia, to his own throne. They spoke of the grave menace of German intrigue surrounding the Empress. But Nicholas II refused to see, and coldly dismissed them. He was equally obdurate in the face of earnest letters of advice from the courts of Denmark and of England; and perhaps his last opportunity passed when he refused to listen to the counsels of the French and English mission headed by ex-Premier Viviani and Lord Milner who,

we are told, urged him either to choose patriotic ministers from the Duma, or at least to select ministers who would be acceptable to the Duma. Both these counsels Nicholas rejected.

But the real drive of the revolution was to come neither from foreign counsel nor from the Russian princes. It came from the hungry multitudes of Petrograd. There should have been no food shortage. In the year before the war, Russia exported grain valued at $350,000,000. For three years, that immense surplus had been held up by the Turkish batteries along the Bosphorus. There should have been abundance throughout Russia. But the workers of Petrograd starved. On Friday, March 9, the hungry crowds began to gather along Nevsky Prospect, the great avenue—so wide that it dwarfs the high buildings on either hand—that runs east and west across the circle of Petrograd. The crowd cried out for bread. The shops of the bakers were pillaged.

On Saturday, March 10, the workers decided on a general strike, to drive home their hunger plea. Factories were empty; shops along Nevsky put their shutters up. Dense and noisy crowds thronged the streets, with their pathetic cry for bread. It was the chill, bright season of far northern spring, with snow caked hard upon the ground, the lucent sky pale turquoise blue.

Protopopoff, Minister of the Interior, let loose against the crowd a swarm of military police, with bands of Cossacks. The police tried to lash and bully the crowds into subjection, and several of the demonstrants were killed. The Cossacks, contrary to Protopopoff's expectation, either acted with half-hearted reluctance or openly fraternized with the strikers. On that day, the newspapers suspended publication.

On Sunday, March 11, huge placards, posted during the night on the walls of Petrograd by Protopopoff's police, announced that the Duma was prorogued. But the members of the Duma, under the presidency of Michael Rodzianko, refused to obey the proclamation. From the outskirts of the city, from the Islands in the mouth of the Neva, where its swift, cold torrent pours into the Gulf of Finland, the workers flocked to the center of Petrograd, to the great Palace Square, with the column of Alexander I at its center, which lies between the western end of Nevsky and the Neva, with the vast, somber Winter Palace running north and south along the Neva's bank. Further down the river is the

Admiralty, with its arrow-like spire surmounted by a golden ship, high against the sky.

Throughout the forenoon the crowds gathered in the Palace Square and the wide streets running into it. About mid-afternoon, the order was given, again by Protopopoff, that the police and soldiers should disperse the people, firing on them if they resisted. The order was pitilessly carried out; the snow before the Anitchkoff Palace, home of the Empress Dowager, was reddened by the blood of many who fell. Ambulances, hurried to the scene, carried away hundreds who were gravely wounded. This was the first pitched battle of the revolution.

But the crowds, that had been entirely peaceful in the morning, came back with arms, and the battle began again that night and in the early dawn of Monday, March 12. On that day, the revolutionists made a notable capture: they took the great fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, on Vassilievski Island in the Neva, across the chilly water from the Winter Palace. In the slender-spired church within the fortress are buried the dead rulers of the House of Romanoff; the mint is there also, and the grim dungeons of the political prisoners. Capturing the fortress, the crowd liberated these earlier revolutionists; and the stronghold of the old autocracy became the headquarters of the new revolution. The Admiralty, somewhat further down across the Neva, became the camp of the reactionaries. All the great public buildings about the Palace Square—the War Ministry, the Post and Telegraph Offices, the Foreign Ministry, the great Winter Palace itself—fell, one by one, into the hands of the revolutionaries. The guns of the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul were presently trained upon the Admiralty, bureaucracy's final stronghold.

The soldiers of the Petrograd garrison had at first obeyed orders to disperse the rioters; the second step was, to fire not at, but above the heads of, the demonstrants; the third, to go over wholesale to the side of the revolution. The crowds magnanimously recognized that the first soldiers were doing their duty; even when many of their numbers fell, they were not resentful; and, when the soldiers swung round to their side, they joyfully welcomed them. From that moment, their success seemed sure.

In the palace which the great Catherine had given to Prince Potyemkin of the Tauris—conqueror of the Crimea—

the Duma had continued its sessions, disregarding the decree of prorogation. The last of the reactionaries at the Admiralty ordered the famous Preobrajenski regiment to march to the Tauris Palace, to drive the Duma out by force. At the Tauris Palace, the regiment was admitted and their leaders entered the session hall, where Rodzianko was presiding.

It is one of the great pictures of the revolution: The President of the Duma rose to the dramatic height of the situation. Standing and saluting—for he is a veteran officer of the Guard—he gave them the greeting with which the general salutes his troops: "Good health, soldiers!" The men of the famed Preobrajenski regiment saluted him and, in his person, the national Duma: "We wish you health, Your Excellency!" Within a few hours, 30,000 soldiers were under the Duma's orders. The navy joined the army, and the marines from Cronstadt took the larger part in overcoming the military police. For these stood out to the last in defense of the obdurate ministers. Well supplied with machine-guns, they directed them against the revolutionists, from upper rooms, from roofs, from countless ambushes throughout the huge city, and for several days Petrograd witnessed scenes like the struggles for contested villages on the battle line in France.

But the part played by the Duma deserves fuller detail. On Sunday, March 11, the edict proroguing the assembly, countersigned by Prince Galitzin, President of the Council of Ministers, was read to the assembled Duma. The Duma determined not to disperse, but to hold a continuous session. Rodzianko immediately telegraphed to the Emperor, telling of the first steps of the revolution, and warning Nicholas of the danger to the throne. This telegram received no reply. Rodzianko telegraphed again to the Emperor, to the army commanders at the front, to the Chief of Staff, begging them to do what in them lay to enlighten their sovereign as to the realities of the situation. Immediate replies were received from General Alexeieff, General Ruzski, and General Brusiloff.

Thus supported by the army, the Duma considered the possibility of forming a provisional government. But before this task was more than begun, Rodzianko was summoned to the Anitchkoff Palace, the home of the Emperor's mother, where he found Grand Duke Michael and the members of

the old ministry assembled. Rodzianko told the Emperor's brother the resolve of the Duma: the Emperor must abdicate in favor of his son Alexei, with Grand Duke Michael as regent. The existing ministry must give place to a ministry drawn from the Duma. Only in this way could the country be saved from anarchy; only in this way could the war be pressed to final victory.

Rodzianko, returning to the Tauris Palace, reported to the Duma, which thereupon unanimously voted the creation of a provisional government of thirteen members, in which all sections of the Duma from the Right to the Extreme Left were represented, under the presidency of Rodzianko. Colonel Engelhard, a member of the Duma, an officer of the Guard and of the General Staff, was chosen military governor of Petrograd. Another Duma member, Captain Karauloff, was made commandant of the Tauris Palace. The arrest of the members of the former ministry was next decreed. They had scattered throughout the city, but they were gradually brought in: Bark, Kokovtsoff, Prince Shakhovskoi, Goremykin, Shtsheglovitoff, Protopopoff; two former War Ministers, General Byelayeff and General Sukhomlinoff; and General Rennenkampf, accused of doubtful dealings in the East Prussia campaign. Sukhomlinoff was also under charges; the soldiers demanded that he should be given up to them for punishment, but the Duma refused. Sukhomlinoff himself tore the gold epaulettes from his shoulders and threw them at the feet of his accuser. General Knorring was killed and his body thrown into the Neva. It is said that Stuermer died of fear, at the moment of his arrest.

The Emperor now enters the drama. On Thursday, March 15—the fatal Ides of March—Alexander Gutchkoff, the new War Minister, and V. V. Shulgin, a member of the Duma Committee, met the Emperor on a train coming northward. With him were General Freedericksz, Minister of the Imperial House, and General Ruzski, commanding the armies of the Riga-Dwinsk front. The Emperor (says the official account) came forth to meet the representatives of the people quietly and calmly: "I have thought this all over," he said, "and have decided to abdicate. But I will not abdicate in favor of my son, as I shall have to leave Russia as soon as I divest myself of the supreme power. But to leave behind in Russia the son whom I so dearly love, in a position

of complete uncertainty, I hold to be altogether impossible. For this reason, I have decided to abdicate the throne in favor of my brother, the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch."

Gutchkoff and Shulgin begged the Emperor to reconsider this decision, and Nicholas II withdrew to the inner compartment of the parlor-car in which this meeting was held. Twenty minutes later, he came out again with the text of a manifesto in his hand. The text, with which the world is now familiar, was written on a typewriter and corrected in pencil.

"My decision is firm and unchangeable," he said, handing the manifesto to Gutchkoff and Shulgin.

The plan of the Duma, that the Emperor's son Alexei, a boy of thirteen, should succeed to the throne, with his uncle, the Emperor's brother Michael, as regent, had broken down, because the Emperor would not consent to be separated from his son. On the following day, March 16, Minister Gutchkoff and Shulgin returned to Petrograd, where, at the railroad station, they found waiting for them members of the new Council of Ministers, with whom they proceeded to the home of the Grand Duke Michael. The ministers acquainted the Grand Duke with the wishes of Nicholas II, and also with the position of affairs, underlining the change of views which had taken place in certain circles in the last twenty-four hours.

Grand Duke Michael, after attentively listening to all the facts put before him, refused to accept the crown.

"How can I accept supreme power at such a time and under such conditions," he said, "when such a step on my part will only bring greater confusion?"

After an interchange of views, the Grand Duke Michael, asking Prince Lvoff and Shulgin to accompany him, withdrew to another room for consultation. Returning, the Grand Duke said:

"I am firmly determined not to accept the crown. But, if the Imperial Duma and the people desire that I should accept the regency pending the summoning and assembly of a Constituent Assembly, I am ready to consent to this."

The Minister of Justice, Alexander Kerenski, leader of the Labor Party, who had been present during the discussion, stepped forward to the Grand Duke and said:

"You are a man of honor. I shall inform all everywhere of your words and actions."

This closed the first act of the drama of revolution. The Duma had meanwhile transferred its sessions to the Winter Palace, giving up its former home, the Tauris Palace, to a newly constituted revolutionary body, the Committee of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, chosen on a basis of one delegate for each 1,000 workmen and one soldier for each company. It was presided over by Nicholas Tsheïdze, a Georgian from the Caucasus mountains, who represented Tiflis in the Duma, and belonged to the Social Democrat Party. On the night of March 17-18, a manifesto, entitled "Order No. 1," supposed to emanate from this committee, or at any rate from a group of its members, was distributed among the soldiers and workmen. Certain French critics suggest that this order was really the work of German or pro-German agents. The order was violent in tone, attacking the Duma and the civil power and also the commanders of the army. The Provisional Government, seeing its danger, acted through Kerenski, the Minister of Justice, who is a Republican. Kerenski is said to have pointed out to Tsheïdze that the order was inopportune, regrettable and dangerous; and it was followed by a second order, which received, we are told, the assent of Tsheïdze. The purpose of "Order No. 2" was to neutralize the effect of "Order No. 1." Its text follows:

Order No. 2; March 5 (18), 1917: Executive Committee of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates.

To the Armies of the Petrograd district, to all soldiers of the Guard, army, artillery, and fleet, for exact fulfillment; to the workmen of Petrograd, for their information:

To explain and complete Order No. 1, the Executive Committee of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates orders:

(1) Order No. 1 of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates proposed to all companies, battalions, and other military units to elect committees for each unit (companies, battalions, and so forth), but the Order did not direct these committees to elect officers for each unit. These committees are to be elected in order that the soldiers of the Petrograd garrison may be organized and may, through the representatives of the committees, take part in the general political life of the country and, privately, announce to the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates their views as to the necessity of taking needed measures. The committee must further announce the common needs of each company or other military unit.

The question as to how far the interests of military organization may be harmonized with the right of the soldiers to choose their leaders is entrusted for consideration and elaboration to a special commission.

All elections which have up to the present taken place, confirmed or presented for confirmation to the military authorities, remain in force.

(2) Until the question of the election of officers has been completely and exactly decided the Council recognizes in the committees of the different military units the right to protest against the appointment of a given officer.

These protests must be sent to the Executive Committee of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, by which they will be presented to the Military Commission, in which representatives of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates take part, side by side with other organizations of society.

(3) In Order No. 1 was declared the purpose of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates as a body directing all the political acts of the soldiers of Petrograd. This, their elected organ, soldiers are under obligation to obey in their social and political life. As regards the military authorities, soldiers are under obligation to obey their orders which refer to military service.

(4) In Order No. 1, to guard against the danger of an armed counter-revolution, the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates demanded that the garrison of Petrograd, which won political liberty for Russia, should remain under arms, and the Provisional Government has undertaken not to permit the disarming of the garrison, as has been announced in its Administrative Declaration.

In conformity with this Declaration company and battalion committees are to see that the weapons of the soldiers of Petrograd are not taken from them, as was already ordered in Order No. 1.

(5) Regarding the demands contained in Sections 6 and 7 of Order No. 1, the Executive Committee of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates notes that several of them are already being carried out by the Provisional Government.

The present Order is to be read in all companies, battalions, regiments, ships' crews, batteries, and so forth, whether at the front or not.

Meanwhile, the Provisional Government, sitting in the Winter Palace, had summoned Lieutenant-General Korniloff to take command of the Petrograd garrison.

We are compelled to pass over altogether many vital phases of these stirring events in Petrograd and throughout Russia. But we have, I think, data enough already to understand pretty clearly what has since taken place.

The situation, and it is highly dangerous, appears to be

this: The Provisional Government, in a warning manifesto, said: "Petrograd and its vicinity are flooded with German spies. We must fight against them. But it is difficult to uncover the traitors. . ." The traitors appear to have uncovered themselves. They are the inflammatory advocates of "the social revolution" in the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, a body entirely without lawful authority, gathered together at haphazard from the workshops of the capital and from the youthful soldiers—in reality no more than boys—in the regiments about Petrograd. Deluded by agitators like the Tiflis Socialist orator, they have with amazing success played Germany's game; and, unfortunately, the Provisional Government has not felt itself strong enough to suppress instantly, and drastically, in the name of genuine liberty, their proceedings, but has, on the contrary, made concessions and compromises which are highly dangerous. Among these, the most fatal are the measures loosening the bands of discipline in the army, in effect telling the soldiers they are under no binding obligation to obey their officers. Anything more calamitous, in the face of an armed and treacherous foe, it would be impossible to imagine.

Emboldened by this first great success, the agents of Germany have taken the next step: they have openly denounced other members of the Entente; they have tried to discredit and overthrow the Provisional Government, to make way for a junta of pro-German Socialists; they have openly cried out for peace with Germany. The Provisional Government, challenging a vote in the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, has won a victory by so narrow a margin—only 35, we are told, out of 2,500—that it is hardly distinguishable from defeat. For the moment, a kind of security has been gained, but we may be quite certain that neither determination nor gold will be lacking to the German agents, further to press their plot.

Meanwhile, throughout Russia, there is a rising tide of wrath against these treacherous doings in Petrograd, which, by the way, are receiving vigorous "aid and comfort" from American Socialists with German names. Strong protests, behind which stands an entire readiness for vigorous action, are coming to Petrograd from the leaders of the army. As this is written, we appear to be, once again, on the eve of decisive events.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

BRITISH LABOR UNDER WAR PRESSURE

BY SIDNEY WEBB, LL.B.

Not the least interesting and instructive chapter in the history of the great war, when it comes to be written in the cool reflection of a subsequent generation, will be the effect of an unparalleled national struggle upon the labor movement. The war has not yet run its course, and even when peace comes there will be still to be endured the gigantic reverse dislocation of industry from war purposes to peace purposes. Not for many years shall we be able adequately to estimate the changes which these years of strain will have made in the ideals and in the organization, in the position, and in the activities of the labor movement of the world. In Great Britain, however, we can provisionally take stock, after thirty-two months of war, of the results so far upon our own wage-earning class and our own labor movement. We have first to notice the extent to which the British labor movement has, almost whole-heartedly, supported the war. From the very hour of the declaration of war every trade union, without a single exception, has shown its devotion to the cause of the nation. Every conference of trade unions without exception has made the same declaration. Dissentients there have, of course, been, but these have nearly always objected to this or that particular proposal or action of the Government rather than to the resolute waging of the war. After almost three years of a war of unprecedented intensity, cost, and suffering the genuinely "pacifist" element among the British wage-earning class is still infinitesimally small. It is voiced not so much by trade union leaders or manual workers themselves as by middle-class members of the two socialist societies called, respectively, the Independent Labor Party and the British Socialist Party. It should be noted that the two other Socialist organizations of importance, the

Fabian Society and the National Socialist Party, do not share these views, nor does the Labor Party itself (the great national federation). By their ability, their manifest earnestness, and their persistence the few opponents of war secure a quite disproportionate amount of attention in the press, but they have not succeeded in obtaining more than a relatively small minority of votes either at any Trade Union Congress or at the combined Conferences of Trade Unions and Socialist Societies called by the Labor Party.

The whole-heartedness and loyalty with which the British trade unions (which have over four million members and accumulated funds exceeding six million pounds sterling) have supported the war has been made manifest, first, by their devoted assistance in the voluntary recruiting for the army, and, secondly, by their abandonment for the sake of increasing the output of munitions, etc., of all trade union rules and practices that could be thought to hamper the production of munitions of war.

The voluntary recruiting was extraordinary and unparalleled. For its army and navy, as is well known, the British Empire had, down to 1916, relied exclusively on free and optional enlistment. Within the first two years of the war more than five million men had freely and voluntarily offered themselves for service in the army or navy—more than ten per cent. of the census population—a vastly larger force than had ever been raised without compulsion in any country at any time. Nearly four-fifths of these millions were manual working wage-earners, and an enormous proportion of them—notably among the miners and railway workers—active trade unionists. So great was the rush to enlist that the Government had the greatest difficulty in retaining enough men in indispensable industries, and it was eventually found necessary not only to prohibit enlistment in various trades, but actually to return thousands of men from the front (especially in the engineering trades), in order that they might resume their civilian occupations, from which they could not be spared. The world has never seen such a voluntary recruiting, and this was very largely promoted and organized by the trade union leaders through their own organizations. Compulsion was adopted only after more than five millions had voluntarily come forward, and it was then adopted very largely to satisfy a popular demand for complete equality and a military desire for certainty as to

the numbers still to be trained rather than with any belief in the magnitude of the additional numbers to be thereby added to the army. After five millions of volunteers the number of physically fit men of military age left in Great Britain, who were not occupied in indispensable work, was necessarily comparatively trifling. The total number of " conscientious objectors " (Quakers and others) proved to be under five thousand, comparatively few of them belonging to the manual working class, and most of these consented to render " alternative service " under Government direction.

When it became evident that an enormously increased output of munitions of war was required the trade unions were asked by the Government to give up, for the duration of the war, all their rules and customs in any way interfering with maximum production. Without a single exception the trade unions agreed to this request. They formally laid aside all restriction of output; all limitation of the working day; all refusal to work overtime, at night, or on Sunday; all objection to the introduction of labor-saving machinery; all resistance to the admission to their trades of non-unionists, unapprenticed men, laborers, boys, and even women; all opposition to the substitution of piece-work payments for hourly rates, and all reluctance to co-operate in teams at component parts instead of each workman completing his own task. They gave up the right to strike and submitted to compulsory arbitration. They even accepted in the Munitions of War Acts of 1915 and 1916, in order to secure continuity of production, the position of being forbidden to leave their employment under a heavy penalty. Never has there been, in any community, a greater or a more complete sacrifice for the common good. The result has been that—at the cost of greatly increased hours of labor and greatly increased strain and effort of the manual workers—the output per operative has, throughout the whole kingdom, by means of a great increase of machinery, been enormously increased. By this sacrifice on the part of the British labor movement British manufacturing industry has been, in these two years of war, very largely revolutionized—more completely changed, in fact, than at any time since the great industrial revolution of 1780-1825.

Having noted the patriotic efforts of the British labor movement, we have now to record the results of the war on the economic position of the wage-earning class. This war

has, at almost all points, baffled the prophets; and in no department have the results been more unexpected than in the economic field. Thus, all previous wars of magnitude have been accompanied by terrible financial suffering among the mass of the people. One of their most frequent results—a social injury enduring for a whole generation—has been the degradation of the standard of life among the wage-earners. The last war waged by the United Kingdom on anything like the scale of the present Armageddon—the Napoleonic conflict that lasted almost unceasingly from 1793 to 1815—reduced the British working-class to a very general destitution, exhausted popular savings, filled the prisons, put ten per cent. of the whole population on the pauper roll, brought down wages to the barest subsistence level, and destroyed for many years every vestige of either industrial or political power among the wage-earning class. On the outbreak of the present war many people naturally expected widespread unemployment and distress among practically all the poorer classes. The trade unions, it was said, would soon be bankrupt and powerless. The political influence of organized labor, it was predicted, would be swept aside as completely as its industrial strength. The great Co-operative Movement, with its network of distributive stores and growing manufacturing departments would, it was supposed, suffer at least an arrest of development, and might have its resources seriously impaired. The Friendly Societies, entangled in the gigantic scheme of National Insurance, would, it was feared, find their accumulated funds drained dry. In short, many people looked, on the outbreak of war, for ruin and misery among the mass of the working people. Certainly, no one would have predicted that, after a war of such magnitude and intensity had been waged for over two and one-half years, the wage-earning population of the United Kingdom would find itself, as a whole, actually better off financially than it was in the years of prosperity that immediately preceded the war. Yet (subject to many unfortunate exceptions) this is today undoubtedly the fact.

In spite of a rise of prices of foodstuffs now approaching one hundred per cent.; in spite of an average increase in the total cost of living of the typical wage-earning family which may be put at sixty to seventy per cent.; in spite of the levy of new taxation on the wage-earning class to the extent, it is estimated, of at least fifty millions sterling per

annum (in the increase of beer, sugar, tea and cocoa taxes; in the raising of railway fares and postage; and in lowering the level of exemption of the greatly augmented income tax)—there is every sign of the British manual working-class, taken as a whole, being considerably better off in 1917 than in 1913. Money wages have risen, practically everywhere, in one form or other, sometimes only by ten or twenty per cent., but in exceptional instances (such as the steel-smelters), by sixty or eighty per cent. It is true that the rates of wages have never (or hardly ever) risen to the same extent as the prices of commodities, or the cost of living. But, with relatively few exceptions, the average family income has increased more than the rate of wages. More members of the household are, in most families, earning money—there are no unemployed men, and no intervals in which no wages are earned; the girls are at work as well as the boys, the superannuated and the invalids; in hundreds of thousands of cases the wives as well as the spinsters and widows. Moreover, piece-work earnings have been widely substituted for fixed weekly wages; there has been a free advancement of laborers and of women from unskilled to skilled rates; the working hours have often been lengthened, bringing increased earnings; and overtime and Sunday duty have been freely adopted up to the very verge of excessive strain. The loss of family income consequent on the absorption of five million men into the army and navy has been made good by the payment from public funds of separation allowances and pensions on a scale of quite unprecedented liberality. The disabled soldiers, in particular, of whom already many tens of thousands have been discharged, are being provided for in ways unknown in any previous campaign.

The total result is that, whilst a considerable number of cases of individual suffering exist, taking the wage-earning population of the United Kingdom as a whole, far from feeling the strain of war, it exhibits today every indication of unparalleled prosperity. Thus, the number of persons simultaneously in receipt of Poor Law relief has fallen from nearly a million (in the whole United Kingdom) to fewer than six hundred thousand—these being now almost entirely the sick, the lunatic, the helpless aged, and the orphan children. Poor-houses are being used for soldiers' hospitals. The tramps have almost entirely disappeared from the roads

and the beggars from the streets. Petty theft, which in Great Britain is largely dependent on poverty, is, among adults, at a minimum; and prisons are being converted into hostels for German captives and places of internment for civilian aliens. The quarter of a million children found hungry in the public elementary schools, for whom meals were provided in 1913-14, are now represented by fewer than one-tenth of that number. The Co-operative Societies, far from falling off in membership or trade, have usually added from ten to fifty per cent. to their membership (which now numbers three and one-quarter millions, representing at least one-third of all the households in the Kingdom) whilst the volume of their distributive business, the magnitude of their manufacturing industry, the amount of their accumulated capital, and the sum distributed as dividends have all increased beyond all previous experience. Both the Friendly Societies and the trade unions show a considerable increase in their financial accumulations; and (allowing for the millions serving the colors) even in their membership. The savings bank deposits have continued to increase, and for the first time in the history of the country, several million of the wage-earners have taken up holdings in the various forms of Government war loans to the extent of something like a hundred millions sterling, or even more.

This remarkable result, so far, of such a calamity as the present war, has, of course, not "come about of itself." It has been the outcome of the measures which have been deliberately taken by the Government and Parliament, supported generally by public opinion, and acquiesced in by the employers and the propertied classes. And this policy of deliberately maintaining unimpaired, at whatever cost of the Treasury, the standard of life of the manual working wage-earners—in consonance with the teaching of the political economists that any degradation of this standard of life is the worst injury that a nation can suffer—has undoubtedly been made possible, as an achievement of economic statesmanship, only by the industrial and political strength, and the persistent pressure, of the British labor movement.

The measures taken as the outcome of this economic statesmanship have been many and varied.

We must note, to begin with, the definite refusal to allow any use to be made, for any war need, of the demoralizing machinery of the Poor Law, which has lost all credit and

has for a decade merely been awaiting abolition in favor of up-to-date separate organizations for the appropriate treatment of the lunatic, the sick, the widows and orphans and the unemployed. What the British labor movement demanded, and what public opinion endorsed, was a policy of prevention instead of relief. Under the apprehension of widespread unemployment and distress, a new organization, entirely unconnected with the Poor Law, was set up throughout the whole Kingdom in August, 1914, in connection with the municipal and county authorities, on which the local labor organizations were officially represented; and a fund (which eventually reached over six million pounds) was raised by voluntary subscriptions to supplement the public assistance that the Government undertook to provide from moneys to be voted by Parliament. The Government adopted as its policy, as demanded by the whole labor movement, the strengthening of the labor market by the immediate undertaking by the local authorities of those public works of definite utility that might otherwise have been executed during the ensuing decade. In this way, it was calculated, the unemployment that was being caused by the stoppage of trade and the suspension of many capitalist enterprises could be very largely, not merely relieved, but actually prevented from occurring. The idea was to maintain at a fairly constant level the aggregate amount of wages paid in the Kingdom, the new public works being started, and the new public orders for commodities being given, as nearly as possible in amounts equal, in the aggregate, to the private enterprises suspended.

The deliberate adoption of this policy by the Liberal Cabinet, and its official promulgation by circulars of the Local Government Board in August, 1914, marks an epoch in the history of unemployment in the United Kingdom. Within a very few weeks, however—before the new policy of prevention could be put into force, and even before it was commonly understood—it became evident that no widespread unemployment among men was to be feared. Unemployment among women workers lasted for a few months, during which it was sought in pursuance of a like policy, not to start the old eleemosynary "relief works," but to organize public orders, and where necessary to supply full maintenance to the women who could not immediately get employment, conditional on their attending at centers

for domestic economy and other training. For the last two years the difficulty has been to get enough workers; and the greater part of the fund subscribed is hoarded for use when peace comes.

What prevented unemployment in the latter part of the year 1914, and rendered it unnecessary to put in force the policy of expediting public works of merely eventual utility, was the same policy of deliberately maintaining the aggregate total of wages by increased Government orders. But, under the stress of war needs, it took the form, first of the enrolling of an enormous army, such as the United Kingdom had never contemplated—reaching eventually five million men, or nearly one-ninth of the whole population of all ages and both sexes—and, secondly, of the manufacture of shells, rifles, cannon, uniforms, accoutrements, and the thousand and one requirements of war, not only for the United Kingdom but also for all the Allied Governments, on which there are at present over three million persons employed. The influence of the changed opinions on economic matters, and of the strength of the organized labor movement, is seen in the remarkable series of Government decrees by which the workers' standard of life has been protected from degradation.

We had first the high rates of pay—by far the highest in Europe—and the extraordinarily liberal rations granted to the soldier; and then the separation allowances paid to his wife and family, or other dependents, on a scale hitherto unheard of, and amounting now to nearly a hundred millions sterling annually. Next we had a series of orders as to pensions for disabled men and the widows and orphans of those who die—the public insisting, upon an agitation led by the organized labor movement, on successive increases to the Government's original scale, so that the sum now payable already exceeds thirty millions a year. Then came an equally progressive series of orders securing proper wages for the millions of munition workers, not only in the Government's own establishments but also in the ten or fifteen thousand private establishments turned to war service. The rates of pay thus secured are, so far as the lower grades are concerned, still far from being satisfactory to the British labor movement; but their extortion from a reluctant Government, and their imposition on still more reluctant capitalists, has done an enormous amount to raise the standard

of life, especially among women workers. Meanwhile the Government, on the successive demands of the trade unions concerned, has, at its own expense, raised the wages of the half million railway workers by ten shillings per week, amounting to about £13,000,000 a year for this industry alone; and has awarded increases to millions of workers in private employment by orders which have the force of law—increases which are complained of as being far from sufficient, but which are, at any rate, remarkable for war time. In February, 1917, there was being ordered a legal minimum wage for all the agricultural laborers in Great Britain of twenty-five shillings per week, which is certainly fifty per cent. more than the average of three years ago. Concurrently with these increases in the income of the wage-earning families, we have had the Rent Restriction Act, which (to the financial loss of the property owners) prevents any raising of the rents of working-class dwellings above those of August, 1914; the prohibition of lapsing of industrial insurance policies of two years' standing, notwithstanding the non-payment of premiums; various measures for preventing, as far as practicable, the steadily continuing advance in the prices of commodities; and the relaxation of the rules that would have forfeited the old age pensions of persons obtaining increased receipts from work or gifts. Finally we have had an actual increase by fifty per cent. of the old age pension now drawn by the men and women over seventy—an increase long refused by the Government, persistently demanded by the whole labor movement, and finally extorted by the determination of the Miners' Federation. Meanwhile, though the taxes have been, in the aggregate, nearly trebled, the amount levied on the wage-earning class has been only moderately increased, whilst an addition of over two hundred and fifty millions a year has been made to the imposts levied on the employing and propertied classes, so that, what with excess profits tax, income tax, supertax and death duties, the richest industrial magnates often find at present (literally) three-quarters of their incomes confiscated to the service of the community.

Nothing like these things has ever before happened in the United Kingdom, either during peace or in any previous war. It is these measures, forced upon a reluctant Exchequer, owing to the way in which the British labor move-

ment has educated and led the public opinion of the country, that have so far saved the nation—to the amazement and delight of the political economists, who never expected the workmen to manifest so much power, or the Government to exhibit such true economic statesmanship—from the overwhelming calamity of a fall in the standard of life.

Even more remarkable has been the extent to which, under war pressure, the British labor movement has secured, from the propertied and employing classes and from the Government that these still mainly control, formal and official recognition as an equal partner in the State. At the outset of the war, it was immediately realized that the new official organization for the prevention and relief of distress initiated by the Prince of Wales would have to recognize the position and the claims of organized labor. In spite of the protests and the resistance of many County and Municipal Councils, which are still nearly all in the hands of the middle and upper classes, the Government insisted that the representatives of the local trade unions and other labor organizations, both of men and women, should be placed on all the local committees, and accorded full administrative power. But this was only the beginning.

With the pressure for more munitions, the Government called into being a whole series of special committees, both national and local, representing the trade unions concerned with the several munition industries—eventually embracing nearly all the principal manufacturing and transport trades—and obtained their advice and assistance with regard to each successive increase of Governmental authority. Trade union representatives, both men and women, were placed on all the munitions tribunals, which adjudicated in cases of workshop offences under the Munitions Acts. Trade union representatives were similarly placed on the military service tribunals, which gave temporary or permanent exemption from the obligatory military service. When, in 1916, an organization was formed through the kingdom for awarding pensions, increasing the separation allowances and providing treatment for the disabled, the labor organizations obtained a recognition which went beyond anything hitherto accorded. In all previous cases in which labor representatives had been placed on official bodies not formed by popular election, the representatives have been chosen by the appointing authority.

When the war pensions committees were formed, the spokesmen of the labor movement urged that the local trade unions and other labor bodies in each district should be formally and officially conceded, for all time, the right to be themselves represented; and that the bodies so recognized should be empowered to choose for themselves which of their members should sit upon the war pensions committees dealing with the distribution of over a hundred millions a year of public funds. To the stupefaction of the governing classes and the officials in town and country, who had hitherto often been unaware of the existence of such bodies, this right of direct representation of the local trade unions and other labor organizations of workingmen and women (such as the Women's Labor League, the Women's Co-operative Guild, the Women's Trade Union League and the Railway Women's Guild) was formally and officially conceded, amid general public approval.

What is more widely known is the admission of the labor movement to partnership in the administration of the State. When in 1915, the Liberal Government gave way to a Coalition Government, the Labor Party, as a whole, was formally invited to consent to take part, its chairman being offered a seat in the Cabinet and two of its prominent members being made Under-Secretaries of State. Several other leading officials of the trade union movement were given the honorary distinction of being sworn in as members of the Privy Council. Finally, when in December, 1916, Mr. Lloyd George succeeded Mr. Asquith as Prime Minister, the adhesion of the Labor Party (though it had only thirty-five members in a House of Commons of six hundred and seventy) was recognized as essential; and Mr. Lloyd George in a long private interview on the day of crisis personally solicited the co-operation of the Party—offering the Chairman a seat in the supreme War Cabinet of five members, making another Labor member Minister for Labor and a third Minister for Pensions; and appointing three more to subordinate Ministerial positions.

It will, of course, be understood that these concessions of recognition of the labor movement have gone beyond the concessions of effective power. The representatives of trade unions and other organized labor bodies, who have thus been admitted to administrative committees, called into counsel on committees formed to advise the Ministers, placed

as assessors or members on tribunals, or even admitted to the Cabinet, do not, it is to be feared, yet exercise in these capacities, as much authority as their middle or upper class colleagues. Even when labor members are placed at the head of important Government departments, they find themselves, at present, quite unusually restrained and guided by their permanent officials, and by their Ministerial colleagues. Their actual influence in administration is therefore still below that which they might, from their position, be supposed to exercise. It has, indeed, been complained by some members of the labor party that the trade unions and the Labor Members in the House of Commons do not find that their power over the Government is increased by the holding of important official positions by leading members of the Party, but rather decreased—that the latter are where they are in the capacity of hostages for the good behavior, or rather the docility of the rank and file. Time will show how far this complaint is justified. In the meantime the very extensive share in the Government now accorded to the representatives of the trade unions and other sections of the British labor movement marks an advance in status, and in influence on public opinion, from which there will be certainly no going back. Nor is the recognition of trade unionism confined to any one political party. In all probability, there will never be another Ministry in the United Kingdom, whether it calls itself Liberal or Conservative or any other designation, which does not include among its members one or more representatives of the trade union movement.

SIDNEY WEBB.

CAN MAN ABOLISH WAR?—II

BY HAROLD BEGBIE

Two ways are chiefly recommended to mankind whereby the peace of the world may be secured. One of these ways is styled arbitration; the other, international federation. Before proceeding to examine what these terms mean, let me repeat the suggestion I ventured to make in my previous article, namely, that almost any machinery of this order would suffice for the security of peace provided the nations brought to it in all their controversies the moral quality of good will. My argument is that without this spirit of good will no machinery of any kind can be rationally regarded as a sufficient insurance against war.

In the year 1907 the nations of Europe, gathered together at the second Hague Conference, solemnly avowed their "firm determination to co-operate in the maintenance of general peace," and "to favor with all their efforts the amicable settlement of international conflicts." Seven years afterwards, as Europe knows to her cost, such a war broke upon the world as never was known in the history of mankind—a war not only involving nearly the whole household of humanity, but conducted with a scientific barbarism, an extremity of unscrupulousness, an abandonment of all chivalry and moral considerations, such as savages have never practiced. Not only was the solemn compact broken—the compact to arbitrate disputes, but, what is even more to the point, one after another of those pledges which had been made to mitigate the cruelties of war were thrown to the wind.

In the last days of July, 1914, there was not a peasant toiling in the fields of Bavaria, Austria, Russia, or France who would have said (if he knew of the dispute at all) that the trouble between the Governments of Europe called for

an immediate decision. He would have said that a year hence would scarcely make any difference to that dispute. He would have gladly gone on with his harvest work, and left it to the judges of the Hague Tribunal to decide (when they liked) how the matter should be settled. And, furthermore, could he have known how this event was destined to go, he would have lifted up his voice and protested angrily against the panic haste of the Governments.

But to autocratic rulers, suspicious statesmen, and responsible soldiers this matter had an urgency which could be counted by seconds. The telegraph was scarce quick enough for them. The atomless ether could hardly satisfy their impatience. Their diplomacy was now only a burglar's mask. Everything turned upon preparedness for war. Who would be ready first? Who would get the advantage of the first blow? All turned on this. And before a bench of judges could be summoned armies were mobilized, peasants streamed from their homes to the barracks, and war was as certain as death.

This is the supreme point of arbitration. So long as diplomacy is secret, and so long as there are autocratic rulers deciding the fates of people over their heads, so long will panic destroy the great essential of arbitration—*time*. If the Reichstag in Berlin had been in July, 1914, a body of men like the British House of Commons, and if before Prussia declared war a responsible Minister had been obliged to get the consent of the people's representatives, then it is clear as noonday that this war could not have come with that terrible suddenness which threw the common sense of Europe off its balance. Whether the dispute between Austria and Serbia could have been settled by the Hague Tribunal is another matter; but this, at least, is certain, that but for the autocratic character of German institutions war could not have come to Europe before the subject of dispute had been publicly debated at the Hague Tribunal.

We see, then, that arbitration is no security against war, and that to make it even a tolerable insurance against this fearful calamity certain conditions are essential. Diplomacy must not be secret; the issues of peace and war must not lie in the hands of autocracy; the peoples of each State must discuss in advance every question of dispute and themselves decide in what manner it shall be settled. These

conditions are essential, not because democracies are wiser or less ambitious than autocracies, not because frank and public diplomacy is less provocative than secret diplomacy, but because *time* is the great prophylactic against panic. Just as the angry and indignant man who sleeps on a furious letter to the neighbor who has annoyed him seldom sends that letter when morning comes, so nations seldom court the very uncertain and always destructive arbitrament of war when they have had time to reflect upon the consequences of refusing arbitration.

Canon Grove, in his admirable book, *The Passing of War*, rightly defends the success of the principle of arbitration from its various critics, militaristic and otherwise. He can truthfully say that when national representatives at the Hague specifically agree that arbitration is "the most efficacious and at the same time most equitable method" of settling disagreements of a legal character insoluble by diplomacy, this is no mere beating the air, but "the statement of a plain fact of proved practical utility." He quotes figures of a very impressive kind to justify his optimism:

> As all the world knows, an opportunity was created in 1899 for focusing the efforts of all States "sincerely seeking to make the great idea of universal peace triumph over the elements of trouble and discord." But while at this first Hague Conference only twenty-six Powers were represented, at the second, in 1907, the represented Powers were forty-four, including practically the civilized world. The working of the law of acceleration in this leap in the numbers of represented States, from twenty-six to forty-four in eight years, is similarly prominent in the rapidly growing acceptance of the arbitration principle as a mode of settling national disputes. Dividing the eighty years from 1820 to 1900 into four periods of twenty years each, the number of cases submitted and decided stands as follows: Eight only in the first period of twenty years, thirty in the second, forty-four in the third, and in the last period ninety; or if the twenty years are counted back from 1903 the adjudications number 115. The ratio of increase is as significant as the growth itself.

These figures, as I have said, are impressive, and the war of 1914 does not invalidate them; they stand as unanswerable witnesses to the efficacy of a great principle. But, clearly enough, the war of 1914 proves that arbitration by itself is no security for the peace of the world.

Arbitration may have safeguarded that precious peace again and again, but as it stood in 1914 it was powerless to stay the march of war.

President Wilson has made a suggestion which carries this matter a step forward—a step in the direction of compulsory arbitration. His proposal for a league of nations, foreshadowed, perhaps, by that strange mystic, the Czar Alexander I in the Holy Alliance of a hundred years ago, means that a recalcitrant State should be forced by the military power of other States to seek the decision of an international court in all its disputes. That is to say, that war in future is to be prevented by war. It means, and it can mean nothing else, that Europe is still to be an armed camp, that peace is to be always in jeopardy, and that the same mind which produced this war is to exist in perpetuity; the only difference is the presence in the world of a police force which at least begins its work with good intentions.

The objections which can be raised against this suggestion are many and great; but do not let us miss the very important consideration that this suggestion, in spite of all the objections against it, is one which could give us what we are seeking, provided the good will of the nations were guaranteed. It is just because this guarantee is lacking, and must be lacking for some years, that the President's proposal is not merely inefficacious, but in the present condition of Europe positively dangerous. For is it not obvious that unless this league of nations were formed out of a perfectly satisfied world its existence would be a veritable seed-plot for conspiracy, a veritable hot-bed for war? Its police force, for instance, would be composed not of respectable citizens, nor of repentant thieves, but of unconverted burglars and of incorrigible murderers. There would be whisperings at street corners when the peaceful world lay asleep, and no man could be certain that he would not wake to find a burglar-policeman in his room. For as things stand at present how could the nations prevent secret groupings of this police force, and how could there be anything else but these secret groupings in a world utterly dissatisfied by its present division?

We are too much inclined, we English and Americans in particular, to think that all other nations should be satisfied with things as they are. We cannot imagine why other

nations should be restless and provocative. The *status quo* is so eminently satisfactory to us that we regard as criminals those who would disturb it. Our English newspapers, if I may presume to say so, have been almost laughable of late in their assumption of virtue, and almost grotesque in their imputations of wickedness to other countries. Let us consider, for example, the quite extraordinary outburst of Pharisaism which greeted the publication of the Allies' terms of peace. Well might the unreflecting citizen have felt his bosom swell with pride as he read every day of Britain's glorious disinterestedness in this war and of her determination, at whatever sacrifice in blood and treasure, to vindicate the rights of small nations. But if he had remembered a remarkable leading article which appeared so long ago as Christmas Day, 1911, in *The Times* newspaper, he might have lost his vain-glory in a mood of more helpful Christian humility. That article said:

> We may surely ask ourselves whether a quickened sense of human fellowship and of the Christian brotherhood of man might not have abated the conflicts and assuaged the antagonisms which have so nearly wrecked our peace at home and abroad. It is an elementary part of our duty to our neighbors to seek peace and pursue it, to do unto others as we would they should do unto us. Have we always remembered this golden rule in our dealings with our neighbors, national and international? It may be that we have, or think we have, but it is worth while to reflect that of the two men who went up to the Temple to pray it was not the man who said, "God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are," but the man of humble soul, who said, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner," who went down to his house justified rather than the other.

Our view of ourselves is one thing; what the rest of the world thinks of us is quite another. Let us endeavor to see ourselves, in the matter of these peace terms, as others see us. We shall then perhaps be better able to understand why those righteous peace terms are resented, and resented with a particular bitterness towards our own country, a bitterness which does not scruple to charge us with the deadly sin of Pharisaism.

A Radical German newspaper thus speaks of those terms:

> England . . . doubled her empire between 1780 and 1870, since which year she has acquired the following new possessions: In

Asia, the island of Cyprus, a part of Borneo, Burmah, Beloochistan, and the Malay Protectorate; in Africa, Nigeria, British East Africa, Uganda, Somaliland, Bechuanaland, Rhodesia, British Kaffraria, Natal, Transvaal, and the Orange Free State, Egypt, and the Soudan; and in Australia, the Fiji Islands. . . . England has thus increased her territory 60 per cent. during the last fifty years.

And a National-Liberal newspaper:

They pretend to fight for the principle of free nationalities and protection of the small peoples. Rightly does the German note point to the fact that this principle has a strange appearance in the mouth of these world-vampires, who have stolen whole continents and who even now violate every small State that does not submit to their own interests.

And Herr Dernburg's comment is:

Imagine applying the principle of nationality to *America!* Is their country to be split up into separate States—German and English, Scandinavian and Italian, with a great independent negro republic dominating the South? Those who know Europe have only to bring forward a string of names to make patent the glaring contradiction: Finland and the Baltic, Little Russia and the Caucasus, Turkestan and Persia, Ireland, India, the Boer Republics, Gibraltar, Malta, Corsica, Savoy, Nice, Corea, and Manchuria. After that what is left of the French demand for Alsace-Lorraine, which, as a matter of fact, was originally torn from the German Empire in the most brutal way? If the principle is applied to America, the Louisiana [sic] and the Mississippi [sic] ought to be given back to the French, California and Arizona to the Spaniards, and New York to the Dutch.

Many more comments, arguing in the same direction and breathing the same spirit, might be produced every week from the instructive pages of *The Cambridge Magazine;* nor would all those comments come from enemy countries. And even if we are disposed to dismiss these comments as fantastic, even if we over-emphasize the palpable absurdity of them and miss the central truth contained in the wildest of them, still we cannot deny that they witness to a condition of the German mind eminently and decisively dissatisfied with the *status quo.*

We are face to face, then, with this supreme difficulty. Unless the league of nations is prepared to hold down by force, for an indefinite period, Germany, Austria, Turkey,

and Bulgaria, the peace of the world would always be at the mercy of these dissatisfied countries. I can perfectly understand the point of view of an English militarist who argues that there is not room in the world for two great empires, and that Germany must have that idea knocked out of her head once and for all. This is a sane and logical point of view. There is no doubt that if the philosophy of Nietzsche is true, and if morals in politics are an affectation, we should exert all our power, now that we have got the world on our side, to dismember the German Empire, to enfeeble her people, and to bar her progress at every point of the compass. But this is a point of view which presupposes the eternity of the sword. It cannot possibly present itself to those who hate war as Kant hated it, and Goethe, and Fichte, and Hegel. It cannot for a moment be entertained by any man who believes in the religious progress of humanity. It is a notion, whatever else may be its implications, which makes a scrap of paper of the Gospel of Christ.

But how can we expect Germany and Austria and Turkey and Bulgaria to enter our league of nations if their entrance is to be made in the rags of beggary with the mark of slaves upon their brows? We can force them in such a condition to enter, but with what hope of their co-operation in the great work of world civilization? Surely we must confess that a league of nations so composed would break asunder within measurable time. The conspiracies of the malcontents might fail; their mutinies might be beaten by the police force of the other nations; their revolts might be feeble and short-lived; but such revolts would do something more than disturb the armed peace of the world—they would introduce dangerous controversies into the league.

It seems evident, I think, that if this league of nations is to be formed, and if from this league which, clearly, is only a beginning, the nations are, in the words of the late Lord Salisbury, to be "welded in some international constitution," which he foresaw to be the one eventual security against war, it is, above all other things, necessary that good will should inspire the whole body of nations forming that league.

International federation, which we are now considering, is manifestly the greatest political ideal which presents itself to good men in every country under the sun. If there could be in the world an international court of justice, to

which every dispute between the federated nations would automatically be referred, and if behind this international court of justice there could be a force of the federated nations to see that its judgments were honored, then surely we might hope with Lord Salisbury for "a long spell of unfettered and prosperous trade and continued peace."

But as soon as we begin to particularize, the obstacles to such an international constitution appear almost insurmountable. For example, let us suppose that France claimed from us the restitution of the Channel Islands and the court decided that we should surrender them. In this case, despite all the difficulties, we might bow with a good grace to the judgment of the court. But suppose that India appealed to the court for self-government, and was followed by Egypt, and then that Spain came into court against us, claiming Gibraltar and Malta, would it be easy for us to submit? No one dreams of setting up an international constitution which would merely preserve the *status quo;* it is obvious that this international constitution must be as adaptable and progressive as a national constitution; that it must be, indeed, the supreme judge of every decade of world politics. Are we, then, quite certain that we could with safety commit our national destinies into the hands of such a constitution? *Might not the peace of the world be too high a price to pay for loss of control over our own British destiny?*

The Englishman, of all nationalities, is the freest, and has the notion of freedom in his very blood. The French historian, M. Seignobus, has paid us this compliment: "The English people developed the political mechanism of modern Europe, constitutional monarchy, parliamentary government, and safeguards for personal liberty. The other nations have only imitated them." And Professor Ramsay Muir, in *Nationalism and Internationalism,* shows that England, where equal law was established by the Norman and Angevin kings, was "the first of European nations to achieve full consciousness of her nationhood." England, then, is of all countries the least unlikely to resent the decisions of law. She has none of the irritable pride of the parvenu; she is old in her hatred of militarism; she is patient, peace-loving, law-abiding. But who can think of this England allowing an international court of justice to decide for her whether India should be left to a bloody con-

test between Mussulmans and Hindus, and whether her stupendous work in Egypt should be exposed to the destruction of desert tribes? And if England would not easily submit to such jurisdiction, how can we expect submission from those more arrogant nations in whose blood is the pride of the sword and in whose history is no long tradition of the law?

If we are honest with ourselves, must we not acknowledge that there is some indestructible force in nationalism which insists upon making its own way across the centuries, and which cannot trust itself to the interference of others? Is it not a truth of every educated Englishman's existence that, like Milton, "content with these British islands as my world," he feels the destiny of his country to be something immeasurably greater and infinitely more precious than anything else in the politics of the world? And is it to be expected of other nations that they should submit to a foreign decision matters which they feel to be vital to *their* destinies—as great and as precious to them as the destiny of England is to the Englishman? Small matters, such as disputes touching the interpretation of international law, we can imagine any nation submitting to a tribunal of the peoples; but not matters which concern their destiny.

And yet it is through this very pressure of nationalism that the world is most likely to reach the ideal goal of international federation. Instead of finding, as so many pacifists have argued, that nationalism is a bar to internationalism, we shall find, I think, that by no other road is internationalism to be reached. But we shall imperil this great hope if we insist upon proceeding with President Wilson's suggestion for a league of nations with any idea in our minds that a mechanical solution can be found for national rivalries. *Good will* is essential.

Let us beware of pouring the new wine of international fraternity into the old skins of national hatreds. These dreadful hatreds, history teaches us, will pass. But no form of international machinery, even when this present tempest of hatred has passed, can guarantee to the nations of the earth a true and lasting peace until the spirit which animates the relations of states is definitely the spirit of Good Will.

HAROLD BEGBIE.

CONSCRIPTION OF INCOME

BY CHARLES J. BULLOCK

An effort has been made to commit the United States to the policy of financing the war exclusively by taxation. It is seriously contended that, except for such funds as are immediately needed, the whole expense should be met by increasing taxation to whatever extent may prove necessary. This is supposed to be entirely practicable and is claimed to be the only plan consistent with social justice. Under the euphonious name of "conscription of income" it has gained numerous adherents, and therefore requires careful examination.[1]

The first argument in favor of this proposal is that, except in so far as a country can borrow money abroad and with it purchase supplies in other lands, the whole burden of war must in any event be met as it goes along whether we resort to loans or to taxation. The real cost of war consists of the food, clothing, arms, munitions, and the like, that must somehow be purchased and then consumed in military operations. This burden cannot be passed along to the next generation, but must be borne day by day as the war proceeds. Why not, then, finance it exclusively by taxes and avoid the delusion that by employing loans we are in fact passing any part of it on to our successors?

Such reasoning, so far as it goes, is correct. But it does not reckon with all the factors in the problem. It deals only with the real costs of war conceived in terms of material commodities, and ignores the distinction between these real

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[1] This plan was brought forward by Professor O. M. W. Sprague in an article published in *The New Republic*, February 24, 1917. It is advocated in a memorial issued by Professor E. D. Durand and other economists under date of April 4, 1917. It has also been given wide publicity by Amos Pinchot and others, designating themselves "The American Committee on War Finance."

costs and the money costs into which they must be translated before we can reason in terms of actual life. We cannot take it for granted without careful investigation that, in a complex state of society where business is transacted by an intricate system of exchange based upon the institutions of money and credit, it is possible for a government by means of taxation to transfer abruptly, let us say $5,000,000,000, from the pockets of taxpayers to the firing line without producing undesirable results, and perhaps disaster. It is as if an engineer who wished to gather up a vast supply of water from distant sources and convey it to a reservoir in a great city should conclude that it was merely a matter of transferring so many gallons of water from one point to another, and should give no thought to the sources from which the supply was drawn or to the apparatus through which it was distributed.

The question is one of the proper distribution of strain upon a complicated business mechanism which is now adjusted to work in certain ways and can be altered only gradually if we would avoid disaster. There are in the United States many people who have capital to lend, and can readily arrange to have still more within a short time if the Government resorts to loans. Borrowing from such persons will exert a certain strain upon our economic organization because what the Government borrows will not be available for investment in industry. There are certain other people who have large incomes of which a part would ordinarily be spent for personal consumption, and a part must be invested if industry is to go on. The smallest immediate strain would probably be occasioned by borrowing from the free capital of the business community. We can, however, without disturbance to industry, levy heavy taxes which will reach income that would otherwise be devoted to personal consumption, and we can steadily increase the amount of such taxation as time goes on. The most serious strain is that which would arise from "conscripting" income that would otherwise be devoted to the maintenance and development of industry; and this we should seek to minimize, even though we may not be able wholly to avoid it. The whole machine must be readjusted if a long war is to be financed, and we shall wreck it if we apply undue pressure at the wrong point, especially during the first year.

The second argument for exclusive reliance upon taxa-

tion is that public loans are likely to lead to inflation which, of course, will increase the cost of living and the cost of conducting the war. When bonds are floated, credit is extended by banks to subscribers, and the securities, when issued, become collateral for loans. Thus, public borrowing leads to an expansion of bank credit, and tends to raise the general level of prices. That this may happen to some extent cannot be doubted; but it is to be remembered that such loans must presently be repaid, and that many borrowers will economize in expenditures in order to make such payment. To the extent that this occurs, private expenditures will be curtailed and the credits given by banks will be canceled without causing inflation. Furthermore, it is not to be overlooked that, in view of the large demand for food and other commodities during the next year, it is desirable that production shall be kept at a maximum, and that higher prices will conduce to this result. The evil, then, is not so great as might be supposed, and has important compensations.

Moreover, it is certain that the policy of exclusive taxation presents its own difficulties and dangers. Even if loans were wholly avoided, such things as food, fibers, leather, minerals, and the like are going to be in extraordinary demand and will inevitably command high prices. Luxuries might sell at lower figures if inflation were wholly avoided, but most necessities cannot fail to be relatively scarce and therefore dear. Price regulation may help at this point; but this we shall probably have in any event, and it is not conditioned upon any particular plan of finance. A serious danger of the proposed scheme would be that it is improbable that any system of taxation would raise the amount of money required, so that the Government would be compelled sooner or later to supply the deficiency in other ways. If it recognized the situation in time and promptly adopted a well-considered system of permanent loans, all might still be well; but if it should be reluctant to admit the failure of its plan, it would not improbably resort to temporary financing which is precisely the kind that entails the greatest danger of inflation. Moreover, if by any chance excessive taxation had meanwhile thrown industry out of gear, the Government would be less able to inaugurate a system of permanent loans than it is today when all conditions are reasonably favorable for borrowing. Between the inconvenience of such inflation as may arise from a well-considered loan

policy adopted at the outset, and the danger of a temporizing, makeshift policy, adopted to supply deficiencies of tax revenue, there is no doubt which alternative we should choose. It is far better at the beginning to build our financial structure upon two bases, taxation and permanent loans, with the intention of increasing the former and decreasing the latter as the war goes on, and with the determination at all hazards to minimize our use of temporary loans.

The third argument in favor of the exclusive taxation policy is that it is necessary in order to secure equality in the treatment of property and human life. Since we are going to conscript many men for service at the front where some of them must sacrifice their lives, it is argued that we must similarly conscript the wealth required for war expenditures rather than obtain it from loans attracted by the lure of interest. Conscription of income is declared to be the logical accompaniment of conscription of men, and loans are held to be contrary to the plainest dictates of justice.

If this were merely another way of stating, although with unnecessary circumlocution, that in time of war every citizen should hold his life and property at the disposal of the Government, we could accept it as entirely true and also entirely useless as a principle of war finance. The sacrifice of life and the sacrifice of property are things essentially disparate, to which the idea of equality is wholly inapplicable. To men who lose their lives at the front we can offer nothing but grateful remembrance and suitable provision for those whom they leave behind. Upon those who stay at home we must impose the duty of providing the necessary supplies, but we can derive no rule of contribution from a comparison of the two kinds of sacrifice. In fact, to attempt to do so would lead to a wrong conclusion. If the national treasury is to be well supplied during a long war, it is necessary that industry should prosper and that production should be as large as possible. What we need is a plan of finance that will make the best provision for supplying the Government with the material resources which it needs. If conscription of income or property will best accomplish this, it should be resorted to. But if it would tend to disorganize industry and dry up the sources of future revenue, we should carefully avoid it. This is the only point entitled to consideration, and we merely darken counsel with words and run the danger of perverting it with

class prejudice if we raise the issue of life against property. What we need is the safest, surest, and most efficient plan of war finance; that is what should accompany conscription of men, and that is the only real service those who stay at home can offer to those who go to the front.

Underlying some of the arguments in favor of conscription of income is an assumption, which frequently crops out in discussions of the war, that the fighting has got to be done by the poor and that the rich are not likely to do their share. Thus the American Committee on War Finance, in its advertisement of April 1st, asserts that the poor man "will do the bulk of the fighting; because he forms the bulk of the population." This is literally true, but is not inconsistent with the further assertion that the rich, proportionately to their numbers, will do as much fighting as the poor. If we do not wish to divide our counsels and weaken our forces at the very outset, we must proceed upon the assumption that this is a war of the whole American people.

It is permissible, indeed, to distinguish between those who go to the front and those who stay at home, but the former will not include a disproportionate number of the poor or the latter a disproportionate number of the rich. Financing the war by taxes levied chiefly or exclusively upon the rich would in no way secure equality in the treatment of life and property. The rich who are called to the front would under this plan have their income as well as their service conscripted, and the poor who stay at home would contribute neither money nor military service. If it is desired to levy upon those who stay at home a tax that shall compensate for their failure to render military service, the proper expedient would be a military compensation tax such as has long been imposed by Switzerland and some other countries. This should be levied upon rich and poor alike, upon the basis of income, without exemption of any description whatever.

Adequate consideration of the proposal to conscript income presupposes a definite plan of conscription. The American Committee on War Finance proposes a graduated income tax which "will permit of no individual retaining an annual net income in excess of $100,000, during the war." Other plans suggest tentatively the conscription of substantially all war profits and the increase of the income tax to rates resembling those proposed by the Committee on War Finance. All of the plans agree in proposing practical con-

fiscation of large incomes, though some make a place for other taxes, chiefly upon luxuries. Since most of these projects must be regarded as tentative, it would be unfair to attempt any more precise statement of them, so that I can only invite attention to the general principles involved. I shall, therefore, assume that it is proposed to conscript—that is, to appropriate by taxation—substantially all war profits and substantially all income in excess of a certain amount which might be $100,000 or perhaps a somewhat larger figure.

The first difficulty with these proposals is that they ignore the fact that, in order to be permanently fruitful of revenue, taxation must rest upon a prosperous state of industry. The last thing to be desired at this time is to check enterprise and decrease the volume of production. It is necessary, indeed, to diminish the output of things not needed for the prosecution of the war and the subsistence of our own people or the people of the countries with which we are allied. But, so far as consistent with this main purpose, it is important that industries shall prosper and produce revenue both for their proprietors and for the tax-gatherer. We are passing from a condition of peace to a condition of war, and face a trying period of readjustment. While the house must be put in order, we should avoid precipitate action which will cause unnecessary distress. A member of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense has already felt obliged to issue a warning upon this point, in which he reminds us that: "Business must be increased, labor employed, and the country kept going strongly ahead as a successful economic machine." And he adds: "We must have successful industries if successful tax levies are to be received." [1]

In this state of affairs we do not want precipitate readjustments enforced by excessive taxation. Plans for the year 1917 were entered upon many months ago and commitments have been made which cannot be suddenly changed without serious consequences. Equipment has been purchased, materials have been bought, and loans have been contracted. These conditions simply cannot be ignored; and, therefore, moderation is necessary in the levy of war taxes during the year 1917. A year hence heavier taxation will be possible; and, if the war continues for a third year, still heavier taxes can be imposed. But this year, at least, we must make extensive use of loans, and thereafter we must

[1] Statement issued by H. E. Coffin, April 19, 1917.

be guided by conditions as we find them and not by a Procrustean theory of war finance. No one knows today the probable needs of the Government or the limits to which future taxation can be safely carried. All that can be wisely done is to levy immediately such additional taxes as can be imposed without injury to industry.

The second difficulty with conscription of income is that taxable and disposable income are not identical terms. When it is proposed to conscript incomes in excess of some such figure as $100,000, it is taken for granted that the funds thus obtained would otherwise be expended for personal consumption, very largely upon articles of luxury; or, in other words, that these funds would be taken from disposable income which the recipients would otherwise be free to consume without diminishing their capital and impairing their ability to pay taxes in subsequent years. This is far from the truth.

Taxable net income, as defined by law and determined by the Bureau of Internal Revenue, includes a large amount of so-called income which must be set aside to allow for depreciation and obsolescence. Some provision is indeed made for these items, but it is usually less than any prudent manager would set aside for the purpose. This is true so far as I can ascertain of all income taxes, and is not peculiar to our own. It is probably due to the impossibility of making adequate allowance without opening the door to intolerable abuse. The course which governments follow may be entirely correct as a matter of practical tax administration; at any rate, I believe it to be so, and what I have just said implies no criticism of the prevailing income tax practice. We must simply regard it as one of the inevitable limitations of income taxation, that governments habitually tax a certain amount of income which in any well-managed concern will be set aside for depreciation and obsolescence.

In the next place, taxable net income includes in many cases items which are not income at all, but merely represent replacement of capital. This is true of dividends upon mining stock which, as everyone knows, must include repayments of the capital originally invested. It is true also of many adventures, of which stock speculation is the best illustration, which in some years show profits and in others losses. In determining taxable income, the losses of any year may be deducted from the gains of the same year, but it is not possible to carry a running account in which the net losses of the

bad years are deducted from the net profits of the good. Therefore, in every good year governments tax as income certain amounts of so-called revenue which over a series of years must offset losses of part of the adventurer's capital.

In the third place, after full allowance is made for depreciation, obsolescence, and the losses of bad years, no business man can treat the whole of the remaining profits as disposable income. Some part, and usually a considerable part, must be plowed back into the business if the concern is to prosper. Twenty per cent. is perhaps the minimum that should be turned back, and our best managed enterprises habitually appropriate much more than this percentage.

In the fourth place, many taxpayers are already committed to new enterprises or to the extension of old ones; they have already entered upon plans calling for continuous expansion over a period of years, and may be seriously embarrassed if our taxation policy confuses taxable net income with disposable revenue. In not a few cases they have borrowed some part of the money needed for extensions, expecting gradually to repay their loans out of profits. Obviously, Procrustean taxation will make such repayment impossible "during the war," and may compel bankers to extend such loans for an indefinite period, thus immobilizing the resources of the banks, which now, if ever, should be kept liquid.

In the fifth place, the credit of an individual or a business concern depends in some measure upon disposable income. Most loans now outstanding are going to be repaid in the ordinary course of business or by the sale of securities held as collateral, and only a small part may be repaid out of current profits. But a person with disposable income enjoys better credit than one who is known not to be making money, and a man or business concern whose income had been conscripted would certainly fall in the latter category. Men of wealth are often heavy borrowers, and many of them are always committed to new enterprises for which they have contracted loans that they expect to repay out of profits. If such profits were conscripted, these loans could be repaid only by liquidation.

When these considerations are taken into account, it becomes evident that, if our industries are to prosper, the taxation of large incomes must be confined within reasonable bounds. Our present taxes undoubtedly admit of immediate

increase; it will be possible to raise them still higher in the second year of the war; then, if no injurious results have developed, they can be raised to still higher figures. But time must be allowed for the inevitable readjustments taxpayers will have to make, and precipitate action will certainly cause disastrous consequences.

Not only is taxable net income not disposable income,—either for the taxpayer or for the Government,—but it is certain that excessive income taxation in whatever form or forms it may be employed has other important limitations which cannot be safely ignored. The first of these is that an income tax exempts from contribution property that does not yield an income, and therefore creates a special inducement to invest in such property. If the rate of the tax is heavy, this inducement obviously becomes very great, and long before the point of conscription is reached it becomes overwhelming. There can be little doubt that since 1913 the income taxes levied by the United States and certain of the commonwealths have stimulated the demand for stocks of corporations which are not yet paying dividends, but are believed to have a promising future. Between a speculative profit which can be taken after the war and a regular income which is going to be conscripted as long as the war lasts, there can be no doubt where the choice will fall if a person is of a speculative turn of mind.

The importance of this consideration can hardly be exaggerated. There may be some surer means of checking the utilization of undeveloped resources and discouraging latent enterprise than the plan of conscripting income above a certain amount, but it would be difficult to devise any form of taxation that would more certainly produce such results.

The second limitation upon income taxation is that difficulties of administration multiply as the rate is increased. There is not only the danger of legal avoidance and illegal evasion, which under favorable conditions can be minimized, but there is also the difficulty of determining precisely what the net income of a taxpayer is. With the good will and cooperation of the taxpayer, this difficulty is seldom serious, but when conscription of income is undertaken it may easily become very great. Our present income tax is successfully administered; and with amendment at certain points would be able to stand the strain occasioned by higher rates. I shall be greatly surprised, however, if the Bureau of Internal

Revenue, with its knowledge of the practical conditions that must be faced, advises the introduction of a conscriptive tax.

The third limitation is common to all forms of taxation. Unless a government desires to destroy the object taxed, the rate of taxation must not be raised to a prohibitive figure; while if the purpose in view is to procure the maximum revenue for a series of years, the tax rate must be kept within reasonable bounds. Society is now organized upon the basis of private property and individual enterprise; and, so long as this arrangement continues, industry must yield a profit if there is to be a large income for the Government to tax. In an emergency like this we can rely to a certain extent upon patriotism, and to a certain extent upon the penalties of the law. But nothing except the prospect of profit will call forth that degree of enterprise and efficiency which is necessary if private revenues are to be large and both public and private wants are to be fully supplied.

CHARLES J. BULLOCK.

A GREAT FARMER: DAVID FRANKLIN HOUSTON

BY J. C. HEMPHILL

[It is a circumstance bearing full confidence and no little comfort that this particular time, when necessarily enormous powers are conferred upon the Department of Agriculture, finds David Franklin Houston its level head. How he happened to be selected for the position four years ago matters not at all. Mr. Hemphill, whose admirably succinct account of his work is presented herewith, attributes the choice to the President's intuitive recognition of his possession of certain valuable attributes. Maybe so; we had supposed that luck and Colonel House had much to do with it; but never mind! It was a happy hit, and we are more than pleased to endorse heartily from personal knowledge Mr. Hemphill's appreciation of true worth and unflagging industry in high public service. None whom we know is better equipped for the satisfactory performance of the great work with which Secretary Houston must grapple. But the intuition was of the parents who named him. David had vision; Franklin had sense; Houston has both; and it is greatly to his advantage that before reaching a conclusion he rolls a thought over and over in his mind, much as a cow chews a cud.—EDITOR.]

THERE were great farmers before David Franklin Houston, the United States Secretary of Agriculture; there was never one who managed so large a plantation. There was Job, who employed five hundred yoke of oxen in ploughing his fields, and the Pharaohs of Egypt, who depended upon the wind to winnow their wheat, the feet of their flocks to plant their seed, and the silt of the Nile to fertilize their fields; and there was Marcus Porcius Cato, the Roman, who lived one hundred and forty-nine years before the Christian Era and who had profited by the experiences and failures of the earlier farmers to teach the economic value of intensive cultivation, the use of leguminous plants for soil improvement, the importance of live stock in a system of general farming,

and the effective preservation of manure as essential to the success of agriculture.

Some years ago Fairfax Harrison, now president of the Southern Railway, wrote a book, *Cato's Farm Management*, for private circulation, in which he said: "Barring some developments of bacterial science, like the ingenious 'nodular hypothesis' in respect to legumes, the student of farm management today could not go far wrong if he founded modern instances of agricultural experience upon the wise saws of this sturdy old heathen." Better still, the student of farm management could not go wrong at all if he followed the counsel of the quiet, self-contained, non-advertising, wisest Christian successor the heathen philosopher has had in two thousand years. Of demonstrated executive ability, a teacher of long and varied experience, a scholar and thinker well in advance of his times, a man of force and vision—that is why Mr. Houston was selected by the President for his present work. Brought up in an agricultural community, for a number of years he did everything on a farm that had to be done. He has not figured very prominently in the press because his work has not been of the sensational order, but he has accomplished wonderful things in making the Department of Agriculture the most effective arm of the Government.

The work of the Department is covered in three general classes:

1. Research work, which includes the scientific study of the fundamental problems of agriculture.

2. Educational or extension work, which aims to make available to the rural population the results of the Department's experiments and discoveries.

3. Regulatory work, which includes the enforcement of statutes relating to meat inspection, animal and plant quarantine, foods and drugs, game and migratory birds, seed adulteration, insecticides and fungicides, the manufacture of vaccines and viruses, and the administration of the national forests.

For the purpose of carrying out these several grand activities of the Department numerous divisions or sections have been organized, each doing its particular bit under the direction of the most competent men available for the special service required. The Department of Agriculture is a strictly business institution, devoted wholly to the very defi-

nite end of making agriculture efficient and profitable and rural life in the United States comfortable, healthful, and attractive. With its 17,000 employees and an annual budget of $35,000,000 in round figures, it is the greatest constructive agency in the world. There is no politics in the organization of its many divisions and in the selection of its multitude of agents. Of the 17,000 employees only three of those holding positions of responsibility are not covered in the classified service. The only test of service is fitness; the only rule of tenure is efficiency.

What does the Department do? Nearly everything affecting the life of the people. The "Programme of Work" of the Department for the current fiscal year fills a book of five hundred pages, in which are outlined the projects of each bureau and office, with an indication of the object, cooperative relationships of such projects, and with the purpose of so informing the workers as to what is expected of them that there will be such correlation of work and coordination of effort as will reduce useless duplication. Take the Office of Farm Management, for example, and the work this year will cover, as it did last year, investigations in farm economics showing the cost of growing sugar beets, potatoes, and cotton, the cost of producing hay and grasses, corn silage, and fruit, with full account of all the economic factors involved and exact conclusions of the best methods to be employed in these several enterprises based upon actual demonstrations in field and orchard. In like manner the most careful investigations will be conducted in the field of live-stock economics, covering the cost of feeder cattle, beef cattle, dairy cattle, the raising of colts and farm horses, and the cost of producing dairy products with relation to the profits of the farm business. The most interesting of the investigations made by this office will cover the history and distribution of farm enterprises, analysis of the farm business, the cost of the farmer's living, the principles of farm tenantry, the cost of farm equipment, the method of farm accounts, the application of farm economics to farm practice, and the question of farm organization in certain well-defined districts covering the different sections of the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The same character of work is being done in all the other fourteen offices, bureaus, or divisions of the Department—investigation, administration, regulation—and all these multitudinous activities the Sec-

retary of Agriculture directs with the sole object of making his work most effective for the common good.

From its very humble beginning in 1839, with desk room in the Patent Office, then attached to the State Department, for the collection of statistics and the distribution of seed at an expense of $1,000, to the Department of this day, with its annual budget of $36,000,000, and pledges amounting to $150,000,000 for expenditure during the next four years, the cause of agriculture has expanded, thanks largely to Abraham Lincoln, who approved the Act of Congress, May 15, 1862, creating the Department as a branch of the Federal Government, and on July 2, 1862, the Act of Congress creating the land-grant colleges, with which the Department is now co-operating in the most useful way. Yet with all its enormous growth and the large provision made for its extension and support, the Department has hardly kept pace with the growth of the country. Fifty years ago the wealth of the Nation was $20,000,000,000 as compared with $130,000,000,000 at present, while the value of its farm property was about $8,000,000,000 as compared with more than $45,000,000,000 now, and its annual farm products were less than $2,000,000,000, as compared with more than $9,000,000,000 now. But American agriculture has been making tremendous strides. The land-grant colleges, sixty-seven in number, have a total valuation in endowment, plant, and equipment of $128,000,000, an income of $26,000,000, teachers to the number of 4,500, a resident student body of 62,000, and a total number receiving instruction from them of nearly 250,000. The Department, working in harmony with the colleges, with its staff of 17,000 workers and expenditures of $24,000,000, vitally touches the Nation at nearly every practical point. The value of wealth produced on the farms in 1915 aggregated $10,501,686,375. Yet less than 32 per cent. of the arable land of the country is under cultivation, and not over 45 per cent. of that under cultivation is yielding reasonably full returns, a condition which the Secretary is trying to cure by the encouragement of improved methods of cultivation and distribution and marketing of the crops.

What has been accomplished during Secretary Houston's administration of his office? The story fully told would fill a volume, and only a few notes may be made here of a few of the achievements. Secretary Houston would be the first to protest against ascribing to himself any undue share of

the credit. There have been many collaborators, many intelligent and active friends of agriculture in Congress, in the ranks of the scientists of the Department, in the land-grant colleges, and among farmers and the farm organizations of the country. Of the highest importance was the enactment of the Agricultural Extension Act by the Congress in 1914, which has been truly described as " one of the most significant educational measures ever adopted by any nation," the object of which is to inform the people promptly and effectively, of all the results of scientific inquiry through personal contact with trained agents. Under this Act provision is made for co-operation between the Department of Agriculture and the land-grant college in each State in the direct education of the farmer and his family in the higher agriculture. When the law is in full operation there may be employed in this service in every one of the 2,850 rural counties of the Union at least two county agents, with district supervisors, supported by all the forces of the college and the Department, at an expense of from ten to twelve million dollars. What this will mean for the farmers may be imagined from the results obtained in one year since the law went into effect—direct demonstrations on 140,000 farms, 600,000 farm visits, 3,000 silos built in the South under the direction of the agents in the field, 75,000 hillsides terraced to prevent erosion, 65,000 acres of land drained, 3,000 demonstration gardens planted, and 500 communities induced to co-operate in some special agricultural work. In the North, 600,000 acres of land tested, 280,000 acres of oats and 85,000 acres of alfalfa planted, and nearly 300,000 boys and girls enrolled in clubs for soil improvement, for crop rotations, and in pig, poultry, hog, sheep, and canning clubs.

Secretary Houston should have a large share of the credit for the creation of the Office of Markets for the purpose of acquiring and diffusing information about the marketing and distribution of farm products. The appropriation for this service has been increased since the passage of the law from $50,000 to $1,200,000, and the work of the office consists in establishing proper methods for the grading and standardization, the packing and shipping and marketing of special products, problems of transportation and storage, city marketing and distribution, direct dealing between producers and consumers, and co-operative production and handling of products.

Other legislation enacted during the past four years deals with cotton futures, the grading of grain, the warehousing of agricultural products so that the receipts of the warehouses are available as collateral in banking, the establishment of farm loan banks, and the enactment of the good roads law, by which the Federal Government and the States are made partners in the building of highways for commerce.

The enactment of the Cotton Futures law was an important step towards more satisfactory conditions of production and distribution. It was the first regulative statute passed by Congress for the improvement of marketing conditions. The quotations of future contracts on cotton exchanges have a commanding influence upon the prices paid for spot cotton, and before the passage of this law there were so many different cotton standards in the market that there was no assurance that the buyer would receive the grade of cotton for which he had contracted and which he required in his business. The law imposes generally on all contracts for the future delivery of cotton, made on exchanges, boards of trade, and other like places, a tax of two cents the pound on the quantity of cotton involved and the exemption of such contracts from such tax if the conditions noted in the law, which are aimed at the existing evils in future dealings, are complied with. These conditions require the use of the official standards of the United States in the grading of the staple, the exclusion from delivery on contract of certain inferior grades and qualities of cotton, the adoption of commercial differences in determining the relative values of different grades, and the determination by the Secretary of disputes between the contracting parties as to grade, quality, or length of staple of the cotton tendered on contract. The law, as a whole, is constructive and regulatory, not destructive and oppressive. It recognizes that the exchanges, when properly conducted, may benefit both the producer of raw cotton and the manufacturer of goods. It was enacted in the interest alike of producers, merchants, spinners, and exchange members, and it is doing its work.

A practical illustration of the need for better legislation dealing with the inspection and shipment of grain is supplied by an incident which happened a year and a half ago. The Secretary seized a shipment of $1,500,000 worth of oats, which the inspectors under the Food and Drugs Act reported contained from ten to thirty-five bushels in the hundred of

weed seed and trash, of which ten carloads had been moistened by sprinklers at the elevators to increase its weight, and that the weed seed had been mixed deliberately at the elevators. Protest was made to the Secretary, who is a man of fair and open mind, that the State inspector had passed the oats and that the foreigners knew what they were getting, and the Secretary said: "If the foreigners know what they are getting then there is no harm in your stating what they are—sixty-five bushels of oats and thirty-five bushels of weed seed," and that settled it. Under the grain-grading law there will be hereafter Federal supervision of shipments of grain in both interstate and foreign commerce, to the advantage of dealers and consumers.

Among other activities of Secretary Houston are the supervision of 155,000,000 acres of national forest land, protecting the forests from fire, promoting the use of water for irrigation and power, regulating grazing, developing forest recreation uses, and conducting many scientific tests for the better utilization of forest products. When the national forests were taken over from the Department of the Interior ten years ago the grazing on these lands was steadily deteriorating and sustained only 1,500,000 animals. Today under scientific management the grazing is steadily improving and the forests are supporting more than 14,000,000 animals.

Then there stands to the credit of the Department of Agriculture the eradication of the cattle tick from 294,000 square miles of territory in ten years, the suppression of the foot-and-mouth disease in all the country from Massachusetts to Montana, the saving of the citrus industry of California, and a score of other invaluable services protecting the orchards and fields and forests from destruction by insect and fungus pests. In addition, new farm products to the value of $270,000,000 have been promoted by the introduction and development of new crops, and one-third of the total area of the United States has been covered by the soil surveys conducted by this Department.

One of the most important offices in the Department of Agriculture is that of Solicitor, which is charged with the direction of the legal work of the Department. The head of this office is Francis G. Caffey, a practicing attorney in New York for ten years before entering the Government service four years ago. He is one of the most dependable men in any of the departments and has been of inestimable value to the Secretary, whose legal adviser he is, in keeping

the orders and regulations promulgated by the Secretary within statutory authority, so that every official act of the Department has behind it all the force of legislative sanction and judicial decision. He is also at the service of such committees of Congress as may call upon him for counsel.

During the last fiscal year the Solicitor's office drew or examined more than forty bills relating to agricultural matters introduced in Congress, and from the enforcement of the meat inspection laws to the protection of migratory birds through thirty statutes the Solicitor and his several assistants, all of whom are underpaid, are engaged. Last year they handled 2,623 litigated cases, prepared for administrative officials nearly 3,000 contracts and other legal papers, and rendered 1,382 formal opinions for the guidance of the administrative officers of the Department. In the enforcement of the Food and Drugs Act, for illustration, through the co-operation of this office the Department of Justice obtained in the way of fines and recoveries in the three years from 1914 to 1916 the sum of $358,772. During the same period the Solicitor recovered for the Government 153,409 acres of valuable land which had been illegally entered by private parties, worth in timber value alone $1,350,000. In construing the Cotton Futures act the Solicitor has given one hundred and fifty legal opinions for the benefit of the public in the last two years, and all this immense work has been done at an expenditure of only $61,400.

Under the care of Secretary Houston there is one-fifth of the standing timber in the United States, 42 per cent. of the water power of the West, and 31 per cent. of all the water power in the Nation. He is required to administer thirty laws passed by Congress. He was a member of the board appointed to locate the banks of the Federal Reserve System, he was consulted when the Farm Loan Bank System was under consideration, he is a member of half a dozen boards of one sort and another, engaged in planning for the building up of a Greater America, and is a fairly busy man who keeps his wits about him and whose only care is in doing his work well. The only thing he covets is a better popular understanding of the aims and purposes of the Department of Agriculture and, most of all, the whole-hearted co-operation of the business men of the country, especially the business men of the large cities, in the great work entrusted to him.

Proof of the efficiency of the Department of Agriculture, if proof were needed, is to be found in the very remarkable work Secretary Houston has done since the declaration of war with Germany. His task would be impossible but for the thorough organization of his Department, which is working with German-like efficiency to meet the emergency.

Secretary's Houston's first care is the increased production of food crops, their better distribution and conservation. The conservation of food supplies cannot be achieved without the elimination of waste which it is estimated amounts to at least $700,000,000 annually; the distribution cannot be effected without better control of the marketing and transportation facilities of the country, and the largest production cannot be secured except by the cultivation of every acre of arable land, and the employment of all available labor and its proper handling so that it can be shifted as the necessities of cultivation and harvesting may require. The food crops must be graded or standardized so that their value may be fixed, all establishments or factories in which food or feeds are prepared, manufactured or kept for sale or distribution must be under Government supervision and regulation or operation whenever it may be necessary to the public welfare, and in emergency the Government must be empowered to purchase, store, and sell food products to organized groups of people or communities; and with this power must go also the power to fix the maximum or minimum prices of such products. All this and much more must be done to make the United States economically effective in war and prosperous in peace; and to make his efforts supremely successful Secretary Houston has asked for the enactment of a law which will provide "for the national defense by stimulating agriculture and facilitating the distribution of agricultural products." The law will prohibit under heavy penalties injurious speculation in food supplies, the hoarding of foods, food materials, feeds, seeds or fertilizers for speculative purposes, the charging of excessive rates for the handling or distribution of such products and the exaction of excessive prices for them. The law will also give the Secretary authority to direct the distribution of such supplies, to regulate the method of packing commodities for sale, to license, if necessary, the manufacture or distribution of foods, to fix prices so that there will be no extortion, to prescribe the percentages of

flour that shall be derived from wheat of various classes and grades, to require that flour shall be labeled and sold for what it is, and to provide such other regulations as will promote the conservation and utilization of foods and feeds and provide for their proper distribution.

Secretary Houston has been pressing his campaign throughout the country with great zeal and has enlisted for the war the agricultural and economic agencies of all the land —farmers, manufacturers, the agricultural and industrial press, the labor organizations, the colleges, the women and children, and has done his work thoroughly. It was to be expected, of course, that there would be some opposition in Congress to the measures he has proposed and among the people who would fatten upon the country in its distress, just as there has been opposition to every proposition that has been made by the President for the defense of the country. An illustration of how the Secretary deals with the slackers may be noted here to show that he is keeping his head. One day not long ago four or five of these pestilent creatures called on him to protest against the regulation of the wheat supply of the country when something like this colloquy took place.

Slackers: "Mr. Secretary—There is an abundant supply of wheat; the only trouble is the lack of transportation to get it to market."

The Secretary—"What is the price of wheat now?"

Slackers—"The price is $2.32 the bushel."

The Secretary—"If I will guarantee to provide the transportation to get this wheat to market, and I think I can make such guarantee, will you guarantee a reduction in the price of the wheat?"

There was no answer and the Slackers made their exit without further parley. That's Houston's way. He knows what he is doing, and he is making now the bravest fight that was ever made for the deliverance of the people from the manipulation of the money changers. Will he win out? How can he lose? It is his business to feed not only the people of the United States but the people of the whole neutral world and the Allies of the United States besides, and he is going to do it.

J. C. Hemphill.

MEDICAL TRIUMPHS AND OPPORTUNITIES

BY W. GILMAN THOMPSON, M.D.

It has been customary in popular reviews of medical science to belittle the work of Americans and extol that of Germany as being the source of all medical "kultur." Nothing could be more erroneous. While it is true that pathology and bacteriology owe much to German scientists, and that the discovery of salvarsan, and of the tuberculosis, cholera, and diphtheria germs originated in Germany, that country, on the other hand, had nothing whatever to do with the discovery of ether and chloroform, of antisepsis (which belongs to France and England), of the germ of whooping cough (a discovery which belongs to France), of the cause of malaria (which belongs to Italy), of organo-therapy and vaccine-therapy (which belong primarily to England), or the modern treatment of beri-beri, dysentery, leprosy, and a number of other widespread diseases.

On the contrary, it is a source of great gratification and pride that the epoch-making medical discoveries contributed in the United States fully equal in importance, both individually and collectively, those of any other country, while the immediate practical application of many other discoveries has been far greater. In the former class may be mentioned the discovery of ether anaesthesia, the extinction of yellow fever, the cause of and cure for cerebro-spinal meningitis, with the whole matter of proper infant feeding. As illustrations of the latter group may be cited especially the strides made in the control of tuberculosis, diphtheria, malaria, hookworm disease and typhus fever.

It has been said that "American medicine built the Panama Canal," meaning that through the knowledge of the causes and prevention of yellow fever, dengue, dysentery,

typhoid and malarial fevers, control was obtained over those diseases which had decimated the workmen employed by the French in their early attempt to complete that great undertaking. With equal truth it may be said that the outcome of the Spanish-American War came near being frustrated through lack of knowledge and application of the methods of disease prevention which have made such enormous strides within the past two decades.

In the Spanish War many more deaths resulted from disease than from casualties, and in fact these deaths began to occur before our ill-protected troops had left their own country. More than one-fifth of all the soldiers in encampments acquired typhoid fever, and 1,580 deaths were recorded among 20,000 cases of this perfectly preventable infection. Some of the men acquired simultaneously the three diseases —typhoid fever, malaria, and dysentery. Similarly, in the British South African War there were over a thousand more deaths from typhoid fever than from the wounds of battle. What a contrast is presented by the health of our troops in Mexico and along the Texan border during the past year! The average sick rate was not only less than at home, but the men have returned with improved physique.

Betterment in camp hygiene began to yield striking results in the Russo-Japanese War, and the lack of any considerable number of cases of typhoid fever on the western battle front in the present war is due not only to improved hygienic measures, but to the employment of preventive inoculations against typhoid fever.

This noteworthy progress in medical science is due to the knowledge and development of the theory of the germ origin of disease, which as an hypothesis, at least, is by no means as new as is generally supposed, for it was suggested as a possible explanation of the plague by the learned Jesuit priest Father Kircher, born in 1601. It cannot, however, be said to have made much progress until the middle of the latter half of the past century, when the controversy which centered about the experiments of Pasteur with bacterial fermentation and the practical work of Lord Lister in antisepsis, finally led to the discovery by Koch of the bacillus of tuberculosis in 1882 and of that of cholera in 1884. Since that date, almost each year has placed one or more of the acute febrile disorders in the list of those in which the causative germ has been demonstrated.

As the discovery of antisepsis rapidly increased the boldness of surgical procedure, the variety of serious operations which could be performed with safety provoked the criticism that medicine, in distinction from surgery, was much less progressive. This criticism has become no longer justifiable, for medical progress within the past two or three decades has developed to an extent which, in the saving of lives, has far surpassed all previous collective medical achievement. This is due to the further evolution of the germ theory; for the mere identification of the germ causing a particular disease, while interesting as a discovery, would not alone lead to the conservation of life. The evolution may be summarized as follows: First, the identification of each kind of germ. Second, the knowledge of its life history both within and without the body. Third, the study of the particular antiseptics, disinfectants, or other means for its destruction. Fourth, the discovery of the mode of transmission of the germ—as to whether it be through direct contact or whether it be air borne (like the germs of cholera and typhoid fever), insect borne (like malaria and yellow fever), or vermin borne (like typhus fever, bubonic plague and trench jaundice)—and, as a corollary, the fact that several infections are transmissible through more than one of these agencies. Fifth, the discovery of the existence of infection "carriers," by which is meant the possibility that persons who have suffered at some time from typhoid fever or cholera, for example, may harbor the germs which no longer affect them, and thus perhaps years later may transmit them to others. Sixth, the establishment of protective immunity in the individual, which implies the increase of his resisting power against the inroads of disease. Apart from the maintenance of the general health, this is accomplished by the injection into the body of such substances as vaccines, serums, antitoxins, etc. These procedures are too technical for present discussion, but they are based either upon the cultivation of the germs in appropriate media in the laboratory, or by inoculating an animal with them and subsequently using its blood serum (in which certain changes have taken place) for inoculation into man. After cultivation in the laboratory, either the dead germs themselves may be used for inoculation, or substances which they have developed are employed, each variety of germ having distinctive modes of growth and reactions.

It is popularly supposed that this treatment is designed to kill germs in the system; but, on the contrary, the action is to increase the "antibodies," or stimulate other changes in the body, thereby counteracting the toxines produced by germs and otherwise reinforcing the natural protective agencies which tend to prevent the body from succumbing to infections.

It is researches of this order which have produced so great an advancement in the applications of medical science within the past few years as to make it quite impossible to compute the total number of lives saved or the economic gain achieved through reduction of protracted illness.

A single example may be cited in the behavior of yellow fever epidemics. Formerly the Atlantic and Gulf Coast cities were frequently ravaged by epidemics of this infection, which in earliest times reached as far as Philadelphia and Boston and later extended up the Mississippi River to Memphis. Sometimes as many as fifty per cent of the population were attacked during a single epidemic, and the mortality was often exceedingly high, reaching fifty per cent of those attacked among the white population of New Orleans in 1878. In Cuba the disease prevailed one hundred and thirty years. In 1881 Dr. Charles J. Finlay of Havana, a native of Philadelphia, suggested the mosquito as the probable carrier of the disease, but nearly twenty years elapsed before a commission of medical officers of the United States Army, headed by Dr. Walter Reed, established the contention beyond a doubt. The result was the practical extermination of the disease from Havana by General Gorgas in 1901, and subsequently from the Panama Canal Zone, while no serious epidemic has developed in the United States for many years. All this forms a striking illustration of the influence of one discovery upon another, for the specific germ of yellow fever has not yet been determined, although the mode of transmission and consequently of prevention of the disease is absolutely established, and the previous study of the mosquito transmission of malaria had much to do with elucidating similar problems. The value to the world of discoveries like these surpasses estimation.

By no means all of the recent progress in medical science concerns the infections of germ origin. Conspicuous among other accomplishments may be noted the advancement in knowledge of certain parasitic diseases, especially the

hookworm disease; a better understanding of dietetic diseases such as the oriental beri-beri, scurvy, pellagra and diabetes; the discovery of the diseases of the so-called "ductless glands," particularly of the thyroid gland; the study of diseases of the stomach and other abdominal organs, made possible through the agency of the X-ray (with other means of diagnosis), and researches in the disorders of the heart through the complicated and delicate apparatus known as the "electrocardiograph," by means of which not only the action of the heart as a whole, but of its separate chambers, may be made graphic and interpreted with precision. With regard to that most dreaded disease, cancer, while an enormous amount of experimental research has been conducted, means of prevention and of specific treatment have yet to be determined upon a generally accepted basis, although the effects obtained through the use of radium have yielded brilliant results with some of the superficial varieties of the affection.

One of the most interesting of all medical discoveries is that of the hookworm disease, which has been so prevalent in the Southern United States, the Pacific Islands, and many other regions. This disease is characterized by marked anemia, digestive disorders, malnutrition, perverted appetite, and remarkable apathy with a "cadaveric stare." Children affected by it remain stunted in growth and become degenerate. In some localities, such as Porto Rico and the Seychelles Islands, upwards of ninety per cent of the entire native population have been infested by the parasite. In the Southern States the disease was long known as "cotton mill anemia," and Dr. Stiles has estimated that prior to the institution of the simple curative treatment with thymol, over 2,000,000 cases existed in the United States. The Rockefeller International Health Commission, after instituting the control of the disease in the Southern States, has conducted a health survey of Oriental countries through Dr. Victor G. Heiser, with the purpose of aiding its universal extermination. From the widespread distribution of the malady, its grave character and the millions of its victims, the recent discovery of its mode of prevention and cure may well rank as one of the greatest triumphs of modern medicine.

With regard to the diseases of dietetic origin, they may be said to be, in great part, negative rather than positive—that is, they are due more to the absence of certain foods

from the dietary than to any one particularly injurious food. The most striking illustrations are the dietetic cure of scurvy by fresh fruit or vegetable juices, notably the cure of scurvy in infants by fresh orange juice, and the cure of the tropical "beri-beri," a form of generalized neuritis accompanied by dropsy. This prevails among natives who live almost exclusively upon polished rice—that is, rice grains from which the outer layer, or pericarp, has been removed by milling. In the Philippines, Dr. Heiser practically eradicated the disease from among the native scouts by changing their diet, and the Surgeon-General of the Japanese Navy, Dr. Takaki, rid the service of the disease by the addition of bran and fresh fish to the ration.

Certain diseases are caused by alterations in the secretions of the so-called "ductless glands," which possess varied and important physiological action. One of these diseases which involves the thyroid gland, known as "myxedema," produces, among other symptoms, a profound degree of mental dullness, so great, in fact, that formerly the victims of it were sometimes placed in asylums under the mistaken diagnosis of melancholia. In children the disease produces dwarfs or cretins. It was found through animal experimentation conducted mainly by Sir Victor Horsley, and clinical experimentation by others, that feeding an extract of the gland would completely arrest the malady, and, in cases not too far advanced, promote a cure. Fortunately the disease is not very prevalent, but its control ranks among the most remarkable of medical victories, and the dime museum will have to search far for dwarfs in future! This method of employing extracts of animal glands and tissues for treatment is known as "organo-therapy."

Comparison is sometimes made between an engine and the mechanism of the human body. Maintenance of the highest efficiency in the machine depends upon the purity of its fuel, the removal of waste, protection from extraneous dirt, control of wear, avoidance of external injury, and the effect of "speeding up." Just so in the body, the maintenance of health depends upon the purity of food, the adequate removal of waste excretions, protection from foreign organisms, the control of fatigue and strain, and the injurious effect of what is technically known as "speeding up," or working long hours under the stress of hurry and concentration.

When an employer hires a human " machine " to operate a mechanical machine, he has a right to ascertain not only that the human organism is in good condition at the outset, but to require that it be maintained in a state of maximum efficiency. This he may do through physical examination of all employees before hiring them, and by providing periodic medical examinations to check up, so to speak, any deviations from health such as may be due to alcoholism, unsanitary modes of life, etc., and by giving advice or caution against continuance of such habits. It is mainly within the past dozen years that this sound economic principle has been appreciated in this country.

In addition to the annual toll of 25,000 lives lost through preventable industrial accidents in the United States, there is the morbidity rate among the industrial workers, which is estimated, in round numbers, at more than 13,000,000 cases of illness a year, with a consequent loss in wages of $366,000,000. Although by no means all of this illness is necessarily the outcome of conditions immediately connected with industry, a very large part is preventable, and might be controlled if organized labor were associated with organized medical supervision, such, for example, as obtains in the modern hygiene of a military encampment. The matter is of immediate interest in connection with the present war, and one of the sub-committees of the Council of National Defense is charged with the function of the medical direction of all those employed in the production and manufacture of war materials, in order not to repeat the grave errors committed by England at the commencement of the war, when so many munitions workers became incapacitated through the fatigue and strain of overwork and speeding up, combined with poor food, poor transportation, and poor housing. One of the greatest fields for medical endeavor in the future lies in this direction, for many of the lessons impressed by the exigencies of war preparation may be made of permanent application and great value.

But further comparison between the mechanical engine and human mechanism fails, because the living organism possesses the ability in marked degree to restrain of itself the inroads of wear and strain, and, through rest, to return to normal standards. There are, to be sure, other factors to be reckoned with, such, for example, as the influences of heredity; but although most of these elementary facts have

long been recognized, it is only lately that their full significance has been appreciated, and many infectious diseases which a generation ago were accepted as unavoidable now come within the possibility of complete control. Thus the pure food problem is to a great extent covered by legislation, both federal and local, which regulates methods of food preparation, preservation, and transportation. Moreover, it is just beginning to be understood that through legislation many germ diseases may practically be exterminated, as in the case of compulsory vaccination of school children against smallpox, the intelligent application of quarantine regulations, the protection of water supply, etc.

Still more lately—in fact within the past decade—this country has awakened to the possibility of legislative control of what are termed industrial or, more broadly, "occupational diseases." These are not new diseases, in the sense of new pathological changes, but are distinctly caused by conditions of work, such as deleterious substances used in manufacture, unfavorable working environment, the use of harmful processes, the strain of too long hours of work and many other factors.

The occupational diseases number several hundred, and a few only of the more striking examples may be enumerated here. Workers in munitions are subject to a variety of serious and sometimes fatal maladies caused by such substances as dinitrobenzine and dinitrotoluol, picric and nitric acids. Workers in dyestuffs suffer from serious anilin poisoning, besides a great variety of other chemical injuries. Makers of felt hats acquire chronic mercury poisoning, which produces premature senility of both body and mind. Workers in brass foundries acquire a distinctive illness characterized by chills and digestive disorders, and there are one hundred and fifty different trades in which lead poisoning constitutes a common hazard. Particularly prone to this ailment are automobile painters, pottery glazers, makers of enamel bathtubs, typesetters, makers of storage batteries, lead smelters and house painters. The use of varnish containing wood alcohol has proved fatal in not a few instances, and in some cases blindness may result. Many of the dusty trades, such as grinding, polishing, and sand-blasting, give rise to serious disorders of the respiratory system. Electric arc-welding may produce permanent eye injuries and other lesions. Tunnel and caisson workers under compressed air

are subject to the paralyzing and often fatal "caisson disease."

These few examples from among the hundreds which might be cited, serve to illustrate the important fact that whereas medical science has been actively engaged in reducing the mortality and morbidity from diseases of germ origin, a new order of diseases is arising and rapidly extending through the influence of modern economic conditions. Fortunately the latter are almost entirely preventable, and wherever they can be controlled through education rather than through legislation the results are certain to be more satisfactory and enduring. The manufacturer has already learned the enormous economic gain to be derived from protecting his employees from accidental injury. He is more slowly, but as surely, learning the advantages to be derived through industrial disease prevention. It is preferable to lead rather than to drive; nevertheless, where educational methods operate too slowly, resort may be had to legislative compulsion, and the workmen's compensation laws and workmen's insurance acts now existing or pending in several States are destined to eradicate many of the modern industrial disease hazards.

In forecasting the future of medical science there can be no question that the trend will be increasingly toward prevention, thus rendering cure uncalled for. A considerable number of the dread scourges of former generations are now known to be absolutely preventable, and theoretically, at least, capable of complete extermination. It is a question of education, plus the practice of commonsense rules of hygiene, and their enforcement where necessary, by legislation. In many of these directions the layman must join with the physician to obtain the best and most lasting results, particularly through insistence upon the maintenance of expert and competent local boards of health and the enactment and enforcement of sanitary laws. If, for example, a river contaminated with typhoid fever germs flows through an adjoining State which has no legislative control over the source of the menace, a serious epidemic may result, and this situation, with similar conditions, frequently has arisen in this country through lack of co-operation. Efforts to eradicate widespread hookworm disease, or the bubonic plague, have often met with the intense opposition of ignorance and superstition, despite the earnest

efforts of physicians. Fortunately the Federal Government, so long inactive in such matters, is now, through its Bureau of Hygiene, in a position to deal promptly with many threatened epidemics, and to supplant inert or incompetent local authorities, as was done during an epidemic of plague in San Francisco a few years ago.

In summary, the future achievements of medical science are most likely to expand in certain definite directions as above outlined. While not belittling the improvements in the handling of the action of drugs or the "materia medica" of earlier days, which are constantly going on, these opportunities for development are:

1. Additions to the knowledge of the life history of many known disease germs and the discovery of new ones.
2. Prevention, based upon such knowledge, comprising insect and vermin destruction, water purification, etc.
3. Methods of immunization and treatment through organic agencies, such as vaccines, sera, and antitoxins.
4. Possible extension of the use of organic glandular extracts, known as "organo-therapy."
5. More frequent physical examinations to detect in their early stages such diseases as those of the heart, kidneys, and other vital organs, and to restrict their progress.
6. A better understanding of food values and of the so-called "disorders of metabolism."
7. Control of the industrial or occupational diseases.

Finally, the means through which this progress may be expected, comprise mainly:

1. The further elevation of the standards of medical education, now actively in progress.
2. The increasing number of those who are willing to devote all their energies to research in distinction from medical practice.
3. The co-operation of laymen by the endowment of institutions of medical research.
4. Raising of the standards of municipal and State health boards.
5. Unification of State activities in hygiene under national control.

W. Gilman Thompson.

MR. CHOATE AS AMBASSADOR

BY BRITANNICUS

[Not the least interesting feature of the delightful sketch which follows is the atmosphere which pervades it. Although now first published, it was written eleven years ago by a distinguished publicist who, despite a positive conviction to the contrary upon his own part, was then, and continues to be, somewhat more English than England herself. In reading it one cannot escape the impression which it conveys of the mighty empire at its greatest and solidest. Not only between the lines but through the phrasing itself breathes the unconscious but unmistakable sense, hardly of superiority, but at the least of sureness tinged quite agreeably and not unamusingly with a certain kindly condescension. As a recollection, if not as a revelation, Mr. Choate would have enjoyed it hugely no less for its charm than for the fine and hearty good fellowship manifested by his most excellent friend, who wrote then in a vein which now, alas, though perhaps for the ultimate best, has passed out of English possession.

Mr. Choate died happy, in harness, in the service of his country. —EDITOR.]

FOR a man of sixty-five to transplant himself to a new social atmosphere and start out on a new career is an experiment not without its hazard even for the adaptability of an American. Yet it was this enterprise that Mr. Choate essayed when he accepted, in 1899, the post of American Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and not only essayed, but completely and brilliantly accomplished. It is an office that is not, and never has been, an easy one to fill. Of all diplomatic posts it is probably at once the pleasantest and the most exacting. It is the pleasantest because the American Ambassador in England is treated from the first rather as a national guest whom it is a delight to honor than as an official emissary. The mayor and corporation of Plymouth or Southampton habitually board his vessel

in the bay, and, even before he lands, convince him that the British people have no intention of surrendering him to the Court, Whitehall, and the West End. No other Ambassador that I have heard of, either to Great Britain or to any other nation, is similarly greeted. The compliment is unique. It is intended as a distinguishing recognition, on the part of the English people, that Great Britain and the United States stand to one another in a special relationship such as unites no other nations on this earth, and that between them some departure from the merely official attitude is of all things the most natural. As an Englishman I can sincerely say that it would be altogether against the grain of national instinct if no distinction were to be made between the American and other ambassadors. Popular opinion separates him at once from his colleagues of the diplomatic corps. He is the only one who reaches the mass of the people, in whom the people as a whole have any interest. From the day of his arrival he becomes an intimate part of English society, and a still more intimate part of the world of English art and letters and public—by which, of course, I do not mean political—life. Other ambassadors may be as lavishly entertained, may be able to show as full an engagement-list, may dispense, in return, an equally brilliant hospitality. But the quality of the welcome extended to them differs altogether from that which greets their American *confrère*. He alone gets behind the scenes, is shown the best of whatever England has to offer, and becomes at once a public character. Of him alone is it expected that he will be less of an official and more of a man. One hears, perhaps once in a lifetime, of the Russian or German Ambassador in London being asked to lecture before an educational or philosophical society or invited to a literary dinner. However great their command of English, they still stand outside all but a fraction of the national life. The public knows nothing about them, and does not care to know anything. They are what the American ambassador never is—they are foreigners and treated as such. A paragraph in the *Court Circular* is enough to announce their advent or recall, while their American colleague, on his arrival as well as his departure, receives a full-blown editorial salute from the entire London press. The one is merely an incident of officialdom; the other is a national event.

But all this while it makes the American Ambassadorship in London the most delightful post that any diplomat can hold, involves it also in some peculiar, delicate, and, I should think, rather irksome obligations. If we could conceive The Hague tribunal adjudicating so nice a point of international etiquette, I am afraid their decision would be that, in the case of the American Ambassador, we English commit the worst crime against hospitality by being too hospitable, that we ask too much of our guest and drive him too hard, and that there is something perilously adamantine in the attentions we shower upon him. We never really give the poor man a moment's rest. Throughout his stay among us we presume inordinately on his acquaintance with English. There must, indeed, be times when we force him to wish he spoke Basque and Basque only, and did not the faith and morals hold that Milton held. So might he live among us and possess his soul in quietude—a diplomatist, and not a public institution.

But, as it is, no sooner has he reached London than the bombardment begins. I must admit at once that it is most vigorously replied to. England and the American Ambassador set to forthwith to see which can entertain the other the most. America insists on sending us her best, and we return the compliment by laying out the gift to the most ample advantage. We calmly take it for granted that the representative of the United States, whoever he may be, will be a first-class after-dinner speaker, familiar with the whole of American history and the whole of English literature, omniscient and omnipresent, and able and willing at any moment to read a paper, deliver an address, and unveil a monument. We turn him into a sort of lecturer to the nation. We launch him on a full tide of oratory from Land's End to John o' Groat's, thrusting upon him, as he sweeps along, the presidency of innumerable societies. We scout the idea that protocols and despatches and all the banalities of international negotiations can have any claim upon him. Knowing him to be an American, and therefore interested in education, we play upon his weakness and shamelessly take toll of his democratic sympathies. Things, indeed, have come to such a pass that an American Ambassador who was content to be merely an Ambassador, who could not or would not speak, who loathed public occasions and shunned a platform, and

who screened himself behind the ramparts of officialdom, would be reckoned not only a freak of nature, but a disappointment and a failure. It is partly, I am bound to say, America's own fault if a tongue-tied, unsociable, narrow-gauged, inflexibly official Ambassador from the United States has become unthinkable to us. She should not send us such charming, cultivated, good-natured men, every one of them triply armed with the capacity to discharge our exactions in full, every one of them with interests and affiliations stretching far beyond the humdrum official routine, every one of them with the instinct for warming both hands at the cheerful fire of English existence. Mr. Lowell used to complain that England spoiled the American Ambassador. I rather think that the American Ambassador is more apt to spoil England.

Such are the conditions which any one who aspires to be the official representative of the United States in Great Britain must be prepared to face. And, clearly, success in them demands a range of interests and a flexibility of disposition far beyond the ordinary. Most men of sixty-five or so, especially after a life spent in the service of one of the most exacting of professions, have grown too set and narrow for a post that asks, above all things, adaptability, breadth, and a sure social instinct. It took even Mr. Choate some little while to find his feet; but, once found, he marched with swift security to a position and a popularity unique in diplomatic annals. He came to us, of course, with a great name. Every English lawyer, every Englishman, indeed, who took any interest whatsoever in things American, knew of Choate as the head of the New York Bar, as the pre-eminent pleader of his generation, as a consummate after-dinner speaker, a wit, and a great citizen. He was sure of a welcome for his own sake as well as for the sake of the country he came from. But no one could have anticipated the extraordinary position he built up for himself in the social and public life of England.

He began well by leasing Lord Curzon's residence in Carlton House Terrace. You need, especially in London, where the address on one's note-paper carries an immense social significance, a sound judgment to choose just the right house in just the right locality. It was the first of Mr. Choate's successes that he came out of this ordeal in triumph. No part of London has a better standing than Carlton House

Terrace. Curzon Street is "smarter," Park Lane is more aggressively opulent, but Carlton House Terrace conveys to every Londoner an unequaled suggestion of ease, stateliness, and assured position. The German Government, with its quick eye, recognized this by purchasing one of the mansions in it for the German Embassy. Its position, indeed, is as delightful as any in London and far more convenient than most. It flanks on the Mall and St. James's Park; it is within a minute of Pall Mall and club land; within five minutes of all the Government offices and of most of the theaters and restaurants; and within a ten minutes' drive of Hyde Park, Belgravia, and Mayfair. At the same time it lies just off the main stream of traffic; it leads nowhere and forms, indeed, a *cul-de-sac* at both ends, being blocked at one end by the grounds of Marlborough House and at the other by the backs of the buildings on Cockspur Street. It thus forms one of those quiet, secluded streets that constantly surprise the visitor to London by their nearness to the center of things and their almost uncanny peacefulness.

Lord Curzon's house is what the house agents call "a noble and commodious mansion" in a block of noble and commodious mansions. Like all its neighbors, it was built some eighty years ago when Carlton House, once the residence of Frederick, Prince of Wales, was pulled down. English architecture at that time, *circa* 1830, was not particularly admirable. Artistically speaking, it was a dastardly age, and the exterior of Lord Curson's house bears the blank, unprepossessing stamp of its period. But the interior more than makes up for it. It has all the virtues of the pre-Victorian style, the generous handling, the spaciousness, the simplicity, and few, if any, of its defects. So admirable are the proportions that the vastness of the rooms, the halls, the gallery, and the staircase goes almost unnoticed. All the details, too, are excellent; fine taste and a real sense of appositeness went to the selection of the furniture and there are few houses in London that have a better collection of Chippendale chairs, Oriental rugs, and Louis XIV. effects, while some, at any rate, of the Indian and Persian fabrics and kincobs on the walls of the reception-rooms are probably unique. Stamped with distinction and being equally removed from insignificance and from the vulgarity of mere display, it is,

in short, precisely the kind of residence in which one would always like to see the American Ambassador housed.

It was here that Mr. and Mrs. Choate quickly established one of the pleasantest and most frequented *salons* in London; and it was here, on six successive July the Fourths, they received on an average not less than two thousand of their countrymen and countrywomen. Both the Ambassador and his wife displayed on these occasions what was little less than genius for robbing a function of its formality. They managed to convey to each one of the two thousand a sense of personal welcome. To watch them shaking hands for three or four hours on end with hundreds upon hundreds of people whom they had never seen or heard of before the moment of presentation, you would have thought they were taking part in a patriotic pleasure instead of a patriotic duty—so precisely did their greeting hit the right mark. Trampled upon, overrun, their house turned upside down to allow the invading army room to circulate at will, their hands squeezed into a generous pulp, they never relaxed their smiling kindliness. But it was at Mrs. Choate's Thursday At Homes, when the best of both nations met and mingled with a felicity nowhere else attained in London, that one realized most of all how admirably the great traditions of the American Embassy were being maintained.

The outstanding merit of Mr. Choate's Ambassadorship was its supreme range of sociability. Not that he did not attend zealously and punctiliously to the official duties of his post; there was rarely a day when he did not spend from two to four hours at the dingy offices in Victoria Street. Not that he had not his diplomatic successes; he helped to wipe out at least two most contentious issues that in other times and other hands might have led to something more than a passing disagreement. He reached London at a time when Anglo-American relations had just begun to pass into a new and friendlier phase. That phase, thanks in no small measure to his personality, became a fixed condition long before he returned to New York. England and America came appreciably closer together as the result of his six years' Ambassadorship, and his name will always be remembered as a potent and untiring instrument of Anglo-American good-will. But in these halcyon days of amity the American Ambassador who makes his mark is not the

official, the diplomat, the representative of the United States, but the national guest of England, the man; and he makes it by "going everywhere and meeting every one," by lending himself freely to the infinitely varied demands of English hospitality, by becoming, in short, Ambassador to the people as well as the Court. Mr. Choate got to know all classes and almost all corners in the British Isles. He spent himself ungrudgingly in forwarding many public and philanthropic movements, and in the task, which he ranked among the first of his official duties, of doing all he could to interpret America to England.

Hence his numerous appearances as a lecturer on American institutions and American statesmen, with crisp, popular, comprehensive discourses. There was no occasion of the slightest Anglo-American interest that could not enlist his presence and his voice; and the genial freshness, point, and aptness of his speeches made them always the event of the evening. He was never heard to repeat himself or to make a speech without saying something. He had the oratorical presence as well as the oratorical attributes—a fine, massive, lawyer-like head set imposingly on a stalwart frame; a voice of rare clarity and carrying power; gestures that were almost a species of eloquence in themselves; and an unhesitating flow of compact, orderly, colloquial phrases. He had read much and seen much and assimilated everything he either read or saw; and the richness of his nature, his unflagging zest in life, the little sting that lay in his wit and his mastery of the easy, fanciful, humorous turn made him, in public and in private alike, a prime favorite. It is almost painful to think of the demands that were made upon him. He never missed a single banquet on Independence Day, Thanksgiving Day, and Washington's Birthday during his six years of office. But that, while no slight penalty of his position, could scarcely stand a moment's comparison with all that was inflicted upon him by English insistence. He was the principal guest, and easily the principal speaker, at a dinner given by the Associated Chambers of Commerce within a fortnight of landing. In the six years that he spent in England he distributed the prizes at half a dozen schools, colleges, and institutions; he composed and delivered addresses on Franklin, on Lincoln, on the United States Supreme Court, on American Education, on Alexander Hamilton, and on Emerson; he proposed the

health of the Royal Society; he spoke on their favorite authors to the Sir Walter Scott Club, the Dante Society, and the Boz Club; he presided over a lecture by Mr. Birrell; he unveiled portraits and memorial windows and opened libraries; he spoke three or four times at the Guildhall banquet; he publicly interested himself in many philanthropies; and he was the speaker of the evening at dinners of remorseless frequency and racking variety. That, I am bound as an Englishman to confess, was asking a good deal of him. One would say it was really asking too much, were it not that we never seemed to touch the limit either of Mr. Choate's versatility or of his good nature. There were two characteristics of his speeches that one must always recall with gratitude. The first was that he never suggested the professional orator; he just stood up and gave us the easy outpourings of a well-stocked mind and a large and genial nature, never flat or stale, always quick with the play of humorous fancy. The second was that he never gushed. He never once committed the fatal mistake of soft-soaping England and English ways of doing things. On the contrary, he rarely rose to his feet without scoring a few good-humored points at our expense; and the English who like to be slapped on the face now and then by the right man—a Choate, a Chamberlain, or a Rhodes—loved him for it.

I well remember the farewell dinner to Mr. Choate at the Mansion House in May, 1905. It was an occasion difficult not to remember, not only because of the unsurpassable speech of the guest of the evening, but also because of the extraordinarily brilliant and diversified company that assembled to pay him a final tribute of affection and esteem. Something of all that was best in England had gathered to greet him. A list of those present would read like a list of the highest English notabilities in every walk of life—leading statesmen, great ecclesiastics, the heads of the law, scholars and professors, high municipal dignitaries, far-famed administrators, writers, artists, architects, doctors, surgeons, and scientists of the first rank, many of the captains of commerce and industry; in short, some three hundred and fifty of England's most distinguished sons. Public dinners are much the same all the world over; and in England, where they are cultivated as an art, uniformity is above all things their note. Yet there were characteristics

about the farewell banquet to Mr. Choate that stamped it with singularity. The singularity lay in the fact that all who were present were the personal friends either of Mr. Choate himself or of America. There was an atmosphere of downright, hearty, enjoying, and enjoyable fellowship that penetrated the entire company—the atmosphere, one might almost say, of a private dinner-party of congenial and sympathetic companions. Mr. Choate never spoke better. It was a great speech worthy of a great occasion. It moved from the start along a high plane of thought and sentiment. It showed to something like perfection that gift which seems to be one of nature's offerings to American orators—the gift of feeling the pulse of the audience and of striking at once just the right note. It had wit; it had humor; and it had also, what is the saving salt of all such efforts, sincerity and high feeling.

In moving tones he spoke of his difficulty in deciding whether he was glad or sorry to be returning home. "My friends on this side of the water are multiplying every day in numbers and increasing in the warmth of their affections. I am sorry to say that the great host of my friends on the other side are as rapidly diminishing and passing away. 'Part of the host have crossed the flood and part are crossing now,' and I have a great yearning to be with the waning number." He passed in light and apt review the English traits that had most impressed him—"the reign of law absolutely sovereign and supreme in all parts of the land; individual liberty carried to its highest perfection, perfected by law and subject to it; that splendid and burning patriotism which inspires your young men when their country calls to risk life and all they hold dear for her sake." Besides that he declared he would carry away with him the most delightful personal memories—"memories of exalting and enduring friendships formed, of many happy homes visited, of boundless hospitality enjoyed." He spoke with great earnestness on the relations between England and America, and on the duty of public opinion and the press in both countries to keep cool when difficulties or disputes arose. "I have endeavored," he said, "to make the English people better acquainted with my own country, its history, its institutions, its great names, for the purpose of showing them that really the difference between an Englishman and an American is only skin-deep, that under different

historical forms we pursue with equal success the same great objects of liberty, of justice, and of the public welfare, and that our interests are so inextricably interwoven that we would not, if we could, and could not if we would, escape the necessity of an abiding and perpetual friendship." That is a great mission, and Mr. Choate, who was a great man, greatly fulfiled it. "He came," said a London journal on the morrow of the farewell banquet, "as a friend among friends; he goes leaving friends still friendlier." Mr. Choate could have wished for no finer epitaph than that.

BRITANNICUS.

REMY DE GOURMONT

BY JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER

"Je dis ce que je pense"

—Remy de Gourmont

I

Those were days marked by a white stone when arrived in the familiar yellow cover a new book, with card enclosed from "Remy de Gourmont, 71, rue des Saint-Pères, Paris." Sometimes I received as many as two in a year. But they always found me eager and grateful, did those precious little volumes bearing the imprint of the *Mercure de France,* with whose history the name of De Gourmont is so happily linked. And there were postcards, too, in his delicate handwriting, on which were traced sense and sentiment. Yes, this man of critical genius possessed sentiment, but abhorred sentimentality. His personal charm transpired even in a friendly salutation hastily pencilled. He played upon his exquisitely alert intellectual instrument, and knew the value of time and space; hence his postcards are souvenirs of his courtesy; and it was because of one, which unexpectedly fell from the sky in 1897, that I began my friendship with this distinguished French critic. His sudden death in 1915, caused by apoplexy, was the heroic fate of a man of letters. Like Flaubert he was stricken at his desk. I can conceive no more fitting end for a valiant soldier of literature. He was a moral hero and the victim of his prolonged technical heroism.

De Gourmont was incomparable. Thought, not action, was his chosen sphere, but ranging up and down the vague and vast territory of ideas he encountered countless cerebral adventures; the most dangerous of all. An aristocrat born, he was the most democratic of men. The latch was always lifted on the front door of his ivory tower. He did

live, in a certain sense, a cloistered existence, a Benedictine of arts and letters; but he was not, as has been said, a sour-bellied hermit nursing morose fancies in solitude. De Gourmont, true pagan, enjoyed the gifts the gods provide, and had, despite the dualism of his nature, an epicurean soul. But of a complexity. He never sympathized with the futile fuss raised by the metaphysicians about Instinct and Intelligence; yet his own magnificent cerebral apparatus was a battlefield over which swept the opposing hosts of Instinct and Intelligence, and in a half hundred volumes the history of this conflict is faithfully set down. As personal as Maurice Barrès, without his egoism, as subtle as Anatole France, De Gourmont saw life steadier and more broadly than either of these two contemporaries. He was one who said "vast things simply." He was the profoundest philosopher of the three, and never, after his beginnings, exhibited a trace of the dilettante. Life was something more than a mere spectacle for him. He was a meliorist in theory and practice, though asserting that Christianity, an oriental born religion, has not become spiritually acclimated among occidental peoples. But he missed its consoling functions; religion, the poetry of the poor, never had for him the prime significance that it had for William James: a legend, vague, vast and delicious.

Old frontiers have disappeared in science and art and literature. We have Maeterlinck, a poet writing of bees; Poincaré, a mathematician opening our eyes to the mystic gulfs of space—solid matter resolved into mist, and the law of gravitation questioned. New horizons beckon ardent youth bent on conquering the secrets of life. And there are more false beacon lights than true. But though this is an age of specialists, a man occasionally emerges who contradicts the formula. De Gourmont is at base a poet; also dramatist, novelist, raconteur, man of science, critic, moralist of erudition, and lastly a philosopher. Both formidable and bewildering are his accomplishments. He is a poet in his *Hieroglyphes, Oraisons, Mauvaises, le Livre des Litanies, les Saintes du Paradis, Simone, Divertissements*—his last appearance in singing robes (1914); he is a raconteur—and such tales!—in *Histoires magiques, Prose moroses, le Pèlerin du silence, d'un Pays lointain, Couleurs;* a novelist in *Merlette*—his first book—*Sixtine, le Fantôme, les Chevaux de Diomède, le Songe d'une Femme, Une Nuit au Luxem-*

bourg, Un Coeur Virginal; dramatist in *Théodat, Phénissa, Le Vieux Roi, Lilith.* As critic of the aesthetics of the French language his supremacy is indisputable; it is hardly necessary to refer to *Le Livre des Masques,* in two volumes, the five volumes of *Promenades littéraire,* the three of *Promenades philosophiques;* as moralist he has signed such works as *l'Idealism, la Culture des idées, le Chemin de Velours;* as historian and humanist he has given us *le Latin Mystique;* as grammarian and philologist he displays his learning in *le Probléme du Style,* and *Esthétique de la langue française,* and incidentally flays an unhappy pedagogue who proposed to impart the secret of style in twenty lessons. He edited many classics of French literature.

His chief contribution to science, apart from his botanical and entomological researches, is *Physique de l'Amour,* in which he reveals himself as a patient, thorough observer in an almost new country. And what shall we say to his incursions into the actual, into the field of politics, sociology, and hourly happenings of Paris life; his *Epilogues* (three volumes), *Dialogues des Amateurs,* the collected pages from his monthly contributions to *Mercure de France?* Nothing human was alien to him, nor inhuman; for he rejected as quite meaningless the latter vocable, as he rejected such *clichés* as "organic and inorganic." Years before we heard of a pluralistic universe De Gourmont was a pragmatist, though an idealist in his conception of the world as a personal picture. Intensely interested in ideas, as he was in words, he might have fulfilled Lord Acton's wish that someone would write a History of Ideas. At the time of his death the French thinker was composing a work entitled: *la Physique des Moeurs,* in which he contemplated a demonstration of his law of intellectual constancy.

A spiritual cosmopolitan, he was, like most Frenchmen, an ardent patriot. The little squabble in the early eighties over a skit of his, *le Jou-jou—Patriotisme,* (1883) cost him his post at the National Library in Paris. As a philosopher he deprecated war, as a man, though too old to fight, he urged his nation to victory, as may be noted in his last book, *Pendant l'Orage* (1916). But the philosopher persists in such a sorrowful sentence as "In the tragedy of man peace is but an entr'acte." To show his mental balance at a time when literary men, artists, even philosophers, indulged in unseemly abuse, we read in *Jugements* his calm admission

that the war has not destroyed for him the intellectual values of Goethe, Schopenhauer, or Nietzsche. He owes much to their thought, as they owed much to French thought: Goethe has said as much; and of Voltaire and Chamfort, Schopenhauer was a disciple. Without being a practical musician De Gourmont was a lover of Beethoven and Wagner. He paid his compliments to Romain Rolland, whose style, both chalky and mucilaginous, he disliked in that overrated and spun-out series, *Jean-Christophe.* Another little volume, *La Belgique Littéraire,* was published in 1915, which, while it contains nothing particularly new about Georges Rodenbach, Emile Verhaeren, Van Lerberghe, Camille Lemonnier, and Maurice Maeterlinck, is excellent reading. The French critic was also editor of the *Revue des Idées,* and judging from the bibliography compiled by Pierre de Querlon as long ago as 1903, he was a collaborator of numerous magazines. He wrote on Emerson, English humor, or Thomas à Kempis with the same facility as he dissected the mystic Latin writers of the early centuries after Christ. Indeed, such versatility was viewed askance by the plodding crowd of college professors, his general adversaries. But his erudition could not be challenged; only two other men matched his scholarship, Anatole France and the late Marcel Schwob. And we have merely skimmed the surface of his accomplishments. Remy de Gourmont is the Admirable Crichton of French letters.

II

Prodigious incoherence might reasonably be expected to result from this diversity of interests, yet the reverse is true. The artist in this complicated man banished confusion. He has told us that, because of the diversity of his aptitudes, man is distinguished from his fellow-animals; and the variety in his labors is a proof positive of his superiority to such fellow-critics as the dogmatic Brunetière, the impressionistic Anatole France, the agile and graceful Lemaître, and the pedantic philistine Faguet. But if De Gourmont always attains clarity with no loss of depth, he sometimes mixes his genres; that is, the poet peeps out in his reports of the psychic life of insects, as the philosopher lords it over the pages of his fiction. A mystic betimes, he is a crystal-clear thinker. And consider the catholicity evinced in *Le Livre des Masques.* He wrote of such widely diverging talents as

Maeterlinck, Mallarmé, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, and Paul Adam; of Henri de Regnier and Jules Renard; of Huysmans and Jules Laforgue; the mysticism of Francis Poictevin's style and the imagery of Saint-Pol-Roux he defined, and he displays an understanding of the first symbolist poet, Arthur Rimbaud, while disliking the personality of that abnormal youth. But why recite this litany of new talent literally made visible and vocal by our critic? It is a pleasure to record the fact that most of his swans remained swans, and did not degenerate into tame geese. In this book he shows himself a profound psychologist.

Insatiably curious, he yet contrived to drive his chimeras in double harness and safely. His best fictions are *Sixtine,* and *Une Nuit au Luxembourg,* if fiction they may be called. Never will their author be registered among best-sellers. *Sixtine* deals with the adventures of a masculine brain. Ideas are the hero. In *Un Coeur Virginal* we touch earth, fleshly and spiritually. This story shocked its readers. It may be considered as a sequel to *Physique de l'Amour.* It shows mankind as a gigantic insect indulging in the same apparently blind pursuit of sex sensation as a beetle, and also shows us the " female of our species " endowed with less modesty than the lady mole, the most chaste of all animals. Disconcerting, too, is the psychology of the heroine's virginal soul, not, however, cynical; cynicism is the irony of vice, and De Gourmont is never cynical: but a master of irony.

Une Nuit au Luxembourg has been done into English. It handles with delicacy and frankness themes that in the hands of a lesser artist would be banished as brutal and blasphemous. The author knows that all our felicity is founded on a compromise between the dream and reality, and for that reason, while he signals the illusion he never mocks it; he is too much an idealist. In the elaborately carved cups of his tales, foaming over with exquisite perfumes and nectar, there lurks the bitter drop of truth. He would never have said with Proudhon that woman is the desolation of the just; for him woman is often an obsession. Yet, captain of his instincts, he sees her justly; he is not subdued by sex. With a gesture he destroys the sentimental scaffolding of the sensualist and marches on to new intellectual conquests.

In *Lilith,* an Adamitic Morality, he reveals his Talmudic

lore. The first wife of our common ancestor is a beautiful hell-hag, the accomplice of Satan in the corruption of the human race. This mediaeval play is epical in its biblical plainness of speech; perhaps the Manichean in De Gourmont fabricated its revolting images. He had traversed the Baudelairian steppes of blasphemy and black pessimism. *Odi profanum vulgus!* was his motto, but his soul was responsive to so many contacts that he emerged, as Barrès emerged, a citizen of the world. Anarchy as a working philosophy did not long content him, although he never relinquished his detached attitude of proud individualism. He saw through the sentimental equality of J. J. Rousseau, and he had his scientific studies to console him for the inevitable sterility of soul that follows egoism and a barren debauch of the sensations. He did not tarry long in the valley of excess. His artistic sensibility was his savior. He welcomed Jules de Gaultier and his theory of Bovarysime; of the vital lie, because of which we pretend to be what we are not. That way spells security, if not progress. The idea of progress is another necessary illusion, for it provokes a multiplicity of activities. Our so-called free-will is naught but the faculty of making a decision determined by a great and varied number of motives. As for morality, it is the outcome of tribal taboos; the insect and animal world shows the deepest-dyed immorality, revolting cruelty and perversity. From all of which our critic deduces his law of intellectual constancy. The human brain since prehistoric times has been neither diminished nor augmented; it is like a sponge, which can be dry or saturated, but still remains itself. It is a constant. In a favorable environment it is enriched. The greatest moment in the history of the human family was the discovery of fire by an anthropoid of genius. Prometheus then should be our God. Without him we would have remained more or less simian, and probably of arboreal habits.

III

A synthetic brain is De Gourmont's, a sower of doubts, though not altogether a No-Sayer to the universe, though he delights in challenging accepted "truths." Of all modern thinkers a master of *Vues d'ensembles,* he smiles at the pretensions, usually a mask for poverty of ideas, of so-called

" general ideas." He dissociates such conventional grouping of ideas as Glory, Justice, Decadence. The shining ribs of disillusion shine through his psychology, a psychology of finesse and nuance. Not to be put in any philosophical pigeon-hole, he is as far removed from the eclecticism of Victor Cousin as from the verbal jugglery and metaphysical murmurings of Henri Bergson. The world is his dream; but it is a tangible dream, charged with meaning, order, logic, if you will. The true reality is thought. Action spoils. Our abstract ideas are metaphysical idols, says Jules de Gaultier. The image of the concrete is De Gourmont's touchstone. Théophile Gautier declared that he was a man for whom the visible world existed. He misjudged his capacity for apprehending reality. The human brain, excellent instrument in *a priori* combinations, is inept at perceiving realities. The " Sultan of the Epithet," as De Goncourt nicknamed " *le bon Théo,*" was not the " Emperor of Thought," according to Henry James, and for him it was a romantic fiction spun in the rich web of his fancy. A vaster, grayer world is adumbrated in the books of De Gourmont. He never allowed symbolism to deform his representation of sober, every-day life. He pictured the future domain of art and ideas as a fair and shining landscape, no longer a series of little gardens with high walls. A hater of formulas, sects, schools, he teaches that the capital crime of the artist, the writer, the thinker, is conformity. He quoted Emerson with pleasure: " Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist." The artist's work should reflect his personality, a magnified reflection. He must create his own aesthetic. There are no schools, only individuals. And of consistency he might have said that it is oftener a mule than a jewel.

Sceptical in all matters, though never the fascinating sophist that is Anatole France, De Gourmont criticized the thirty-six dramatic situations, reducing the number to four: Man as center in relation to himself; in relation to other men; in relation to the other sex; in relation to God, or Nature. His ecclesiastical *fond* may be recognized in *Le Chemin de Velours* with its sympathetic exposition of Jesuit doctrine, and the acuity of its judgments on Pascal and the Jansenists. The latter section is an illuminating foot-note to the history of Port-Royal by Sainte-Beuve. The younger critic has the supple intellect of the supplest-minded Jesuit. His bias toward the Order is unmistakable. There are few

books I re-read with more pleasure than this *Path of Velvet.* Certain passages in it are as silky and sonorous as the sound of Eugene Ysayè's violin.

The color of De Gourmont's mind is stained by his artistic sensibility. A maker of images, his vocabulary, astounding as befits both a poet and philologist, one avid of beautiful words, has variety. The temper of his mind is tolerant, a quality that has informed the finer intellects of France since Montaigne. His literary equipment is unusual. With a style as brilliant, sinuous, and personal as his thought, flexible or massive, continent or colored, he discourses at ease in all the gamuts and modes major, minor, and mixed: a swift, weighty style, the style of a Latinist; a classic, not a romantic style. His formal sense is admirable. The tenderness of Anatole France is absent, except in his verse, which is less spontaneous than volitional. A pioneer in new aesthetic pastures, De Gourmont is a poet for poets, as he is a critic for critics. He has virtuosity, though the gift of tears, nature—possibly jealous because of her prodigality—has denied him. But in the curves of his overarching intellect there may be found wit, gaiety, the Gallic attributes, allied with poetic fancy, profundity of thought, and a many-sided comprehension of life, art, and letters. He is in the best tradition of French criticism, only more versatile than either Sainte-Beuve or Taine; as versatile as Dr. Brandes or Arthur Symons, and that is saying much. With Anatole France he could have exclaimed: "The longer I contemplate human life, the more I believe that we must give it, for witnesses and judges, Irony and Pity." . . . . .

James Gibbons Huneker.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

A NEW YORK FAMILY[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

An impassioned historian on the staff of a New York newspaper, marveling the day after at the warmth of our greeting to the Marshal of France, spoke of the transformed face of New York—"New York, the cold, cynical city"; and other equally astonished commentators in what statesmen call "the public press" drew companion pictures of a New York marvellously aroused out of its normal condition of bored and sophisticated indifference. This sort of nonsense is of a piece with the chatter of "society editors" and music reporters who love to describe the audiences at the Metropolitan Opera House as "coldly critical," "exacting," "blasé." It is only a little less absurd than the inimitably naïve picture of New York that emerges out of the *Van Bibber* stories of Mr. Richard Harding Davis; it is only a little less myopic than the blandly obtuse presentment of Mrs. Wharton. Mr. Davis, of course, could never see New York except from the conning-tower of the Delmonico café; and it is quite hopeless to try to align the New York perceived by Mrs. Wharton with any authentic experience of, say, a Bronx express at six in the evening: her fictional New York plebeians have the same atmosphere of infinite remoteness from fact with which the life and manners of Mrs. Wharton's own class are enwrapped by the average Broadway concocter of drawing-room comedy.

Those who best know the actual New York—the New York that is not encompassed by the stalely romantic traditions of the "city-room" of a newspaper: that is not co-extensive either with country-houses and motors and the

[1] *His Family*, by Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1917.

intellectual orgies of the Colony Club, or with the validities of a flat in the Bronx or the cabarets of Longacre Square or the pushcarts and tenements of Delancy Street—these involuntarily honest observers and students of the amazing city know that New York is less "cold" and "cynical" than it is excitable and naïve. They know that those fabulous opera audiences which are legendarily supposed to behave like blasé and infinitely sophisticated connoisseurs are actually, as a whole, notable for their childlike and gargantuan appetite for elementary esthetic satisfactions. They know that the essential New York is not revealable either through the juvenile snobbery of Mr. Davis, or the indurated exquisiteness of Mrs. Wharton, or the vivid sentimentalism of O. Henry: they know that it is at once far simpler and far subtler, far nearer and far remoter, than such approaches can master and interpret.

We shall not say that Mr. Ernest Poole in his latest portrayal of New York life is an unimpeded interpreter; but at least he is free from many usual inhibitions. He is free, for example, from Mrs. Wharton's complacent detachment and unawareness, from Mr. Davis's primitive romanticism, from the lesions that sentimentalism wrought in the imaginative structure of O. Henry's often veracious art. We do not know if Mr. Poole, through identification of kinship, has New York in his blood and bones—of course he need not have, in order to know her and love her and detest her with adequate knowledge and sympathy; but in this new chronicle of his he sometimes writes with the sureness of filial intimacy. Certainly the tale of *His Family* is the tale of a family peculiarly and essentially of New York: it is not easy to conceive them as rooted in Chicago, or Philadelphia, or Baltimore, or Boston, or Cincinnati. They are as untransferably of New York as they are untransferably American.

Roger Gale had never wholly grown into the New York whereby, at sixty, he found himself surrounded. It was a younger New York to which, as a boy, he had come from the New Hampshire hills—the New York of hansom cabs and hotels on Madison Square, of separate homes, of quiet streets lined with trees: the New York of the old Academy of Music. Riding uptown from Washington Square on top of a bus he perceived, now, the new New York, an incomparably different New York—the sprawling, inchoate, sor-

did, poetic, gorgeous, brutal, febrific, unbridled, ingenuous New York of to-day,—multifarious, revolting, adorable; but, for him, undecipherable and subtly alien.

Later, he climbs protestingly the endless stairs to the gallery at Carnegie Hall for a Sunday afternoon concert, where, listening to the *Symphonie Pathétique* of Tchaikovsky, he remembers the so different Sunday afternoons of an earlier New York, to which a concert on the Sabbath would have seemed a step toward the Pit—those distant, unrestful, congested Sundays of inappeasable church-going and monstrously carnal midday dinners and gorged naps and expiatory cold suppers and evenings with hymns about the piano—unwholesome days, with piety made as indigestible as the midday meal, yet living with a faint, perverse sweetness in the memory.

How different the present! Watching the crowded gallery at this Sunday concert, he became aware that more than half of those who listened, immersed in the black current of Tchaikovsky's tragical yearning, were foreigners. "Out of the mass from every side individual faces emerged, swarthy, weird, and staring hungrily into space. And to Roger the whole shadowy place, the very air, grew pregnant, charged with all these inner lives bound together in this mood, this mystery that had swept over them all, immense and formless, baffling, this furious demanding and this blind wistful groping which he himself had known so well ever since his wife had died and he had lost his faith in God." It is his daughter Deborah, quick-souled and clairvoyant, absorbed in the work of her slum-schools, who deepens the vision, in a briefly poignant indication of a New York alien to Mrs. Wharton, patronized by Mr. Davis, exploited by O. Henry: "I was thinking of hungry people—millions of them, now, this minute, not only here, but in so many places—concerts, movies, libraries. Hungry, oh, for everything—life, its beauty, all it means. And I was thinking this is youth—no matter how old they happen to be—and that to feed it we have schools. I was thinking how little we've done as yet, and of all that we're sure to do in the many, many years ahead. . . . " It was still later, when he went with Deborah to see her at work in her East Side school, that Roger had a glimpse of the moving potentialities of that vast and terrible and endless parturition that is New York.

Out of such revealingly chosen elements, with fidelity and imaginative justice, Mr. Poole assembles a veracious picture of the New York of our time. There are moments when one wishes that he would scrutinize his product more anxiously. Roger's jaw "sets hard" on page 66; it "sets tight" again on page 266. John, another character, also "sets his jaws." Roger "savagely bites off a cigar." Deborah's face "went white" when her father told her he had not long to live. Roger feels "a tightening at his throat" as he looks up at the stars; and those stars are "frosty." His face "darkens," and he feels "hot tears" in his eyes. Edith's "limbs" are "softly rounded." Such worn and battered stereotypes do well enough for the machine-made fiction of commerce. They are not good enough for Mr. Poole—they ill serve the needs of any fiction which strives for an honest and closely-studied notation of character, for a scrupulously faithful transcript of life. Let Mr. Poole read Mark Twain's essay on the consummate "stage-directions" in the novels of Mr. Howells.

This book is chiefly to be prized as a picture of Mr. Poole's own soul—a picture that one likes to remember for heartenment and reassurance. It rewards the best that one can bring to it. Contrived with singular and unimpeachable sincerity, it is written out of a fullness of compassionate insight, with a gentleness of the heart that gravely puts away all sentimental lures. It has spiritual penetration and latitude and elevation. It is filled throughout with a deep and intimate consciousness of the reality of other souls.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE LIGHT IN THE CLEARING. By IRVING BACHELLER. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1917.

Like children, readers who have fallen in love with a good novel want the same sensation repeated; but having outgrown the childish love of repetition, they want, not the old story retold, but a new story, different and yet the same. But the quality of the masterpiece with which one falls in love can never be exactly reproduced: like any other object of love it is unique. And so it is quite unfair to demand of an author that he produce two masterpieces of exactly the same kind and degree of lovableness. This is not true of the rare masterpiece of fiction that completely and permanently holds our affections. It is not true of *Eben Holden*. *Eben Holden* does not require us to be children: it makes us children in spite of ourselves.

If Irving Bacheller's new novel *The Light in the Clearing* were too much like *Eben Holden,* one would be almost certain to feel that it was a good deal inferior. The fact that *Eben Holden's Last Day A-Fishing* is a complete success does not make this less probable; for the little story that shows us Uncle Eb's latter end is merely an echo—and its satisfying effect is due to just this: that with admirable art it is made an authentic echo and nothing else. But the fact is that *The Light in the Clearing* comes into comparison with *Eben Holden* as no other story of Mr. Bacheller's has quite done, not because of any likeness between the two stories, but because of a difference. One may not apply to this latest novel the foolish and ambiguous praise, "a second *Eben Holden,*" but one may truly say that though *The Light in the Clearing* scarcely rivals *Eben Holden* in our affections, it stands in ultimate worth upon a level at least with the earlier book and must be placed in some respects distinctly higher.

It is part of the wonderful vitality of the novel *Eben Holden* that although Eben himself is the soul of the book, one never feels that it is upon him alone that interest depends. There are in the story so many other people who are original and fully alive that one never feels unduly the want of Eben when he happens to be absent. Yet the story certainly "centers round" the title character; in a sense he *is* the story. The whole tale is an expression

of the spirit and character of Eben Holden and this expression seems to require—though this is a part of its captivating quality—an atmosphere a little too good to be true.

In *The Light in the Clearing,* there is no such limitation. The whole book, to be sure, is informed with the spirit of Silas Wright, but this spirit requires no special atmosphere to enhance it. The character of Wright, it seems, could not be affected by anything that could possibly happen. He is real and his reality seems not at all to depend upon the creativeness that constantly surprises one in *Eben Holden.* The creativeness is present, of course, but is of a different kind and it is used with subtler skill. The ultimate effect is stronger. Silas Wright's great refusal of the nomination for the Presidency—a nomination that would certainly have meant election—is one of those climaxes that could not be made effective if it were not reached after exactly the right preparation. This preparation Mr. Bacheller has made so well that the great moment, when it comes, really gives one the quiet, uplifted realization of noble character that it was meant to give. "Into the lives of few men," says Wright's young friend, Barton Baynes,—the hero and nominal narrator of the story,—"into the lives of few men has such a moment fallen. I am sure the Lord God must have thought it worth a thousand years of the world's toil. . . . As if it were a mere detail in the work of the day, and without a moment's faltering, he had declined a crown. . . . He rose and stood looking out of the open window. Always I think of him standing there with the morning sunlight falling upon his face and shoulders. He had observed my emotion, and I think it had touched him a little. There was a moment of silence. A curious illusion came to me then, for it seemed as if I heard the sound of distant music." All this rings true, because all that has preceded it is so genuine.

The effect of breadth and reality which Mr. Bacheller has achieved in this story is as pervasive as the idyllic quality is in *Eben Holden.* There is, to be sure, no lack of that humor and inventiveness in the matter of character-making which has always distinguished this author. "Purvis," the hired man, whose ideal is personal formidableness, is, even for Mr. Bacheller, an unusually successful combination of naturalness and eccentricity. He talks like no one else and yet his speeches have not in the least the effect of having been made up for him, as witness his encomium upon Barton Baynes—"I look't her plum in the eye an' I says: all grissul from his head to his heels, mam, an' able to lick Lew Latour, which I seen him do in quick time an' tolable severe." But what strikes one most, after all, is the fact that the people of the story are on the whole more convincing in their simplicity and naturalness even than those of *Eben Holden.* They are not perhaps more lifelike; but their words and sayings somehow mean more. Uncle Peabody, for example, though perhaps he appeals a little less strongly to personal liking

than does Uncle Eb, whom he resembles in character, is more impressive in that he is more nearly the common man whose soul we know. Characteristically Uncle Peabody apologizes for his outburst of wrath on the occasion when old Grimshaw, the village skinflint, tried to bribe him to conceal his knowledge of a crime committed by Grimshaw's son: "I got mad—they kep' pickin' on me so—I'm sorry, but I couldn't help it. We'll start up ag'in somewheres if we have to. There's a good many days' work in me yet." It is not very striking, but it is a great speech.

The plot of the story is simple and it is all the more effective because the great figure of Silas Wright is not too deeply involved in it. Wright is simply the good friend of the boy Barton Baynes as of every one else in and around the village of Canton. And the story, which is really the tale of the growth of the boy into true manhood is connected with the career of the great man as it should be, not by complications of plot but by probable circumstances and by spiritual ties. So convincing and acceptable is the story as a picture of life that the incidents composing the formal plot never thrust themselves upon the reader in such a way as to suggest artificiality. The story of old Grimshaw and of the Nemesis which pursued him in the form of "Roving Kate" might easily in another setting become slightly melodramatic. But Mr. Bacheller has treated the somewhat unusual incidents of this part of the tale with such skill and restraint that besides being impressive they partake of the convincing humanity that pervades the whole novel.

The Light in the Clearing is an exact complement to *Eben Holden*, as unmistakably good, less idyllic, but stronger. The two together would seem in themselves to assure their author a considerable and permanent place in American literature.

THE SHADOW LINE. By JOSEPH CONRAD. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company, 1917.

It is part of the genius of Joseph Conrad that he is able to make what is in itself a realistic and tremendously impressive story of the sea into something much bigger than that without either sacrificing its obvious interest or allowing this to conflict with the deeper interest which it is his object to inspire. In this respect *The Shadow Line* is a triumph. The reader is always satisfactorily aware of the outward realities of the story, and its subjective truth cannot escape him. He is absorbed in a wonderful and terrifying experience, and through it all a delicately truthful art constrains him to think as the author would have him think—not personally, but impersonally. The story is an adventure and an interpretation of life; it is romance and wisdom; and yet in structure and method it is merely a plain tale plainly told.

A young first mate suddenly finds himself discontented with life, and for no assignable reason gives up his position. Almost immediately he begins to feel a kind of mysterious pressure exerted upon him. The fact is that he has never passed through his real initiation into life, and he is doomed to discontent until he does so. Fate pursues him in the prosaic form of Captain Giles, who sits at table with him—a great talker, the Captain, and constitutionally unable it would seem to mind his own affairs, yet somehow authoritative, for he possesses something that his young friend lacks. Perhaps some sense of what this something is makes its way to the first mate through the banalities of the Captain's conversation. At any rate, the old man's subtle suggestions take effect. The first mate finds himself, almost against his will and yet with exultation, the commander of a sailing vessel.

There follows the tale of a twenty-one day voyage from Bangkok to Singapore—a voyage that seems to have been contrived by Providence as a test of the soul. The first mate of the new vessel—one of those haunted yet utterly human persons whom Conrad excels in creating—believes firmly that the ghost of his former commander, a monstrously wicked old man who died at sea after a period of insanity—is bent upon the destruction of the ship. The vessel is for days becalmed. The crew are stricken with fever. Through one of those oversights which are easily excused when the consequences are not disastrous, but otherwise furnish the most trying of moral problems, the new Captain has failed to make absolutely sure before sailing that he has a sufficient supply of quinine aboard. The quinine gives out. The men grow weaker; at last there is hardly muscular power enough upon the ship to steer or to pull a rope. The mate's obsession, his contagious fear, the dreadful feeling, to which events so often do give plausibility, that an evil power, be it luck or devil, is really at work against one; added to these imaginary horrors, the real dangers of the situation, the agonizing responsibility, the temptation to indulge in remorse—all this the young commander has to endure. He endures it without knowing how, and at the end finds himself a man. Perhaps—who knows?—he may even become like Captain Giles, rather commonplace, something of an old gossip; at any rate, he is no longer young. "The truth is," says Captain Giles, "that one must not make too much of anything in life, good or bad . . . a man should stand up to his bad luck, to his mistakes, to his conscience, and all that sort of thing. . . . You will learn soon how not to be faint-hearted. A man has got to learn everything—and that's what so many of them youngsters don't understand." The seeming inadequacy of these remarks, in view of what has gone before, gives them a tremendous emphasis—and perhaps no practical philosophy of life could tell one more.

The Shadow Line is as vivid and as haunting as *The Ancient Mariner*. What is more, it is thoroughly real and profoundly true.

RUSSIA'S MESSAGE. By WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1917.

"As long as the Russian Government remains despotic and half independent, it will engage, like every despotism, in aggressive enterprises of one kind or another, if not in Turkey in Japan, if not in Japan then by pledging its army to this or the other power as mercenary troops. The last monster loan also was in part a sale of Russia's organized forces for murder. . . . In return for immense sums the Russian Government, it appears, promised the world to work against Germany in the cause of international peace; it was a sort of international blackmail." These words of William English Walling's, written before the recent revolution, have by no means been robbed of their interest by the rapid progress of events. In order to guess what the frame of mind of the Russian people is today, one must know precisely what it is that they have been fighting against. And it is in part because Mr. Walling so thoroughly and convincingly analyzes the policy and motives of Czardom that his book is not only informing, but as timely as possible.

Although we in America have always been accustomed to think of the Russian Imperial Government as arbitrary, blundering, and occasionally cruel, it is probable that few of us have understood the truth, that this Government was essentially and incurably bad. We have been ready to believe in "liberal" Czars because liberality and reform seemed the natural result of modernity. In point of fact, as Mr. Walling makes clear, there could be no liberal Czar, and, as long as absolutism lasted, no real reform.

In order to maintain itself in power the Czarism had to hold up before the people the menace of some enemy; and when an external enemy did not exist an internal enemy had to be created. Actually there has never been among the Russian peasants and workmen any real hostility toward the Jews, the Poles, the Armenians, or other "foreign" races; but for the purposes of the Czarism, race-hatred had to be fomented. Abominable, wholesale massacres, were perpetrated at the instigation of the Government. So weighty and so numerous are the proofs which Mr. Walling is able to bring forward, so consistent appear the workings of the bureaucratic system as he discloses them, that there remains in the reader's mind no room for doubt, no suspicion of exaggeration.

The economic policy of the old régime was of a piece with its social policy. It is strange that the conditions which have led us to regard Russia as comparatively modern—her possession of armies and industries, of railroads and machine guns—have really helped to make the condition of the great mass of her people more hopeless than it might otherwise have been. Russia, potentially one of the richest countries in the world, is actually poverty-stricken. The whole economic system of the Czarism was based upon the starvation

of the peasants. Behind every proposal for social betterment lay "the contradiction of obtaining funds for carrying out reforms by promising the aid of the Russian army in case of war, or by guaranteeing the use of arbitrary power to squeeze money out of the people." Accurately and in detail, Mr. Walling lays bare an economic system that, but for the clearness and appositeness of the evidence he submits, would seem incredible.

All this is the pre-revolutionary side of the picture. What the author tells us of the Russian people applies as well to the post-revolutionary period which has just begun, and is of even more vital interest to America today than his analysis of the Czarism. He tells us among other things that the stupidity and brutality of the typical Russian are mythical; that the peasants have never been really devoted to the Czar; that they are eager for knowledge and that the "intelligents" are ready and eager to give it to them. He shows us that the poverty of the peasants is "not the poverty of barbarism, but the poverty of civilization—a clear social product." He makes it clear that the Government has never been able to upset the people's own laws of property. The peasant, he assures us, is not superstitious, nor is he blind in his adherence to the established religion of his country; on the contrary there is a possibility, Mr. Walling hints, of a religious revolution in Russia comparable in importance to the peasants' movements of Luther's times. More fully and more authoritatively than others have done Mr. Walling describes the life of the people, and estimates their qualities. He convinces us that the steps leading toward the revolution were taken with intelligent forethought and were carried out by a people possessing something like a genius for organization. He assures us that a perfect spirit of co-operation exists between the working people and the agricultural population. By many tokens he makes it seem probable that no development of affairs resembling the course of the French Revolution will occur in Russia, and he reassures us too as to the danger of a sudden plunge into socialism.

During his sojourn in Russia, Mr. Walling met the leaders of all parties and was able to gather a surprisingly large amount of authentic information. His book is thorough and authoritative—a study of more than transitory value—but also a book of the hour admirably adapted to enlighten and influence American opinion.

THE NOTE-BOOKS OF SAMUEL BUTLER. Edited by HENRY FESTING JONES. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1917.

Samuel Butler, who during his lifetime quite honestly preferred independence to popularity, hoped that his writings would gain full recognition after his death. His hope has been realized. Butler has now found his public—a public that duly values both his insight and his audacity. His way of thinking, which was developed amid the

unfavorable influences of a period that has distinctly passed, agrees quite wonderfully with the temper of thought that seems dominant today, and sometimes goes a little beyond it. Even a hearty admiration of Darwin could not hold Butler in any kind of intellectual thralldom: he was as quick to feel the limitations of any system of thought and as sure to attempt to overpass them as William James, and one does not see how he could have been a better Pragmatist if he had been young enough to have James for a teacher.

As a thinker Butler deserves full credit for being ahead of his time. Yet to one who has taken soundings in Pragmatism, Butler's profundity as revealed in his *Note-Books* may seem less remarkable than his power of self-expression. For this extraordinary man possessed the priceless gift of making himself perfectly intelligible upon almost any subject without many words. This gift he exercised in small ways as well as in great. To the conductor of a 'bus who asked him what was meant by "the Sack of Khartoum," he replied, "It means that they've taken Khartoum and played hell with it all round." The conductor was really enlightened. In an analogous way, almost any reader of the *Note-Books* must promptly grasp and take to heart Butler's essential meaning, even when that meaning lies beyond the reader's normal range of thought.

Thus, speculations concerning the unthinkable relation of mind and matter are not unusual. But no thinker has succeeded quite so well as Butler in expressing his intimate sense of that relation. Others have suggested, alluringly, the thought that there is really no such thing as a material process that is not also in some sense a mental process. Butler, with a mixture of sense and nonsense, makes the problem seem as simple as eating. "All eating," he writes, "is a kind of proselytising—a kind of dogmatizing—a maintaining that the eater's way of looking at things is better than the eatee's. We convert food, or try to do so, to our way of thinking, and, when it sticks to its own way of thinking and refuses to be converted, we say it disagrees with us." Again, the notion that there may be excess in virtue and that every virtue in excess may become a vice has been neatly expressed by Lord Chesterfield. Other thinkers have gone much deeper into the relativity of virtue. But it is Butler who most clearly formulates this doctrine of relativity and most strikingly expresses some of its consequences. "Morality," he writes, "turns on whether the pleasure precedes or follows the pain. Thus, it is immoral to get drunk because the headache comes after the drinking, but if the headache came first, and the drunkenness afterwards, it would be moral to get drunk." The value of this as of some other sayings lies perhaps quite as much in its surprising directness, and in its wit, as in any depth or novelty in the underlying thought.

"Argument," said Butler, "is generally a waste of time and trouble. It is better to present one's opinion and leave it to stick

or no, as it may happen. If sound, it will probably in the end stick, and the sticking is the main thing." This principle he consistently applied and if the result evidently justified him in the case of his profounder theorizing, it is only by accepting this avowed principle as a sufficient apology for license that one can attach great value to some of his lesser criticisms. As regards music and painting and some other matters Butler was often quite openly and unashamedly cranky and captious. Yet there is truth in the most extreme of his sayings—and the truth sticks. This, however, is not the best of Butler. Men need not merely truth, not merely the courage to think honestly; they need also to learn *how* to think for themselves. Some writers are able to communicate something of this art, and these we call stimulating. Butler's freedom and directness are contagious. His opinions, expressed without fumbling or fuss, and with a certain peculiar felicity, are in their way more educative than the soundest argument or demonstration.

Amid the extremely varied contents of the *Note-Books* one comes upon records that are neither startling revelations nor disturbing criticisms but simply enjoyable bits of life. Butler had a sense of humor almost Shakespearian in its quality; he delighted in those Shakespearian bits of comic talk which an attentive ear may catch amid the sameness and the monotonous intelligence of ordinary conversation. Witness the following entry: " I heard a man say to another: ' I went to live there just about the time that beer went down from 5d. to 4d. a pot. That will give you an idea when it was.' " And this: " A man told me that at some Swiss hotel he had been speaking enthusiastically about the beauty of the scenery to a Frenchman, who said to him, ' *Aimez-vous donc les beautés de la nature? Pour moi je les abhorre.*' " Anecdotes such as these, though not actually very numerous, are indicative of a flavor that pervades much of what Butler wrote. Even his fiercest criticism is revealed by a humor that is seldom really bitter.

To discover Butler in his note-books is like discovering Montaigne in his essays. Quite apart from the question of ultimate value, it is an experience one would have been sorry to miss.

A LETTER FROM DICKENS

CHARLES DICKENS was a prince of letter writers, and some of the most delightful of his excursions in this field were written to friends in America. One of these fortunate persons was Professor C. C. Felton, of Harvard. Professor Felton was a frequent and valued contributor to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW seventy years ago, chiefly as a critic of current literature. Among his book-reviews was an elaborate and warmly appreciative tribute to Dickens, inspired by the appearance of the novelist's *American Notes*. This notice appeared in the REVIEW of January, 1843, and seems to have given great pleasure to Professor Felton's distinguished friend; for on March 2nd Dickens wrote Felton one of his long and rewardingly discursive letters in response to it. The original of this letter was recently sold in New York, at an auction of rare autographs, for $320. Its reproduction here will interest all lovers of Dickens and all friends of the REVIEW. It reads thus:

1 Devonshire Terrace York Gate Regents Park London
Second March 1843.

My Dear Felton.

I don't know where to begin, but plunge headlong with a terrible splash into this letter, on the chance of turning up somewhere.

Hurrah! Up like a cork again—with THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW in my hands. Like you, my dear Felton, and I can say no more in praise of it, though I go on to the end of the sheet. You cannot think how much notice it has attracted here. Brougham called the other day with it (thinking I might not have seen it) and I being out at the time, he left a note, speaking of it, and of the writer, in terms that warmed my heart. Lord Ashburton (one of whose people wrote a notice in the *Edinburgh*, which they have since publicly contradicted) also wrote to me about it in just the same strain, and many others have done the like.

I am in great health and spirits, and powdering away at *Chuzzlewit*, with all manner of facetiousness rising up before me as I go on. As to news, I have really none, saving that Forster (who never took any exercise in his life) has been laid up with the rheumatism for weeks past, but is now, I hope, getting better. My little captain, as I call him—he who took me out, I mean, and with whom I had that adventure of the cork soles—has been in London too, and seeing all the lions under my escort. Good Heavens! I wish you could have seen certain other mahogany faced men (also captains) who used to call here for him in the morning, and bear him off to Docks and rivers and all sorts of queer places, whence he always returned late at night, with rum and water tear-drops in his eyes, and a complication of Punchy smells in his mouth! He was better than a comedy to us—having marvellous ways of tying his pocket handkerchief round his neck at dinner time in a kind of jolly embarrassment—and then forgetting what he had done with it. Also of singing songs to wrong tunes, and calling land objects by sea names, and never knowing what o'clock it was, but taking midnight for seven in the evening; with many other sailor oddities, all full of honesty,

manliness and good temper. We took him to Drury Lane Theatre to see *Much Ado about Nothing*. But I never could find out what he meant by turning round to Kate after he had watched the first two scenes with great attention, and enquiring "whether it was a Polish piece"!

Forster must make haste and get well, for this day month, the Second of April, is our wedding day and his birthday; on which high festival, we always go down in great state to Richmond (an exquisite place on the river Thames: some twelve miles off) and hold a solemn dinner, whereat we empty our glasses, you may believe. On the fourth, I am going to preside at a Public Dinner for the benefit of the Printers; and if you were a guest at that table, wouldn't I smite you on the shoulder, harder than ever I rapped the well-beloved back of Washington Irving at the City Hotel in New York!

You were asking me—I love to say, asking—as if we could talk together—about Maclise. He is such a discursive fellow, and so eccentric in his might, that on a mental review of his pictures I can hardly tell you of them as leading to any one strong purpose. But the annual exhibition at the Royal Academy comes off in May, and then I will endeavor to give you some notion of him. He is a tremendous creature, and might do anything. But like all tremendous creatures He takes his own way, and flies off at unexpected breaches in the conventional wall.

You know Hone's Every Day Book, I dare say. Ah! I saw a scene of mingled comicality and seriousness at his funeral some weeks ago, which has choked me at dinner-time ever since. George Cruikshank and I went as mourners, and as he lived, poor fellow, five miles out of town, I drove George down. It was such a day as I hope for the credit of Nature is seldom seen in any parts but these—muddy, foggy, wet, dark, cold and unutterably wretched in every possible respect. Now, George has enormous whiskers which straggle all down his throat in such weather, and stick out in front of him, like a partially unravelled birds'-nest; so that he looks queer enough at the best, but when he is very wet, and in a state between jollity (he is always very jolly with me) and the deepest gravity (going to a funeral, you know) it is utterly impossible to resist him: especially as he makes the strangest remarks the mind of man can conceive, without any intention of being funny, but rather meaning to be philosophical. I really cried with an irresistible sense of his comicality all the way, but when he was drest out in a black cloak and a very long black hat band by an undertaker, who (as he whispered me with tears in his eyes—for he had known Hone many years—was "a character, and he would like to sketch him") I thought I should have been obliged to go away. However, we went into a little parlor where the funeral party was, and God knows it was miserable enough, for the widow and children were crying bitterly in one corner, and the other mourners—mere people of ceremony who cared no more for the dead man than the hearse did—were talking quite coolly and carelessly together in another; and the contrast was as painful and distressing as anything I ever saw. There was an Independent clergyman present, with his bands on and a bible under his arm who as soon as we were seated, addressed George thus in a loud emphatic voice—"Mr. Cruikshank. Have you seen a paragraph respecting our departed friend, which has gone the round of the morning papers"—"Yes Sir," says George, "I have"—looking very hard at me the while, for he had told me with some pride, coming down, that it was his composition. "Oh!" said the clergyman. "Then you will agree with me Mr. Cruikshank that it is not only an insult to me who am the servant of the Almighty, but an insult to the Almighty whose servant I am"—"How's that Sir?" says George. "It is stated, Mr. Cruikshank, in that paragraph," says the Minister, "that when Mr. Hone failed in business as a bookseller, he was persuaded by me to try the Pulpit, which is false, incorrect, unchristian, in a manner blasphemous, and in all respects contemptible. Let us pray." With which, my dear Felton—and in the same breath, I give you my word—he knelt down, as we all did, and began a very miserable jumble of an extemporary prayer. I was really penetrated with sorrow for the family, but when George (upon his knees, and sobbing for the loss of an old friend) whispered me that if that wasn't a clergyman, and it wasn't a funeral, he'd have punched his head, I felt as if nothing but convulsions could possibly relieve me.

Tell Longfellow that I can't find that book of his, but that I have some others from the Shakespeare Society for him; and that I want to know whether I shall send them to Hillard. Remember me heartily to our Hillard, and to Sumner, and all friends. We have been greatly concerned at Mrs. Felton's not being well, but hope your next accounts will be more favorable. Our united love to her. Tell me something, in your next, about Dr. Channing's family. Disgusted with our established church, and its Puseyisms, and daily outrages on common sense and humanity, I have carried into effect an old idea of mine, and joined the Unitarians, who would do something for human improvement, if they could, and who practise charity and toleration. The Tories will love me better than ever, if this gets wind. My children shall return the compliment, please God!

Faithfully Always, My Dear Felton C. D.

We reproduce also some passages from the review of *American Notes* which gave so much pleasure to Dickens. Professor Felton (who, like many of the sorely oppressed literary critics of his day, was compelled to hide his light under the bushel of anonymity) wrote, in part, as follows:

His command over the English language, in its most native and idiomatic parts, is really marvelous. His style is original, almost beyond that of any writer of English in this age. It is formed, not by the study of classical models, not by consuming the midnight oil in laboriously mastering the learning of books; but it is caught from the lips of men, speaking under the influence of the passions in daily life. . . .

But, with all its excellences Dickens's style is marred by several solecisms, which the writers of the last twenty years have admitted into their works, and these he repeats again and again. The use of "directly" in the sense of "as soon as,"[1] is an abomination first made popular, though not first used, by Bulwer, and appearing more than a thousand times in Dickens's works. It is an irredeemable cockneyism, and as such never to be tolerated in good society. Several other expressions of this sort now and then occur, such as the new-fangled and most uncouth solecism, "is being done," for the good old English idiomatic expression "is doing",—an absurd periphrasis driving out a pointed and pithy turn of the English language. But these are hardly enough to injure seriously the character of his style, or to detract materially from its singular purity and grace. . . . . .

We were not surprised at the enthusiasm with which his late arrival was hailed in the United States. Some few individuals,—as is always the case with popular excitements,—were disposed to sneer. But, when we consider the extraordinary influence that this young author had wielded; the beautiful humanity that everywhere breathed from his pages; the delicacy from which, in the wildest freaks of fun and frolic, he had never departed; the deep sympathy he had ever shown with the afflicted of his race; the exquisite creations which his genius had so lavishly poured out upon the world, and the years of enjoyment he had brought to every house in the land; we cannot help feeling that the universal enthusiasm with which he was welcomed was perfectly natural, and just what was to be expected from a generous people. . . .

Long before this, all American readers have read the *Notes for General Circulation*. They have been scattered over the country by the penny press, with the speed of rail-road and steam-boat. We believe they have been read with general approbation. Certainly they are pleasant reading, and highly characteristic of their author. Persons who expected from Dickens long disquisitions upon what are called American Institutions,—philosophical tirades upon the working of the republican machine of government,—or the future prospect of the world as affected by what we style the great experiment of self-government,—expected what they had no right to look for from the author of *Pickwick*. Mr. Dickens had too much good sense to attempt a work for which he was unprepared by previous studies, habits of thought,

[1] This is, apparently, an ineradicable Britticism, for it still mars the prose of excellent English writers.—Editor.]

and intellectual peculiarities; for which, had he possessed every needful prerequisite, his residence in the country was too short, and his opportunities of calm observation too limited and few. But he has a quick eye, from which nothing that comes within its range escapes; in his rapid passage from place to place he would seize many characteristic points, and take in at a glance many amusing traits. Little incidents that others would pass unnoticed, with him would be the germs of entertaining remark.

We had a right, therefore, to expect from him, not a didactic work, but a book full of graphic touches, good feeling, and pleasant observation; and in this expectation we have not been disappointed. Many of his strictures have given offence in various quarters. Some people seem to think, that if a fault of manners, or an inconvenience of social arrangements, or an awkward or disagreeable habit, is described by a traveler, it is described as something peculiar to them. Thus Dickens's humorous pictures of the discomforts of steam and canal boats, and stage coaches,—though all who have ever felt them, acknowledge the striking fidelity of his pencil,—are meant as satires upon American civilization in particular, and as if such things were found nowhere else; and not a little very excellent wrath has been expended upon him on that most gratuitous supposition. We have heard no defense set up against the charge of tobacco-chewing and spitting. In these two pleasant habits, we suppose we stand by general consent, and by our own admission, preëminent among the nations of the earth. It may indeed be true,—we presume it is so,—that Dickens notices the little discomforts of traveling more frequently than philosophical travelers would be likely to do;—not because he is disappointed and vexed at finding such things are, but because he has a lively susceptibility, and they strike him in a picturesque or ludicrous light; because he has a natural inclination to work up little incidents, which the common man thinks nothing of, into scenes; and this natural tendency of the creative faculty has, in his case, been heightened by long habits of inventive composition. It may be too,—we fancy it is,—the fact, that Dickens has never been much of a traveler. Probably his previous wanderings had not extended far beyond the immortal journeying of the Pickwickians; so that he could only have drawn comparisons, had he been disposed to do it at all, between the United States and England. We see nothing to complain of in the peculiarity of his book just touched upon; on the contrary, we are pleased to have, in their original freshness, the impressions made by our country on such a mind as his. With some of these we are far from agreeing. What he says of the absence of humor in the New England character, is directly opposed to the result of our own observations, and we can have no doubt, that he is here mistaken. In several minor matters of fact, he is unquestionably wrong. . . . . .

The style of this book is, like that of Dickens's other writings, free, graphic, and flowing. It has a rapid movement, as if he wrote as fast as his pen could be driven across the paper. Sometimes, therefore, it is incorrect, and it is frequently disfigured by the two or three solecisms we have mentioned before. It abounds in touches of the poetical and imaginative. Striking expressions, brilliant descriptions, witty turns, and humorous sallies, are scattered in sparkling profusion over its animated pages. The sea-passages have attracted great and deserved admiration. The graver parts of the book,—such as the visit to the Blind Institution at South Boston, the affecting account of Laura Bridgman, and the forcible comments upon the solitary system of prison discipline in Philadelphia,—are written in a deep, earnest, fervent spirit, and come from a heart throbbing with the best sympathies of our nature. The tone of the book, throughout, is frank, honest, and manly. He has steered clear of all personalities, though he has not lost, through over fastidiousness, any point of what he deems to be the truth. He has shown excellent taste in mentioning his peculiar reception here, only in the most general terms, and that, too, at the conclusion of his book. . . . . .

OUR WAR WITH GERMANY

II

(*April* 19—*May* 17)

As this is written six weeks have elapsed since we went to war with "the Imperial German Government" and we are making practical demonstration to ourselves that it requires time to prepare for war, and that we have used the time in past years for something else.

Few accomplishments of this six weeks' period are completed, but there are many beginnings, and much of what has been done is of vast importance. Both in purely domestic affairs and in international matters the way to our successful physical participation in the war has been made clearer; on the international side by the arrival in the United States of formal commissions from Great Britain, France and Italy, empowered to give our Government aid, information and assistance as to the needs and situation of their countries and the actual existing military conditions which we must face: on the domestic side by the completion of two great legislative acts of preparation, and the advancement of several others of commanding importance.

The travel of the British and French Commissions was shrouded in secrecy until they had safely terminated their voyages. The British commission, headed by the Right Honorable Arthur James Balfour, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the Lloyd George government, reached Washington on April 22, having landed at Halifax. The French commission, headed by René Viviani, vice-Premier and Minister of Justice, and Marshal Joffre, the victor of the Marne, landed at Fort Monroe two days later and proceeded at once to the national capital.

The American people were deeply stirred by the coming of these distinguished Frenchmen and Britons. Especially were their emotion and enthusiasm aroused by Marshal Joffre. From the moment the formal official receptions in Washington were over the demand for opportunity to meet and pay respect to the High Commissioners has been continuous. Wherever it has been possible for them to go there has been an outpouring of people to emphasize

the genuineness and heartiness of their welcome. Both Commissions were invited to visit the House of Representatives and the Senate, and both houses were addressed by Mr. Balfour and M. Viviani. An unending round of luncheons, dinners, receptions and public functions has marked the stay of the Commissioners in the United States. Mayor Thompson, of Chicago, distinguished himself by opposing an invitation to the French Commissioners to visit Chicago. Whereupon he was accused of being disloyal to his country and efforts were made to cause his prosecution.

The arrival of the two missions was followed immediately by a general announcement from Washington that the needs of our allies in Europe were men, ships and food, and that every effort should be made by this country to facilitate prompt supply to meet these needs. The bill authorizing the raising of armies for the war was pending in both houses of Congress, with its three angled fight over draft, volunteer system and Colonel Roosevelt. The urgency of the British and French Commissioners in favor of prompt sending of American troops to France greatly stimulated the debate and had marked effect upon the fate of this bill in Congress.

Marshal Joffre was especially vigorous in urging the sending of an American force at the earliest possible moment. He made some outspoken remarks on this subject in a meeting with the Washington newspaper men, but some one at the State Department had the temerity to delete part of what Joffre had said from the version given to the press for publication.

General Bridges, of the British Commission, openly asked for American troops as soon as they could be sent. Marshal Joffre met numbers of Congressmen at dinners and other social functions and did not hesitate to emphasize his opinion on the importance of sending Americans to the front immediately. The distinguished French and British Commissioners were diplomatic but effective.

At the same time reports of the gravest character concerning the work of the German submarines were published with sober emphasis, and Administration officials, especially Secretary Lane, expressed serious apprehension as to the outcome. These reports were followed by announcement that Americans were on the point of success in devising an effective weapon against the submarine. But this announcement was immediately scotched as premature.

On Sunday, April 29, both the British and French missions went to Mt. Vernon and visited the tomb of Washington, paying tribute to the work and worth of the great American. It was the second time that an English tribute had been laid on that tomb. The French Commissioners also visited the tomb of Lincoln, on the occasion of their trip to Chicago. Both commissions were guests of the city of New York for three days. On this occasion Marshal Joffre went to West Point and reviewed the cadets of the Military Academy. While there he was notified of his election to member-

ship in the Society of the Cincinnati, and received the emblem of the order. He is the second Frenchman to be received into that society, the first having been Marquis de Lafayette.

The first of the two great legislative acts of preparation for the war to which reference has been made had only to do with the authorization for the raising and lending of money—and therefore was easy. The second involved the determination of the policy upon which to raise the armies that are to be sent against the Germans—and therefore was much more difficult.

The bill authorizing five billions of war bonds and two additional billions of treasury certificates was passed unanimously in each branch of Congress, but certain amendments in the Senate necessitated a conference, which consumed several days, so that it was not until April 24 that President Wilson signed it. This law authorized the President to purchase securities of foreign governments to the amount of $3,000,000,000. On April 25, Mr. McAdoo, Secretary of the treasury, handed a treasury warrant for $200,000,000 to the British ambassador as the first instalment of the three billion loan to our allies. Under the same authority he has since advanced $100,000,000 to the French, to the Italians and a similar amount to the Russians. Other loans are now in process of arrangement.

At the same time the machinery was set in motion for the flotation of a huge part of the authorized war bonds. The "Liberty Loan of 1917" it was christened by the Treasury Department. It is designed to float $2,000,000,000 of the bonds—two-fifths of the total authorization—in the pending issue.

Announcement of the bond issue was made by Secretary McAdoo on May 2. Telegrams had been sent from the Treasury Department to banks and bankers all over the United States. Responses began to pour into the department the next day foreshadowing subscriptions in such sums that Mr. McAdoo was reported as expressing the enthusiastic belief that the entire loan would be subscribed within a few days, and that before the close of the subscription period, on June 15, it would be much oversubscribed. Subscriptions aggregating more than $600,000,000 were received within three or four days. But when the immediate response from banks and bankers was concluded there followed a slump in subscriptions which showed that the investing and patriotic public had not been reached, and that thorough organization and much work were needed in bringing about the successful flotation of a bond issue of such huge proportions.

Thereupon the assistance of bankers and other outsiders was requested by the Treasury Department. A practical banking publicity committee was formed in New York and other committees elsewhere. General organization was undertaken with the purpose of putting the merits of the loan fully before the people generally throughout the country as well as before the comparatively small

investing public, so as to begin the mobilization of the nation's credit reserves for the success of the Liberty Loan.

Thus this first step, the authorization of credit for seven billions of dollars, was in fact only the initial one of a long series of important steps that will grow more and more important as the war goes on, the beginning, in fact, of a wearisome march that will not end until many years after the close of the war, however soon that happy event may come.

The second of these important legislative acts of preparation is really hardly completed at this writing. In his great appeal to Congress of April 2nd President Wilson advocated raising the armies of the United States upon the principle of the obligation of universal military service. There was great antagonism to the adoption of the draft principle among the Democratic leaders in Congress, and especially in the House of Representatives, where the chairman of the Military Affairs committee, Mr. Dent, and the Democratic floor leader, Mr. Kitchin, and Speaker Clark were all opposed.

The adoption of Mr. Wilson's recommendation meant the reversal of the policy of relying upon volunteers to fill up the forces—the policy that has been invoked at the outset of every war the nation has fought from 1775 down to date, and that has failed at every trial. But the fact of that unbroken series of failures did not prevent influential men in both Senate and House from continuing to support the volunteer principle.

The House Committee on Military Affairs reported a bill favoring the volunteer system, but permitting use of the draft when the volunteer system failed, thus fixing odium upon the draft. The Senate committee reported a bill upon the draft principle, thus making it possible for the Government to take first the men most needed and making draft a mark of distinction rather than of shame.

The issue was further complicated by the application of Col. Theodore Roosevelt for permission to raise a volunteer division for immediate service in France, the division to be composed of men not subject to the draft, and with himself in command, or in command of one of the brigades, if the Government desired to put a regular army officer at the head of the division. This made a three angled fight. There were straight out supporters of conscription who wanted that and nothing else. There were straight out supporters of the volunteer system who wanted that without seeming to care what else happened. And there were those who wanted Colonel Roosevelt to have the opportunity he desired, and who didn't care much on which plan of raising the army they tacked that provision.

In the House Mr. Kahn, a "regular" Republican from California, led the fight for the Administration proposition and opposed the Roosevelt plan. In the Senate Mr. Harding, of Ohio, chair-

man of the Republican National Convention which refused to nominate Mr. Roosevelt for the presidency last year, led the fight for the Roosevelt division plan. Debate lasted five days in the House. Speaker Clark, replying to a delegation that favored the draft, declared that in his State " conscript " and " convict " had about the same meaning, a statement which was promptly contradicted by telegrams from the Speaker's home district announcing that it was strongly for the Administration plan. As the debate went on in the House the Administration grew stronger and stronger, and after it had triumphed by striking the volunteer provision from the bill and inserting the draft plan, and by defeating the Roosevelt division, the opposition faded away so that the bill was passed, as amended, on April 28, by a vote of 397 to 24.

The Senate began debating the bill on April 21, three days before the House took it up, and reached the voting stage a few minutes after the House concluded its roll call. Here the Roosevelt plan triumphed, an amendment being adopted authorizing the raising of four volunteer divisions. The general volunteer plan was defeated, the Administration draft plan adopted, except that the age limits were fixed at 21 and 27, instead of 21 and 40, as in the House, and an amendment was adopted forbidding the sale or gift of liquor to an officer or soldier in uniform. The Senate passed the bill by a vote of 81 to 8, and it went to conference after a delay of three days for unraveling of a parliamentary tangle.

In conference the bill stuck for more than a week. The House conferees would not agree to the Roosevelt army nor would the Senate conferees take the House age limits. At length, on May 10th, a compromise agreement was reached by the conferees, dropping the Roosevelt divisions and fixing the age limits for conscription at 21 to 30, both inclusive. That seemed to clear the way for early final action on the bill. Mr. Roosevelt telegraphed Senator Harding that he did not want the army bill held up because of a fight over his offer to lead a division to France. But while the conferees had been wrangling something had been happening in the House, and sentiment in favor of the Roosevelt plan was greatly increased. So when the conference report came up in the House for action on May 12 Mr. Anthony, of Kansas, a Republican who had been a strong political opponent of Mr. Roosevelt, moved to recommit to the conferees with instructions to them to reinsert the Roosevelt amendment. That motion carried, after a red hot debate of two hours, by a vote of 215 to 178. The conference report which had been submitted to the Senate was withdrawn by unanimous consent and the bill went to conference again. Agreement on this point was reached on May 15, in accordance with the instructions of the House. But when the conference report was submitted again to the House on May 16, that body sent the bill back once more on a question of the pay of enlisted men. The Senate conferees agreed to the House

contention and the House at length accepted the report, leaving the bill with the Senate for final action.

Administration influence was strongly exerted against the adoption of the Roosevelt plan in the House, but for the first time failed to command success on a really important occasion. The provision, if finally adopted, is permissive only, and not mandatory. It remains to be seen what the President will do with it. In a speech to the Red Cross on the day the House acted President Wilson, commenting on the grimness of the war, exclaimed, " This is no time for amateurs." But he may not have meant Mr. Roosevelt.

Meantime organization has been largely developed for registration of young men throughout the country for selection under the draft, and the Army administration is ready to proceed with the conscription of the men necessary to fill the Regular Army and National Guard to war strength, and to raise the first 500,000 of the newly authorized forces. Selection of men for training as officers was completed for the first section in the first week in May and they were ordered to the different training camps for three months' instruction before selection of those to receive commissions.

Recruiting on the old volunteer plan continues for the Regular Army and the National Guard, as well as for the Navy and Marine corps. But despite vigorous efforts on the part of the authorities, it has been marked by languor rather than energy, and fell materially short of producing the needed men. Josephus Daniels, Jr., son of the Secretary of the Navy, enlisted as a private in the Marine Corps.

While this fight over the Roosevelt plan was going on in the conference on the army draft bill the Senate was having a lively time over another Administration measure called the " Espionage bill " because it aimed, among other things, to check and punish espionage. Also it included, at first, the grant to the President of a broad power of censorship over the press of the country, as well as a grant of complete power of embargo upon all exports. The Senate had laid aside this bill on April 21 to take up the army bill. Repeatedly the Senate sat with closed doors for the freer discussion of these provisions. At one time the embargo provision was radically amended, on the initiative of Senator Hoke Smith, of Georgia, so as to affect only shipments to neutral countries adjacent to Germany. But in response to Administration influence that action was reconsidered and Mr. Smith withdrew his amendment. Thereupon an embargo provision substantially what the President desired was adopted.

The censorship section, after provoking lively discussion and many amendments, was stricken wholly out of the bill on May 12 by the close vote of 39 to 38. On that same day the Senate adopted an amendment forbidding the manufacture of intoxicating liquors for beverages from grains during the war. Two days later the Senate

reversed itself, struck this provision from the bill; defeated a motion to reinsert the censorship, and passed the bill, with the embargo plan retained very much in the shape desired by the Administration. At intervals, during the consideration of the Espionage bill, the Senate turned briefly to something else. It devoted one day to secret debate of a resolution authorizing the President to put into service the German ships seized and held in various American ports, which was passed. Then the House considered it in the open and also passed it. Men are at work on all these ships repairing the damage their German crews did to them before they were seized. It is expected that all will be ready for service in a comparatively short time. Some are ready now.

The Espionage bill was taken up in the House, after the Army bill was passed, and immediately developed the same kind of attack on the censorship provision as in the Senate. This provision was first defeated by a majority of 53, and then reinserted in a modified form by a majority of 5, after many of those who had voted against it had left the chamber. Thereupon the bill was passed by a vote of 260 to 105.

It was determined to send a commission to Russia and the appointment of Elihu Root at its head was announced. Other members include representative American bankers, captains of industry and men prominent in the ranks of the American Socialists and the American Federation of Labor. The Army is represented by Gen. Scott, chief of staff, and the Navy by Rear Admiral Glennon.

Congressional activity gave considerable time, in committee, to the drafting of certain measures of preparation for war, and to the consideration of other measures that arrived, in completed draft form, from one or another of the Administration executive departments. The House Ways and Means Committee devoted many perplexed and painful hours to preparation of a war revenue bill that should raise the colossal sum of $1,800,000,000 per annum by taxation. This bill was reported to the House on May 9, and immediately became the subject of violent controversy. It doubles the normal rate of income tax—from 2 to 4 per cent.—after reducing the exemptions one-half—from $4,000 to $2,000. It increases the surtaxes on large incomes by immense differentials, reaching a total of 33 per cent. on the highest class. It levies an additional one-third on the incomes of last year, many of which have already paid their taxes for 1916.

It proposes to levy a 10 per cent. ad valorem customs duty on all articles now on the free list, and to add 10 per cent. ad valorem to the rates of duty on all articles now on the dutiable list.

It proposes an excess profits tax of 16 per cent., together with inheritance, or estate taxes, ranging from one-half of 1 per cent. to 15 per cent. It proposes material increase in postage rates, especially on second-class matter, affecting newspapers and other

publications, and includes a wide range of miscellaneous taxes, covering practically every phase of amusement and many phases of commerce and industry. Also it proposes a small consumption tax on tea and coffee.

The taxes proposed in this bill are enormous for Americans, but at that they are less than the rates imposed by the British tax laws. As this goes to press a lively fight is on in the House over this bill, and some amendments to the committee draft have been adopted.

Suggestions or requests for Congressional grants of power for war purposes came from many executive departments or bureaus, and many bills and resolutions meeting these suggestions and requests were introduced. Their sponsors all sought to have it appear that each was strictly an "Administration measure" in order to give it the prestige on which it might be accepted by the House and Senate. One series of these bills, from the Department of Agriculture, seeks to confer upon the Secretary of Agriculture and the President complete control of all food and fuel supplies, their production, price, manufacture, and distribution, as well as power to commandeer supplies and plants and to establish regulations fixing use and right to possession of supplies of food, clothing and fuel. The proposed grants of power are made absolute and unlimited for the period of the war.

Herbert C. Hoover, head of the Belgian Relief Commission, who has been suggested as American Food Controller, arrived in Washington on the day these bills were presented to Congress and at once got into the fight for their enactment. Mr. Hoover's experience during the war lends weight to the urgent emphasis he lays upon the absolutely imperative necessity that this country shall produce the utmost possible quantities of all kinds of food for supply to our European allies. He joined immediately in the campaign to stimulate food production which the Department of Agriculture is conducting.

Meantime the Council of National Defense and its Advisory Commission have been extremely busy, chiefly with matters of organization, preparation, the appointment of committees, the allotment of duties and labor, and the general shaping up for the immense task that will fall upon the executive administration when once the United States really get into the fight. Washington is a great blur of committees, with new ones falling out of the appointment hopper almost hourly. The legislative effort is first to centralize the administrative power. Then the Administration decentralizes by appointment of committees that ramify to the last detail of the work.

Inland transportation management, in the hands of the special railway committee of the Advisory Commission, has made great advance toward completion of its organization, separate committees for the different districts and lines of work having been named, with practical transportation men at the head of each.

The Committee on Raw Materials has made similar preparation, by the appointment of subordinate special committees for the different materials, each headed by a well known captain of industry. The German organization of the Technical Staff of the War Office is not more thorough in this respect.

Under the lead of the Council of National Defense a three days' conference was held in Washington, attended by specially appointed representatives of the defense councils of the various States. More than forty States were represented, ten of them by their Governors, and others by the chairmen of their defense councils. Meetings were held at which the entire Government programme was explained and discussed. Members of the State councils also had the advantage of meeting and hearing the members of the British and French Commissions, who were then in Washington, and learned at first hand of the immediate needs of these two of our allies.

The United States Shipping Board, having got its plans for construction of wooden ships under way, turned its attention to the problem of speeding up construction of steel ships. Gen. Goethals, president of the shipping corporation organized by the Shipping Board, strongly favors steel construction. Tremendous stimulation of ship building has been accomplished. The Government announces it has also bought seven Austrian ships which were in American waters from an American firm that had purchased them from their Austrian owners. The Administration asks Congress to appropriate a billion dollars for further and faster ship building.

Industrial preparation for war received substantial assistance from the large manufacturing interests of the country. The steel manufacturers voluntarily gave the Government exceptionally advantageous prices for all materials it needs and arranged to give it also priority in delivery. Oil men made similar arrangements. The wool men stopped transactions until they learned what the desires of the Government were, holding the entire supply at the first call of the Government.

Many wealthy men offered yachts and power boats to the Government for free use during the war.

Some disposition manifested itself among smaller interests not to follow this lead, but it was not extensive, and the power to commandeer, provided in so many bills pending in Congress, will take care of it all if any of the bills passes, as seems most likely.

Pending enactment of the general censorship authority asked in the Espionage bill, the President established a censorship over cables and telegraphs and telephones to foreign countries by executive order. The first day of its operation in New York more than 40,000 words were passed without stopping one.

At Washington Secretary Lansing of the State Department issued orders to his subordinates forbidding them to give any information whatever to newspaper men under pain of dismissal. The

Attorney General took a similar position. Then there was established a Government daily publication, called the Official Bulletin, with the avowed purpose of presenting official proclamations, executive orders, statutes and " all other subjects related to the prosecution of the war to which publicity may properly be given."

Food prices continued to mount throughout the month. Crop prospects were not encouraging, despite the utmost efforts of the Government to stimulate production. The wheat situation on May 1 was the worst for thirteen years. President Wilson issued a fervent appeal to the farmers of the country, and many organizations were effected to supply seed, or funds, or assist in securing labor for farms. Washington began an official inquiry into the increases of food prices, attended by representatives of nearly all the States.

While all this was going on, and the furor over the British and French Commissions was absorbing the attention of the country, the Italian Commission arrived unheralded in New York and went to a hotel instead of being entertained as the other commissions were.

Congress having authorized the borrowing of seven billions for war purposes began to make specific provision for spending some of it. Army and Navy estimates aggregating more than three billions were submitted, and the House Urgent Deficiency appropriation bill, to meet some of these estimates, carried $2,699,485,000. That was in addition to the regular army appropriation bill of a little less than three hundred millions. As reported to the Senate the bill carried more than three billion dollars.

The needs of transportation in France and Russia especially call for immediate assistance. The railway committee of the Advisory Commission of the National Defense Council plans early shipment of materials—rolling stock, rails, etc.—and the Government has called for nine regiments of volunteer engineers, to be sent to France at the earliest possible moment, to help in regenerating the French railways. Many practical railway men will go to Russia.

American Socialists and labor men are exerting themselves to hold the Russian radicals from yielding to German intrigue.

A special force of about a thousand American surgeons is also being made ready to go to the fighting zone.

Nor is it to be overlooked that the American steamer Mongolia reported that she sighted a submarine off the coast of England on April 19, and shattered the periscope. The commander of the U-boat was killed.

(This record closes as of May 17 and is to be continued.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DECLARING FOR WAR

SIR,—If I am not mistaken, you were the first to declare outspokenly for war, at the annual dinner of the University Club at the New Willard Hotel in this city as long ago as February 14th, and your utterance, although evoking much applause that evening, brought sharp criticisms from various newspapers. Several members of this club who were present have expressed to me a wish that you would reprint that speech, as reported in the Washington newspapers, as a matter of both record and interest, in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. May I not hope that, in view of the fulfilment of the aspiration then voiced especially with respect to the proposed sending of an army to France, you will see your way to comply with this request?

JOHN W. CLIFTON.

University Club, Washington.

[Readily, though not pridefully, we comply. The chief gibe, incidentally, was the following from Mr. Bryan in the *Commoner* for March:

On another page will be found an extract from a speech delivered by Colonel Harvey at a dinner in Washington. It will be seen that he is in favor of getting into this war. The REAL motive back of most of the jingo crusade for big armies and navies is not to prevent war, but to bring on war. The Colonel says, "And glory openly and proudly in the present prospect of conflict which so many hold calamitous."

Colonel Harvey renders the general public a service in uncovering the motive which so many friends of war have been careful to conceal.

Perhaps it was not what the President calls a disservice after all. Anyhow this is what was said:

WASHINGTON, FEBRUARY 14TH, 1917.

Let us have no illusions with respect to what would happen if war should come. The impression seems to be quite general that our participation in the conflict would involve little more than what we are now doing. We would increase the output of munitions for both the Allies and ourselves. We would presumably lift the virtual embargo placed upon our financial resources by the Federal Reserve Board. We would continue to extend and perhaps expand our sympathy for those who are fighting to maintain individual liberty against the power of an overwhelming State.

We might even at a pinch send a few cruisers and even battleships down along the coast of South America, though hardly across the ocean. And that is about all, so far as the present consideration of our people has gone. Having performed these beneficent acts, we would await patiently and with full consciousness of our moral worth the actual winning of the war, with victory of course if need be, but without victory preferably, by the Allies.

Is not that substantially a correct statement of our prospective attitude? I believe that it is, and that the fact could be demonstrated, if time permitted, by a summing up of recent developments. We all know that enormous sums of money have been appropriated for feasible enlargement of the navy and for impracticable expansion of the army. But that has nothing to do with the present contingency. The navy is no more potent today than it was two years ago and the pathetic little army, scattered as at present, is not only less effective than it was four years ago, but it is forty per cent. short of its prescribed peace strength. Moreover, as you have noticed, the programme for its immediate strengthening has been curtailed to a hopeless degree upon the theory, officially declared, though not in these words, that the navy should have what might be termed first aid to the injured, and that this incapable nation can attend to but one arm of the service at a time. In a word, gentlemen, while we do not lack intelligence, we do refuse to learn. In this respect, incredible though it may seem, we are now demonstrating a maximum of stupidity surpassing that of the British themselves. Nobody knew better than they our distressing experience in raising armies in the Civil War. The frightful and almost fatal folly of our Government in forbidding enlistments at a time when recruiting was easy and popular, was as familiar to British historians, British statesmen, and even to the British people, as to ourselves. And yet they repeated that very performance within three months after the war broke out and only now, at the end of nearly three years, at appalling cost, and after making what is tantamount to conscription, not only of soldiers, but of old men and boys, and of women and girls in all walks of life, have they finally retrieved their fundamental error.

Now it requires no seer to perceive the absolute certainty that if we should, as we probably shall, be brought into armed conflict, we shall do precisely the same things, commit precisely the same blunders that we did commit nearly sixty years ago and that England has committed under our very eyes during the past three years, with only this difference—that in all human probability the penalties finally paid will be vastly heavier. Nothing could be more faultful or more fateful than this common misapprehension that our going to war would be a lackadaisical affair, that having once engaged in the controversy we could occupy reserved seats on the side lines and from that point of vantage plumply cheer on the bleeding gladiators without risk to our own precious selves. The most primitive sense of honor and of pride, to say nothing of the fear of shame and contumely would impel us instantly to prove our manhood and to do our bit. If, even in the distressed circumstances under which we now find ourselves, we should fail within six months to place at least one hundred thousand of the finest soldiers in the world shoulder to shoulder with the gallant sons of France, we would be known and deserve to be known as either the most inefficient or the most contemptible of hardy races. There

is always a psychological time to strike and that would be the time for us. Picture in your minds the thrill that would pass down that long, thin line stretching from Flanders to Switzerland, when word should come that the vanguard of the fighting sons of liberty and of free America were hastening eagerly forward over the soil of France, and that behind them in the great Republic a million more and back of them yet another million were being trained to take over the places of the exhausted soldiers of France, and to win for the children of these soldiers the inestimable benefit of imperishable freedom.

What would not any of you give to accompany that first body of our splendid regulars through the devastated fields of Normandy and wave response to the war-worn peasantry raising their faces and their voices in gratitude and hope? And what would you not give to hear from those brave lads of the trenches the first joyous "Vive l'Amerique" and hear the Tommies shout "Hear come the Americans!" Music such as that, my friends, springs only from on High to lift up the hearts of noble men who "their duties know but know their rights and knowing dare maintain." And what would such a scene signify if not the beginning of the end not only of the great war but of autocracy itself? For, mind you, when finally America joins hands with France and Britain and the three great democracies muster as a single force, as I pray they may, upon the battle-field of the worlds, all Heaven will ring with rejoicing; for God has said, I am tired of kings.

So I say to you gentlemen, if we must fight, as we always have fought, willingly, eagerly, gladly, for human liberty and human rights, let there be no paltering, no half-heartedness, no mere firing and falling back, but let all, yes all to the very last and feeblest of our omnipotent hundred millions, take their stand as one behind our chosen leader and mean it when we implore the Almighty to give us liberty or give us death. And let us hold nothing back from our allies who so long have borne the frightful burden of war for all. No special consideration! No mental reservations! No separate peace! None—upon this sole condition, that the infamous autocracy and the dastardly rulers who perpetrated this most hideous and awful of crimes shall be deprived forever of power over their own or any other people. If we are to fight successfully the battle of democracy, we must know that democracy, not sham but real, is going to win a complete triumph for all time and for all those whom fighting, we love and fight to free. Then with whole hearts and whole souls and all our might let us put the great shoulder of America to the wheel of war and crush out of existence with irresistible force any and all who would deprive God's children of their rightful heritage of inherent right to life, liberty and pursuit of happiness.

This is the thing to do, the only thing to do. The time may come when we can utilize a League to Enforce Peace, but what we want now is a League to Enforce War, to the end that peace may come and come quickly. I know what war is. I know what this war is. With my own eyes I have seen the flower of their race streaming in thousands, wounded and dying, to those no less stricken at home. I hate war—even a righteous war. But I fear peace—a craven peace, a sinful peace. And I glory openly and proudly in the present prospect of conflict which so many hold calamitous. I revel in the hope that our great independent America may not be de-

prived of the privilege of doing her part in making and keeping the human race free from the menace of tyranny. Above and beyond all, God forbid that poltroonery in the guise of pacifism shall now or ever emerge from the cradle of liberty! And this be the battle-cry, the battle-cry of America!

Trumpeter, sound for the splendor of God!
Sound the music whose name is Law,
Whose service is perfect freedom still,
The order august that rules the stars!
Bid the anarchs of night withdraw,
Too long the destroyers have worked their will,
Sound for the last, the last of the wars!
When truth was truth and love was love
With a hell beneath and a heaven above,
Trumpeter, rally us, rally us, rally us,
On to the City of God!

—EDITOR.]

ABOUT LINCOLN

SIR,—My suggestions as to the "Problems of a Peace League" published in your March number seem to have developed into a collateral issue as to whether or not Abraham Lincoln was an *idealist,* and, "in the beginning of his career," an *abolitionist.*

Although I was looking for enlightenment on the current theme of a Peace Tribunal, it may not be without profit, as it is never without interest, to consider any question concerning the Great Emancipator.

The majority of people, especially those of the younger generation, would probably say, at once, that Lincoln was an undoubted abolitionist from the time of his entrance into politics until the slave was free. It is, I think, the general impression; and quite naturally so, because of his issuance of the Emancipation Proclamation, and because his first national prominence came from his debate with Stephen A. Douglas upon the slavery question. While that debate was, in a general sense, upon the question of slavery, it was in a more specific sense upon the *extension* of slavery. The question of its *abolishment* in the States in which it then existed did not arise in the discussion, for Lincoln himself did not advocate it, and Douglas did not find it necessary to oppose it. The several questions arising as to its *extension,* or, if you choose to put it conversely, its *restriction,* were the only ones discussed.

At different times in Mr. Lincoln's career he suggested gradual emancipation, with compensation, and, when he was a member of the Thirtieth Congress, introduced a bill for that purpose, applicable to the District of Columbia, one section of which provided for the extension of the Fugitive Slave Law so as to cover said District, which, through some oversight, had not been included in the original law. It was the recollection of this fact that caused Wendell Phillips, the greatest of the anti-slavery orators, on hearing of the nomination of Lincoln for the Presidency, to refer to him as the "Slave hound of Illinois."

Allen Thorndike Rice, former editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, in his introduction to the book which he compiled of "Reminiscences of Lincoln" (by distinguished and intimate contemporaries), says (page 44):

"He was elected to save the Union, not to destroy slavery: and he did not aid, directly or indirectly, the movement to *abolish* slavery, until the voice of the people was heard demanding it that the Union might be saved." "He did not free the negro for the sake of the slave, but for the sake of the Union. It is an error to class him with the noble band of abolitionists to whom neither Church nor State was sacred when it sheltered slavery. He signed the Proclamation of Emancipation solely because it had become impossible to restore the Union with slavery;" and (page 53): "What eager idealists therefore decried in Lincoln," etc., etc.,—showing that they were not considered to be in the same class.

In the same volume (page 406) Hugh McCullough, Secretary of the Treasury at the time of Lincoln's death, analyzes his position on the slavery question as follows: "Mr. Lincoln, although a hater of slavery, *was not an abolitionist.* He had a profound reverence for the Constitution upon which the Union was founded, which recognized slavery as a local institution, but he was firm and unyielding in his opposition to its extension."

And James C. Willing, who was, in Lincoln's day, editor of the *National Intelligencer* at Washington, later Professor of Belles Lettres at Princeton, and still later President of the University of Columbia at Washington, in the same volume, edited and published by Mr. Rice, elaborately reviews Lincoln's record on the slavery question, and reaches the conclusion that Lincoln did not become an *abolitionist* until just about the time of the issuance of his Proclamation; citing in proof of it speeches, letters, and various memoranda made by members of his Cabinet.

But let us call Lincoln himself as a witness upon the subject. In his celebrated Cooper Institute speech, made before his nomination, he said:

> Wrong as we think slavery is, we can yet afford to let it alone where it is, because that much is due to the necessity arising from its actual presence in the nation.

In his First Inaugural address, he said:

> I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and *I have no inclination to do so.*

He canceled the emancipation proclamations (of a local character) issued by Generals Fremont and Hunter.

He withstood for eighteen months the appeals of delegations from various bodies and localities urging emancipation.

March 10, 1862, he told representatives of the Border States that, as long as he remained President, they had nothing to fear for their peculiar institution "either by direct action of the Government, or by indirect action, as, through the emancipation of slaves in the District of Columbia, or the confiscation of Southern property" in slaves.

August 22, 1862, just a month before the issuance of the Proclamation, he answered the insistent Greeley in a letter defining his position, saying among other things:

> What I do about slavery and the colored race I do because it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do *not* believe it would help to save the Union.

Altogether I think there is evidence, quite respectable in character and amount, in support of my assertion in your April number that "In the begin-

ning of his career he was *not* for the *abolition,* but opposed to the *extension,* of slavery."

This does not detract, I think, from the credit that should be given him for his final position, which was deliberately chosen and deeply sincere. Whatever the motive or opinion which caused his reluctance and delay, the double effect of his action was that he not only saved the Union but the slave; and immortal fame is his reward.

C. W. DUSTIN.

DAYTON, OHIO.

[Our correspondent, whose interesting citations we are happy to print, seems to us to be quibbling. We never said or implied that Lincoln's views on the problem of abolition underwent no development. Of course they did. Nor have we at any time said that Lincoln was an "*eager* idealist." We merely said he was an "idealist"—an unqualified assertion which we perceive no occasion to withdraw.—EDITOR.]

THE HONEY AND THE BEE

SIR,—In THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for February, in the article "The Case of Hiram Johnson: Guilty," by Alfred Holman, appear two statements concerning the *Sacramento Bee* and myself, as its publisher, in connection with what the author terms "the campaign attitude of Governor Johnson's subsidized papers."

The first is that "The *Bee* supported President Wilson and Governor Johnson with equal ardor." The second is that I, as President of the State Reclamation Board, receive a per diem of twenty dollars. The inference sought to be conveyed is that the emoluments of the office are large; that because of that fact the *Bee* is guided in its editorial policy by Governor Johnson; and that its alleged advocacy of Wilson furnishes proof of Johnson's alleged betrayal of Hughes.

The first statement referred to is untrue. The second is one of those vicious half-truths less forgivable than a deliberate untruth.

The *Sacramento Bee* did not support Wilson, either with ardor or at all. It strongly disapproved of a number of his policies and actions. It was sincerely desirous, as an independent and progressive newspaper, of finding some justification for the support of Mr. Hughes. Unfortunately, Mr. Hughes offered neither justification nor excuse for such a course. The *Bee* then contented itself with freely criticizing both nominees. Its editorial published a week before the election (October 30th), criticising the President for his policy in connection with national preparedness (copy enclosed), furnishes sufficient disproof of the statement made in the Holman article. Governor Johnson felt it his duty to support Hughes; the *Bee* saw its own duty otherwise, but declined to support Wilson.

As to the second statement in the article: The Publisher of the *Bee* has acted for five years past as the President of the State Reclamation Board, to which position he was named by Governor Johnson. There is a per diem of twenty dollars allowed members of the Board, but it is only for regular Board meetings, and may not exceed one thousand dollars in any year. The amount received by me last year was $500. The position, while a very responsible one (the Board has charge of the State's portion of the Sacramento River flood control project calling for an ultimate expenditure

of over $30,000,000), is practically an honorary one. With the consent of my brother, partner and co-manager, most of my time (which belongs really to the *Bee*) is given to the duties of the State office without further compensation than above indicated. The consummation of the project is of such vital importance to the State that the members of the Board consider it at once an honor and a duty thus to serve the State. My duties have called me a number of times to Washington for hearings before Congressional Committees, and in no instance has the State paid me any compensation or even my transportation across the continent. It has paid my hotel expenses in Washington, and nothing more.

These are all matters of record, and if not known to Mr. Holman should have been investigated by him before making public statement in a responsible Review.

The *Bee* has loyally supported Hiram Johnson because it believes him to be the ablest, as he certainly is the most progressive, Governor the State has known. It has neither asked, nor accepted, for itself or its friends, political compensation therefor. Its publisher was appointed on the Reclamation Board presumably because of his knowledge of and interest in the project of which the Board has charge. And both Governor and publisher have performed their respective duties in connection with the project in the best interests of the State as they saw them, as would business men, and without political trade or consideration.

V. S. McClatchy.

Sacramento, Cal.

THE CHURCH AND THE THINKING MAN

Sir,—The writer has read with much interest Dr. McConnell's article, "What are the Churches to do?" in the March number of the Review.

This question seems to be based upon the assumption that the churches have creeds which are no longer tenable, and to which thinking men do not and cannot subscribe. And the writer understands Dr. McConnell to mean that the churches recognize that his assumption is in fact true.

If the Doctor's assumption is true, and is so recognized by the churches, then it seems to the writer that the answer to his question should be: Let the churches disorganize, since they are living a lie. If the churches do not so believe, then his advice to them to retain their creeds but say nothing about them is "damned with faint praise," since his reason for their so doing is that this will enable them to gather in more members.

If the churches really believe in the inspiration of the Bible, the Divinity of Christ, and the Atonement, if they in fact believe that salvation is by grace and not by "character", then the affiliation with the Church of those who come into it because of its abandonment of those vital beliefs would be of no value, either to those individuals or to the Church.

With a little more moral courage Dr. McConnell could have told us whether or not he believes in the things which the Bible says Jesus taught and did, thus rendering it unnecessary to advise the churches on the assumption that they believed certain things, when he neglects to say that either he or the Church believes those things or does not believe them.

Lester C. Majors.

Midland, Texas.

PAGAN VERSUS CHRISTIAN ETHICS

SIR,—It is disconcerting, to say the least, to read in Mr. Edwin Davies Schoonmaker's article, "Constantinople—and Then?", in the April number of your REVIEW, that a Power with which we are allied will probably avoid the keeping of its solemn promise to Russia as regards Constantinople. Is this to develop another "scrap of paper" incident? In this connection I am reminded that ethical standards vary. There is a quotation from the Psalms that reads like this:

> Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle, or who shall rest upon thy holy hill? . . .
> He that sweareth to his neighbor and disappointeth him not, though it were to his own hindrance.

But note the following from *De Officiis:*

> Nam promissa igitur servanda sunt ea, quae sint iis, quibus promiseris, inutilia, nec, si plus tibi ea noceant quam illi prosint, cui promiseris, contra officium est maius anteponi minori. . . . Iam illis promissis standum non esse quis non videt, quae coactus quis metu quae deceptus dolo promiserit?

But one may doubt, in reading *De Officiis,* that even a pagan would justify such a breach of faith as Mr. Schoonmaker assumes a Christian nation would make almost as a matter of course.

ELBERT B. HOLMES.

ST. ANN'S RECTORY,
RICHFORD, VT.

A FANTASTIC ASCRIPTION

SIR,—Whenever I pick up THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, I do so with a feeling that I shall surely find therein many things worth while to read. Perhaps it is because of that feeling that I am moved to protest or to ask how is it possible for you to accept such an article as that entitled "What are the Churches to do?" which appeared in a recent issue of your magazine? I do not mind such slush appearing in some magazines with which we are afflicted, for in the latter case one can always find relief by dropping the magazine in the waste-basket.

I object to the article in question for two reasons. In the first place, it is an insult to Catholics, and you should not permit your magazine to be used as a means to insult the center of Catholic worship—the Mass—which has been believed in by the majority of Christians in every age, by scientists and men of profoundest learning, as well as by the uneducated. The beliefs expressed by the writer are as closely allied to Confucianism as they are to Christianity, for the writer apparently disbelieves in every fundamental doctrine of Christianity. Why select a writer to descant on a subject in which he does not believe? Would you do that if you wanted an article on electricity?

B. B. HORRIGAN.

WALLA WALLA, WASH.

[We are unable to understand how it is possible to see, in an article so evidently inspired by a deep love of religious truth as was Dr. McConnell's,

an "insult" to any Christian or non-Christian faith. But it is one of the depressing anomalies of religious experience that any pious hypocrite can enrapture multitudes by lifting up his voice in "the bleat of evangelical orthodoxy," whereas the honest seeker after spiritual realities takes his life in his hands.—EDITOR.]

A COMPLIMENT MISUNDERSTOOD

SIR,—I am sorry to say the headline, "A Pro-Ally German-American," which you gave to my recent letter, indicates that you missed the point of it. I strongly protest against being called a German-American, since it is an entirely erroneous description, my ancestors on all sides having been in America from two hundred to two hundred and fifty years. I am as purely and thoroughly American as anyone. I regret having to state that such an appelation was to me most surprising and distasteful.

JOHN L. SCHWARTZ.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

[We are sorry that a lapse from tact on our part has caused our friend unhappiness. We had assumed from the tone of his letter that he was as proud of his German descent as Mr. Roosevelt so often affirms that he is of his. There was no thought on our part of questioning Mr. Schwartz's Americanism—which we hereby recognize and salute: we had meant rather to pay him a compliment. Incidentally we would remind Mr. Schwartz that whether his forebears came to this country two hundred years or five years ago is immaterial to the fact of his Americanism. Some of the most unquestionably and passionately loyal Americans we know have grandparents who are so unfortunate as to be subjects of the abhorrent paranoiac who is, God grant, the last of the Kaisers.

—EDITOR.]

WHAT FRANCE DID FOR AMERICA

MEMOIRS OF MARSHAL COUNT DE ROCHAMBEAU

TRANSLATED BY M. W. E. WRIGHT

II

M. DE LA PEYROUSE returned from Boston early in February. He brought us the first and only dispatches we had received from France since our departure. We learned that my son and he had found, on their arrival at Versailles, that M. de Sartines had tendered his resignation as Minister of Marine, and had been succeeded by M. de Castries; that the Minister of War was on the point of following his example; that the Queen Empress had terminated her royal and glorious career; that the English, having declared war to the Dutch, were taking them by surprise in all their possessions in which they were unprotected, and that France was making active preparations to send out both military and naval forces to their assistance; and, lastly, that all these circumstances would not allow of further efficacious attention being paid to the wants of America. The King, however, ordered M. de la Peyrouse to return immediately to America in the most swift sailing frigate at Brest, and take with him fifteen hundred thousand francs, which had been deposited at Brest for the last six months to be carried out with the second division. His Majesty further directed that Colonel Rochambeau should be detained till he could determine in council on the reply to be made to the request of the Americans.

After the return of our fleet, Arnold was reinforced in Virginia by a detachment of three thousand men from New York, in command of General Philipps. The English squadron put into New York to repair their three vessels, which had been damaged; and the Chevalier Destouches proceeded to repair the French ship the *Conquérant* at Rhode Island. Lafayette proceeded by land to join the Baron de Stuben and the various detachments of militia which the State of Virginia had set on foot.

Our squadron being again fit for sea, he felt anxious to make an attack on Penobscot; he was earnestly solicited to do so by the merchants and State of Boston; this fortress, occupied by the English at

the northern extremity, being a harbour for pirates and rovers of the most audacious description. General Washington did not approve of this plan, and gave to understand to the Chevalier Destouches that, for an object of very little consequence, he would endanger his fleet in a gulf where, after a disastrous combat, he would find no port of refuge. The fate of an expedition, which had sailed two years before from Boston, and of which the troops and flotilla which accompanied them were destroyed in the river of Penobscot, was a fit warning on the present occasion. We also were informed that the English fleet had completed their repairs, and had moreover been reinforced at New York by all the fifty-gun ships which could be spared from different other stations; it was therefore found impossible for the French fleet to put to sea under such circumstances, as it would have had to contend against an enemy which these reinforcements had rendered far superior, and which seemed fully determined to combine all its offensive operations against the State of New York. By the draft of these various detachments it stripped the garrison of New York, and, consequently, a smaller number of troops being sufficient for the safety of our ships at Rhode Island, I proposed to General Washington to proceed by land to the River Hudson, opposite New York, so as to enable him to reinforce Lafayette in Virginia with a detachment of his army. There were two motives, however, which prevented the execution of this plan for the present; in the first place, the preparations indispensable for victualling the army, and next, the necessity of waiting for the assistance, whatever it might be, which we expected would be brought by my son on his return, and which it would be highly advantageous we should receive before we should proceed, particularly if the affairs of the south did not become too pressing. General Washington received our offer with gratitude; but did not conceive the affairs of the south to be of such urgency as to require him to avail himself of it before we should have accomplished the two above objects. He, however, detached the troops of the Pennsylvania confederacy, to proceed forthwith, in command of General Vaine, to join General Lafayette.

Lord Cornwallis allowed but a short time to his troops to rest, during the months of April and May, in the neighborhood of Cape Fear. In the meantime, General Green marched by Hilsborough towards Cambden and South Carolina, to attack Lord Randon, who had remained in that state with a small division to protect it. He had hoped, by this movement, to oblige Lord Cornwallis to retreat, but, as by this manœuvre he left the State of Virginia unprotected, Lord Cornwallis took advantage of this to quit his quarters, and, by a rapid march, cross the Roenoke at Halifax, and from thence join Generals Philipps and Arnold at Petersburgh, in Virginia.

My son arrived at Boston on the 8th of May, on board the frigate the *Concorde*, in company with M. de Barras, who had been appointed to the command of this squadron, *vice* le Chevelier de Ternay.

We were informed by them that they had seen sail from Brest a numerous fleet, commanded by M. de Grasse; that this fleet had orders to divide as soon as it should reach the coast of Spain off Madrid, and proceed with the Bailli de Suffren to the assistance of the Cape of Good Hope, and to reinforce our fleet in the East Indies; that the Count de Grasse, as soon as he had passed south of the Azores, was to detach a small convoy of six hundred recruits under escort of the *Sagittaire*, as the only assistance which could be then afforded to North America; and, lastly, that the money intended for the naval and land forces was conveyed partly by the *Sagittaire*, and partly by the frigate which had M. de Barras on board. My dispatches stated, which was at the same time declared to Congress by his Majesty's minister, that different circumstances, among others that of an English fleet, superior in number, cruising off the port of Brest, had prevented the sailing of the second division in the preceding year; but that, in order that America should not be deprived of the assistance which had been provided for her, and which France had no desire to profit by, government had come to the determination to send money in lieu of troops, and that for that purpose a sum of six millions had been voted, with which General Washington might provide for the wants of the American army. The same dispatches contained a confidential message to me alone, stating that the Comte de Grasse had received orders to proceed with his division, in July or August, to relieve the squadron under M. de Barras; and that the latter, in the event of my marching into the interior of the continent to join General Washington, was to proceed back immediately to Boston. Rhode Island was considered unsafe without land forces to protect the anchorage of our ships. The government proposed that I should undertake an expedition to the Northern States, either to Penobscot, Terre Neuve, or Halifax; leaving me, however, to concert with General Washington some other operation better proportioned to our forces, and which might be protected by the very short station which the Comte de Grasse would have to make in our seas. Of the dispatches conveyed to me, those of the oldest date were from M. de Montbarrey, and those more recent, from M. de Ségur, who had succeeded him as Minister of War; the latest were from M. de Castries, who was at Brest when the fleet had sailed. My private letters informed me, that if I had been in France the King would have appointed me Minister of War. My ambition had never aspired to such an important function; but I must confess, when I reflect on these scanty resources and the distressing predicament to which I was reduced, this was the only moment of my life that I regretted it. It became urgent, however, that I should get out of my present embarrassing situation, and do my best for the service of the two nations. As soon, therefore, as I had fully deciphered my dispatches, my first step was to request an interview of General Washington; and he accordingly appointed to meet me at Wethersfield, near Hartford, on the 20th of May. Count

de Barras was prevented joining the conference, by the English fleet making its appearance near his ships on the eve of his departure. General Washington came in company of General Knox and Brigadier-General Duportail, and I with the Chevalier de Chatelus. General Washington, during this conference, had scarcely another object in view but an expedition against the island of New York, and which he persisted in considering the most capable of striking a death-blow to British domination in America. He was aware of the enemy's forces having been thinned at this place by the detachments which had been drafted from its garrison, and sent to the south, and thought, on the assurance of several pilots, that our ships might easily pass the bar of the harbour without being lightened. He considered an expedition against Lord Cornwallis, in Chesapeak Bay, as quite a secondary object, to which there was no necessity of diverting our attention until we were quite certain of our inability to accomplish the former. After some slight discussion, it was settled, however, that as soon as the recruits, with the small convoy of the *Sagittaire*, should join, the French corps should proceed to unite itself to the American army opposite the island of New York, to which the combined army should then approach as near as possible, and there wait until we should hear from M. de Grasse, to whom a frigate was to be immediately dispatched.

General Washington wrote immediately the result of this conference to General Sullivan, a member of Congress. His letters were intercepted; it is believed, and all the papers repeated the report, that he spoke in those letters of the projected attack on the New York islands, with a view only to mislead the enemy's general, and that, consequently, he was very glad that the letters had fallen into the hands of the latter. There is no need of such fictions to convey the glory of this great man to posterity. His wish was really then to attack New York, and we should have carried the plan into execution if the enemy had continued to draft troops from its garrison, and if the French navy could have been brought to our assistance. But what completely deceived the English general, was a confidential letter written by the Chevalier de Chatelus to the French representative at Congress, wherein he boasted of having artfully succeeded in bringing round my opinion to concur with that of General Washington; stating, at the same time, that the siege of the island of New York had been at length determined upon, and that our two armies were on the march for that city, and that orders had been sent off to M. de Grasse to come with his fleet and force his way over the bar of Sandyhook to the mouth of the harbour of New York. He also complained bitterly and in rather uncouth language, of the little resource left to a man of parts over the imperative disposition of a general, who was eager of command. The English officer who had charge of every branch of the spying department sent me a copy of the intercepted missive, and, by so doing, his intention had not been

most assuredly to set my wits at ease. I sent for the Chevalier de Chatelus; showed him the letter, and then threw it in the fire, and left him a prey to his own remorse. Of course, I did not endeavour to undeceive him, and, in the sequel, we shall see to what extent this general officer had been made the confidant of the real project which I proposed to the Count de Grasse.

When I returned to Newport, I was much grieved to see our navy preparing to retire to Boston, as soon as the French corps should quit the island for the continent. The port of Boston, although within thirty leagues of Newport by land, is more than a hundred leagues distant by sea, on account of the immense turn that must be made to clear the Nantucket Sands. Boston lies below wind, and might have delayed for a whole month the junction of our fleet to that of M. de Grasse. I felt the inconvenience of the distance the more, as I was obliged to leave him the care of the whole of our heavy artillery, which we could not possibly encumber ourselves with on the tedious march we were about to enter upon; our field-batteries were already nearly as much as we could contrive to drag with us. I proposed to Admiral Barras to hold a council of war, composed of both naval and military general and superior officers, as our instructions implied whenever circumstances should require. M. de Barras having consented, the council assembled, and discussed whether, considering the weakness of the garrison, from the large detachments sent to the south, the French squadron would be in safety at Rhode Island, when left, after the departure of the principal body of the French troops, with a detachment of five hundred men, in command of M. de Choisy, and a thousand strong of American militia, to occupy the forts erected to protect its anchorage.

I take much pleasure in relating here of Admiral Barras a noble and generous repartee, which fully characterises the patriotic sentiments of that respectable officer. M. de la Villebrune called upon me to state whether or not I thought that M. de Grasse would bring his fleet into the North American seas: "Because," said he, "if he is really to come, I am of opinion that it would be proper that we should stay here, so as, on his arrival, to be prepared to act in conjunction with him as expeditiously as possible; but, in the contrary case, I think we are now acting in direct opposition to the instructions we have received from the council of France, and that, by so doing, we shall hereafter be obliged to abide by any fatal consequences which may arise, however unlikely this may be." Admiral Barras rose, and exclaimed, "No one, more than I, feels interested in the arrival of M. de Grasse. He was my junior in the service, he has lately been raised to the rank of lieutenant-general, but as soon as I be apprized of his arrival, I will hasten to join him, and place myself under his orders. I will serve through this campaign, but not through a second one." This sentiment, replete with such noble feelings, carried the question, which was voted unanimously in the affirmative, without the

opinion of the generals on the secret of the operations being further consulted.

I immediately commenced the composition of my dispatches to M. de Grasse, which were to be conveyed to him by the *Concorde,* as soon as the latter vessel's preparations for sea should be completed. I pointed out to him the state of distress of the Southern States, and that of Virginia in particular; which, in the event of an attack on the part of Lord Cornwallis, would have but the small body of troops in command of General de Lafayette to oppose to him, and then even the defence would depend solely on able manœuvres and the nature of the country, intercepted by wide rivers. I included the articles of the conference at Wethersfield. I observed to him that he was better able than I to judge of the practicability of an attack upon New York, as, under nearly similar circumstances, M. d'Estaing, under whose orders he (M. de Grasse) had served, that officer had made the most advantageous offers of money to induce, but in vain, his pilots to guide his ships over the bar of its harbour. I then suggested, as my own opinion, the propriety of attempting an expedition to Chesapeak against the army of Lord Cornwallis, and which I considered more practicable, and less expected by the enemy, on account of the distance of our positions. I begged of him to intercede with the governors of San Domingo to let us have the French brigade, under the orders of M. de Saint-Simon, intended for an expedition against the Spaniards, but which I intimated would probably not be wanted during the campaign. I begged him also to raise a loan of twelve hundred thousand francs in our colonies, to insure the success of the expedition, and I concluded by entreating him to send the frigate back immediately, so that, on the receipt of his reply, I might take the earliest opportunity to combine our march with that of General Washington, so as to proceed by land as expeditiously as possible, and join him at any stipulated part of Chesapeak.

A packet was sent to General Washington during the conference at Wethersfield, containing dispatches from Lord George Germaine to General Clinton, and dated 7th February and 7th March, which had not been figured, and had been intercepted by an American corsair. They tended to throw much light on the plans of the English in this campaign; of which the object seemed, from their contents, to have been nothing less than the conquest of the whole of the southern states, and the reduction of General Washington to the north of the River Hudson. In these dispatches, the English minister spoke in the most opprobrious terms of the American forces, and upbraided General Clinton, stating that, if, as he had said, there were in the King's service more American royalists than there were rebels in Washington's army, it was very extraordinary that he should let that rebellion last so long. He mentioned the French corps, but only to assure the English general that no preparations were being made in France to send out the second division, and that the first would

have quite enough to do to uphold and protect its little squadron at Newport. He did not forget to observe the precarious state of the finances of Congress; and in this his calculations were so near the truth, that, at the period at which the conference took place at Wethersfield, the paper currency, after having been reduced to as low as a thousand to one, was at length completely annulled by a resolution of Congress.

General Green, in making his way as far as Cambden, had been repulsed by a sortie, manœuvred by Lord Randon at the end of April; but General Marion, an American, had reduced Fort Watson within the communication of the enemy; so that General Green still had the appearance of maintaining himself with success in South Carolina. The situation of Virginia was quite different. Lord Cornwallis, having assembled his entire forces, forming together an army of eight thousand men, pressed hardly on the Marquis de La Fayette, who had no chance left but to retire from one river to another, to fall back on General Vaine, who was marching up to his assistance with the confederacy of Pennsylvania.

The day after the council, in which it was resolved to leave the squadron at Rhode Island, I embarked with the army to proceed to Providence, there to await the assistance of our recruits, which I hoped would be conveyed under escort of the *Sagittaire*, or march to the south without these recruits, if the intelligence from that quarter should become more alarming. We at length received the specie and the drafts of recruits all safe, although part of the convoy had been dispersed. Having left the greater part of these drafts in command of M. de Choisy to protect our ships, the French corps marched, on June 18th, towards the River Hudson, to join the army of Washington. We received on the way information of a successful attack by General Green on Lord Randon's communication, and in consequence of which, the latter had been compelled to quit Cambden, and retreat to Charlestown. The intelligence from Virginia continued unfavorable, and contributed to slacken our march. General Washington having learned that the enemy had divided its forces into several camps, and had sent off a strong detachment to the Jerseys, thought the opportunity favourable to attempt an attack upon Fort Washington, at the entrance of New York Island, and, if possible, take possession of it by a *coup de main;* he accordingly marched on the 1st of July, with the bulk of his army, to assist General Lincoln, to whose command he had entrusted the expedition. He wrote, requesting me to double my march with De Lauzun's corps and the first half brigade, so as to operate a junction with him, if necessary. General Lincoln was encountered by a strong foraging party, which had left New York on the same morning; he fell back in good order on the head of General Washington's columns, which stopped the enemy in front, whilst the squadrons of De Lauzun's cavalry theatened its flank. The detachment was therefore driven

hastily back to New York, and no loss of consequence was sustained on either side.

The admirable expedition with which we had proceeded to join them, and the fine discipline of our troops, produced a most favourable effect upon our allies. The two armies were united in camp at Philippsburgh, three leagues from Kingsbridge, the enemy's first post in the Island of New York. This movement produced the effect that had been anticipated; it retained at New York General Clinton; who, by our dispatches, we were aware, had received orders to embark with a body of troops and proceed, by Maryland and Pennsylvania and the Jerseys, to reduce General Washington, east of the River Hudson. At the same time, it obliged Lord Cornwallis to retire from the interior of Virginia, and proceed to the entrance of Chesapeak Bay, and there, according to the same instructions, to take up a permanent and fortified position. A few days after we had joined the army of our allies, we received intelligence of Lord Cornwallis retrograding by James River to Richmond, and from thence to Williamsburgh, four leagues from New York.

We were informed at the same time of the arrival at Charlestown, from Cork, in Ireland, of a convoy of three thousand recruits, and that a similar reinforcement was expected at New York, together with the garrison of Pensacola, sent by the Spaniards. The two divisions of General Washington and my own formed together but nine thousand men, which comparatively small force began already to annoy the enemy.

The forced marches of the French corps had rendered their victualling very difficult, and a flotilla, which the enemy had sent up the Hudson, captured a vessel laden with four days' rations of bread intended for the French. The allowance of our soldiers was, in consequence, reduced to four ounces per diem, rice and a supplementary allowance of meat being given to them instead of their full allowance of bread; but they submitted to these privations as cheerfully as their officers had undergone the fatigue of a tedious march performed on foot and at the head of their troops. We sent a battery of twelve pounders and mortars, in command of Captain Verton, to the most narrow part of the river to await the return of the British flotilla, and the latter met with such a warm reception that I should think it had no desire to attempt such another expedition.

We next proceeded to reconnoitre minutely every part of the works of New York, and the adjacent islands; our respective engineers levied off hand plans of them. We were protected in our operations by a detachment of five thousand men in command of the Chevalier de Chatelus and General Lincoln. The whole continent was afterwards cleared of the outposts of American refugees, which had long infested it, and all who had not time to embark were either killed or taken by our aides-de-camp, who had joined the American dragoons who escorted us. Many shots were poured upon us from the

fortifications of New York, as well as from all the small men-of-war stationed around it. This active cannonading had no other effect than that which I desired, namely: of diverting the whole attention of the enemy to this principal bulk of its forces.

In this reconnoitring expedition, we took occasion to try the experiment of the American method of fording the rivers with cavalry by assembling their horses, like the herds of these animals in their wild state. We had crossed over to a small island, separated from Long Island, on which the enemy had posted themselves, by an inlet of the sea, of which we were anxious to ascertain the width. Whilst our engineers were, accordingly, performing this geometrical operation, we fell asleep, overcome with fatigue, beneath a hedge, within cannon range of the enemy's ships. The first to awaken by the wizzing of the balls which they fired down upon us to impede our operations, I hastened to call General Washington, and to remind him that we had forgotten the time of the tide. We quickly returned to the Mill Dam, on which we had crossed the inlet of the sea which separated us from the main land; but we found it overflowed. Two small boats were brought to us, in which we jumped with our saddles and other accoutrements; two American dragoons then led their horses, who were known as good swimmers, into the sea, and the remainder quickly followed, excited by the cracking of the whip by some dragoons on the other shore, to whom, by this time, our boats had returned. This manœuvre, which lasted nearly an hour, was, fortunately for us, unseen by the enemy.

On our return we received intelligence of the continuation of the retreat of Lord Cornwallis; La Fayette was following him up with precaution, and had given the command of his van-guard to General Vain, a brave but very ardent officer. The latter had succeeded in a first attack on Cornwallis' rear, but was repulsed in a second attempt with the loss of his cannon. Lord Cornwallis proceeded down River James as far as Portsmouth, from whence, after having reconnoitred this position, which he found unsuitable to his purpose, he proceeded up the River York, to York and Glocester, where he established himself on the right and left banks of the river, which he made serve as a port for his ships to ride in safety.

The convoy of three thousand English recruits, announced at New York, arrived there on the 11th of August, and, together with the garrison of Pensacola, carried the effective of the enemy, in that island, to more than twelve thousand men, notwithstanding the numerous detachments that had been drafted to the south.

It was under these circumstances that the Count de Grasse, after having completed a cruising expedition of little import off the Antilles, and in which he had only taken the island of Tabago, arrived at Saint Domingo: he there found the frigate with my dispatches; he immediately communicated the latter to the Commandant of San Domingo and to M. de Solano, the Spanish Admiral, who both con-

curred with my plan of expedition against the army of Lord Cornwallis. They contributed towards it as much as they could; the former by lending us, for three months, the corps of three thousand men, under M. de Saint-Simon; and the latter by forwarding the twelve hundred thousand francs, which we needed for the expedition, to be taken up by the Count de Grasse, as he should pass off the Havana. M. de Grasse sent the frigate off immediately, and, on the 5th of August, I received his reply, whereby he informed me that he would be in Chesapeak Bay at the end of August, with all the means that I had requested of him. He concluded by stating that the period of his station would be up on the 15th of October; but he prolonged his stay the necessary time to complete this important expedition.

As soon as I had communicated this reply to General Washington, I concerted, with M. de Barras, the most expeditious means of effecting his junction with M. de Grasse, and of bringing to my assistance the heavy ordnance and the detachment in command of M. de Choisy. In the mean time, General Washington prevailed on two thousand troops of the Northern States to accompany him to the South, and unite with the troops under La Fayette. One hundred thousand livres, which remained in the coffers of the French corps, were divided among the two armies.

They commenced moving on the 19th of August, and we retrograded three days' march to ascend the Hudson, which we crossed at Kingsferry, and under protection of the American forts. General Washington left three thousand men on the left shore, in command of General Heats, to cover Westpoint and the Northern States. We then proceeded down the right shore in sight of States Island in advance of Chatham, where we established ovens and commenced victuallying so as to feign an attack on New York by States Island, which doubly excited the anxiety of the enemy's General. M. de Villemansy, Commissary of War, executed this operation with remarkable dexterity. But turning off on a sudden to the right, towards the reverse of the mountains which divide the interior of Jersey State from its districts on the seashore, we led our armies to the Delaware: we were fortunate enough to find its water low, and were able to ford it near Trenton. It was not until then that the English general could have seen clearly into our intended plans; but it was then too late to impede them, provided M. de Grasse had proceeded to Chesapeak Bay at the period he promised he would. The two armies continued their march through Philadelphia, where they filed off in presence of the Congress assembled to review them. It was at the latter place that we were informed of the arrival of Admiral Hood at New York, where he had joined Admiral Graves, and sailed with due expedition for Chesapeak Bay. This disconcerting intelligence was counterbalanced by the report, which reached us at the same time from Baltimore, a town situated at its further extremity, of the arrival off the mouth of Chesapeak of M. de Grasse with 26 sails

of the line. We hastened our march at the head of our respective van-guards; and, on arrival at the mouth of the Elk, we found an officer bearer of dispatches from M. de Grasse, and who had reached thither about an hour before.

There were yet, however, other difficulties to surmount: the English, in their different incursions, had destroyed nearly all the American boats, so that we were scarcely able to muster a sufficient number to embark more than two thousand men, and the latter number would hardly include the two van-guards, consisting of the Grenadiers and Chasseurs of the two armies. The two Viomenil proceeded onward with the army by land, following the shore of the bay as far as Baltimore and Annapolis; General Washington and myself took the advance with a small escort, and, by forced marches of sixty miles a day, we reached Williamsburgh on the 14th of September, and found there the La Fayette and St-Simon divisions, who had taken up a good position together to await our arrival. Lord Cornwallis was intrenching his troops at Glocester and York, he had barred the river with his ships, born up under the protection of his out-works, and had sunken several to bar the passage of the canal.

The people at Williamsburgh were much alarmed at the sight of the enemy's fleet at a naval action, which had been fought on the 5th of September, and of which the firing had been distinctly heard, and though, last not least, at the sight again of two English frigates, which had put into the bay. At length, in the night of the 14th to the 15th, we received a letter from M. de Grasse, informing us that an English fleet of twenty sails had appeared on the 15th off Cape Charles; that although fifteen hundred of his sailors were employed in disembarking the troops of M. de Saint-Simon in River James, he had not hesitated a moment in cutting his cables and bearing down upon the enemy with twenty-four ships for action; that Graves, having got to windward, the van-guard of M. de Bougainville had come up with the English fleet, which he treated rather roughly; that M. de Grasse had chased it for a short time, and then had made for the bay, where he found M. de Barras with his fleet; that the latter, having sailed from Newport with our heavy artillery, which he had convoyed with safety, had put into the bay on the 10th; that he had there encountered and captured the two British frigates; that he had immediately sent off M. de Barras' ten transports, with the two latter frigates, together with the other prizes made by his army, to take in at Annapolis the troops in command of M. de La Villebrune. The latter officer had joined Viomenil, and with combined activity, they reached Jamestown on the 25th, and our armies landed on the next and following day.

We left Williamsburgh on the 28th of September at day-break, and proceeded direct to York. I commenced investing with the French troops, from the upper part of the river down as far as the marshes near the residence of Colonel Nelson, taking advantage of

the woods, the curtains, and the marshy creeks, to confine the enemy within pistol-shot of their out-works. The three French brigades encamped very near, but under cover of the enemy's fire by the nature of the ground. Viomenil commanded the grenadiers and chasseurs of the van-guard, and our investing operations were effected without the loss of a single man. On the same day, General Washington was obliged to double in our rear, and to halt on the brink of the marshes, of which all the bridges had been broken up; he employed the rest of the day and the ensuing night in repairing them. On the 29th, the American army crossed the marshes, leaning its left on their borders, and its right on the River York. The investing of this place was now as complete and restrained as it possibly could be. De Lauzun's infantry, on landing, proceeded with their Colonel to join his division of cavalry, which I had sent by Tarre to take up a position on the road to Glocester, and place itself at the disposition of Brigadier-General Voueden, who had in command a body of American militia. The whole of the legion had assembled by the 28th, the day of the investing of York.

On the night of the 29th to the 30th, the enemy, fearing an attack by surprise in the very extensive position in which they had entrenched themselves, abandoned the entrenched camp at Pigeonshill, and confined themselves within the walls of their fortifications. The whole day of the 30th was employed by us in establishing ourselves in the outworks abandoned by the enemy, and by so doing we were enabled to confine them within a much smaller circle, and thereby secure an imminent advantage over them.

At this period, we were informed that Arnold had been sent at the close of the month of August on a plundering expedition to New London in Connecticut, in which, unfortunately, he succeeded but too fully, as, after having killed the brave Colonel Lidger, who had the defence of this port with the garrison of militia, he burned the town with a part of the merchant ships in its harbour; but this diversion tended in no way to impede our operations. We received intelligence, at the same time, of the arrival at New York of Admiral Digby, with three ships of the line, and a body of troops on board with Prince William Henry, one of the King of England's sons, who had been sent out by the Court to retake possession of the Government of Virginia; we were informed that this farther assistance of land and naval forces had enabled General Clinton to embark part of his army on board the English fleet, consisting of twenty-six sail, besides several fifty-gun ships and a few fire ships; and we were also informed that active preparations were making at New York to second this new attempt to succor Cornwallis, but which, in the extremity to which the latter was reduced, was too tardy to be efficient.

On the 30th we had dispatched M. de Choisy to M. de Grasse to ask for a detachment of the garrison of the ships, to reinforce M. de Lauzun in the county of Glocester; M. de Grasse gave him eight

hundred men, with which he marched on the 3d of October to invest Glocester more closely, and take up a position nearer. Tarleton happened to be thereabouts with four hundred horse and two hundred infantry on a foraging expedition. De Lauzun's legion, backed by a corps of American militia, attacked him so vigorously that he was put to flight with his detachment and was obliged to put back with a severe loss. After this skirmish, M. de Choisy carried his advanced posts as far as within a mile of Glocester. The trenches were opened in the two attacks, above and below York River, in the night of the 6th to the 7th of October. That on the right was cut to a length of six or seven hundred teises, and was flanked with four redoutes. It was executed without any loss being sustained, because we commenced our works in the left trench, which, although the false attack, diverted nevertheless the whole attention of the enemy. The forces which the place contained, and the disposition of the men who commanded it, required us to conduct these attacks with much science and precaution. I cannot proceed further without passing the greatest eulogium on MM. Duportail and de Querenet, who commanded the engineers at the breach, and on M. D'Aboville and General Knox, who commanded the artillery of the two nations. The American army took charge of the trenches on the right, and the French of those in the centre and on the left.

I must render the Americans the justice to say, that they conducted themselves with that zeal, courage, and emulation, with which they were never backward, in the important part of the attack entrusted to them, and the more so as they were totally ignorant of the operations of a siege.

We set fire with our batteries to one of the enemy's men-of-war, and to three transports which had anchored with the design of attacking us in the rear.

During the night of the 14th to the 15th, the trenches were relieved by the regiments of Gatinois and Royal Deux-Ponts, in command of Baron de Viomenil; and we next resolved to attack the redoutes on the left of the enemy. General Washington entrusted to La Fayette that of the right, and I entrusted that of the left to M. de Viomenil with the French. Four hundred grenadiers came out at the head of this attack, commanded by M. Guillaume of the regiment of Deux-Ponts, and by M. de l'Estrapade, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Regiment of Gatinois. M. de Viomenil and La Fayette made such a vigorous attack, that the redoutes were carried sword in hand at the same moment. The greatest part of the troops who defended them were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. The lodgement was effected by the junction of these redoutes by communication practised to the right of our second parallel.

The nature of the position of these redoutes allowed of the erection of two extra batteries, by the addition of which Lord Cornwallis's army was now completely hemmed in, and from which also

we were able to pour in ricochet projectiles to the body of the place, which was within such a limited range that the effect must have been most tremendous. Count Guillaume, of the regiment of Deux-Ponts, was wounded, as were also Charles de Lameth, Adjutant-General, and M. de Gimet, aide-de-camp to La Fayette.

I will relate here a circumstance which does much honour to the bravery of the French grenadiers. The grenadier regiment of Gatinois, which had been formed of that of Auvergne, had been chosen to open the attack; as soon as it was decided upon, I said to them: "My brave fellows, if I should want you to-night, I trust you will not have forgotten that we serve together in the regiment of *Auvergne sans tache,* an honourable appellation which it has since its creation." They replied that, if I would give its former name to their regiment, they would die to the last man of them. They kept their word, rushed to the attack like lions, and nearly one third of them died the death of the brave. M. de Sireuil, a captain in the regiment, was mortally wounded to the universal regret of his comrades. The King, on my request, immediately put his sign-manual to the royal ordinance by which the former title of Royal Auvergne was restored to this distinguished body of men.

During the night of the 15th to the 16th, the enemy made a sortie with six hundred chosen troops, but, finding all our redoubts well manned and on the alert, fell upon a battery of the second parallel, and spiked four of its pieces. The Chevalier de Chatelus marched up with the reserve, and finally repulsed the sortie. The four pieces, which had been badly spiked, were rendered fit for service six hours afterwards, and were again used against the place, by our artillery in command of General d'Aboville. The Marquis de Saint-Simon was wounded at the trenches on the following day, but held out his four and twenty hours, refusing constantly to be relieved.

At length, on the 17th, the enemy offered to parley, and a capitulation was signed on the 19th of October, by which Lord Cornwallis and his army surrendered as prisoners of war. The French and the Americans took possession of the two bastions at noon. Two hours afterwards the garrison filed off, in battle array, between the two armies, and afterwards deposed their arms in piles, together with a few colours. Lord Cornwallis being sick, General Ohera filed off at the head of the garrison. As he came up to where I was standing, he presented his sword to me; I pointed to General Washington, who stood opposite to me at the head of the American army, and told him that the French army being only an auxiliary on this continent, it devolved on the American General to tender him his orders.

Colonel Laurens, the Vicomte de Noailles, and M. de Granchain, had been appointed, by their respective Generals, to draw up the articles of this capitulation, in concert with other superior officers of Lord Cornwallis's army. It was signed by General Washington, the Count de Rochambeau, and M. de Barras, the latter for and in the

name of the Count de Grasse, and was immediately put into execution. We found eight thousand prisoners; seven thousand were regular troops and the remainder sailors, two hundred and fourteen pieces of cannon, seventy-five of which of cast metal, and twenty-two colours. Among the prisoners should be included nearly two thousand sick in the hospitals, all of whom were taken the greatest care of; the others were sent up the country.

I feel bound, on this occasion, to render justice to the zeal and activity of M. Blanchard, of the commissariat department, and Messrs. Coste and Robillard, officers of health, who, by their assiduous care and attention to the sick and wounded in the military hospital, both friends and foes, rendered essential service to humanity in the course of these three memorable campaigns.

I sent off the Duke de Lauzun and the Comte Guillaume, of the regiment of the Deux-Ponts, in different frigates, to carry the capitulation to France; and M. Tilman, aide-de-camp to General Washington, was sent by that general to Congress.

This affair had scarcely been brought to a conclusion, when the English squadron, consisting of twenty-seven sail, appeared, on the 27th October, off Cape Henry, having on board a corps of troops, in command of General Clinton. Having ascertained how totally unnecessary were now the reinforcements it conveyed, it immediately put to sea again. M. de Grasse's fleet set sail, on its return to the Antilles, on the 4th of November. The troops which had been borrowed of the Governor of San Domingo were sent back to him, and a small light squadron, of which the *Romulus* was the largest ship, was left at York, in command of M. de Villebrune, as being more suitable to the operations of the land forces, because it would be able to get up to a more narrow part of the rivers, so as, in case of need, to find safer moorings. General Washington returned with the detachment of troops of the Northern States to his quarters on the Hudson, opposite New York. He sent the troops lately in command of M. de La Fayette, to reinforce General Green in the south. The French remained at York, Glocester, Hampton, and Williamsburgh, where they took up the quarters which the enemy had counted upon, and repaired the damage done to them by the operations of the siege.

(To be Concluded)

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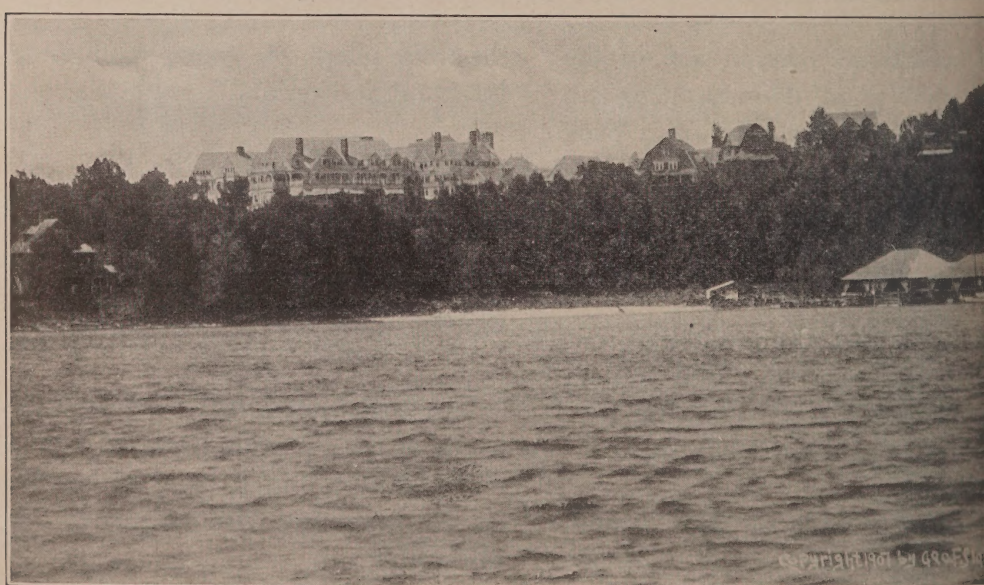

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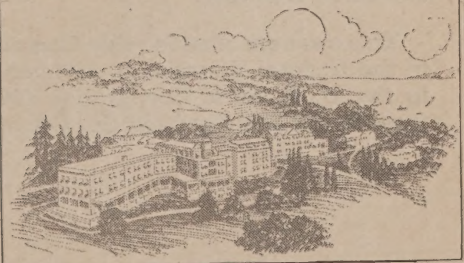

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